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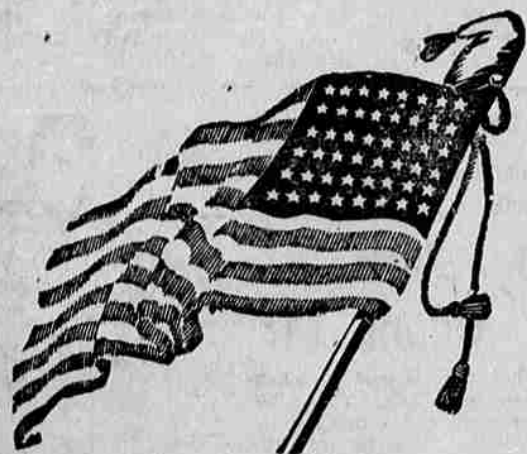
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THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 13, 1917.



FITTING DENUNCIATION

THE military committee yesterday denounced the introduction in the senate of a resolution by Senator Hardwick which would provide that the consent of every drafted man must be obtained before he is required to perform foreign service. Senator Hardwick's proposal is in keeping with the assertion that this is England's war or France's war or Russia's war.

There is not a very great amount of spirit of national defense in the fellow who says "The Germans are not threatening us and where will we be if we send all our soldiers abroad? In fact, he is thinking very little about the safety of the nation when a great military power has started out on its plan to conquer the world.

The man who believes in the defense of his country and his home, who opposes the sending of American troops to support our allies' weakened battle-lines, thereby says that he would rather fight the Germans on American soil. We fight in Europe to prevent our having to fight on our own thresholds. We prefer to go out into the street to shoot the mad dog rather than wait until he is mangling our children in the nursery on the second floor.

The question that was behind the entrance of this country into the war, and which President Wilson answered with the only reply possible outside of madness and poltroonery, was whether we would fight Germany with allies or without allies. It is clear now that Germany's conduct toward this country early in the war had behind it the definite purpose of keeping us out of the war until Russia and France and England could be worn down and she would be enabled to give America her undivided attention. Even today, Germany is trying to offend us as little as she can. She has never officially recognized our declaration of war.

The slow awakening of the people of America to the real meanings of the war is Germany's greatest ally at the present time. We must wake up! Every man in this country must get it firmly fixed in his mind that he must fight, and that he must fight allied or alone.

Any man who stands on the floor of the United States senate and opposes the sending of the greatest possible force to re-enforce the allies' lines in Europe, is either so shortsighted that he has no business in the councils of the nation, or he would deliberately aid the enemy. It is fitting that the Hardwick resolution should be denounced and the senate committee scarcely puts it strong enough when it says:

"It is the view of the committee that the selective draft act is neither violative of American tradition nor of the constitution and entertaining this view, the committee feels justified in saying that there is no necessity for such legislation as that proposed, either on the ground of expediency or necessity. The psychological effect of calling in question an act, the principles of which, it seems to the committee, have been sustained by the courts of the country, is bad and the tendency of it all is to impair the military efficiency of the men who are already in the service and of those who may yet be called to serve in this time of need."

THE DOCTRINE OF HATE

THE German doctrine of hate is not new. It has been a part of the Berlin policy since the beginning of the war and is used in an effort to blind the people of the German nation to those things which it is believed might cause a weakening of their support of the kaiser and his military autocracy. The women of the country are now asked to cast their curses against America.

Dr. Hermann Rosemeier, political editor of the Berlin Morgenpost, until September, 1914, who following the outbreak of the war took his family and went to Switzerland where he now resides, in an article written in April, 1916, states:

"That the Belgians, Serbs, Poles, and the people of Northern France are your fellow-mortals and brothers; that kindly folk feel for others' sorrows as for their own; and that Christ's command was to love thy neighbor as thyself—forcible attempts have been made since the beginning of this hateful war to drive all such thoughts and sentiments out of you. You have had to forget everything, Christianity, humanity, brotherly love, and fellow-feeling. This was what the Reventlows, the Heydebrands, the Zedlitzes and Co. wished. Herr von Heydebrand, in his speech delivered in 1915 on the occasion of the German emperor's birthday, contended quite frankly that in reality none but the Germans were human beings.

Count Reventlow, from his comfortable desk in the office of the 'Deutsche Tageszeitung,' tells German sailors not to let Englishmen rescue them, even from being drowned at sea. 'What do other people matter?' This is what is preached and taught by these apostles of international hatred, these professors of racial arrogance, who look on and applaud when the Turks, their allies and apt pupils, prepare to exterminate the whole Armenian nation, a defenceless people—exterminate them, man, woman, and child, and even the aged. The Germans must think only of themselves, they say, and confidently continue marching along the way which leads to those 'glorious times' of which the kaiser once talked in one of his innumerable speeches."

Since the beginning of the war, and even before that time, the doctrine of hate had its place in Germany. The Junkers who brought on the war to save themselves from the Social Democrats of Germany who were becoming more powerful, have been the leaders in the movement to poison the minds of their people against all other peoples. They not only plotted war, but they are now urging hatred of other peoples, especially Americans, that the Germans themselves shall not calmly consider the assault upon their control of government in Germany as made by President Wilson in his reply to the pope.

A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

Did Grace Draper Try to Drown Madge?

It was after one of Dicky's periodical trips to Jim's fire, which Harry Underwood did not allow him to forget, and his report that the dinner would be shortly forthcoming, that Grace Draper rose and said carelessly: "Suppose we all have another dip before dinner, there won't be time before we leave for a swim afterward, and the water is too fine to miss going in once more. What do you say, Mrs. Graham? Will you race me?"

I saw Lillian's quick little gesture of disapproval and through me there crept an indefinable shrinking from going with the girl, but the men were already chasing each other through the shallow water and I did not wish to humiliate my guest by refusing to go with her.

"It can hardly be called a race," I answered quickly, "for you swim so much better than I, but I will do my best."

I followed her into the water with every appearance of enjoyment and exerted every ounce of my strength to try to keep up with her rush through the waves. When the recollection of my race through the surf with Grace Draper comes back to me it is like the memory of a nightmare.

I had felt a curious reluctance to accept her challenge for a last dip before dinner, a reluctance heightened by Lillian's involuntary little gesture of dissent, but felt that I could hardly refuse the girl's invitation without hurting her feelings, so I had followed her into the water.

I knew she was not exerting her full strength, for she is a magnificent swimmer, but I found that I had all I could do to keep pace with her. She seemed to be bent on showing off her skill to me, or else she was trying to test my nerves by teasing me.

I knew that she was able to swim under the water when she chose, but that did not account me to the frequent sudden disappearances which she made, or to her equally sudden reappearances above the surface of the water.

She would dash on ahead of me a few yards, then her head would disappear beneath the waves. The next thing I knew she would bob up almost at my side. There was a fascination about this skill of hers which gripped me. I was so engrossed in watching her that I did not realize how far out we had gone until at one of her quick turns, I following her, caught a glimpse of the beach.

What Madge Remembered.
To my overwrought imagination it seemed miles away. I suddenly felt an overwhelming terror of the cloudless sky, the rolling waves, even of the girl who had brought me out so far.

I looked wildly around for her, but could not see her anywhere. Evidently she was indulging in one of her underwater tricks. I turned blindly toward the shore. As I did so I felt a sudden jerk, a quick clutch at my foot, a clutch that dragged me down relentlessly.

I remembered gasping, struggling, fighting for life, with an awful sensation of being sunk in a gulf of blackness. I fancied I heard Lillian Underwoods voice in a piercing scream. Then I knew nothing more.

The next thing I remember was a voice. "There, she's coming out of it. Let me have that teaspoon of brandy," and then I felt the spoon inserted between my teeth and something fiery trickled gently drop by drop in my throat. The voice was that of Dr. Pettit.

With a gasp as the pungent liquid almost strangled me, I opened my eyes to

find that the physician's arm was supporting my shoulder and his hand holding the spoon to my lips.

"Oh, thank God, thank God," some one groaned brokenly on the other side of me, and I turned my eyes to meet Dicky's face bent close to mine and working with emotion.

"She is all right now," the physician said, reassuringly. "She will suffer far more from the shock than from any real damage by her immersion. Get her into the tent." He turned to Mrs. Underwood and said: "Rub her down hard, and if there are any extra wraps in the party put them around her. Give her a stiff little dose of this." He handed Lillian the brandy flask. "Then bring her out into the sunshine again. She'll be all right in a little while."

Dicky's Comforting Kisses.
Dicky picked me up in his arms as the physician spoke as if I had been a child and strode with me toward the improvised tent Dr. Pettit had indicated.

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, suppose I had lost you," he said brokenly, and then manlike, reproachfully even in the intensity of his emotion: "What possessed you to go out so far? If it hadn't been for Grace Draper being on hand when you went down you would never have come back. Harry and I were too far away when Lil screamed to be of any use. But by the time we got there Miss Draper had you by the hair and was towing you in."

My brain was too dazed to comprehend what Dicky was saying, but one remark smote on my brain like a sledge hammer.

Grace Draper had saved my life! Why? If I had any memory left at all Grace Draper had—

Lillian came forward swiftly and placed a restraining finger on my lips.

"You mustn't talk yet," she admonished; then to Dicky, "Run away now, Dicky-bird, and give Mrs. Durkee and me a chance to take care of her." Little Mrs. Durkee's sweet, anxious face was close to Lillian's.

"Yes, Dicky," she echoed, "hurry out now."

Dicky waited long enough to kiss me, a long, lingering, tender kiss that did more to revive me than the brandy, and then went obediently away while Mrs. Durkee and Lillian ministered to me as only tender and efficient women can.

When I was nearly dressed again, Lillian turned to Mrs. Durkee: "Would you mind getting a cup of coffee for this girl?" she asked. "I know Jim and Katie have some in preparation out there."

"Of course," Mrs. Durkee returned and fluttered away.

She had no sooner gone than Lillian gathered me in her arms with a protecting, maternal gesture, as if I had been her own daughter restored to her.

"Quick," she demanded fiercely, "tell me just what happened out there when you went under. Did you get a cramp or what?"

I waited a moment before answering. The suspicion that had come to my brain was so horrible that I did not wish to utter it even to Lillian.

"I think it must have been the undertow," I said feebly. "I felt something like a clutch at my feet dragging me down."

Lillian's face hardened. Into her eyes came a revengful gleam.

"Undertow!" she ejaculated, "you poor baby! Your undertow was that Draper devil's calculating hand!"

few days at the home of Mrs. Miller's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Lee, will go on to Coos Bay for a short visit and will return here, possibly for the winter.

SPRINGFIELD PERSONALS

Mrs. Sam Richmond and children spent Wednesday in Eugene at the home of Mrs. Andy Ruddiman.

A. J. Crandall of Lebanon, spent Wednesday in town on business.

Mrs. Bert Doan of Jasper was a city visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. R. D. Wilson returned Sunday from a visit to her mother, Mrs. Green of Cottage Grove.

Cash Mead of Waterville spent over Sunday in town.

Tom Carney of Thurston spent Wednesday in town.

Mrs. Al Weaver of Thurston was a city visitor Wednesday.

Mrs. O. W. Seward of Noti, was a city visitor Tuesday on business.

Miss Mabel Duryee spent Thursday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Eliza Hadley, at Yarnell.

R. R. Baker of Jasper was a city visitor Monday.

F. W. Sheppard of Wendling was a city visitor Monday.

LANE COUNTY NEWS

COTTAGE GROVE

(By Staff Correspondence)

Cottage Grove, Or., Sept. 13.—Mrs. Emma Hagsdale and son Rollin left Wednesday for Monmouth. Mrs. Hagsdale will complete the normal course this year.

Huston Medley returned from Moscow, Idaho, Tuesday. He has been working there all summer and has returned to complete high school.

Mrs. Carrie Wilson went Wednesday to visit her mother, Mrs. C. C. Goodman at Junction City.

Mrs. V. O. Huff left Wednesday to visit in Springfield.

Anna Bengert, mother Mrs. H. O. Mommenson, and brother Herman Bengert, moved to North Bend Wednesday to make that city their home.

Miss Bulah Hawkins, R. R. Currier and Miss Pauline Smith were Eugene visitors Wednesday.

Jack Lemon went to Springfield Wednesday for a visit before school begins.

Miss Hazel Hazelton left Wednesday for her school in Bend. This is Hazel's first experience in eastern Oregon.

The S. P. are connecting the electric wires between the signal house and the S. P. depot.

T. A. Harlow, of Row River, was a Eugene visitor Wednesday.

The E. P. and E. are rebuilding the Currin bridge.

Harry Wheeler is in town from Hebbron.

Earl Nixon, who starts to Walla Walla to enter college soon, visited Eugene Wednesday.

Miss Ruth Shearer came up from Salem Wednesday.

Kenneth DeLassus arrived Wednesday from Westwood, Cal., to enter high school next Monday.

Mr. McGilgory and daughter Mrs. Iva Willis of Canyonville, are visiting at the home of T. H. Magee west of town.

Miss Leah Perkins left Wednesday for Seaside where she will teach in the high school this year.

Mrs. J. I. Jones and daughter Inez are visiting Mrs. Jones' brother, G. H. Roberts, of Eugene.

Albert Stocks hurt his leg quite badly at the Black Butte mine and is home being treated.

Mrs. D. Lehmers of Drain, was in town shopping Wednesday.

Mrs. Laura Brown and son, T. R. Brown, of Weed, Cal., who belongs to the aviation corps were in town Wednesday.

Rev. James Moore of Eugene, the district superintendent of the Methodist church, is holding the fourth quarterly conference here this week.

Born, Monday to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lane, a 134-pound daughter.

Andrew Nelson and son, Ray, are going into an electrical shop in Eugene.

Mrs. W. A. Keene was called Wednesday to the bedside of her father, C. C. Becker, of Woodburn, who is dangerously ill.

J. E. Woodson and Murray Trunnell made a business trip to Portland Wednesday.

Mrs. C. E. Nute of Eugene who has been visiting Dr. Wendt and family returned Wednesday to her home in Eugene.

DEERHORN

(By Staff Correspondence)

Deerhorn, Or., Sept. 13.—There was a dance at M. James' Saturday evening for their son Irl. They served refreshments.

L. E. Meyer went to Eugene Monday on business.

The Deerhorn grange is going to give an ice-cream social Saturday evening.

Mr. Godard motored to Eugene Monday, also Irl James.

Dan Bomen from Junction City is at Mr. Godard's.

LONE CEDAR

(By Staff Correspondence)

Lone Cedar, Or., Sept. 13.—Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Rucker came over from Lorne Sunday to get a few things from the Elder place where they used to live.

Mr. Manley had the misfortune to lose his colt by snakebite.

Elvin McMindes left Sunday for Corvallis to go with others of his company.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gillespie spent Sunday with Mrs. Gillespie's parents at Hadleyville.

Mrs. J. J. Hooker, Mrs. G. A. Powell and Miss Hazel Powell returned from the hop yard Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis came over from Lorne Sunday to visit their daughter, Mrs. Horace Sutherland.

Mr. Stroup was late starting home from Eugene Saturday and so met some rela-

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JUNCTION CITY

(By Staff Correspondence)

Junction City, Or., Sept. 13.—Ethel Akerson was a business visitor to Eugene Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Mason and daughter, Ruth, left yesterday for an extended outing at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kaiser and Miss Hannah Petersen attended the play at the Eugene theatre Wednesday evening.

C. C. Yeater and Miss Darrel Bane of Condon, Or., arrived in this city Wednesday evening for a visit with her sister, Mrs. T. J. Kirk at Riverview.

Lyle Jensen and Otto Hoppes were in Eugene Wednesday evening.

Miss Zola Anehart returned to her home at Lebanon Wednesday evening after spending a few weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kaiser.

Grace Jackson of Eugene is visiting at the home of local relatives for a few days.

Ralph Hughes of Smithfield left yesterday for Tangent where he will visit relatives.

LORANE

(By Staff Correspondence)

Lorane, Or., Sept. 13.—The Hilamen family have moved to their new home here which they purchased of Ed Worthington.

Ed Worthington has moved his family to Harrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Crowe were Eugene visitors Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. F. A. Van, who has been in the Cottage Grove hospital returned to her home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Simonsen are visiting relatives in Cottage Grove.

Martha Lebon of Pine Mountain is staying with Mrs. Elmer Crowe.

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