

# Editorial Page of The Eugene Daily Guard

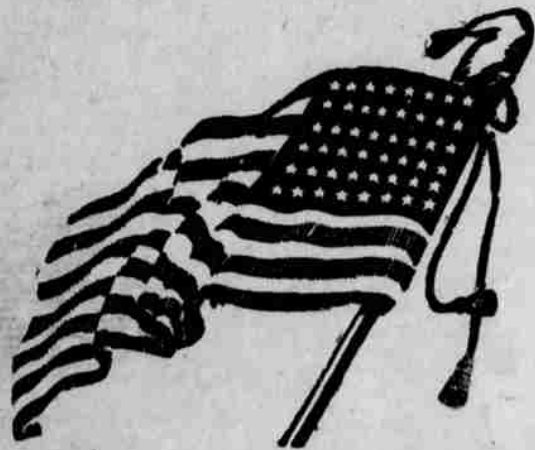
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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 8, 1918.



### WHEN DUTY CALLS

PRESIDENT WILSON'S statement that "these are days in which duty stands stark naked, and that even with eyes closed we know that it is there," lacks the restraint which has ordinarily characterized his most pointed utterances its jagged edges may serve to fix it in our minds. That one word "duty" is beyond all doubt the keynote of this tragic experience through which we are passing as a nation. The sacrifices we are asked to make must appear absurd, incomprehensible and even monstrous to anyone who does not see them in the light of moral obligations. Considered as the demands of expediency or of accident, they excite the revolt of our judgments, our emotions and our wills. It is only when we regard them as imposed upon us by the obligations we owe to great ideals, to noble institutions and particularly to a Supreme Being, that they subdue us to a glad acceptance and obedience.

It is, indeed, the consciousness of this obligation which has lent this struggle such a tragic grandeur. Multitudes of people who have had but a feeble sense of the responsibilities of nations to sane power, or powers above themselves, have been driven to a new and irresistible consciousness of a sacred and imperious call from an infinite voice that will not take "no" for an answer. As the president has truthfully said, even with our eyes tight closed we perceive the regal form of Duty standing by our side.

"Stern daughter of the voice of God" she is. It is she who marks out the pathway over which this nation has to go, leads the way and furnishes the inspiration for the journey and the warfare. It is only by obedience to her that we can reach the goal. "As birds are made to fly and rivers to run, the soul was made to follow duty," is an ancient Hindoo saying, as true of the souls of nations as of individual men.

"The people of this country have shown," the martyred Garfield once affirmed, "that wherever the path of duty and honor may lead, however steep and rugged it may be, they are ready to walk in it."

### GERMAN WAGES; KAISER'S CLOTHES

AN EXHAUSTIVE ARTICLE in a recent number of the Literary Digest gives interesting information as to wages paid in Germany in all classes of labor and trade. Much of the information is obtained from the summary sent out by the general imperial statistical office. It shows the average wages per day in various important groups to be as follows: Metal industry, \$1.32; engineering industry, \$1.28; electrical industry, \$1.07; paper industry, \$0.92; woodworking industry, \$1.01; chemical industry, \$1.24; stoneworking and pottery, \$1.07; leather and rubber, \$1.29.

The earnings of coal miners run from \$297 to \$334 per year. The average earnings of miners in copper mines amount to \$271. The wages of plumbers are from \$1.13 to \$1.39 per day. Journeymen printers in Germany get \$6.55 to \$7.44 a week.

Another article in the same publication states: "The uniforms worn by the Kaiser in public cost no less than \$1400 each. Before the war it was customary for him to change his clothes at least eight times a day.

"The Kaiserin seldom wears the same dress twice, and as all her clothes are made of the finest materials procurable the extent of her dressmaker's bill may be imagined."

### FROM AN EXPERT WITNESS

APPROVAL of the recent order against idling has come from a convict who is the editor of an eastern prison paper. His text is: "An Idle Brain is the Devil's Workshop." When this organ is coupled with idle brawn, he asserts, then of a truth there is established a devil's manufacturing plant of which the output is sorrow and suffering.

Speaking as one permitted to give expert testimony in these matters, he says:

"If the men who are today confined in penal institutions

would fully admit the truth, it would more than likely be proved that as many as two-thirds of them can attribute the real cause of their downfall to a desire to loaf. In fact, so strongly do we believe this to be the case that we only need mention the thought expressed when a steady workman—in honest toil—enters a penitentiary: 'How on earth did you ever manage to get into trouble when you have been a "workin' stiff" all your life?' It is a cause of wonderment to the loafer, for he knows, in the majority of cases, at least, that if he had but possessed the spirit of being content in the ranks of labor he would never have got into trouble.

"We are glad, indeed, then, to learn that the loafer has been recognized to the fullest extent in his deficiencies, and henceforth must go to work."

### A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

Why Lillian Underwood invited Dr. Pettit to the Dinner.

What was Dr. Pettit doing here at this dinner Lillian was giving to Robert Savarin?

This was the question that beat angrily against my brain as I mechanically rose to greet the guests who had come into Mrs. Underwood's beautiful white-and-crimson living room.

Dr. Pettit had no possible connection with Robert Savarin or with the world of art, and he had not the close kinship and friendship which had guided Lillian's invitation to my cousin, Jack Bickett, and his fiancée, Katherine Sonnet. And Lillian must have known that he had been the underlying cause of more than one unpleasant scene between my husband and myself. Why had she done it?

The answer to my question had to wait, however, for in another instant I was engulfed in the general greetings which welcomed the new guests and marked their presentation to Robert Savarin.

Mrs. Watrous, who, I knew from Lillian, had known Robert Savarin in the old days, was soon deep in reminiscences with him, leaving the rest of the guests to their own devices. Jack and Katherine, of course, came straight to me, and in my delight at seeing them I had the chance for only a perfunctory bow to the young physician, to whom little Mrs. Durkee was talking.

But before we were called into the dining room Lillian drew me aside for a moment.

"I didn't do it on purpose, child," she said. "I had asked Ralph Armstrong, a man who knew Mr. Savarin years ago, but he was called out of town at the last minute. So, as it was a most informal gotten up affair anyway, I called up Dr. Pettit, after I had tried two or three others, and he accepted. I don't think Dicky will mind."

Is Jack Troubled?

She rustled away and I put the young physician out of my mind with my vague uneasiness concerning my cousin Jack and his fiancée, my dear friend, Katherine Sonnet.

All was not well with them. I was quite sure of that as I studied them furtively.

I had seen very little of them since Dicky had brought me home from Lillian's after our long separation. Katherine was tremendously busy with the work which Dr. Braithwaite, the head of the hospital unit in France to which she belonged, had entrusted to her, and Jack was still almost an invalid. The terrible wound he had received in action still troubled him more than he was willing to admit. But it was

neither fatigue nor physical suffering that had brought the intangible shadow to their faces, I was sure of that.

It was some difference between them; something, I intuitively felt, hardly understood by themselves. I resolved to watch them carefully, to help them if I could.

"Dinner am served, Miss Lillian." Betty was perfect as she stood just inside the door, her coal-black face beaming beneath its crimson turban, her enormous body neatly gowned in a black dress and a white apron.

A Transformed Dining Room.

I knew that Betty once had changed her announcement to "Dinner is served" and that Lillian had implored her never to do such a thing again.

Little Marion, filled with childish importance, had distributed tiny cards giving us the names of our dinner partners before she went upstairs to bed in the care of her old nurse, whom Lillian had secured for the evening. To Marion that had been the crowning point of the evening, and we all smiled at the pretty, eager picture the little thing made as she handed us our cards.

Lillian had arranged her table with her usual skill. She herself, of course, had Robert Savarin as her dinner partner, and she had asked Dicky to take the place of the host, with Mrs. Watrous at his right hand. Frank Lester took in Mrs. Durkee, Dr. Pettit, Mrs. Lester; Katherine Sonnet fell to Alfred Durkee, while just opposite them Jack and I were stationed.

The seating arrangements, and in fact everything else, however, were forgotten when we caught our first glimpse of Lillian's dining room, which had been carefully closed until Betty's summons.

Until I saw it I had not known that Lillian had had the room entirely remodelled. She had evidently been keeping it a surprise for her first dinner against its new background.

The ceiling was beamed, the floor dark polished oak, the walls wainscoted in the same sombre wood. Where Lillian had secured her workmen I don't know, but it was a most wonderful refectory effect that met our eyes.

The tables were of the type one sees in old pictures of monastery refectories, and their only coverings were strips of tapestry-like cloth with exquisitely embroidered bands hanging below the edges of the tables, that were put together in the form of a letter "T." These strips of embroidered cloth were also at the windows.

But Lillian's love of color was shown in the profusion of crimson roses that flanked their glory from antique copper bowls everywhere.

### WOULD TEACH LEADER TO PLAY HAND BALL

University Student Attempts to Teach Military Man Game to His Own Discomfiture.

"Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am going up to teach Colonel Leader how to play handball."

Whereupon the speaker took three steps at a time and made his way hastily to the handball court in the men's gymnasium.

Three others, namely Colonel Leader, commandant of the University battalion, Coach Dean Walker and James Sheehy, president of the student body were already on the scene when he arrived. After the warm-up, in order to make it an even contest, it was decided to pair off, with Colonel Leader and Jimmie Sheehy playing against Coach Walker and Herman Lind Varsity first baseman.

Walker and Lind started in at an easy pace, knowing that they were much better than their opponents, and a conference was called at which it was decided to "play Leader."

"One ball was hit at the Colonel and then another, but each time they were returned faster than they were sent and two points were scored up for the Leader-Sheehy combination. But this was not all, for every time the ball was hit in the direction of the commandant it was returned as a "kill shot" to the front wall.

The game went on with the "sure winners" behind, and it so happened that the count of 21 was tallied up by the "easy meat" when the "sharks" had but 8 to their credit.

After the match was over, one who was "wised up" to the situation advised the losers that Colonel Leader had at one time in his earlier days been one of the greatest handball players in England.

### MEDICAL ADVISER FOR UNIVERSITY DESIRED

Faculty Requests Regents to Make Appointment—Favor Athletic Continuance.

The University of Oregon faculty in regular meeting yesterday afternoon in Guild hall went on record as requesting the board of regents to appoint a medical adviser for the students and faculty of the University. The question of the status of intercollegiate athletics next year, which had been held until this meeting of the faculty for decision, was settled so far as Oregon is concerned by instructing Professor H. C. Howe, of the department of English literature, who left last night as the University representative at the coast conference meeting in Portland today, to vote for the continuance of intercollegiate athletics, and also to support as far as possible the conference ruling which bans the playing of freshmen on varsity teams.

The question of appointing a medical adviser to the University was brought up in a report by Professor J. F. Boardman, of the zoology department, chairman of the committee on student health and sanitation, setting forth that a canvass of University students shows that their health, especially that of the men, is not uniformly kept up to the point of well being most conducive to efficient work. The plan recommended by the faculty to the board of regents is to meet in part the cost of an adviser appointed by the board, through a tax on each individual student and faculty member, which will give each person paying the tax free examination on entering college and as thereafter needed, and free medical treatment, advice and hospital attention for two weeks. These provisions are not intended to meet any

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