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MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 6, 1917.



LLOYD-GEORGE CONFIDENT

THE speech delivered by David Lloyd-George, the British premier, in Queen's hall, London, Saturday, reflected optimism and gave expression to the determination behind the cause of the entente allies. Recently in a telegram to the premier of Russia, Lloyd-George spoke of "the closing phase of the battle against autocracy." In a more recent reply to the new German chancellor, he said: "You will not have long to wait before Junkerdom will follow" Bethmann-Hollweg into the discard. He also ventured to predict that "before long the chancellor will make a very different speech—one that we are waiting for."

Lloyd-George in his address Saturday emphasized the fact that neither the kaiser nor the chancellor has yet said that he would be satisfied with German soil. Defining the aim of the entente allies he declared that victory must be so complete that liberty shall never again be challenged. The final object of the forces opposing the kaiser he summed up in the words, "There must be no next time."

Lloyd-George's utterances of the last few weeks, considered as a whole, reflect optimism. His excursions into the realm of prophecy are singular, especially in view of the fact that a superficial view of war conditions does not seem to foreshadow the early discomfiture of Germany. Neither have the allied peoples reached the point where they no longer need the warning of the possibility of failure.

What is the war situation, as it outwardly appears? Lloyd-George tells us that Britain has in hand enough food for 1917-18, with economy. The submarines are not fully succeeding, British shipbuilding will accomplish big production toward the end of the year. So far as the British position is concerned, it passed the crisis in March. But France is still standing relentless hammering by German troops. The Russian advance has led to disaster on the Galician front through the treachery of some troops. The Italians are again stationary. The United States forces can not get into the war, effectively, until 1918. The Germans appear to be running short of men, and have to use shock troops for attacks. Hindenburg no longer talks of German military victory. He relies on the submarines. But, again, if the German army cannot succeed in any offensive on the western front, it at least has stayed the allies for six months of 1917.

The British and French are making headway on the Flanders front, but slowly. Unless there is some successful stroke on a big scale, there seems no reason for expecting any material alteration in the military situation this year. The United States is going to put a severe economic strain on Germany by regulating the adjoining neutrals. Germany's internal distress, which is known to be acute, may become unbearable in a fourth winter of the war. All the European allies are bearing a heavy strain also in that respect.

If the war is a contest of endurance Germany is lost. None of the entente powers is as hardly tried as the Teuton alliance. The next winter, especially if the crops in Germany are as poor as even some Berlin accounts admit them to be, may see the beginning of the end. We hope that Lloyd-George does not prophesy in vain, that underneath the surface, where we cannot see, there are facts which give foundation for his confidence that the power of the enemy is almost gone.

WHY STOP THE SPORTS?

MANY well meaning Americans are urging the putting a stop to the ball games of the country and advise the suspension of college games. The best experts of the allied nations are advocating the work of providing recreations in the camps and even in the trenches to relieve the nervous strain on the troops. The same rule will apply with equal if not more force to the home folks. It has long been recognized that the wife or mother or father at home endures more mental strain than the husband or son who goes to the front. In fact the entire people of the United States are under a mental strain which has not been equalled since the civil war. A bow which is always bent loses its elasticity, and will not recover its natural shape. A mind that is keyed up all the time will sooner or later fail to react from the strain.

A person whose mind is strained to the uttermost day after day, without permitting themselves to relax in the least, will not stand the strain of the times like a person who enjoys every laugh

and every opportunity to get into the open, consistent with hard work and economy.

The telegraphic report of the address of David Lloyd-George as it originally came over the wire, Saturday, read: "Russia learned that an army without discipline is a rabbit." A correction, a few minutes later, saying, "make it rabble, not rabbit," almost took some of the force away from the sentence.

A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

Why Dicky Said, "Don't Carry the Consolation of the World on Your Shoulders."

"Got a fire, Midge? Gee, I'm glad I'm drenched to the skin."

Dicky ran up the veranda steps with water dripping from his hat and clothing. His shoes, too, were soaked from the pouring rain outside. The water oozed from them at every step. His coat was open, and underneath it I could see a small peach basket which he pressed tightly against his chest, and inside something stirred and whimpered. The sight made me forget Dicky's condition.

"Whatever in the world?" I asked, standing still and staring at him open-mouthed.

"For heaven's sake!" Dicky exploded wrathfully. "Don't stand there blocking the gangway. Can't you see I'm soaked? Let me get to the fire."

I stepped aside as he rushed past me into the living room, leaving muddy tracks upon the rug at every step. I did not mind his irritability, but I did object to the havoc he was making of the new rug.

"Dicky!" I cried impetuously. "Wait till roll up that small rug before the fireplace. You'll ruin it."

Dicky promptly consigned the rug to a place not recognized by the Universalists, and planted himself squarely upon it, the water running in the hills from every part of his cloth.

"Here," he commanded peremptorily, not noticing or else ignoring the fact that I had turned away in offended silence, "hold this tarp a minute till I get some of these wet things off. Poor little tyke! He must be chilled through!"

He whisked the peach basket away with a dexterous movement, and deposited in my arms a very small and very wet white puppy. I am not fond of animals, and I thought with dismay of the wreck the cold, clammy little body was making of my freshly laundered white gown. But there was something so pitiful in the shivering of the little body, something so brave and yet so appealing in the big brown eyes, that I forgot everything else in the desire to make the little creature comfortable.

"Heat him up first and then give him some warm milk," directed Dicky, as he hurried toward the stairs. "I'm going to take a hot bath and get into some dry things. Where's the mother?"

"In her room asleep," I returned. "Don't awaken her if you can help it." Then I turned my attention to the puppy, which had snuggled as closely to my body as he could, tucking his absurd little head into the hollow of my arm.

"Katie, come here, please," I called, and Katie hurried in from the kitchen. Her eyes round with wonder as she saw the wet puppy in my arms.

A Compact of Friendship.

"Go upstairs to my closet, Katie," I directed, "and bring me down that old white sweater I wore so badly the other day when it caught on the wire screening. Bring also the most worn bath towel you can find, one that we can mark so it will not be used again upstairs. After you have brought them to me heat a little milk, not too hot, and bring it here in an old dish."

"All right, I feel," Katie answered, and promptly vanished, to reappear again as promptly with the articles I had asked for. I had knelt down in front of the fireplace and was holding the puppy so that the warmth of the blaze would strike his shivering little body.

"Oh, Misses Graham, look at that dot dress!" she exclaimed. "Heem all wet, all spoiled, all because that dirty dog!"

"Never mind, Katie," I replied soothingly. "I can put on another dress. Hurry with the milk. I must get this fellow warmed up."

Katie disappeared grumbling, and I sat down before the fire, took the little dog in my lap, rubbed him dry, and then, wrapping him in the old sweater, laid him on the hearth to toast comfortably. I was glad to see the little body stop shivering and lie still. I thought he had gone to sleep, but when Katie brought in the milk the puppy wriggled out of his warm frappings and began to lap the milk as if half starved.

"Jolly little beggar, isn't he?" said Dicky's voice behind me, with such complete forgetfulness of his own rudeness and irritation that I decided also to forget them.

"He's a dear," I returned. "Are you sure you are quite dry again? You gave me no chance to help you with your things. How did you happen to walk home through the rain? Where was Doran?"

"Where do you think the only taxi driver in Marvin would be on a day like this?" demanded Dicky truculently. "I would have had to wait an hour for Doran, and I wanted to get this little chap home. What do you think of him?"

"He's a cunning thing," I answered truthfully. "I suppose this is the one thing lacking in the furnishing that you promised us last night?"

"Sure," Dicky answered cheerfully. "No country house ought to be without a dog. Of course, he's only a puppy yet, but he's such a good breed I couldn't resist him."

"He has the most fascinating ugly face I ever saw." The puppy cocked one ear at me in a friendly fashion as I spoke, as if in acknowledgement of my doubtful compliment, and I laughed outright. At the sound he jumped into my lap and snuggled against me, looking up at me in such appealing fashion that my heart warmed toward him. As my arms closed about him I had a curious little feeling that the puppy and I had made a compact of friendship, but henceforth he belonged to me.

Who Owns the Dog?

"Haven't he?" Dicky returned beamingly. "He's so ugly he's handsome. That's the breed, you see, bull terrier. Just look at the way his upper lip lifts away from his teeth, and gaze on that punishing jaw of his. He's the real thing, all right, mother's a bench dog, father's a famous fighter, no better blood anywhere than this little tyke has."

"Do you know he looks exactly like the picture of the puppy in your copy of that Davis story, 'The Bar Sinister'?" "So you see it, too!" Dicky exclaimed gleefully. "Yes, he's the spit'n' image of that pup. I think we'll call him after him, 'Wyndham Kid. Second,' for there's a bar sinister about this chap, too."

"A bar sinister," I returned, puzzled. "I thought you said this dog had such good blood on both sides. The story dog's mother was an alley dog, you remember, while you said this one's was a—"

"Bench dog," returned Dicky easily. "a prize winner season after season. But you see, I can't prove it." He laughed gleefully.

"Why?"

"Because she was stolen from her owner, a little while ago, big paw-paw about it, rewards offered and real detectives on the trail, but nothing doing. This puppy of hers was given to a man I know by the fellow that did the trick. It seems this friend of mine, who is an awfully clever writer chap, does crook stories and all that sort of thing you know, and who knows dozens of shady customers, pulled the other fellow out of a hole one day, and the chap had nothing to show his gratitude with but this pup. My friend is going on a long trip, and can't keep the little fellow, so he turned him over to me."

"But, Dicky," I gasped. "You surely are not going to keep him, are you? Why, he's stolen property!"

Dicky turned and looked at me, then threw up his hands in mock despair. "If I hadn't forgotten all about her little Puritan principles!" he exclaimed.

"But I'm afraid this time you'll have to swallow them. I don't know who the chap is who stole the mother, and if I did I surely wouldn't give him away. And if I didn't take this little fellow the chances are some one would have grabbed him to make a fighter of him. And training a dog for a fighter is just about the cruelest thing there is."

He stopped and kissed me lightly on the cheek.

"Don't carry the conscience of the world on your shoulders, little girl," he said. "You only make yourself and everybody else uncomfortable."

The memory of many tempestuous scenes with Dicky warned me to keep silence. But I thought again, as I often had before, how utterly divergent our ideas and ideals were. I knew that I should never feel comfortable in this gift of Dicky's. The knowledge that the dog spoiled any pleasure I might have in the was not rightfully ours would always little animal.

SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Here From Stayton.
Mrs. Sarah E. Cox arrived Saturday afternoon from Stayton to spend a few weeks at the home of her son, J. A. Cox and family.

On the Way to France.
Word has been received here by Mr. and Mrs. L. May of this city that their son, Winfred is now on his way to France, having left Arizona July 23 for New York where he was to embark on the transport. Mr. May who is well

known here is a member of Battery B Sixth company field artillery.

Leave on Vacation.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brumette left Sunday morning for Portland where they will be joined by Mr. Brumette's sister, Mrs. Minton and daughter Hazel. From there the party will go to one of the beaches for a few weeks' vacation.

Home From Portland.
Mrs. Bernice Van Valzah returned Friday night from a short business trip to Portland.

Attends Buyers Week.
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cox of the Cox

and Cox department store, left Sunday for Portland to attend buyers week.

Returns From Newport.
Mr. and Mrs. M. J. McCracken and daughter Leota and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Arthur McCracken, returned Saturday afternoon from their summer home in Newport.

Down From Portland.
Mrs. A. J. Perkins of Portland arrived Friday night to spend a few days with friends and be with Mr. Perkins who is here in the interests of sheep buying. Mrs. Perkins reports her mother Mrs. Cogill, as in very poor health.

SPRINGFIELD PERSONALS
Oscar Lee, and Glen Ditto returned from Belknap Springs Sunday, where they had been for the past week.

Robert Sidwell and wife returned Friday evening from Harriburg where they have been at the hospital with their daughter, Mrs. Frank Healey, who underwent an operation for appendicitis. Mrs. Healey is resting easy.

Mrs. Al Montgomery is spending a few days at the home of her daughter Mrs. Herbert Smeed of Waverlyville.

Ed Perkins returned to Albany Friday after a week spent here with his family.

Mrs. Carney of Wendling is spending a few days at the home of her son, Wallace Carney in West Springfield.

Mrs. J. B. Lathrop and small daughter left Saturday for a few days' visit at Yarnell.

Mr. and Mrs. Nels Goslar of Camp Creek spent Saturday in town.

Myron Craig and family were city visitors Saturday.

Fred Hanson left Sunday for the Coos Bay country for a few weeks.

J. W. Perkins made a business trip to Dorena Friday.

George Burnett of Jasper spent the week-end in town.

LANE COUNTY NEWS

COTTAGE GROVE
(By Staff Correspondence)

Cottage Grove, Or., Aug. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. John Bader daughter and husband and daughter, Mrs. and Mr. B. L. Elliott and Rose Kathryn of Pittsburg, Pa., went to Newport Saturday for a two weeks' stay.

Andrew Sinder a Corvallis merchant, visited Judge H. J. Shinn the last of the past week.

Mrs. J. H. Chambers, Dora Hawkins, Miss Loretta Atkinson, Mrs. George Freeman and Mr. Eddy our Wells Fargo man, were Eugene visitors Saturday.

Miss Eva Hartung left Saturday for a visit of two weeks with her sister, Mrs. B. L. Cooper of Roseburg.

Mrs. Beebe and son of Eugene are visiting Mrs. Emma Ragdale.

Miss Myrtle Greene, sister of Mrs. Emma Ragdale left Saturday for a visit in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ridings motored up from Molalla Saturday and are visiting with Mr. Ridings brother's family, T. J. Ridings.

William Maclesey of Kirbyville visited Mrs. Mary Robinson Saturday. Mr. Maclesey has been a friend of Mrs. Robinson for thirty years.

G. P. Hibbard motored from Bend with Mrs. Zella Huston last week. He will visit with friends in Dorena before returning to Bend.

Mrs. Earl Benedict of Roseburg is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Asher.

Mrs. Nancy Stennett of Oakland is visiting with friends in town.

Mrs. Roy Rollin died at a hospital in Portland Friday. Mrs. Rollins was Miss Ora Hickethair of Eugene.

Ten of the boy scouts are camping up near Black Butte. Lester Phelps has charge of the boys assisted by William Gardner.

Miss Grace Crandall of Eugene is visiting Francis Beatty.

Mrs. Ivel R. Loucks and daughter Hazel went to Portland Sunday to buy goods for their millinery.

Mrs. U. S. Flourney and daughter Leah of Eugene are camping at Rajada. Lulu Singletary of Eugene spent Sunday in town.

Miss Inez Flynn of Eugene spent the week-end with relatives.

Married, Sunday at ten o'clock a. m. at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hawkins, Miss Dora Hawkins of Cottage Grove and Dr. C. A. Smith of Newport. The ceremony was performed by justice of the peace J. E. Young. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will live in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley Snodgrass and daughter Maxine and Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Weber of Springfield motored up Sunday and spent the day with Mrs. Lucy Holland the mother of Mrs. Riley.

Mrs. Alice Richmond and Miss Eva Richmond returned Sunday to Hubbard where Miss Eva will teach again this year.

W. F. Carter of Eugene spent the week-end with his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lackey returned Sunday from Elkhead where they have been the past two months.

J. H. Chambers returned Sunday from

Hampton's Daylight Store....

TUESDAY SPECIALS

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One lot of \$2 to \$7 Trimmed Hats 98c

Entire line of Millinery 1-2-PRICE

ed to town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Huff of Wildwood returned Sunday from Eugene where their son had his tonsils removed by Dr. Zimmerman.

Miss Agnes Hayman of Leona returned home Sunday from a visit with Mildred White.

Ruth Cook after a visit of one week with her uncle D. Reed returned Sunday to his home in Trent.

A doolittle went to Creswell Sunday for several days on business.

Mrs. C. A. Hanna visited her grandmother, Mrs. S. E. McKinney, the week-end.

Miss L. M. Beebe of Springfield was in town Sunday looking over town. Miss Beebe may locate here.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brund and grandson, Robert Watts, of Florence, visited Mr. Brund's brother, Mr. John Brund last week, returning home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wright and son Gordon and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Humphrey left Sunday for Portland to attend the "Buyers' meeting" there.

P. W. Hubbard and family moved to Salem Sunday. Mr. Hubbard is a barber and has lived here some time. Mrs. Hubbard's people, W. P. Magee live here.

WALTON.

(By Staff Correspondence)
Walton, Or., Aug. 6.—Mrs. Iva Green of Eugene, who has been visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. W. Perkins, returned to her home Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Maher, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Lyons, Clarence Lyons and Roy Spry have been out for a pleasure trip to Sanatone.

Mrs. Rose Gold came down from Mount to visit her mother, Mrs. Mary Whiteaker.

A wagon load of berry pickers went to Nelson Mountain Thursday.

Mrs. Ernest Mabe is visiting at the home of her father-in-law, M. P. Mabe.

Mrs. Chas. Fink made a business trip to Joler today.

M. P. Mabe made a business trip to Eugene Tuesday. It seems nice to have twice a day mail service which started the first of the month.

FRANKLIN

(By Staff Correspondence)
Franklin, Or., Aug. 6.—Work progressed rapidly at the regular meeting of the Franklin Red Cross auxiliary Friday, Aug. 3. These busy farmers' wives and daughters accomplish so much work at home and yet find time to come regularly to the Red Cross meetings during this harvest season.

Several discussed vegetable canning and food conservation while they worked.

HARRISBURG

(By Staff Correspondence)
Harrisburg, Or., Aug. 6.—Lawrence Davis, of Corvallis, Or., was operated upon Thursday for removal of tonsils.

Mrs. Jake Hake and little daughter, Loretta Marie, of Brownsville, are visiting this week at the home of Mrs. W. R. Miller.

Mrs. Howard Judd and baby left the

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A Comedy in three acts, by A. E. Thomas
Direct from 32 Triumphant Weeks at the Cohen Theatre,
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Seat Sale, Sat. Aug 4th Prices: 50c, \$1, \$1.50 \$2

(Continued on page six)

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Remember you don't have to
"keep up appearances."

Everybody's economizing now.

Indeed, it's the swell thing to do, if that's any inducement to you.

Along the Hudson and at Newport, the laws of even the Four Hundred are given over to the lowly Spud.

Vice-Consul Geisler, just back from Germany, says he's going to be a long, hard conflict. Ambassador Gerard is of the same opinion. These men ought to know.

The Government is going ahead on a basis of a three-year siege.

Remember that whenever wherever you waste, you are holding back the nation.

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