THE EUGENE GUARD

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.

"We Will Rebuild," Says Santa Barbara.

OUT of its ruins Santa Barbara said to the world: "We will rebuild." There spoke the indominatable spirit of human kind. It is a worthy characteristic, none the less so because it is not confined to any city or any land. San Francisco manifested it after the great earthquake of 1906. Tokio and the other cities of Japan devastated by the earthquake of 1923 manifested it. Numerous American cities which have had great fires have manifested it.

The mere incident of disaster does not stop permanently the progress of cities. Rather it stimulates them to increased efforts and ultimately to enlarged achievement. And so, like other cities similarly stricken, Santa Barbara says to the world: "We will rebuild." It is altogether probable that a finer and greater Santa Barbara will arise on the ruins of the old.

Shall We Follow Tennessee?

SO THEY are going to try to give Oregon a state religion by initiative enactment. And our state religion, if the movement succeeds, is to be fundamentalist. We are to take our leadership from Tennessee, where they dip and snuff, eat clay and shoot from behind trees at officers who try to interfere with their moonshining activities. We are to have a law, if the proponents of the bill can persuade a majority of us to vote for it, which will be modeled on the Tennessee act under which Scopes is to be tried. Scopes is charged by indictment under this law with having taught "certain theories that deny the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible."

The proponents of this law are to present a bill to provide for its enactment before the voters of Oregon, California and Washington before their legislatures meet, according to the news that comes down to us in the dispatches. The measure, so the announcement says, will be voted on in all three states in 1926. Rev. Billy Sunday will open the campaign for the measure at his revival to be held in Portland next September. Then he and William Jennings Bryan and Dr. W. B. Riley will stump the three states campaigning for the bill.

The issue of the campaign over this bill will be, of course, whether the states of Oregon, California and Washington shall decree by law that there shall be no teaching in their schools of anything that may conflict with the religious views of the majority. If such a law were to be enacted and upheld in the courts we might as well say goodbye to freedom of thought and of conscience. The church of old went no further when it compelled Gallileo to kneel and declared that the sun moved and the earth stood still.

The national association of manufacturers is agitating for modification of the federal immigration law, so as to admit larger quotas of aliens than are now allowed to come into this country. Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, who has been prominent in immigration legislation, thinks the present law should be let alone. Representative Albert Johnson, of Washington, who also was active in promoting the present law, is said to agree with Senator Reed. Their combined opinion, based on impartial study of the subject of immigration, is entitled to carry weight. The evils of unassimilated immigration, made painfully apparent during the world war, are yet fresh in the public mind. The majority of public opinion is likely to be that we should keep the bars up for a few years and see how assimilation progresses.

The wheat yield of the United States is estimated at 212,000,000 less than last year's yield, according to government figures quoted in the current bulletin of the state market agent. The same source gives spring sown grain in Oregon a 100 per cent prospect, with an average of 17 bushels to the acre and a total yield of 14,000,000 bushels. It estimates the yield of winter-sown wheat at 5,632,000 bushels. Oregon will have a greater yield of wheat this year than last, by some 4,000,000 bushels, according to the estimates, and this fact, in conjunction with the further one that the wheat yield of the United States as a whole will be less than that of last year, would seem to offer a favorable outlook for Oregon farmers.

The layette for Charlie Chaplin, Jr., born Sunday, cost $3500. Long before he is old enough to understand how rich he is, little Charlie's layette will have gone into inocuous desuetude. But its existence doubtless gratifies his parents. The world will wish the Chaplins and their first born well and felicitate the couple in their newly found happiness. In this life there is no other experience so fine as the one that they are beginning now.

A streetcar operative was held up and robbed at Springfield Saturday night and a hotel clerk was held up and robbed in Eugene Sunday night. If this sort of thing persists it might be well to arm money changers who are on duty late at night and give them instructions on how to make a quick draw and a straight shot.

The state supreme court holds that Governor Pierce was within his official rights in vetoing the bill for a special referendum election to have been held next September. The fates continue to bestow their favor on the executive. Will this benignity continue through the next political campaign?

A good index of progress is bank clearings. Those of Eugene for the first six months of this year exceeded by $2,000,000 those of the first six months of last year.

COMMENT OF THE PRESS

(New York World)

FOR some time there has been a movement under way in New York to make religious training a part of the public school curriculum of the city. There is, accordingly, a certain special interest for the city in a court decision delivered in White Plains on Monday by Supreme Court Justice Seegar. Justice Seegar granted a permanent injunction restraining the School Board of Mount Vernon from using a forty-five minute period weekly for religious instruction. He said:

> The Education law, section 620, describes the instructions required in public schools. Religious instruction is not one of them. Consequently it is unlawful and unauthorized for a Board of Education to substitute religious instruction in the schools in place of the instruction required.
>
> This is a decision based on points of law. It seems to The World that the same decision can be reached on grounds of public interest and good sense. A child is in school at most six hours a day. There are 180 school days in a year. In the course of twelve months, therefore, a child spends in the school-room something like 1,080 hours—less than one-eighth of the hours in the year.
>
> Seven-eighths of a child's time, surely, is time enough to find opportunity for religious instruction at home, in church and in the Sunday schools. Nor does it seem necessary to argue that the teaching of religion can be better done at home and in the churches. Certainly it can be done at less risk of emphasizing difference in creeds and faiths and churches. The hour comes, in a public school, for "religious training;" pupils are herded off into little groups of Baptists, Presbyterians, &c., each sent to receive, in seclusion from each other sect, teaching which cannot be given in one common school room.
>
> It has been the strength of the public school system in this country that it did not attempt to reach past the teaching of secular knowledge into the teaching of spiritual things. Any departure from this principle, particularly a departure which has so little argument behind it in the matter of hours left for religious training before and after school, is a dangerous departure which will quite possibly bring into the schools, sooner or later, a religious issue which belongs outside the schools entirely.

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Not Wholly Bad

(Portland Journal)

That the United States is in a bad way is declared by the Morning Post of London. It says we have too much money, too many laws, and too much crime. But it's better to have too much money than none. And it's better to have too many laws than no law. On the point of too much crime, we plead guilty.

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Oiling the Highways.

(Bend Bulletin)

After all the fuss stirred up last spring over the oiling of the Columbia River highway it is now interesting to observe that there is a general demand for oiling the Mount Hood loop. Opened to travel last Sunday the loop road carried hundreds of cars through the day—and there was a cloud of dust over everything. Immediately a call for oil went up. The highway commission has heard the call and at its current meeting has ordered that a light coat of oil be applied.

Of course a car will become oil spattered if it is driven rapidly over a road on which oil has been recently distributed. Equally, of course, the engineers of the highway commission did not go into this business of oiling without taking careful account of this fact and the fact that a few days after oil is put on there is no longer any spattering to be feared, the surface of the road becomes dustless and greatly improved for travel. The advantages greatly outweighed the disadvantages, they decided, and proceeded with the job. The results have been demonstrated that the critics were talking in ignorance.

The business is of particular interest here because we are dependent on macadam highways which tend to become very dusty and which therefore need treatment of some sort. It is difficult to realize, but it is a fact that within 12 months from this time there will be recently finished or under way a continuous stretch of over 50 miles of broken stone surfacing between here and Creswell. That whole section should be oiled. Oiling can be secured if the subject is properly approached, but factitious and division of opinion will effectually prevent the improvement.

The United States grows more than two-thirds of the world's cotton crop.

Nobody Loves A Fat Guy, Anyhow.

FOREIGNERS PUT IN HARD CASE

United States Consul General at Shanghai Criticized For Recent Course

By CHARLES P. STEWART
(NEA Service Writer)

WASHINGTON, July 1.—United States Consul Cunningham is coming in for a certain amount of criticism in Washington for reporting the international police justified in firing into a mob of native strike demonstrators during the Shanghai riots which precipitated the latest anti-foreign outbreak in China.

Credit usually friendly to the Chinese, as a people, official Washington tends to take view that the foreigners among them drove them to violence by their own high-handed behavior, arrogance and greed.

In some quarters the guess is hazarded that Consul Cunningham was absorbed the atmosphere of the Shanghai "European settlement" until he has come to share its prejudices.

• • •

Making all due allowance, however, for the fact that the Chinese have plenty of reason for hating most of the "foreign devils" in their midst, yet the further fact remains that the comparatively small number of the anti-foreign in China haven't much on ice but to defend themselves when the natives go on the rampage.

Theoretically it's all very well to say that the foreigners bring trouble on themselves. There are foreigners who do say so and deprecate the treatment of the Chinese by "Europeans"—all aliens, including the Japanese, classed as "Europeans" in China.

But in case of anti-foreign disorders, what are these frenzies of the natives to do? They needn't imagine a mob of ignorant coolies will make any distinctions in their favor.

It's up to them to help stand off the rush—or be cut up into ratmeat—and no time protesting later. And the police policy is to let no respite gain momentum.

There are so many Chinese that they're mighty hard to stop when they have got started.

Quite likely Cunningham had something of the kind in mind in his defense of the consular international police, rather than a defense of the general conduct of "Europeans" in China.

• • •

Even a small mix up with a crowd of the Chinese coolie class is unpleasant and the rapidity with which such affairs start is astonishing.

Our rather late one night in Shanghai the year before the war, an American friend and I stopped on the way to our hotel for a bite to eat at the Carleton club, a fashionable restaurant in the foreign quarter.

My idea was to pay off our rickshaw coolies and let them go—"rickshaw being a small two-wheeler gig in which the passenger sits at ease, while the coolie runs between the shafts in front. My companions notion was that it would be better to have them wait outside.

Well, they did. Finishing our lunch and coming out 30 minutes later, we couldn't pick our pair out from the 50 or 100 of their kind gathered at the club entrance. Seeing our dilemma, the whole swarm bore down on us.

Of course our two were among them and entitled to their money but it was impossible to try to identify them. A riot started.

In about one minute that street was packed with a jostling throng of Chinese—and not one chance under heaven of explaining ourselves. For all most of the mob knew, we'd kills somebody.

Retiring into the club, we bolted the door while the manager telephoned for the Sikhs—the Indian police the "settlement" mainly depends on.

The row being a trifling affair, it took only half a dozen Sikhs to break it up—with the butt ends of their carbines. I'll say, however, that we were glad to see those Sikhs, and I think I understand Consul General Cunningham's viewpoint, even though he may have been sorry for the Chinese killed in the recent disturbances.

As for our two coolies, of course they lost the money we owed them and maybe were "beaned" by the Sikh policemen into the bargain. Which sure was too bad, but how could we help it?

Rowell's Comment

By CHESTER H. ROWELL

WATCH a gang of small boys who are real friends. They spend part time pounding each other, part of it calling each other names, part of it seriously fighting the other gang, and the rest in playing fighting games.

Thus their friendship grows, until it becomes a precious thing, to be treasured through all the long memories of non-combative manhood and old age.

• • •

Pick up your Iliad, the greatest literary monument of the childhood of the world. It is an epic of fighting men who never grew up.

There are maniature Iliads in every backyard, and building Odysseys in every trip to the old swimming hole.

And watch the antics of childish men, who conduct the affairs of nations, playing with the terrible weapons of science and the lives and fortunes of men like irresponsive urchins, who know nothing to do with clods and stones but throw them at each other.

Will the world never grow up?

In Lighter Vein

Nature is Grand.

(Farm Life)

It was in the far south.

"How's times?" asked the tourist.

"Pretty tolerable, stranger," responded the old fellow, who was sitting ady on the stump of a tree. "I had a pile of brush to burn and the lightning set fire to it and saved me the trouble of burning it up.

"I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclone leveled them and saved me the trouble."

"Remarkable! But what are you doing now?"

"Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

• • •

Nobody Ever Was.

(Lafayette, Ind. Journal and Courier)

Just how old is a man when he is old enough to know better?

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Beehive of Industry.

(Columbia Banter)

"How many men work in your factory?"

"About one out of every ten."

• • •

A Serious Objection.

(Churchman)

Wife—"George, would you like some waffles for supper?"

Husband—"No! They look too much like cross-word puzzles."

• • •

Another Lost Art.

(Detroit News)

"Conversation at breakfast," says an essayist, "has become a lost art." Well, a lot of it was pretty loud anyway for these pre-eskuit apartment houses.

• • •

Harvard "Lampoon" Please Copy

(Life)

First Father—"My son has made the varsity crew."

Second Father—"My boy drew the picture that got his college paper suppressed.

• • •

Defending a Principle.

(London Opinion)

Bystander—"They're fightin' 'cause Bill said A.'s wife was cross-eyed."

"But Alf's a bachelor, ain't he?"

"Yes, but the principle is wot made alf wild."

• • •

Money's Vocabulary.

(Philadelphia Bulletin)

"Money talks."

"Such a limited vocabulary though."

"How's that?"

"I've never heard it say anything but 'Goodby.'"

25 Years Ago

(From The Guard July 1, 1900)

A WELL for an elevator shaft is being dug in the basement of the new Davies building, Ninth street.

• • •

Special Agent Ormsby of the postal department will be in Oregon in August to lay out new routes for rural delivery. Eugene should secure some of them. It requires a petition of at least seventy-five names. With rustle we might secure several routes from this city. Push it along.

• • •

Professor Washburne shipped some Belgian hares to The Dalles today.

• • •

The new brick store erected by S. M. Titus is ready for the plate glass.

• • •

Hon. R. A. Booth and wife of Grants Pass are in the city looking for a home to lease. They expect to become permanent residents of our city, we are glad to say.

• • •

It is Judge Kincaid now.

• • •

J. R. Campbell left yesterday for the upper McKenzie to rusticate for a few days.

• • •

R. S. Smith is a visitor in Eugene today from Cottage Grove.

Tom Sims Says—

SOONER or later the cat who treats her mousing like a dog will find herself up a tree.

• • •

A woman will pay a quarter for a fashion magazine yet put only a dime in the plate at church.

• • •

One cure for insomnia is matrimony.

• • •

Don't blame women for smoking. Too much kissing has given them the taste for tobacco.

• • •

Every man is entitled to life, liberty and restraint in the pursuit of happiness.

• • •

By the time we get engaged to a girl we haven't enough money to marry her.

• • •

The blushing June brides are not the only ones who should blush.

• • •

Being lonely is dangerous. Some stranger may come along and marry you.

A THOUGHT

Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men.—Colossians 3:23.

• • •

There is no action so slight but we know that it may be done to a great purpose, and exemplified thereby.—Ruskin.

We Are Looked Over And Found "Hicky"

Correspondent Objects to Playground in County Park

EUGENE, Ore., June 26.—(To the Editor)—I've been nosing around our little city only to find that here and there are marks of the "hick" town not yet obliterated not so much in its setting but rather as to persons, and wondering why 'twas so. I sat myself down on one of the park benches and proceeded to indulge in flights of fancy.

The good folks near me on benches or lying on the cool earth, were trying to obtain relief from the sun's hot rays, and hot winds that blew through the open places, by mopping their perspiring faces, and were glad and thankful for this restful spot.

My fancy carried me on, and I heard the dripping of a cool fountain, a memorial donated by some public spirited individual or progressive club. Oak street had been closed between Seventh and Eighth avenues, and in the center was placed this magnificent fountain. Myriads of birds came to drink of its cool waters, and flew away, returning soon with the melodies of sweet voiced songsters of the woods. Tired men and women came to rest and enjoy a respite from hard days of labor.

Youth and maiden told again the "sweetest story ever told" and little children basked on the lawn under the shadows of the trees, and everyone who came gathered up the refuse, that it might not be left to spoil the beauty of the park. Here and there were easy chairs and open swings, which offered repose and not the rollicking, riotous noise of a playground. Truly it was an Eden, a source of pride to every citizen of Eugene and Lane county,—but I awoke.—It was only a dream—dreamed there under the trees.

I had read that a children's park will take the place of my fanciful fountain. I love little children, and grownups too, but the two do not mix. Summer and winter are two distinct seasons. Grownups need rest, children need action. Which shall it be? A dusty noisy park—or a park for rest and beauty?

There are other acres near, covered with shady trees, that could be used for the children in which to play, and it is a dire need, but such a playground would surely mar the beauty of our city's most attractive feature.

It worries me, and then my thoughts ramble on, back to the real cause of my distressed state of mind, viz., the signs of a "hick" town, prominent today.

I have seen the word "secretary" treated as if behind it there rested no solemn obligation. Secretaries are employed here and elsewhere. The root word of "secretary" is "secret." The secretary who true to the word is one who never violates the confidence in office, but how large the percent where the secretary hurries home to tell her husband and friends the things of office that should never be revealed.

Wives too, learn to know their neighbors business because the husband is not a he-man but a gossiping "sissy." I know people who refrain from depositing their money in the bank, because they know that by the way of secretary and employes, his financial status will be known.

Perhaps the heat has affected my mind today, but some pen-folks would call it an inspiration, but be what it may, I hand myself a bouquet and call my "logic good."

Yours for a real city,
JANE BARTLETT.

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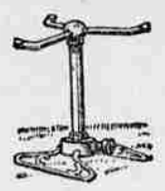

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EVOLUTION

FIRST MAMMALS TINY

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

GIANT ANCESTOR OF THE RHINOCEROS

THE first mammals compared in size with the giant reptiles of their day almost as the tiny mice do alongside the tigers and even the elephants of today.

But their warm blood and adaptiveness to changing conditions helped them survive the revolutionary upheavals through which the earth went at that time. There were violent eruptions, extreme changes in temperature and extensive variations in the land and water and in the productive and unproductive areas of the earth.

As a result, the giant cold-blooded dinosaurs slowly died out. At the same time the changes in climate and in food supply seemed to agree with the small early mammals, so that they grew in size and in number, while the reptiles of the time became retired or receded to more pleasant areas.

Now the mammals, just like the reptiles before them, grow to immense proportions and varied in form and habitation, as certain of the species became adapted to land, water or air.

A Thrill Centuries Old

Imagine the joy in General Washington's face as he clasped the congratulatory hand of General Lafayette when he heard of the complete surrender of General Cornwallis at Yorktown, 144 years ago. Imagine the flood of smiles of those colonial mothers who had just sent their boys to the army! Can't you hear the signal cannon sounding off; can't you see the glow of the bonfires lighting up every hill top? That thrill will live forever.

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