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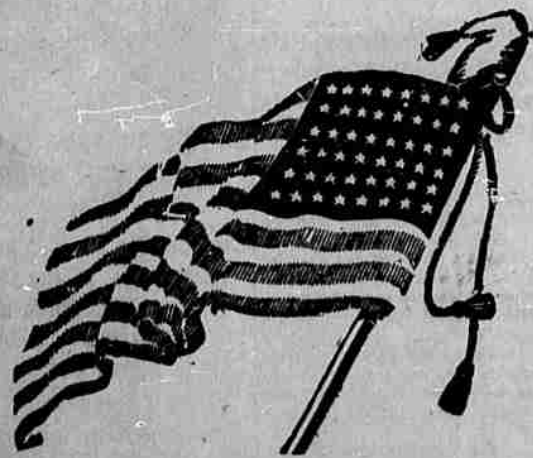
CHAS. H. FISHER,
President.
J. E. SHELTON,
Editor and Manager.

Office, 452-462 Willamette Street, Eugene, Oregon.
Eastern Representative, Robert E. Ward, 5 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Brunswick Building, New York.

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TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 6, 1917.



LOOK INTO THIS WINDOW

WHEN you walk out West Seventh street, look into the window of the large room on the ground floor of the Elks' building and you will see an army of women at work. They are engaged in the preparation of war material—not munitions, but surgical dressings to bind the wounds of our boys who may be shot down on the firing line and who with proper care may recover from their injuries.

Six months ago, when the Red Cross was first organized, that America was at war seemed like a dream. That our nation and our people are in the midst of the greatest military struggle the world has ever known is still beyond the realization of most of us. A look into that window on Seventh street, will help to bring understanding. These women—from the girl in her teens to the gray haired grandmother—have gradually seen the conflict coming a little closer home. Yesterday, it was no longer a matter of imagination, returning from their afternoon's work for the Red Cross, they picked up copies of the evening newspaper and read a casualty list. Three American boys had been killed and five wounded, the announcement stated. In the days to come, news of this sort will fill the columns of the newspapers. The first bulletins telling of dead and wounded emphasize the need of the Red Cross and the work in which these Eugene women have so nobly enrolled.

Look into the window on Seventh street. The women there with their white caps and aprons are the advance guard of a mighty force of women that the nation must assemble. There are ninety working each day on the average. Last week more than 5,000 surgical dressings were prepared. The number of workers and their product is far too small, we are told. Unless there is a greater response by women, our soldier boys may be compelled to bandage the wounds of their fallen brothers with waste newspapers and straw as has often been the case with the troops of heroic France.

The preparation of these surgical dressings is one of the most vital steps in the nation's preparedness program. The work must be done by the women. With the exception of the roller bandages and roll gauze, all these materials must be made ready by hand. The women of America must supply this labor. It must be performed in an exceedingly careful manner. The wearing of caps and aprons and the sterilization of fingers is necessary to safeguard the American boy for whom they may be needed after he has been shot down "somewhere in France." A single hair in a dressing might cause the death of a soldier. Although the products are thoroughly sterilized before shipment to the hospitals near the front, precaution against possible infection must be taken every time any of the materials are handled.

Mrs. Mildred McDougal, who is directing the work of making surgical dressings, is not content with the splendid showing by the women of Eugene, unequalled in any other city on the Pacific coast. She is not satisfied with the rate of production.

"I don't think there is any excuse for a great many women, who have nothing to do, and who do not come here," she stated yesterday. "Some of them do not realize that the nation is at war. Other women are making a big sacrifice. Some of them are neglecting their homes that they may take part in this work. They are putting first things first. More women will have to respond, if we win this war. If they do not, they must be conscripted."

Mrs. McDougal is one of the Eugene women who has been working early and late to "speed up" the production of surgical dressings. These women have been giving their afternoons, but they are not satisfied with what they have accomplished. The time they have had to serve their country has been too short. It is announced that in the future headquarters will be open mornings, afternoons and evenings. The mornings are to be devoted exclusively to cutting and the afternoons and evenings to the actual preparation of the dressings. The women, who have already been sacrificing much that the work shall be expedited, will give more of their time. They have also issued a call for volunteers. Every available woman worker will be needed, even though she may be able to give only a part of one afternoon each week. Additional tables are to be provided and women who do not possess

regulation Red Cross caps may use morning caps. Washable aprons with sleeves should be provided.

The activity of women that you see when you look through that window on Seventh street is but the beginning of a great movement. Three months from now, you will look through that window with a little different feeling. There will be more women at work. France and Europe will not seem so far away, when we read almost daily casualty lists. We will understand the need for surgical dressings and appreciate the work of the women of Eugene and other cities are doing as they work, hour by hour, for America and to save the life of soldier boys wounded in battle.

Some day a great army of men will come marching home from France. There will be thousands of them who will tell the story which should be impressed upon your mind when you look into this window.

A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

What Happened as the Train Sped Into the Mountains.

The unconventional greeting of the strange woman on the mountain train from Kingston started, and I must confess the truth, startled me.

Upon hearing Dicky's comment upon my first introduction to the mountains she had turned around in her seat and remarked that I would have the treat of my life in seeing them. I told myself that it was the fastidious conventional code in which I had been reared that made me oddly resent this freedom on the part of the oddly attractive though plain little woman. Yet underneath my pretence I realized that what I really resented was the frankly admiring, approving look she had given Dicky.

I ought to be used to this approving feminine gaze at Dicky; I encounter it from the eyes of some woman upon almost every occasion I am with him in a public place. But I cannot help the annoyance I always feel when I meet it, although I try hard to put down the feeling, which I know is futile as well as silly.

But I knew better than to show any frigidity to the woman accosting me. Her accent, her voice, the cut of her clothing, all showed that she was a woman of the world sojourning in the mountains, and conducting herself with an unconventionality which she would not have used in her own surroundings, but which she evidently thought suited to her environment.

On the Rear Platform.

I summoned a friendly smile as I could manage to my lips.

"Being among the mountains is a long cherished dream of mine," I said. "I can hardly realize even now that I am really among them."

"If you'll just cast your eye out of the window," Dicky said, carelessly, "you'll find your dream has come true."

His words were for me. His flashing, brilliant, insouciant smile included the woman in front of us. I saw her eyes narrow a trifle, then widen with an answering friendly gleam. Then, with a little enigmatic nod, half to herself, half to us, she turned abruptly in her seat and again bent over the long, gray, serviceable looking article, evidently a man's stocking, which she was knitting.

"Another of those posers who knit in public for the soldiers," I mentally commented, as I turned toward the window and drank in the beauty of the majestic mountain peaks clothed in their royal robes of scarlet and gold.

"How would you like to stand on the back platform?" Dicky asked casually; "you can see both sides from there."

"I think I should like it very much," I returned demurely, and followed him to the back platform, already occupied by a heavily built elderly man, and a great bulging young giant with his trousers tucked in his boots, who, at my approach, stepped back with awkward courtesy to give me his place.

"Oh, I don't want to take your place," I protested.

"I guess I've probably seen this more times than you have, ma'am," he drawled. "I've been going over this road twice a day for seven years."

He turned away as if expecting no answer, and I felt no more qualms about usurping his position.

"Stand in the doorway, Madge," Dicky said, "and take hold of me."

He braced himself on the outside by clinging to the hand rail of the steps, for this was no observation car; simply an ordinary platform with the open steps on each side of an accommodation train.

I shivered, and part of the pleasure went out of the wonderful view as I saw how easy it would be for any one standing upon this back platform to lose his grip and be dashed to death or serious injury on the rocky sides of the mountain pass upon which we were traveling.

I took a firm hold of the inside door and with my other hand clutched Dicky's arm firmly. If, for some unforeseen reason, Dicky should lose his grip on the rail I resolved to have so firm a hold upon him as to save him from falling.

Then for a long time I gave myself up wholly to the beauty and wonder of the scenery through which we were passing.

"You Get Out Too."

The train climbed steadily; there seemed never to be a level piece of roadway; the track dropped away dizzily from beneath us as we rushed on. On either side the mountains towered, sometimes, so close that it seemed as if I could almost put out my hand and touch them, again receding so that a slender strip of green valley lay between us and the heights.

All at once the train rounded a curve, and upon one side of us the mountains seemed to have fled away into the distance. Between us and them there stretched a most wonderful lake of clear water coming almost up to the tracks.

"Oh!" I breathed, "what is that? How beautiful!"

"I thought it would hit you between the eyes," Dicky commented. "This is the Ashokan reservoir which will supply all Greater New York with water. It is one of the most stupendous pieces of engineering work ever accomplished."

I gazed with awe upon the immense sheet of water. But it was reserved for a slight little farther on to give me the most exquisite pleasure of my trip.

For rushing down to the great reservoir, which it helped to feed, was a swiftly rushing mountain torrent tumbling over great boulders and smaller stones, the musical swirling of its current plainly audible to our ears even above the roar of the train.

"Oh, Dicky!" I exclaimed joyously, "a mountain stream! Think of it! I've never seen one before! I feel as if I'd like to jump right off the train and wade in it."

"Well, you'll have a chance to do that very thing tomorrow," Dicky said, "for Cold Spring, where we get off, is only a few minutes farther up the line, and the farmhouse at which we are to stay is right on the banks of the stream."

I was full of pleasurable anticipation as we went back to our seats a little later and gathered up our belongings preparatory to getting out at Cold Spring.

But the woman in front of us had risen and was putting on her coat.

"Oh, do you get out at Cold Spring too?" she asked, pleasantly; "how nice!"

M'KENZIE RIVER IS FEATURED ON COVER

Picture of Eugene Banker on Famous Fishing Stream Adorns "Wild Life."

The August number of "Wild Life," a sporting magazine published in St. Louis, bears as its cover page a full sized picture of the falls of the McKenzie river, with Luke L. Goodrich, of the First National bank, in the foreground. The picture is one of a number which D. C. Freeman, of the Oregon Electric railway office in Eugene, gave to J. W. Booth, general manager of the Missouri Pacific railroad on a recent visit to Eugene. Mr. Booth expects to return to Oregon next summer and enjoy the fishing on the McKenzie.

"Wild Life" is a new publication, the August number being its second issue, and is the official publication of the Missouri fish and game league.

Copies of the publication have been received in Eugene by Agent H. R. Knight, of the Oregon Electric, from the Missouri Pacific railway, which is endeavoring to stimulate travel to the northwest fishing and hunting grounds.

W. W. Muser left on an Oregon Electric train Sunday night for Connell, Wash.

MANY CAMBRIDGE MEN ELIST.
Cambridge, England, Nov. 5.—The number of Cambridge University men on war service is now 14,500. The list of killed has reached 1,875, and the wounded and missing are 2,625. Honors won by Cambridge men number 2,625, including 8 Victoria crosses.



Ah! That's the Spot

Sloan's Liniment goes right to it. Have you a rheumatic ache or a dull throbbing neuralgic pain? You can find a quick and effective relief in Sloan's Liniment. Thousands of homes have this remedy handy for all external pains because time and time again it has proven the quickest relief. So clean and easy to apply, too. No rubbing, no stain, no inconvenience as in the case with plaster or ointments. If you once use Sloan's Liniment, you will never be without it. Cautious sized bottles, at all druggists, 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

Sloan's Liniment
KILLS PAIN

CONDITIONS SHOW BUT LITTLE CHANGE

Markets Vary But Slightly From Day to Day in Eugene; Little Shipping Done.

There is but little variation from day to day in the local markets. Nearly all the produce sold is for local consumption, the main buyers of wheat being the local mills. There is a fair demand for home consumption, in all lines, but little outside demand, as speculative buying and holding is tabooed by the government.

The following prices were quoted on the markets today:

Butter.	
Butter	45c@55
Butter fat	51c
Stock.	
Veal, according to quality	11c@12c
Dressed hogs, fancy	14c@17c
Live hogs	14c@15c
Steers	8c@7c
Bulls	3c@4c
Cows	3c@4c
Ewes	7c
Lambs	8c
Wethers	8c
Eggs and Poultry.	
Eggs	50c@60c
Heavy hens, per pound	14c
Light hens, per pound	13c@14c
Common hens, per pound	12c
Springs	17c
Ducks	10c
Geese, live	10c
Old roosters	8c
Vegetables.	
Onions	3c@5c
Potatoes	1c@3c
Cabbage	2c@4c
Cucumbers, dozen	15c
Turnips	2c@4c
Carrots	3c@4c
Beans	7c@13c
Beets	8c@4c
Squash, per lb.	1 1/2c@2 1/2c
Grain and Hay.	
Oats, white, per bushel	75c@80c
Oats, gray, per bushel	75c@85c
Wheat	\$2.30
Hay, cut and vetch	to quotation
Barley, seed, bushel	\$1.45@1.70
Mill feed, cwt	\$2.25
Shorts, cwt	\$2.50
Bran, cwt	\$2.00

Golf Tourney Yields \$14 Toward Christmas Fund

Miss Grace Stearns, Mrs. R. S. Bryson and Miss Kate Stewart captured respectively the cup, casserole and pair of milk hose put up as prizes for the women's golf tournament held at the Country club Sunday. Mrs. L. M. Travis, who had a small handicap, took fourth place. The scores of the four were net 52, 53, 55 and 61, respectively.

Thus far the tournament has netted nearly \$14 for the Red Cross Christmas packet fund, as each contestant paid to enter. Thirty women competed.

Marcola Pioneer Woman Is Buried in Baxter Cemetery

The funeral of Mrs. Rosanna P. Baxter, who died at her home at Marcola Saturday evening, was held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of the deceased. Interment was made in the Baxter cemetery at Marcola. Mrs. Baxter is one of the oldest residents of that section, being one of the early settlers of the Mohawk valley.

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Many New Arrivals of the wanted styles in

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Combining newest features and dependable fabrics.

Outing Flannei Gowns

At prices less than you can buy the material and make them.

Umbrellas

A comprehensive line to choose from, reasonably priced. Women's at \$1.00 to \$15.00 Men's 85c up. Children's50c up

Japanese Kimonos

Shown in Silk and Cotton, priced at \$2 to \$32.50.

TENT FLOORS BADLY NEEDED BY SOLDIERS

Members of Second and Third Companies Living in Mud, According to C. S. Williams.

The members of the Second and Third companies, Oregon coast artillery, since the rainy weather began, have been going to bed and getting up in the mud, according to C. S. Williams, who returned Sunday from Fort Stevens. Mr. Williams states that the Eugene boys have no flooring for their tents and that the ground on which they are encamped has become soggy.

The government has ordered the construction of barracks buildings at Fort Stevens, but according to estimates these can not be completed within less than six months, or until after the rainy season is over.

Some of the cities from other sections of the state have provided flooring for tents occupied by their boys. Mr. Williams states that Eugene should do some such step in the interest of health of the soldiers and has offered toward a fund necessary for the purchase of flooring for every tent used by the Second and Third companies.

AUSTRALIA HAS MUCH WEALTH

Sydney, Australia, Nov. 5.—The recently completed "Census of Wealth" in Australia shows that the country's assets are equal to \$1,075 per head of the population. The migration commission shows a loss of 270,000 males since war began, and white women now outnumber the men by 85,000.

LITTLE ONES AND OLD

James Edwards, 208 Harriet Street, Montgomery, Ala., writes: "I sleep at night and cough but little. I feel like a new man from using Foley's Kidney and Bladder Pills. My whole family is cured now—the little ones and the old ones. It has cured our coughs and broken colds." Foley's Kidney and Bladder Pills stop air passages, remove phlegm, heal raw inflamed membranes, soothe sore chest, makes difficult breathing easy, and relieves those deep-seated, racking coughs.

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P.S. Act on this advice.—If your dealer does not keep them, but has this ad, paste it to a postal card, put your name and address on it and send it to your dealer and mail it to us. We will send him samples of our goods and advise him of your request.



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