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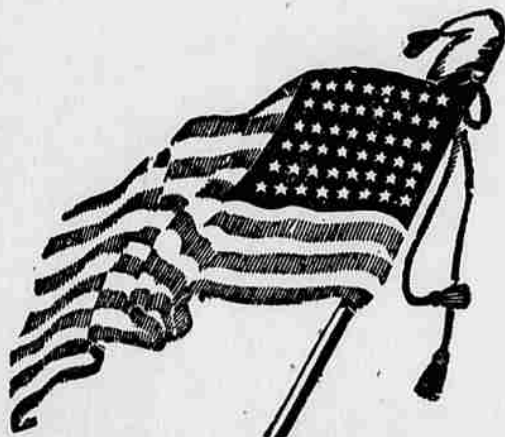
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TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, 1917.



THE PLEA FOR ARMENIA

MAYOR C. O. PETERSON, of Eugene, has appealed to the people of Eugene for contributions for the war sufferers in Armenia and Syria. To some of us, far away from the scene of terrible conditions brought about by the war, it may seem to us that we are being called upon frequently to give. The one thing we should bear in mind, however, is that all our gifts have been small and almost insignificant insofar as they have brought any great degree of relief to millions of war victims in France, Belgium, Serbia, Poland, Asia Minor, Syria, Caucasus, Persia and other lands that have been despoiled. It is the duty of every man, woman and child of Christian America to respond to these appeals for relief funds. We should be eager to respond, even though our response involves a real sacrifice. Never in the history of the world has there been a time when the people of a prosperous nation have had such a chance to serve the peoples of many nations who are threatened with extermination.

One of the results of the alliance between "His Most Christian Majesty, the Emperor of Germany," and the Sultan of Turkey is the extermination of the native Christian population of all the Bible lands by the Turk. Nothing that has happened in the days when all the world was persecuting Christians surpasses it in cruelty. More than a million have been massacred. Thousands and thousands have been driven into the desert to perish. Every girl and woman has been despoiled and sold into slavery, only the aged escaping. More than a million survivors are starving and will disappear from the earth unless American aid, now enlisted for them, continue for months. These are to be fed or die:

Region	Total Number of Destitute	Orphans
Asia Minor	500,000	200,000
Syria including Palestine	1,200,000	75,000
Caucasus	330,000	100,000
Persia	90,000	23,000
Totals	2,120,000	398,000

These figures do not include the refugees who have fled to Egypt and southern Mesopotamia.

AN ENEMY ORGANIZATION

REPORTS continue to come in from various parts of the country of dastardly destructive and hostile acts of the I. W. W., which makes the average American citizen wonder why this government, in time of war, tolerates for a minute, even the existence of such an enemy organization within its borders. A gang of I. W. W.'s, so reports state, recently attacked a troop train in a southern state. A big saw, in the North Bend Mill & Lumber Co.'s mill at North Bend, Or., last week, was shattered, with great danger to life, by an iron pipe which had been driven into a log and carefully concealed. This mill was cutting airplane spruce. Hundreds of other cases have been reported from time to time and more are being reported daily.

Why wait for further evidence? Enough has been secured already to stamp the I. W. W. as an enemy to this country; as a pro-German of the most pronounced type. Why allow headquarters of this traitorous organization to exist at all. No man who was not an enemy of this country at heart would care to belong to this organization, especially in view of its continued activity against the government.

Every man who already belongs to this enemy army should either voluntarily withdraw his membership and support or he should be arrested and interned as an enemy to the country.

Why temporize further with such activity aimed at the defeat of America in this great struggle?

Field agents of the state education department have been visiting the schools of Lane county in an effort to interest the boys and girls in various club activities. Lane county during the past year has increased production of hogs 20 per cent. Hogs are a big factor in the food problem upon which the victory or

defeat of the nation may depend. The boys pig clubs at this time amount to real patriotic service. "Every pound of fat is worth more than a bullet and every hog is worth more than a shell" said Herbert Hoover in a talk about winning the war, recently.

Mrs. Hoover, wife of the Food Administrator, practices what her husband preaches. A Washington editor conceived the idea the other day of learning whether Hoover had eliminated waste in his own kitchen. "Go out and see what you can find in Herb Hoover's garbage can," he told a reporter. "Hoover hasn't any garbage can," was the reporter's reply when he returned. He had learned Hoover was eating only those things he urged others to eat and had cut out the things he wanted others to cut out.

A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

How the Cosgrove Household Received the News of the Fortune in Savarin's Pictures.

Every one at the Cosgrove supper table trailed Dicky and me into the farmhouse parlor at Mr. Cosgrove's invitation to look over the pictures which his brother-in-law had painted of the Catskill mountain scenery.

I was all agog with suppressed excitement at the mystery which I sensed in the farmhouse life.

Mrs. Cosgrove's look of fear at my assertion that I could tell her twin boys apart, her tenseness of expression at the mention of pictures, and the look of furtive watchfulness which I had seen in the eyes of Mrs. Allis, all crystallized my impression that there was something unusual about the pictures which we were to see.

A big hanging lamp in the centre of the room had been lighted and cast the soft, kindly glow which only an oil lamp can give over the rather good pieces of furniture and the many paintings which the room contained.

I was standing nearest to Dicky, and therefore first saw the look of surprise on his face as he glanced at the paintings as he glanced at the paintings. His air of bored listlessness had left him. He almost bounded toward the nearest one and scrutinized it carefully. Then he made a quick inspection of the others. As he turned back to us again, his eyes were shining.

"You say your brother-in-law painted these?" he demanded of Mr. Cosgrove. "Then your brother-in-law must be Robert Savarin."

"You Are Quite Correct." A little groan quickly suppressed from Mrs. Cosgrove—a hissing, indrawn breath, so slight that if I had not been standing next to her I would not have noticed it, from Mrs. Allis—answered Dicky's words.

Mrs. Cosgrove's face held an emotion I could not fathom. But into Mrs. Allis's eyes, as she watched her, there leaped into life, then died again, a look of fear.

Mr. Cosgrove straightened himself to his full height, which must have been six feet two.

"You are quite correct," he said with dignity. "Robert Savarin did paint these pictures. Did you know him?"

I noticed the past tense of the question. Was the hand that had wielded the brush in paintings that even to my inexperienced eyes looked rarely valuable, no longer vibrant with life?

I waited anxiously for Dicky's reply. "Not personally," Dicky returned. "He was before my time, but I know and reverence his work, as all the men of his profession must do, and of course I know."

He broke off suddenly in an abrupt fashion that I recognized. It always marks Dicky's sudden realization that he is saying something indiscreet. I knew that he would not finish what he had to say. But his sudden stop was unnoticed

by the other people in the parlor. For at the word "profession" Mrs. Allis shot a swift question at him.

"Are They Really Valuable?" she queried, with a nonchalant air that did not deceive me, for I saw the tenseness with which she awaited Dicky's answer. "You are, then, an artist?"

"It depends upon what you mean by the word," Dicky turned to her, suddenly grave. "In the ordinary sense of the word I suppose I am an artist, at least I earn my living by that profession, but work like mine is not worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with genius such as this."

He raised his hand and pointed reverently to the paintings which he had been examining. I had heard him talk in like extravagant strain before of men whose work he admired, for Dicky is a hero worshipper of the most ardent type.

His words had a curiously contrasting effect upon the two women in the room. Mrs. Cosgrove's eyes lighted, and a faint color as of gratified pride came into her cheeks. But the creamy ivory of Mrs. Allis's face took on a grayish tinge, while at Dicky's next words I distinctly saw, in the shelter of her gown, the fingers of one hand clench the palm cruelly.

"I suppose you know the value of these pictures?" Dicky said, turning to Mr. Cosgrove.

"Why, yes," the big man replied. "We've always known they were pretty valuable. I know we've been offered fifty dollars for that biggest one over there. But my wife never wanted to sell them because her brother painted them, and so we've refused everybody, even Mrs. Allis here. She has been crazy to buy some of them."

He smiled admiringly down on the little woman who, by a lightning flash of insight, I knew could have struck him dumb for his speech. But without a quaver she snatched at the ingenu role and played it daintily.

"Are they really valuable?" she cooed at Dicky. "I am so sorry, for then I can never hope to get one. They are such pretty things, so lifelike of the scenery about here which I love so much. I did so want to carry one home as a memento."

Dicky almost snorted at the epithet "pretty things." I knew that he put Mrs. Allis down as one of the people who "don't know art, but who knows what they like," and that his opinion of her intelligence had gone down with her evident ignorance of the paintings.

But I was sure that she was playing a part, that she knew as much as Dicky did concerning the collection of pictures before us. I saw that she was waiting breathlessly for Dicky's estimate of its value.

"I hate to put a commercial estimate on this work, but I think I ought to warn you," Dicky said gravely, turning to Mr. Cosgrove, "that the paintings you have in this room are worth at a conservative estimate about fifty thousand dollars."

75,000 CARS NEEDED TO MOVE POTATOES

Railroad War Board Says Crop Will Be Half as Big Again as in 1916.

The railroad war board, in a statement sent out under a date of November 7, estimates that the present crop of potatoes is half as many again as last year and that it will take 75,000 cars to carry the crop. Their bulletin follows: "The railroads are now moving what promises to be the biggest potato crop in the history of the country. This crop which is estimated will total approximately 453,000,000 bushels or half again as much as last year, has been on the way since the middle of September. The movement of it will continue until about April first, next year. Reports indicate that even with intensive loading more than 75,000 cars will be needed to handle the potato crop."

As we understand it, the object of the British "drum-fire" is to make the Germans beat it.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

LaFollette insists that he stands for the people in spite of the plain evidence that the people won't stand for him.—Chicago Herald.

One good Liberty bond deserves another.—Chicago Herald.

If Germany insist upon annexations, we may yield them the pro-Germans.—Columbia State.

SPRINGFIELD NEWS

Returns from Michigan. Mrs. James Stewart who has been visiting at Sheppard, Michigan, for the past six weeks, returned Saturday night after a delightful trip.

Goes to Washington. Jimmy Reed and Ray McPherson of this city, left here Monday for Camas, Wash., where they will be employed in the paper mills at that place.

Returns from Idaho. T. H. McCamsey of this city returned Sunday evening from Payette, Idaho, where he went several weeks ago where he had taken a contract to lay three miles of cement walk at that city. The cold weather has arrested progress.

Leaves for Albany. Mr. and Mrs. William Dawson, of this city, left Saturday evening for Albany where they will visit at the home of Mrs. Dawson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes of that city.

Little Child Very Ill. The little infant child of Mr. and Mrs. William Darling of this city, is seriously ill with bronchial pneumonia. A fight for the little life is being waged.

Motors to Cottage Grove. Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Wilson motored to Cottage Grove Sunday to spend the day with relatives.

Potato Buyer Here. W. C. Miller, potato buyer of Brownsville arrived Saturday. Mr. Miller spent last winter here buying potatoes. He is buying this year for the International

HAMPTON'S

"WHERE CASH BEATS CREDIT." "THE QUALITY STORE OF EUGENE."

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THE FASHIONABLE PRINTZESS GARMENTS.

REGULAR \$50.00 VALUES, NOW	\$37.75
REGULAR \$44.00 VALUES, NOW	\$35.00
REGULAR \$49.00 VALUES, NOW	\$39.50
REGULAR \$35.00 VALUES, NOW	\$27.00
REGULAR \$50.00 VALUES, NOW	\$35.00
REGULAR \$47.50 VALUES, NOW	\$37.50
REGULAR \$49.00 VALUES, NOW	\$39.75

An unusual treat is in readiness in the Ready-to-Wear Section to the fair one who wishes to select a smart suit at a remarkable saving in price. Come early as we anticipate an early disposal.

The designs of these garments are strictly in accord with the style lines dictated by fashion authorities. The fabrics (all shrunk and sponged) were selected with exceeding care—this season's most wanted weaves and colors—every detail of fit and finish was scrutinized critically.

One clever model of all-wool broadcloth, wonderful, soft texture, used in the making. The pockets and front are bound with silk braid, long graceful lines as well as other admirable features. Lined throughout with Peau De Cygne silk.

Sales and Produce company. He states that the greatest shortage he has to contend with is in the buying of sacks. The buyers may be forced to ship potatoes in the bulk.

Former Resident Here. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parker and Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth and son, former residents of this city, but who now live at Stevenson, Wash., spent Sunday in town. The party motored up.

SPRINGFIELD PERSONALS. Mrs. G. H. Blackley of Marcola spent Monday in town.

Jesse Seavey of Corvallis spent Monday in town.

Mrs. George Spores and daughter Echo spent Saturday in town.

George Burnett of Jasper spent Saturday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McCracken of Marcola spent over Sunday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Stewart and Mr. and Mrs. A. Drury of Jasper spent Saturday in town.

Miss Leota McCracken who is teaching school at Veneta spent over Sunday with her parents.

Bert Doan of Wendling spent over Sunday in town.

Mrs. Rosa Renne returned from Creswell Saturday where she had been visiting.

Ray Lepiey spent over Sunday in town from Wendling.

Not That Kind of Statute. A party of visitors entered a metro-

politan art studio. The curator, who was engaged in showing them around, was called away on business and left the guests in charge of one of the clerks. They were admiring a beautiful statue of translucent marble. He dwelt upon the fine points of the statue, giving the name of the sculptor, showing it from every viewpoint. One of the visitors asked: "Alabaster, isn't it?"

"No, Venus," he corrected.—Copyright by Illustrated Weekly.

"You should sue the railroad for damages," someone said to an old colored man, who had been knocked down by a street car.

"Scus me boss, but I don't want any damages jest now—what Ah want is repairs."—McClary's Wireless.

MAN TROUBLED FOR TWO YEARS. Men and women should not suffer from backache, rheumatism, stiff joints and swollen, sore muscles, when relief can be easily had. James McCrory, Berrien Center, Mich., says he was troubled with kidney and bladder trouble for two years; would have to get up several times during the night and had pain across his kidneys. He used several kinds of medicines without relief, but Foley Kidney Pills cured him. Many such letters, come every day from all parts of the country.

Another Turnover of County Funds Made by Sheriff Parker

Sheriff James C. Parker made another turnover of county funds to County Treasurer W. S. Taylor Monday afternoon. The funds were 1916 taxes and were segregated as follows:
State and county \$20,456.72
Cities 7,030.45
School districts 5,756.70
Union high schools 247.91
Road districts 472.53
Port of Siuslaw 305.91
Forest fire patrol 10.70
Total \$34,281.01



Rheumatic Aches

Drive them out with Sloan's Liniment, the quick-acting, soothing liniment that penetrates without rubbing and relieves the pain. So much cleaner than musky plasters or ointments; it does not stain the skin or clog the pores. Always have a bottle in the house for the aches and pains of rheumatism, gout, lumbago, strains, sprains, stiff joints and all muscle soreness. General sale bottles at all druggists, 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

Sloan's Liniment
KILLS PAIN

BUCKSKIN BOB'S SON MAY YET HAVE TO GO

District Board Will Reopen Case Upon Protestation of Neighbors Against His Exemption.

The district exemption board Monday reopened the case of Clarence Smith, of Port Orford, son of the famous Indian scout, "Buckskin Bob" Smith. He was exempted that he might care for the farm and his father, whose patriotic service is a matter of history, in his declining years.

Neighbors have protested the action of the board asserting that the younger Smith's services are not needed on the farm.

The board was influenced by a showing that the applicant tried to join the navy, but that his eyes had subsequently been injured in an accident, disqualifying him. The board today directed that his eyesight be examined.

Not That Kind of Statute. A party of visitors entered a metro-



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