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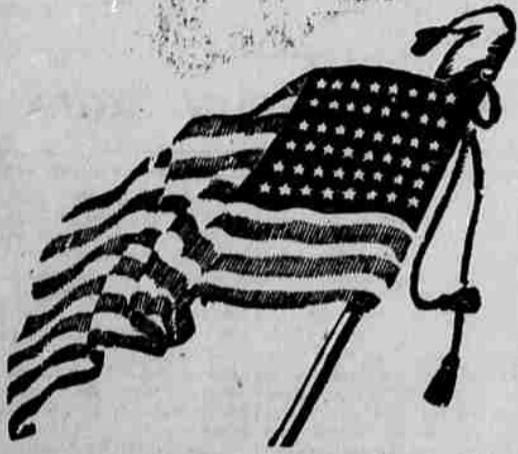
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SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13, 1917.



## GERMANY'S CHIEF ISSUE

THE fact to be kept in mind, if one would hope to form any coherent idea out of the conflicting reports, rumors and statements which have been emanating from Germany, is that the question of peace terms has become the chief political issue in Germany. The kaiser has been put to the necessity of playing politics, and with all the evasiveness of a politician who is sensible of having much staked on the outcome of the game he is playing.

The kaiser's stake is his autocratic power, at the least, and it may be his throne. The fact that he is thus forced to subordinate his own judgment and will to the exigencies of domestic politics is a convincing commentary on the war situation itself. If the government seeks to confuse the public mind as to its dispositions, it is because it recognizes that the political issue growing out of the war situation has such dangerous possibilities as to make it imprudent to take any step openly. It can not unequivocally declare for the reichstag peace party without subjecting itself to attack from the new German patriotic peace party, which seems to get its inspiration largely from Von Tirpitz. And it can not declare for the Hindenburg peace, which is a peace of annexations and indemnities, without bringing down on it the wrath of several parties which have coalesced into a reichstag majority. And the highly significant fact is that these two opposing ideas of what is a proper peace are based upon the same postulate, which is that Germany stands upon the precipice of ruin. It is the recognition of that fact which moves the reichstag majority to demand a peace of accommodation, and equally a recognition of that fact which moves the German patriotic party to insist on a peace of annexations and indemnities. They are agreed in their diagnosis, but disagreed as to the cure.

## UNDERMINING GERMAN MORALE

DESPATCHES telling of the fighting in Flanders state that the German soldiers stationed in organized nests of shell holes on the front line fled when they found that their officers who had been stationed in concrete "pill boxes" in their rear had deserted. These despatches are not the first to indicate that the German officers are holding back, apparently acting under instructions from their superiors in carrying out a policy of the German government to conserve officers so far as possible.

There was a certain magnanimity, rising at least a little higher than strict justice, in the fact that from the headquarters of the Canadian troops in France there came a despatch several days ago which added to the statement that German prisoners complain that their perils are not shared by their officers the explanation that though this was true it was not due to fear on the part of those officers.

That Germans of any rank lack courage to confront the perils of battle, no matter how terrible, has, indeed, been disproved a thousand times since the war began, but an ungenerous foe, or even one not notably generous, might well have been content to disclose that the German privates were complaining that their officers are keeping well back of the firing line and permit who would to find excuses for his behavior. The Canadians preferred to have it explained that not fear of death, but obedience to orders from above, had caused the change of habit.

To be sure, the Canadians gave the further explanation that the new orders were issued because trained leaders are becoming scarce in the German armies and have to be used with a dangerous economy which the allies are not compelled to practice, and from that, of course, they want us to draw the deduction that German strength is approaching its end. But that was more than permissible and far beyond the reach of criticism.

It would appear that the practice of pushing the privates ahead and holding the officers back would not be good for the morale of any army.

An obscure German general has been retired from service and accused of having been responsible for the failure of the crown prince to capture Verdun. It is fine to be a crown prince.

## A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

### What Katie Wished Madge to Tell the Man She Loved.

As Katie felt the touch of my arm around her shoulders and heard me ask her to tell the reason for her sudden outbreak of tears and sobs, she clutched me convulsively with both her strong young hands and putting her head down on my shoulder wept as if her heart would break.

I let the tears have their way, reasoning that no matter what their cause, they would relieve her. But I could not understand the outburst. Katie had always seemed such a volatile, happy-go-lucky creature, with only occasional fits of sullenness. Since her engagement to Jim she had been wildly happy. But as I reflected on it, I had seen her several times musing as if worried.

Her sobs gradually grew quieter, and at last she withdrew herself from my arms, and faced me, her face all swollen and creased with tears.

"I guess you think I'm crazy, Misses Graham," she said, "but I so worried. I not know vot to do. I have to tell somebody sometimes. I 'fraid to tell Jim. He maybe get so mad by me. I guess I tell you. Maybe you tell me vot right to do."

She walked over to the door, closed and locked it. Then bringing her rocking chair over to me, she pushed me gently into it and sank down on the floor at my feet, clasping my knees and looking up into my face with all the humble pathetic trustfulness of a dog.

"Don't sit down there, Katie," I said, with a vague dislike of seeing her in that posture. "There is another chair over there."

"I feel so mooch better here," she returned, pitifully. For a long time she sat silent, while I waited for her to regain control of herself.

"I not know joost how to tell you," she said slowly. "I so ashamed."

"Never mind being ashamed, Katie," I said, a bit impatiently, for that was Katie's phrase, her excuse for everything that went wrong. "Just tell me all about whatever worries you. Perhaps I can help."

"I guess I begin at the beginning," she said, after another long pause. "Dot was back in Poland when I so young, so foolish."

**Her Youthful Romance.**

Katie's air of maturity, of having experienced all the problems of the ages, made me want to smile, but I knew better than to do anything which would stop the flood of confidence she was evidently about to pour out to me.

"I only sixteen," Katie went on, "ven sooch a handsome man came to our town. Oh! so handsome, beeg, like Meester Underwood, joost sooch black eyes like one devil."

I smiled mentally at the comparison, wondering what Harry Underwood would say if he could hear her. But I could not resist one mischievous question.

"Handsome than Jim, Katie?" I asked slyly.

"Oh! dot Jim!" Katie's tone held a half-contemptuous inflection, although it was full of the very real affection which I knew she had for the man she was to marry so soon. "Jim, he not handsome. He joost goot."

"Which is much, much better, Katie," I could not help saying.

I was really bewildered at the girl's

attitude and worried lest the secret which she seemed bent on telling me should prove something which might stand in the way of her marriage.

"Yes, I know," the girl agreed quickly. "But ven I sixteen I not ink so. I tink dis man dot coom to my town joost one big god."

"He likes me, too," she went on, simpering with the recollection of her youthful conquest, "but my moder she no like beem. So I meet beem, you know, on sly. I one little fool," she reflected calmly.

"Katie, Katie," I reproved. "Pleas excoos, Missis Graham," she answered, mechanically, evidently too bent on her story to mind either reproof or interruption. "But ven I tink of dot man, I get so mad I could joost keel."

"He meets me lots times, make me so much lof dot I tink I lof him. I joost crazy about dot man, so ven he say, 'Your moder one old fool, you run away and marry me, I go right along.'"

"But, Katie," I protested, shocked and horrified, "you have no right to marry Jim if you have been married once."

"You Tell Jim."

"Joost you wait," Katie said calmly. "I go wit him to anoder town, long way off. We get married, we live dere three, four mont. Den my moder, my fader, dey find me, after dey hunt for me lots. You see dey find out dot man he have one wife, four kids already, and my fader pretty near keel him, he beat beem up so."

"Den my fader, my moder, dey say dey not take me home, because my marriage to dot man not real marriage. Dey say I dis-gr-r-ace. But dey goot to me. My moder she stay with me. My fader go back, get all my clothes and dis stuff—"

she indicated the embroidered lines on the bod—"from my grandmoder, bring back, gif the money, put me on train so I get ship for America. Send letter to my cousin in New York, de one I stay with before coom to you, to look after me."

"Well, Katie," I said, relieved, "there is nothing in this that you cannot tell Jim. Of course, you were a very foolish and wicked girl to run away from your people, but you thought you were married to the man. I do not think Jim will be ugly about it."

Katie's face still held a worried look. "I not worried so mooch vot Jim say," she returned, "but dot oder man, after my fader beat him up, he get back. He coom to house where my moder and I stay. He says he crazy about me, say to remember if I ever get married, he find me, keel me, keel man I marry. You tink he find me?"

Katie's eyes were full of reminiscent terror.

"What utter nonsense, Katie," I spoke sharply that I might better bring the girl back to herself. "If the man stayed in Europe he very probably is dead before now in the fighting over there, and if he came to this country, even if he ever did find you, he wouldn't make you any trouble. Men like that talk a great deal, but never do anything. He probably has forgotten all about you long before this."

Katie looked mutinously unbelieving. "Maybe so, maybe not," she said non-committally, "but I wish you do one ting for me. You tell Jim all dis, find out vot he tink. I afraid."

## I'M IN THE ARMY NOW

The following poem written at Fort Stevens by William G. Tavernor, of the First Company, O. C. A., from Ashland, was sent to the Roseburg Review by Lieutenant C. C. Curzon, of Roseburg, temporarily commanding the First company:

I want to go back to Ashland, where there's tabcloths and grub. Where you wear a tie and collar and you bathe in a truly tub.

I long to press the cushions of a certain Saxon Six.

I long once more, with millionaires and maidens fair to mix.

I'd like to wear a pair of shoes that's somewhere near my size.

I'd like to cuss a corporal who thinks himself too wise.

I'd like to climb Mount Ashland, where the air is clear and rare.

Where you stride along with comfort and you don't keep step with care.

Where there's no "squads right" and "double time," no "backward, guide right, post."

Where you eat real chocolate sundae, and peas, and quail on toast.

Where you wake up in the morning and you lie there till it's light.

Instead of getting up to watch the river half the night.

I'd like to lay me down to sleep upon a feather bed.

With something more substantial than my pants beneath my head.

But after a few weeks, I fear, these luxuries would pass.

And I'd begin to eye again my O. D. on the wall.

I think I'd miss the reveille, the merry talk at mess.

I'd even miss the morning run the boys all so detest.

I'm sure that in a week or two I'd be longing to return.

And get that patriotic feeling that you come up here to learn.

I'm here to do my little bit for dear old Uncle Sam.

I'm in the army now, all right, and I'm kind of glad I am.

Phone F. E. Stevens for piano tuning.

## FEEDING SOLDIERS TAXES CAR SUPPLY

San Francisco, Calif., Oct. 9.—The railroad's war board, which has been making herculean efforts to keep the cars moving in all parts of the country despite the extraordinary demand, today is facing a new problem.

All the necessities of life must be supplied to sixteen non-productive cities of population of 40,000 each, and to fifty-six smaller cities of a population from 300 to 3,000. These cities represent the new national army and national guard cantonments and encampments, most of which are located where no railroad facilities existed before.

Figures just compiled show that 2500 carloads a day of feed and other necessities are being delivered daily by the railroads. As it takes at least five pounds of food a day for each soldier in addition to clothing, fuel and other supplies that are constantly needed, the problem is decidedly difficult, but the carriers are expected to prove equal to the task.

**Cananea Will Become Dead Mining Camp Is Prediction**

Cananea, Mexico, Oct. 13.—Cananea will be as much of a deserted mining camp as any of the old camps in the American west if the activities of the Sonora state government here continues long.

The government is arranging transportation for all of the Mexicans remaining here and is finding employment in other mining districts for them. Entire families are being taken on trains to other parts of the state and few people now remain in this big camp.

When the Cananea Copper company and the government disagreed about the payment of a billion tax the payment of back taxes and taxes upon undeveloped mining property the entire camp was closed and all Americans left for the border. The disagreement has never been settled and the camp is gradually being deserted with little hope of work being resumed upon this great mineral deposit.

## INDIA TO HAVE MORE SELF-GOVERNMENT

British Ministry Plans for Larger Measure of Local Political Power.

London, Sept. 24.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press)—Plans formulated by the British government for granting a larger measure of self-government to the people of India were explained to The Associated Press correspondent today by Edwin S. Montagu, Secretary of State of India. Mr. Montagu, who is soon to start for India, said:

"My journey to India is the direct outcome of the government's announcement in parliament that its policy in India is to develop self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of representative government."

"Do not misunderstand me. This ideal of ours must be approached by easy stages. The man who thinks that home rule for India is a practical policy is either wholly ignorant of the situation or designedly mischievous. Steps toward responsible government will be taken at different rates by different parts of India. Great provinces will fit themselves for it at different times. But the great thing is that we are going ahead firmly on the path toward the end which we all, British and Indian alike, desire."

**Measures Must Be Adequate**

"The measures that we adopt must be adequate. They must show real progress. War's vast upheaval has stirred all peoples, not only in Russia, not only in Western Europe, but in China and India as well. Everybody wants to be assured that the world, their own little world, as well as the big world, is a better world after the war. India, equally with the rest of the world, has a right to demand progress, and real progress."

"So we are adopting the direct and business-like method—and I'm going to India to consult with the people there and bring the results of my conferences and inquiries to be put before parliament as the basis for a law which shall mean progress in its widest and best sense."

"We have set ourselves avowedly to the enormous task of improving the conditions and life of the people, to guarding them against famine and against war external and internal so that they might live and learn and develop their great resources unhindered and in peace."

"One of the most striking evidences of our work in India is found in our irrigation enterprises, which are even vaster than the greatest of your own enormous irrigation projects, and which have reclaimed literally thousands of square miles of desert. But it is still a country of poverty. The majority of the people live on a few rupees a month, and it takes three rupees to make an American dollar. Their country has vast resources awaiting development, but the people are still very poor. Only about ten per cent of the population can read and write."

**Famine Spectre Disappears**

"India's greatest terror, the spectre of famine has practically disappeared owing to irrigation and the development of transport by railway, canal and river. A season of famine, which a generation ago meant hundreds of thousands of deaths, now means only discomfort and strain. As we have conquered famine, so we shall surmount the educational difficulties."

"Electrical bodies have sprung up and there are in most provinces today committees which have power to pass resolutions and act in an advisory capacity, although they have little responsibility of real power. The members of these legislative units have begun to tire of a situation in which they are little more than debaters, and we shall be glad to provide food for this developing civic appetite."

"Today the British people have begun to realize that India has proved herself worthy of a larger part in the Imperial plan. India is now assured of a place in all future Imperial war conferences."

"Further steps toward responsible government will be taken as a result of my trip to India—steps which I trust will be convincing and satisfying to the great body of educated public opinion in that country."

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### Australian Government Uses Volunteer Strikebreakers

Sydney, Australia, Sept. 24.—(Correspondence)—American strike-breaking methods were used for the first time in Australia during the general strike of 50,000 men against the "American Taylor System" which marked the month of August in New South Wales. But there was this difference—here it was done not by a corporation but by the government of the state, and the strikebreakers were volunteers—men and women, some of whom refused to accept the pay offered. Rural residents flocked to Sydney by hundreds and the situation presently became practically one of the country against the city.

Leaders of the strike were prosecuted

by the National Government headed by the Acting Premier, George W. Fuller. Some of them are awaiting trial on charges of conspiracy or sedition. Fifty odd Industrial Workers of the World were arrested and most of them were sent to jail for six months. This is the extreme penalty under the Unlawful Associations Act, lately passed by the Federal Parliament.

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