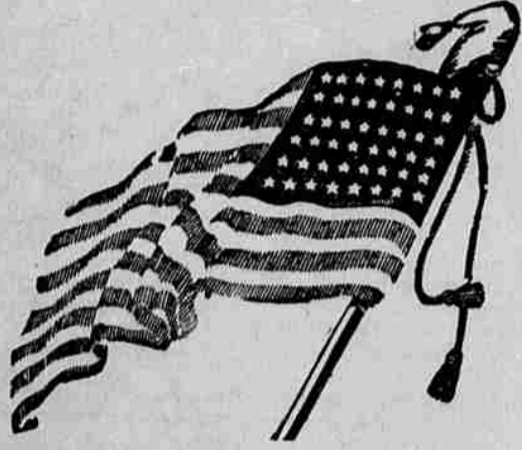


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THRIFT THAT COUNTS

FOR the first time in the history of the world, thrift and personal efficiency are to be given scientific consideration in the text books of the public schools of America, according to a recent announcement of the thrift education committee of the National Education Association. It will be a much needed innovation, provided of course, that more attention is paid to the practical side of the case. The word scientific as used by the average person and many public school teachers is misleading and confusing to the minds of the young and when informed that "scientific consideration" is to be given any particular subject, we are prone to throw up our hands and back away from it. Yet in truth science is knowledge of principles and causes ascertained from truths and facts, not an idea or a dream. Scientific consideration of thrift means that we are to have facts—and facts are always practical—regarding individual preparedness for practical life instilled into the minds of the pupils. It means that we will go back to first principles with a definite object in view and not start in the middle and end nowhere. Too much time has been devoted to showing results and pointing "with pride" to men who have achieved great things, instead of getting down to basic principles and causes.

Resolutions adopted by the National Education Association at Portland were written by the president of the American Thrift Society and they point out that on account of the war America must from now on eliminate waste of every character; that President Wilson's first message to the public after the declaration of war was on thrift; that the only way to safeguard the economic future of the nation is through a better understanding of thrift which can be made possible only through the school-room and that at the forthcoming meeting of the Council of Education in Atlanta, Ga., the school organization will be expected to have before it a comprehensive plan for the practical study of thrift in the schools of America.

When this is done it will not be necessary for America to go through the trials of the present, for we will know more about thrift of the kind that counts, not the mere saving of money.

OREGON'S PART OF THE FLAG

EVERY one knows that one of the stars in the American flag represents Oregon, but few and very few at that know which one belongs to us. Every state in the Union has its own individual and particular star and its placement on the square of blue is definitely regulated by law and executive order.

Oregon can easily be located on the flag—the fifth star down the left hand side. In 1912, on the 26th day of October the last executive order concerning the flag was made and it provided for the specific arrangement of the stars. They were to be arranged in six horizontal rows of eight stars each. Starting in the upper left hand corner and placing each row from left to right, the star corresponding to each state is named in the order of the state's ratification of the constitution.

Thus star No. 1, in the upper left hand corner, is for Delaware. Star No. 48, in the lower right hand corner, is for Arizona.

The following list will show you at a glance exactly the location of each state:

First row—No. 1, Delaware; 2, Pennsylvania; 3, New Jersey; 4, Georgia; 5, Connecticut; 6, Massachusetts; 7, Maryland; 8, South Carolina.

Second row—No. 9, New Hampshire; 10, Virginia; 11, New York; 12, North Carolina; 13, Rhode Island; 14, Vermont; 15, Kentucky; 16, Tennessee.

Third row—No. 17, Ohio; 18, Louisiana; 19, Indiana; 20, Mississippi; 21, Illinois; 22, Alabama; 23, Maine; 24, Missouri.

Fourth row—No. 25, Arkansas; 26, Michigan; 27, Florida; 28, Texas; 29, Iowa; 30, Wisconsin; 31, California; 32, Minnesota.

Fifth row—No. 33, Oregon; 34, Kansas; 35, West Virginia; 36, Nevada; 37, Nebraska; 38, Colorado; 39, South Dakota; 40, North Dakota.

Sixth row—No. 41, Montana; 42, Washington; 43, Idaho; 44, Wyoming; 45, Utah; 46, Oklahoma; 47, New Mexico; 48, Arizona.

The boys who are going to the front in a few days to fight for the rest of us in behalf of the nation and the liberty of the peoples of the world will need a few things that the government does not and

cannot provide, and it is for this reason that a mess fund is being raised. The members of the two companies in Eugene and the one company at Cottage Grove will give their time and perhaps their lives in our interests, and those who are left behind should have enough loyalty and appreciation to aid in providing these necessary comforts. The young men eligible to service who escape the draft, are indebted to the soldier boys and should be among the first to contribute to this mess fund. The time is getting short and if anything is going to be done, it should be done within the next few days. Help your local boys, whether in Eugene or in Cottage Grove.

A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

Why Madge Wisely Resolved Not to Try to Regulate Dicky's "Public" Conduct.

I heard a wheezy chuckle from the front of the stalled automobile in which I sat. Mr. Birdsall, the Marvin real estate agent, who was trying to find out the trouble with the machine, had been a witness with me of Dicky's impetuous embrace of the pretty little woman framed in the doorway of the big house.

"Your husband seems to be a mite free with his hugs," he said. "Lucky Mrs. Durkee has a son as old as your husband, so you can't be jealous."

I did not answer the man. His words seemed like insufferable familiarity, but I realized that he meant no offense. I felt a foolish little relief, however, at hearing that the woman whom Dicky had embraced so rapturously was in reality Mrs. Durkee, the mother of Alfred Durkee of whom I had heard Dicky often speak. She looked so like a girl that I had not realized at first who she was.

As Dicky set her down he caught her arm and rushed her down the path toward the gate. I saw that she was older than she had looked at a distance. The lines of maturity and experience were in her face, but it puzzled me how any woman possessing a son as old as Dicky could look so girlish and youthful.

"Tumble out, Madge," Dicky said as he reached the car. He opened the door and helped me to descend, then turned to the little woman, who, untruffed by his impetuosity, was smiling at me.

"Mrs. Durkee, this is my wife, Madge, next to you," he bowed gayly, "this is probably the sweetest woman on earth."

Mrs. Durkee put out two dainty little hands, like a child's in smallness, and grasped mine.

"I am so glad to meet you," she said cordially. "You probably are used enough to this boy by this time not to mind his extravagance. But I am keeping you standing out here. Come right in. I am so glad you hunted us out so soon, Dicky."

Dicky had the grace to look a bit foolish. Mrs. Durkee evidently imagined we had come to Marvin especially to see her. I knew that he would have liked to have me explain the situation to her, but I was just malicious enough to keep silent. I scored myself for being annoyed at Dicky's exuberant greeting of Mrs. Durkee. But I could not conceal from myself the fact that I did not like it.

"You Haven't Changed."

Yet it was no prejudice against Dicky's old friend that caused by discomfort. My first glimpse into the motherly little Mrs. Durkee's clear eyes had made me feel that it would be very easy for me to like her exceedingly. But Dicky's bizarre way of meeting his old friends, his utter lack of dignity, his disregard of conventionalities irritated me.

"I'm awfully sorry," Dicky stammered, "but we can't come in. You see we didn't have any idea you were out here. I knew you had returned from England, but my mother's health has been poor this winter and I've stuck pretty close to the studio and the house. We're out today house-hunting. We want to move out here pretty soon."

Across Mrs. Durkee's face when Dicky spoke of sticking to the studio flashed a queer little look. It was so elusive, so evanescent that it was gone almost as soon as it came. In it I read amusement, disapproval, but more than anything else, comprehension. I wondered miserably whether by any chance she knew anything of Dicky's studio life that I ought to know.

But there was nothing save eager interest in the face she turned up to mine.

"Oh, you are going to move out here?" she exclaimed. "That will be delightful. I said to Alfred only this morning that I

was afraid I was going to be dreadfully lonely, for there's no one we know out here, and I do not like to get acquainted with the neighbors. I think the less you have to do with your neighbors in a village like this the better you will get along with them."

She smiled so ingeniously as she uttered the little paradox that Dicky laughed aloud, and I could not help returning her smile, although I felt anything but truthful. A every turn I seemed to meet some vague suggestion concerning Dicky and his beautiful model, Grace Draper. Even this old friend of Dicky's, I was almost sure, knew something of Dicky's studio which was shut out from me.

"You're a wise little greek," Dicky patted her shoulder caressingly. I frowned involuntarily at his slang, but Mrs. Durkee only laughed.

"You haven't changed a bit, have you, Dicky bird," she said in the indulgent tone one would use to a child. I had a swift, illuminative flash of comprehension of Dicky's character. He was the eternal boy, this husband of mine. Lillian Underwood knew it. I recalled her words of warning concerning him "as we exchanged confidences by her library fire. And this other old friend of my husband's evidently recognized it. I had felt it before, but never so strongly as at this indulgent tone used toward my husband by a woman I had never seen before."

A Swift Farewell.

"But you'll surely come back and lunch with me, or come to dinner tonight, when Alfred's home?" she said cordially, as Dicky turned to help me into the car, the balky mechanism of which Mr. Birdsall had remedied.

"Can't be done, my dear," Dicky replied airily. Then with a caressing note in his voice he turned to me.

"When you know this little lady better, Madge, you'll find out that the words most frequently on her lips are: 'Won't you come in and eat with me?'" He sang the words in a clear parody, then went on more earnestly. "She is the most hospitable little soul in the country, wears herself out cooking for all the reprobates like me that Al knows and brings down to his house."

"And such eats!" Dicky heaved a sigh that came from his boots. "Nothing like 'em in this world. Many's the time I've asked her to marry me, and let me be a father to Al, just to have best right to the eats, but she wouldn't have me."

"I suppose I ought to be very grateful to you for refusing him," I chimed in as gaily as I could, determined to give Mrs. Durkee the impression that I shared Dicky's high spirits.

"You bet you ought," Dicky retorted. "Much chance you or anybody else would have had it. Mrs. Durkee had only promised to stew my tomatoes for me."

"Get along with you, you ridiculous boy," laughed Mrs. Durkee.

"Just for that here's where the neighbors get shocked," he laughed back audaciously, and swinging her clear of the ground he kissed her, put her down again, and then skipped nimbly into the machine.

"Put her into high," he said laughingly to Mr. Birdsall. "I've got to get away from here. My life's in danger."

He waved his hat with a grandiloquent flourish as the machine started. Little Mrs. Durkee shook her head playfully at him, but there was a flush upon her face which my woman's intuition told me was displeasure at the extent to which Dicky had carried his nonsense. I was about to tell Dicky that I thought he had annoyed her, then on second thought I resolved to say nothing about it. I foresaw that I would have problems enough of my own to solve with this irresponsible husband of mine without trying to regulate his conduct toward people whom he had known years before he met me.

FIGHT OR PAY.

Editor Guard:

Probably there are but few people who have not at some time or another set aside, or resolved that they would set aside, a sum of money, a nest egg, so to speak, for a "rainy day."

The rainy day has come. Our country is at war with the most despotic government that the sun has ever shone upon—Germany—obsessed with Prussianism and so-called kultur, taught by the iron-handed Bismarck, and propagated and fastened by the devilish genius of organization of the present Hohenzollerns.

Your nest-egg is being called upon day—Liberty bonds, Red Cross, high cost of living, sacrifice, lives. You will see it dwindle every day, growing less and less as the war is prolonged. But have high courage, the end will be glorious, and only by such mighty exertions can we ever hope to have "peace on earth."

The day of reckoning will as surely come as the sun is circled by the planets, when that monstrosity of the twentieth century—German autocracy—will be beaten to the last rampart, and pay dol-

lar for dollar for its hideous outrage on devastated Belgium, France and Serbia, and by its blood-drop for drop—for its ruthless warfare on women, children and non-combatants.

Your rainy day fund is going to be called upon again soon. The government will need another huge loan, and, perhaps another and another. Tighten up your belt, grit your teeth and come across like a man. If you can't fight you can pay.

E. O.

Abandon Court Martial of Captain George B. Bond

(By The Associated Press)
San Francisco, July 21.—Court martial proceedings against Captain George B. Bond, the former quartermaster at Fort McDowell, who is charged with technical neglect of duty, are to be abandoned following orders from the war department to the effect that the trial would not warrant the time involved. The charge was merely that the quartermaster's office disposed of junk and used the funds to purchase office supplies, without formal authorization.

MARKETING BY MAIL OFFERS OPPORTUNITY FOR LANE FARMERS

Extensive Business Developed in Other Sections by Growers Who Use Parcels Post in Marketing Sales as Distance.

That the farmers and fruit growers of Lane county are losing much money because they are not pushing the marketing of produce through the parcel post system of the United States, is the belief of Postmaster F. L. Campbell. Mr. Campbell calls attention to the fact that almost the entire western half of the state of Oregon is in the first or second zone from Eugene and that the rate of transportation comparatively so little that they can develop an individual market and ship fruit and produce direct to the consumer much cheaper than it can be sent and sold through the middleman. This has been proven so in many places where conditions were not so good for working up the business as here.

It is perfectly feasible to deliver cherries, apricots, peaches, even apples and potatoes by parcel post within 150 miles of point of shipment.

Shipped 5,000 Boxes Peaches.

As an example of how a shipping business can be worked up by parcel post, A. C. Joy, of Ashland, in 1915 shipped 5,000 boxes of peaches out through that postoffice. Owing to the poor crop last year he shipped many less, but the demand far exceeded the supply. In addition to peaches Mr. Joy ships large quantities of cherries, apricots, apples and even potatoes by parcel post.

The larger part of Mr. Joy's stuff goes to the mines and lumber camps in southern Washington and northern California. Mr. Joy has developed his market solely through the direct by mail method of advertising, using printed circulars exclusively, having found them more effective than imitation of facsimile letters. He has stated that he found a neat printed circular is better received and "leaves a better taste" than what purports to be a personal letter and is not. Absolute honesty in pack and a guarantee of satisfaction lived up to, have also been important factors in the success of the project.

Portland a Good Field.

Eugene producers have a much better chance to build up a parcel post market than have Ashland producers, because they are much more convenient to the big centers of population.

Portland is an especially fertile field for customers for fruit, fresh eggs, and other produce. It is possible to secure lists of family heads and send direct advertising to them, and it is also possible to reach many by advertisements in Portland papers. Names once secured, and a single order received, it is up to the shipper to make good. It is the repeat orders that bring the profits. The individual orders are small, and if there has to be a new customer sought out for every order the plan will fail. Service is the keynote.

Mining Territory Adjacent.

There is also within 150 miles of Eugene a large amount of undeveloped mining and lumber territory. Through the parcel post the producer can place the product in every postoffice and beside every rural route box in the territory. This has been successfully done in many parts of the state and without doubt could be done here.

The standard box of peaches in Oregon weighs about 20 pounds. It can be laid down at any door in Portland or in almost any town or postoffice, or on almost any rural route in western Oregon at from 21 cents for a box weighing 20 pounds, to 29 cents for one weighing 24 pounds.

Anyone interested should write the third assistant postmaster general, Washington, D. C., and enclose 75 cents for a parcel post guide and zone map, which will be based on Eugene as a center and will show what offices are in each parcel post zone. One map and guide will do for several producers, as after a list of the offices within the first and second zones is compiled there will

1/2 Price Sale 1/2

- \$2 to \$15 Women's Hats 1/2-Price
- \$18 to \$60 Silk Dresses 1/2-Price
- \$12.50 Silk Coats 1/2-Price
- \$20 to \$40 Women's Suits 1/2-Price
- \$15 to \$40 Women's Coats 1/2-Price
- \$1.50 to \$3 Children's Tub Dresses 1/2-Price
- \$2.50 Sport Skirts 1/2-Price
- 10c Child Vests 1/2-Price
- 30c Child Union Suits 1/2-Price
- 25c Child Tan Sox 1/2-Price
- \$1.25 and \$1.50 Men's Straw Hats 1/2-Price

Hampton's

C. A. C. Mess Fund.

July 17, 1917.

I hereby agree to be one of 100 to contribute One Dollar (\$1.00) per month, for three months, to the Mess Fund for the members of Second and Third companies, C. A. C., that the boys may have some of the comforts of home during their first months of army life.

Signed.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Clip this out and mail it to The Guard with your first month's Contribution.

Says Building Operations at Standstill Everywhere

T. W. Acklin, of the Ashland Trading company, Ashland, Or., was in Eugene Friday night after a four month trip through Idaho and Montana. He reports business conditions somewhat unsteady because of the war and building operations at a standstill. He states that he spent several days in Spokane and was all over the city and did not see a single residence in course of erection and only two business buildings being erected in that place. He may return to Eugene in the near future.

An electrically heated coffee percolator made of earthenware has recently patented.

More than 6000 tons of electrically refined zinc is produced in Norway each year.

New York is carrying the enthusiastic appeal home to patriotic young men through a big electric sign.

TIRES, GASOLINE, DISTILLATE & MONOGRAM OIL
Spark Plugs, Chains and Motor Supplies in General
STODDARD-DAYTON GARAGE
8th Ave. East 242—Half Block East Hotel Osburn
—Ford Switch Key Service Station No. 1.

42,000 Pounds of the World's Best

Do you know a good thing when you see it? Well I guess you do. Do you know a good thing when you eat it? Well, that is up to you. We have just received a Car of the World's Best Montana Hard wheat products, Ceretana Flour and Feed. Every sack sold under a guarantee to be perfect in every respect or your money back.

We also carry the following brands of Flour.

EUGENE VALLEY, ROUND-UP, FISHERS ART

A full line of Poultry Foods, Remedies and Supplies. We carry nothing but the best money can buy, and the Best is always the cheapest even though it may cost just a little more.

Come to either end—Our doors are both open.

You are always Welcome, Buy or no Buy.

The Ideal Feed Store

131 East 9th Street

181 Park Street