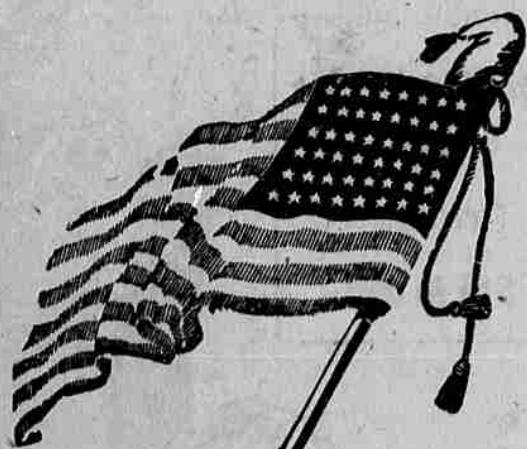


Editorial Page of The Eugene Daily Guard

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AN OPPORTUNITY FOR SERVICE

ALTHOUGH Eugene and vicinity has been assessed \$10,000 to assist in carrying on the Red Cross work and Springfield and Cottage Grove proportionate amounts, it does not mean that these towns alone are to bear the burden. The county districts are not going to be set aside and barred from participating in this most worthy cause. Every man, woman and child in Lane county will be given an opportunity to help. It will be more of a privilege than a duty and no one who possesses the spirit of loyalty and of service will allow the opportunity to pass without making some effort to join in the movement that means so much for humanity in general as well as the comfort of those who go from our homes to offer up their lives as a sacrifice if necessary.

Few people can comprehend the magnitude of the task that is before us, because it is so different from the way we have been accustomed to look upon the war—some one else's trouble, not our own. Some of us have not yet felt the thrill of patriotism, neither have we heard the call of duty as she bids us take up arms that the world might have life and liberty. It is our fight; it is our duty; it is our cause, and while we cannot all go to the front we can respond with our money and our time.

Without the Red Cross there would be little hope of winning this war, for it is a branch—and a very necessary one—of the service this government is not prepared to handle, but it must be handled and by men and women of ability and sincere patriotism. Through them we may help the suffering, comfort the dying and care for the wounded. What greater opportunity of service—the kind of service Christ would render—can you ask?

WHY THE WARNING

THE action of Secretary Lansing recently in warning the press and public against German intrigue in this country created some question in the minds of the people. Why announce facts already known to the public? It might have been unnecessary for some, but there were others who needed the warning and there are evidences that they still need it.

For nearly three years, for altogether obvious purposes, the German government has carried on a propaganda to divide American public opinion. It has hesitated at the use of no means. When we were neutral and good faith required abstention from intrusion a spy army was established in this country, and agents despatched with unlimited funds. Crime of all kinds has been openly fomented. Railroads were wrecked and factories dynamited on direct orders from Berlin. More American lives, on our own soil, were lost by these methods than when the Lusitania went down. Public men have been corrupted, editors willing to take German money have only needed to let the fact be known to get it. The war nominally started because some private Serbians disturbed the internal peace of Austria-Hungary, whereas the German government has steadily disturbed our peace. Consider how Huerta, at a time when von Jagow and Zimmermann were using words of smooth friendliness, was hired to make war against us.

The reasons for German intrigue are greater now than ever. We are now at war, and her object is to weaken us and to detach us, if possible, from our alliance. The circumstances of the war are such as to make team work essential. A dozen or more nations are engaged in a common pull together. Germany wishes to detach us if she can, or, if she cannot do this, to make our contribution small. Just as she tried to foment insurrection in the other entente countries she will try to foment insurrection here. No surprise need be felt over the revelation that German money is behind the effort to stir up opposition to the conscription law. Germany is well aware that this law means to her. Nor is it surprising that hireling newspapers, on one excuse or another, are continuing their labors to pick at our allies. This is exactly what they were bought to do.

So far the German intrigues have failed. Their net effect has been to unify rather than to divide American opinion. A record has been made which every man can understand. Millions of Americans now believe that which they supposed they would never believe—namely, that it is impossible for this country, or for any other democracy, to have peace in a world in which Germany as now ruled is an important factor. The new intrigues will fail as the old ones have failed. German dislike to our conscription law is the best sort of evidence that is a good law.

Silk and Wool Dress Skirts
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HAMPTON'S Quality Store

\$1.50 Voil Waists \$1.00
15 dozen in the lot. All sizes and Styles

BIG JUNE CLEARANCE SALE



Women's Overalls

A new idea for house cleaning and gardening. One-piece overall suits, made of gingham and Palm Beach suiting, in plain colors, stripes or checks; made in same style as in illustration, or in overall style with shoulder straps. Priced at \$1.40, \$1.60 and \$2.50

Sale of Silks and Dress Goods

Our entire line reduced from

10 to 20 per cent

\$1.75 Broadcloth	\$1.40
\$1.25 Wool Taffeta	\$1.00
\$2.20 Novelty checks	\$1.76
\$2.20 Sport Stripes, plaids	\$1.76
\$4.00 Coating	\$2.00
\$4.25 Coating	\$2.13
\$1.00 Half-inch checks	80c
70c Novelty Plaids	56c
65c Novelty Weaves	52c
\$2.25 Taffeta	\$2.00
36-inch silk messaline	\$1.04
42-inch silk poplin	\$1.13
40-inch crepe de chine	\$1.35



Women's Iron Clad Hose On Sale at 10% less than regular



MEN'S SUIT SALE

One line of Steinbloch and Kirschbaum Suits on Sale at

ONE-THIRD OFF

\$18.00 Men's Suits—Sale	\$12.00
\$20.00 Men's Suits—Sale	\$13.35
\$22.50 Men's Suits—Sale	\$15.00
\$25.00 Men's Suits—Sale	\$16.70
\$30.00 Men's Suits—Sale	\$20.00

One Line of Men's 35c Four-in-hand Ties 25c



Clearance MEN'S Hats

\$3 Gordon hats	\$2.50
\$2.50 Men's hats	\$1.50
Straw hats less	10%
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\$20.00 Silk dresses	\$16
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75c Bungalo Aprons 59c
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45-inch colored embroidered voiles and organdies in 5-yard lengths, special \$3.95

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30c Bath Towels 22 1/2c

Size 20x42

Kitchen Aprons 50c

\$1.50 to \$3.50 Corsets \$1.25

Royal Worcester and American Lady in broken lines.

Muslin Underwear Sale

Our entire line reduced 10%

The regular prices are:

Corset covers	29c to \$1.25
Gowns	\$1.25 to \$4.85
Skirts	79c to \$4
Combinations	73c to \$2.50
Drawers	24c to \$1.49
Princess Slips	\$1.25 to \$4.75
Envelope chemise	\$1.19 to \$1.68
Crepe bloomers	70c

Corset Covers

30c values	24c
\$1.25 and \$1.38 corset covers at	\$1

A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

Why the Nurse Proved a Failure.

The sound of a taxicab's whirr in the street below, a ring at the bell, a rustle of skirts, as Katie opened the door, and my mother-in-law's nurse confronted me. "Will you kindly pay the taxi driver? I understood this was a hurry call, so I came in a taxi."

I sent Katie downstairs with the money, and then turned back to the woman whose appearance and manner I disliked the moment I saw her.

She was not standing where I had left her. Indeed, she was not in the room at all, but her long cloak and cap lay across a chair beside which rested her suitcase. I walked to the door of my mother-in-law's room, where Dicky had been sitting beside his mother's bed. Dr. Pettit had been unable to get the nurse he wished, and in the time which intervened before we had secured one I had prepared and put on the mustard plasters which the physician had ordered and had encased her in the pneumonia jacket he had asked her to get. The nurse was bending over the bed, her hands busy with the fastenings of the pneumonia jacket.

"Will you kindly get me a little warm water and a little olive oil?" She did not turn her head toward me as she spoke. "These mustard plasters are not necessary with the jacket and will get cold soon. Of course, before professional aid arrives one naturally wants to try the old remedies."

Her tone was inoffensive in its airy patronage. I was malevolently glad to puncture the balloon of her self-conceit. "Dr. Pettit ordered them to remain until the skin was well reddened," I said smoothly. "I have only just put them on, so I do not think they can have possibly done what he wished as yet."

"Oh!" The exclamation held amazement and chagrin, and she changed color, but she recovered herself in a moment. With a deft movement she replaced the covers over her patient, and then straightened herself to her full height. "I did not know that a physician had

yet been called," she said. "The message only gave your name and address."

"That was my fault," put in Dicky apologetically. "Dr. Pettit gave me the names of several nurses he knew, and then was called away. I could not get any of them, and then I turned to a nurses' agency and was given your address."

She favored Dicky with a flashing smile and the look of interest which I have observed many women bestow upon my husband. Then turning to me she said curtly:

"I do not know Dr. Pettit. Will you kindly give me his telephone number?" Her manner showed that she had not forgiven me for the incident of the mustard plasters.

"I am afraid he is not at his office. He left full instructions with me as to the medicine and treatment." I could have bitten my tongue with vexation the next moment at the opportunity for cattish retaliation I had given her.

"A nurse always prefers to get her instructions directly from the physician on the case," she said haughtily, "so if I may have his number?"

"You will find it in the telephone directory," I returned icily. "He is on East Twenty-ninth street, in the next block."

She stepped hastily past me on her way to the telephone. She was rather a handsome woman, of the florid type, with an abundance of curled blonde hair done high on her head, and she possessed a superb figure. But her manner made her inoffensive. I had seen her type before, the trained nurse who imagines that her uniform gives her the right to ride rough shod over any household she enters.

"Don't get your fangs out," Dicky admonished in a low voice. I looked up and found him frowning at me.

"I know she's about the limit," he went on, "but that's no reason why you should start getting cattish, too. You had that number, and it wouldn't have hurt you to give it to her."

"In the meantime, I should like to re-

mind any one who is not otherwise engaged that it must be time for my medicine."

The voice, faint and husky, but full of cutting emphasis, came from the sick woman on the bed. I started guiltily, and Dicky sprang at once to his mother's side.

"I'm sorry, mother," he said earnestly. "The nurse's airs have rather upset us."

"They upset me, too," his mother replied grimly. "I took one look at her and kept my eyes shut after that. She won't do at all. Margaret, where's that medicine?"

"Right here," I gave her one of the pellets Dr. Pettit had left and put a glass of water to her lips while Dicky raised her gently from her pillows. She drank thirstily, and then lay back on her pillows as if exhausted by the effort.

The nurse appeared in the doorway. Her face was flushed with annoyance. "Dr. Pettit is not in his office," she said. "If you will kindly tell me what he said about the medicines then I think you would better both leave the room. The patient needs all the air there is, and perfect quiet as well."

Dicky rose at once and walked from the room. I knew that the nurse's decision was right, but I stole a glance at the face on the pillows to see how my mother-in-law would take this anticlerical dismissal of her son. But if she had heard she made no sign. I decided that she must have dropped to sleep again.

As quietly as I could I indicated the medicines and the physician's directions to the nurse and left the room. She followed me to the door and spoke in a low tone:

"In an hour I shall bathe the patient and change the linen on her bed. Please be ready to help me lift her. After a while I shall want your husband or the maid to help me move the dresser out here and the couch in there, so I can snatch some sleep when she sleeps."

"I had a hot bath last night and a sponge this morning. You will not bathe me again today. This bed linen was put on clean for me last night. I will not have it changed." My mother-in-law's slow tones interrupted us, and then ended in a fit of coughing.

"There, there, dearie, you mustn't excite yourself. I won't do anything bad to you." The nurse cooed the words as if

the sick woman were a petulant child, at the same time steadying her skillfully until the paroxysm of coughing had passed. I paid a mental tribute to the deftness of her motions, but I could not hide a smile at the temerity of any one who could call my august mother-in-law "dearie."

"Margaret," gasped my mother-in-law as soon as she could get her breath, "send for that doctor at once. I must see him immediately."

JURY DISAGREES IN MRS. GARWOOD CASE

Woman Arrested in Eugene Escapes Conviction But Must Again Stand Trial.

The jury in the Garwood arson case, at Jacksonville, disagreed. Mrs. Garwood, who was arrested in Eugene in March, was charged with instigating the burning of a fine residence in Ashland owned by Mrs. Nell Strickfadden. Mrs. Strickfadden and her sister, Mrs. Dreyfus, pleaded guilty and testified that Mrs. Garwood instigated the plot. N. E. Hemphill, who was traveling with Mrs. Garwood and selling real estate, was arrested in Eugene charged with the actual setting of the fire, and committed suicide in the county jail here. A confession by Hemphill, made while in jail here, was not allowed to be used in evidence. He also

implicated Mrs. Garwood, according to Jackson county officers.

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