

# Editorial Page of The Eugene Daily Guard

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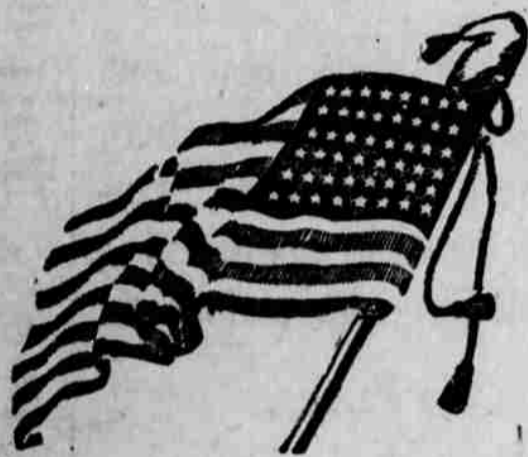
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TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 21, 1918.



THE BOOMERANG

WHEN GERMANY launched her armies against Belgium, Russia, France and England she threw a boomerang. That boomerang has struck its objective and is now returning, transformed into a spiritual weapon, upon the ill-fated head and hand which cast it. That spiritual weapon is the hatred and contempt of the human race. What the destructive force of the impact of that deadly weapon may prove to be we have but few analogies to help us to predict, and they are both too distant and uncertain to be of any actual use.

To be the object of such universal antipathy cannot be a trivial matter under any circumstances, and may, perhaps, be terrible enough to break a nation's heart. That ill-starred nation does not perceive the crushing weight of that antipathy now, but it cannot be very long before the losses she has suffered will penetrate the German spirit like a dagger thrust. She has lost confidence of the world in her word of honor. She has lost the faith of the world in the purity of her motives. She has lost the belief of the world in her pre-eminence in science. She has lost the confidence of the world in her blatant professions of love for the beautiful in nature and in art. She has lost her pre-eminence in commerce, and she is slowly losing the fear of the world for her military power.

And what has she gained? The concentrated and embittered ill-will of the human race! The world is in league against her armies now, and when this war is over it will be in league against her trade. It will be when the doors of her former customers are slammed in her face, when her commercial travelers are snubbed in the anterooms of offices, when her manufactured products rot in her storage houses because her rivals have become her superiors in manufacture and her enemies disclose their determination to go naked and hungry rather than to buy her wares. Then and not until then will she measure the bludgeon blow of the boomerang and realize the deadly fact that she has become the pariah of the nations.

It is a terrible thing to be "a man without a country." What must it be to be a nation without a world—an outcast from that great fraternity of peoples who are being knitted together into a friendship deeper, more abiding and universal than ever has been known?

## NO EASY WAY TO VICTORY

IN HIS RECENT ADDRESS before the Primrose League Earl Curzon, government leader of the house of lords and member of the British War Cabinet, told his hearers that there were "grave times ahead" and that "the British forces in France might have to yield more ground."

We like those words of solemn warning. What we deeply dread is the inevitable reaction which follows vain and foolish hopes. Whoever anticipates an easy or a speedy victory for the allies must be wearing colored glasses. All this talk about the discouragement of the German people and the depletion and despair of its army appears to us like very highly heated air. It is a very easy mathematical calculation for a leisure hour to figure out how long it will take a certain number of people to eat up a certain number of tons of food, or how many soldiers have been eliminated from a fighting army, when it is known that divisions are reformed every time two thousand of their units have been put out of business. It is easy enough as well to advance a conjecture as to the number of allied soldiers in reserve and their ability to strike the solar plexus blow at the psychological moment.

But certain stern and unexpungable facts keep staring us in the face. The Germans struck a tremendous blow and have not given the slightest visible sign of being unable to strike another and another still. There they stand and pull back their terrible battering ram for another smash at the gates and the towers of civilization, unabashed and unafraid.

This is the situation which confronts us, and every competent observer agrees with Earl Curzon that "grave times are ahead," and that we must be prepared for retreats and even for disasters.

And we are! We do not need to be nursed with the pap of

manufactured hopes and superficial conjectures! We know quite well that the world has come to the most critical spot in its progress out of darkness into light. We realized long ago that civilization has encountered a foe whose strength exceeded its powers of estimation and even imagination. We have discovered the fact that this struggle is one of life and death and that it may require the consecration of the accumulated wealth of all the centuries and the use of every available fighting man to win it. We have counted the cost a thousand times, by day and by night, and are willing to pay it, too.

What madness to think that people in this mental attitude need to be encouraged by fairy tales!

## "KAMERAD"

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE at a point where American troops are holding a section of the trenches a German soldier was seen nearing the front lines. He was alone, and when discovered he held up his hands, yelling "Kamerad!" But the soldiers were suspicious of him and made him keep his hands up until they surrounded him. They found that he was loaded down with hand grenades. He tried to escape but was caught.

He is a personification of the German peace drive—advancing with deceptively friendly manner, shouting "Kamerad!" but with his pockets full of explosives. His estimate of our intelligence must be low if he really believes we are to be so easily fooled.—New York Evening Sun.

## A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

Why Lillian Said "Life Is Too Full of Real Tragedies to Bother About Pin Pricks."

"I don't believe it was that Mrs. Allis at all."

Mrs. Durkee's clear childish treble broke the silence that followed my recital of Robert Savarin's best of the "real story" of our sojourn in the Catskill mountains, with its revelation of the identity of Mrs. Allis, who, if our conjectures were correct, had fired a bullet at me through the hall door but a few minutes before.

We all turned and looked at her in amazement. But she was in nowise abashed; she only blushed and dimpled as she elaborated her theory.

"Do you know what I think?" she began. "I think some woman was quarreling with her sweetheart, and they wandered up here because it is lonely, and then one fired at the other and it came through the door."

She looked around as she finished with such a pretty naive air of coqueness that we all shouted with laughter. The men had come back from their search of the grounds, with the report that no one was in sight for rods around, and I think we were all glad of the relief from tension that little Mrs. Durkee's explanation gave us.

I had heard her theories of things expounded before. Whenever any experience of life is related in her presence she generally propounds some perfectly absurd explanation and sticks to her theory with pretty persistence. I never have been able to determine whether she is deep enough to realize the absurdity of her remarks and to make them purposely in order to raise a laugh, or whether she really is as naively foolish as she sometimes appears.

Whatever the solution, she didn't display any particular resentment at our laughter. In fact, she laughed merrily with us.

"You'll see!" she said, pointing prettily and pointing a dainty forefinger at Dick, "you laugh at me now, but you'll find out that I'm right."

She turned to Lillian, and there was a little gleam in her eye that warned me to look out for the little athlete thrust, which the women of Mrs. Durkee's dainty, child-like, wholly feminine type know so well how to give.

"But where is your little daughter all this time?" he asked sweetly. "Aren't you afraid to leave her all alone upstairs?"

If Lillian winced under the implied taunt that she had left her place at her child's bedside to rush down and "manage" things, she did not betray it.

"Oh, lightning never strikes twice in the same place," she said, with a carelessness I knew was assumed. "Besides, she isn't alone. I sent Katie to her as soon as I came down, and as Marion is sound asleep I am sure she won't miss me."

Glances that Meet.  
If I had needed any assurance as to the character of Robert Savarin's feel-

ings toward Lillian I would have received full confirmation of it during this little dialogue between the two women. He had laughed as heartily as any of us at Mrs. Durkee's nonsense, and I had seen him smile with genuine masculine admiration at the attractive picture the little woman made with her pointing forefinger and her pretty pouting.

But at her question concerning Marion, I saw him start quickly, and look at her with a close inquiring scrutiny which changed to cold resentment as the fact that she meant the question to annoy Lillian struck his quick perceptions. Then his glance sought Lillian's anxiously, and I saw him smile to himself with an admiring, triumphant tenderness at the apparent nonchalance of her reply. I knew he was keen enough to dip beneath the surface of her words and to see the passionate love and tender care for her little daughter which lay there, together with the comprehending, forgiving tolerance of Lillian's attitude toward Mrs. Durkee.

I had a further glimpse of this attitude of Lillian's later in the evening when the Durkees had gone and Dicky had shown Mr. Savarin to his room. With a screen placed in front of Marion's bed so that even the turned down light would not disturb her, Lillian and I reviewed the evening in low tones while we brushed our hair.

"What do you suppose was the matter with Mrs. Durkee tonight?" I queried. "I never knew her to be so catty before."

An Infinite Weariness.

"Catty" isn't the word, Madge," Lillian said, smiling. "Kittens" would suit the purpose better. There isn't a bit of real malice in Mrs. Durkee. She's naturally the kindest hearted little woman in the world, but she's simply a kitten who never has grown up. She uses her claws sometimes, for the sheer fun of stretching them, and is really ignorant of the fact that they can actually hurt. Then tonight she had a real grievance from her standpoint. She belongs to the class of women who believe that a lady doesn't act in emergencies if there's a man present to do her thinking for her.

"I generally go on the principle, you know, that the person who thinks fastest in any emergency should be privileged to speak first. Of course she resented the fact that I usurped her darling son's masculine prerogative of dominating things. But she will have forgotten all about it by the next time we meet, and I never expect to think of the incident again. Life is too full of real tragedies to bother about insignificant pin pricks."

Her voice held an infinite weariness. I was glad that with the shaded light she could not see the flush that rose to my face at the thought of my own unworthy mental criticism of her but a few moments before, thankful that she was spared the knowledge of my thought, swift and quickly repented of as it was, smothered in friendship.

## SPRINGFIELD NEWS

**Goes to Washington.**  
Mrs. Herbert Walker of this city left Saturday afternoon for Raymond, Wash. where she will join her husband who is employed in the ship yards there.

**Former Palster Passes Away.**  
News of the death of Frank Adams, a former resident of this city, was received here Sunday evening by friends. He passed away May 17 at Bay Point, Cal., after a short illness. Pleural pneumonia caused death. Mr. Adams was an interior decorator and painter, had many friends here. The body was shipped to Lebanon, the family home, for burial.

**Funeral Held Today.**  
The funeral of N. H. Butler, who died at his home here in the city Sunday evening, was held this afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Walker chapel. Besides his widow to mourn his loss he is survived by two

children, his son Charlie Butler and daughter, Mrs. Cy Burton.

**Resigns Position.**  
Miss Alice Kester who for the past four years has been employed as sales lady at Eggmann's has resigned her position. Miss Kester will be employed in Eugene.

**Motors to Eugene.**  
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Moore, Mrs. J. C. Burns and son Calvin motored to Corvallis Sunday. They were accompanied by Mrs. Burns' granddaughter, Lillian Baker.

**SPRINGFIELD PERSONALS**  
W. E. Warner returned to Portland Sunday after spending the week-end with his family.  
Lella Miller returned to her school Sunday evening from Oregon City.  
David Stephens of Camp Creek spent Saturday in town.  
Merritt Toel went to Portland Saturday night.  
Elgin Hadley of Harden Bridge spent Monday in town.

## GEORGE DICK TELLS OF LIFE OVERSEAS

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Dick, of St. Francis apartments, Eugene, have received a letter from their son George Dick, "Somewhere in France," dated April 22, which writes entertainingly of the sights and experiences "over there." The letter follows:

"Dear Father and Mother:—Just finished supper so thought I would answer the letter I received yesterday. It was written March 22, just a month ago. You said that you did not know my address, so I don't think you received my letter from Camp Merritt. But by the time you receive this you will have received a letter from me from (cut out by censor) also my card from (cut out)."

"We left Camp Merritt shortly after we arrived, really much sooner than I thought we would. But we were glad, for it was cold there and I was anxious to have the 'big jump' over with. Would like to tell you all about my trip across, but I'll have to wait until I get home, I guess. I received your and Jessie's letters yesterday (Sunday), which was the first one I have received since I left (cut out). You can bet we were a bunch of happy boys. The mail was distributed just after church. Yes, we have to go to church every Sunday, but we like the chaplain and the church will do us good. He always reminds us of those we left at home, and says 'be a man.'"

"Letters from home are in great demand, so if you have any to spare, send them this way. We expect to get mail about every week. Although they are about a month old they certainly look good to me. I would like some clippings from the papers. I do not know if Rebman knows where to send my Guard or not."

"We are still quartered in the place I told you about in my last letter, but may move any day. But I don't care much, because I want to see as much of France as I can so I can tell you about it when I come back. The United States is doing some wonderful things over here, and you can bet that when they go into action they will go at it right. We are all studying hard and expect to do our bit in our line when the time comes. I am trying to get into the motor repair department, for which I am best fitted, as you know, which will be good training and will be of some value when I return to the states."

"The first sergeant just announced that there is some more mail so I'll have to go and see how many I get. I got four yesterday."

"I did not get any in this bunch, but I'll probably get some next time. You asked me if I were seasick. I am proud to say that I did not get sick either trip. They addressed Duke's letter to my battery so it came to me. I gave it to him yesterday. It should be addressed Supply company, 65th Artillery regiment (C. A. C.) instead of battery C."

Delbert is first cook in the supply company and is surely making good. A "regular cook." Day before yesterday he made hotcakes for breakfast. Had real butter and syrup, too.

"We are getting real food now, which is much different from what we have had for the past three weeks. It is a pleasure for me to say that I am in good health as usual. In fact better, than I was before I went to the dentist at base hospital number 24 and had my teeth fixed, which makes some difference."

Am anxious to hear from Clyde, and wish I had his address so I could write to him.

"Give Mrs. Gross and Mike my best regards. Tell them to save one of those big handkerchiefs and a good waltz for me as I expect to be back and get them one of these days."

"My best wishes to all of the bunch, and hope this finds you in good spirits."

**CHICKENS WANTED**  
Early tomorrow morning, phone S50 J T Tausle Factory, 682 Oak St.

Showanda the choice of the smoker!!

## SAVING DAY-LIGHT —and— SAVING DOLLARS

Congress decided only a short time ago that an hour saved at the beginning of the day would bring better results than an hour at the end of the day.

A dollar placed in a Savings Account as soon as the pay check is received is really saved.

The dollar you mean to save after everything else is paid is usually not there to save.

You are already saving daylight, why not begin to save dollars?

We pay 3 per cent. interest, compounded semi-annually.

First National Bank

For Humanity and Justice Sake Let Us All Do Our Part And Go Over The Top Again In Doing Our Bit This Week And "CONTRIBUTE TO THE RED CROSS"



## New Creepers And Rompers at 79c.

The Infant's Department on second floor promises a treat to the mother who is in search of these rompers or creepers for her little one. Developed of splendid quality poplin; plain and smocked; sizes 1 to 6 and in colors of tan, pink, blue and white. (Infant's Department on Second Floor.)

For the Betterment of Your Automobile, Park on Sixth Street Side of Store on Shady Side of Street.

## The Rivulet of Bargains Flows Steadily On In The Basement.

LATEST STYLES IN WOMEN'S NECKWEAR, PRICED THE BARGAIN BASEMENT WAY 49c  
BLACK AND WHITE KID GLOVES, Size 5 to 7, PAIR ..... \$1.49  
WOMEN'S \$7.00 WOOL DRESS SKIRTS ..... \$3.59  
CURTAIN MATERIAL REMNANTS AT 1/4 PRICE.  
WOMEN'S \$18.50 BLACK AND BLUE SERGE COATS, ODD STYLES ..... \$7.29  
WOMEN'S \$8.00 COAT FOR ..... \$3.98  
KAYSER 75c SILK GLOVES, Small Sizes, Pr. 49c  
WOMEN'S \$5.00 FANCY HAND BAGS ..... \$2.98  
2 CARDS RUST PROOF SNAPS ..... 5c  
\$1.25 REAL LEATHER WRIST WATCH  
HOLDERS ..... 89c  
25c STUFFED TOY ANIMALS ..... 13c  
25c SELF HEATING CURLING IRON ..... 10c  
\$2.00 LARGE OREGON PENNANTS ..... \$1.39

STAMPED INFANT'S ARTICLES AT BARGAIN BASEMENT PRICES.

\$2.75 WASH DRESS SKIRTS (WOMEN'S) ..... \$1.38  
50c WOMEN'S BRASSIERES AT ..... 39c  
WOMEN'S 25c IRON CLAD HOSE, PAIR ..... 20c  
CHILDREN'S \$2.75 WHITE DRESSES ..... \$1.98  
CHILDREN'S 25c AND 35c UNDERWEAR, GARMENT ..... 19c  
GOOD 50c CLOTHES BRUSHES ..... 10c  
CHILDREN'S 20c RIBBED COTTON HOSE, PAIR ..... 12 1/2c  
35c BLEACHED TURKISH TOWELS, Size 21 x 45 INCHES ..... 27c  
GOOD QUALITY 72 x 90 BLEACHED BED SHEETS ..... 90c  
WOMEN'S APRON SETS, NEAT PATTERNS 48c  
WOMEN'S JERSEY RIBBED VESTS ..... 19c

Hampton's  
"Where Cash Meets Quality"

## In the Ranks!



National Gas Range Week May 6 to 11

## THE MODERN CABINET GAS RANGE IS A REAL AID TO CONSERVATION.

JUST AS THE SOLDIER IN THE FIELD, the home gardener and the purchaser of Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps are helping America win the war, so is the Modern Cabinet Gas Range enlisted in the ranks of service to its country.

Gas and Cabinet Gas Ranges serve by conserving—conserving fuel—conserving food—conserving time—conserving money.

Oregon Power Co.

Try the Guard "Want Ad Way"