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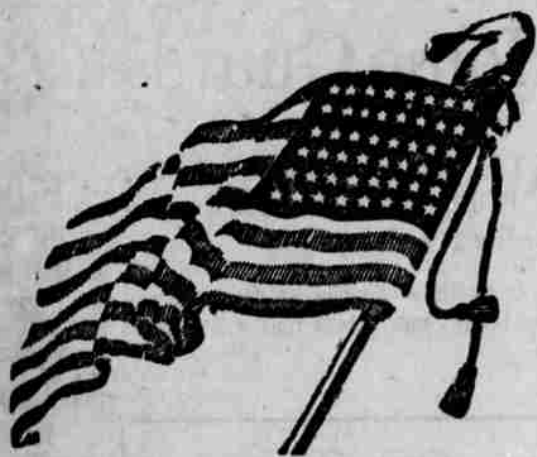
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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 29, 1918.



"AMERICAN INDEMNITY"

MANY DIFFERENT WORDS have exercised the power of a spell, an incantation over the German mind—like power, property, territory, Mitteleuropa, world empire, for example. But every day it grows more clear that an "American Indemnity" has been the hiss of the serpent which has hypnotized the German mind.

"An indemnity is that which is paid or given as compensation or reimbursement for a loss."

That with all her gains in this war, and they are vast, indeed, Germany has suffered losses which will make her bankrupt unless she can recoup them somehow, we see more clearly every day. But how could this be done? The European nations, even if she could achieve their utter conquest, would lie prostrate and helpless at her feet—bled white. The countries which she has overpowered upon her eastern border have proved themselves incapable of furnishing her with food, to say nothing of money. There was only one other hope, one other possible source of recovery. It was the American "opium"—the gold mine of the modern world. Given the opportunity and occasion to exploit it, the losses suffered in the war would be a trifle light as air. The giant republic, hated because of its democracy, but coveted because of its wealth (two-fifths of that of the entire world,) became the object of a desire that grew into a passion. It attracted the iron-hearted nation like a magnet. It made its head grow dizzy when it visualized the cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and especially New York, as London did the greedy soul of Blucher when it extorted from his watering mouth that irrepressible and immortal exclamation, "What a city for loot!"

"What a country for loot!" "What a possibility for indemnification! Let us insult her, let us provoke her, let us force her into the war so as to have an excuse for reimbursing ourselves for these losses when Europe lies bleeding at our feet!" the German statesmen eagerly proposed.

Such, it is now believed by the ablest judges, was the reasoning of the German leaders when they sank our ships and drowned our sailors.

Let us make a note of this! It is a fact to be remembered. There are other and more idealistic reasons for fighting and winning the war, but none more biting and energizing than the threat of this national exploitation. If we lose, as sure as there is a sun in heaven the United States of America will have to pay the expenses of this devilish enterprise. The taxes which are being levied for the conduct of it now will be a drop in the bucket to what we will have to pay to reimburse the brigands when they ask us for our national purse.

At best a single alternative would lie before us—to fight until our land was a desert, or to feel the lash of the taxgatherer until we or our children and our children's children had paid the uttermost farthing of the cost of the murder of civilization, the abolition of Christianity and the enslavement of this nation, which was dedicated to liberty by our fathers.

THE "KAMERAD" GAME

AN ARTICLE written for the official publication of the United States marines, now winning glory in France, says:

"There are some things about the boche mode of warfare which the marines haven't as yet learned and probably never will. On more than one occasion the 'squareheads,' as the Germans are affectionately called, have attempted to teach and to play what is popularly known as the game of 'Kamerad,' but with poor success. Somehow the marines don't take to it as they should. For the benefit of the uninitiated it might be explained that the game originated with the boche. It has the 'made-in-Germany' mark stamped all over it. It can be played by any number of persons and consists in say eight or ten boche coming across No Man's Land on a run, with hands upraised and shouting 'Kamerad.' (That's where this form of amusement derives its name.)

"When they shout 'Kamerad' it means that they're playing the game and you mustn't shoot at them, but allow them to come quite close. If you shoot at them it spoils the whole game, and besides, it's strictly against the rules, boche rules, of course. Anyway, you're not to do any shooting. They will then come up and each boche picks out the marine that he likes the best. To

show that you're his Kamerad and that he means it he places his arms about your neck, almost as if he were going to kiss you. At the same time he draws a knife, of the long trench variety, and stabs you in the back. Then the first part of the game is over. Sometimes they don't come so close, and instead of using the knife they use a grenade, with practically the same results. This process can be repeated until either one side or the other tires of playing. It's a game of black treachery which betrays the Germans' evil ingenuity.

"The boche picked out a particularly dark night to play this game with some marines who were doing patrol duty, but for some reason or other the latter didn't feel like playing, hadn't thoroughly learned the rules of the game, or else from what they had heard just simply didn't like the game or the way it was played. Anyway, when four boche came running across No Man's Land the other night, and shouted 'Kamerad,' one of the marines yelled 'Sure, I'm the guy,' and let go. It was dark, and he couldn't quite see whether he'd made a good hit. There were a few other shouts of 'Kamerad' and he fired some more. Next morning they found two boche just beyond the wire and also some equipment evidently belonging to the ones that had managed to get back to their lines and had discarded haversacks, gas masks and belts, and lost their caps in their hurry. The blood-stained belt and a gas mask with a hole in it testified that the marine had made a hit."

A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

How Mrs. Allis Suddenly Interrupted a Conference.

It was a good five minutes before either Katherine or I spoke. Before our eyes was the unconscious figure of Mrs. Allis on my bed, tied down by Katherine to prevent her doing either harm to herself or to us when she should finally awaken, while through our brains floated pictures of the horrible fate Katherine had averted from me, when she crept into my room and with her ammonia gun vanquished the drug-maddened woman who had tried to dash acid into my face.

"How did you ever happen to hear us, and how did you unlock the door when she had the key?" I asked at last. My over-strained nerves felt that if our silence, broken only by the stertorous breathing of the figure on the bed, should last much longer I should scream aloud. I think Katherine realized this, for she began to talk rapidly of her exploit.

"Why, you see, I couldn't sleep," she said, "and finally I got up and went to the bathroom, thinking if I bathed my face and hands with cold water it would quiet me—it does sometimes when I'm nervous. I noticed the light beneath your door and the murmur of voices. I could hear your husband's snores from his room and I knew that Katie and Jim had gone to bed long before. Besides, I hadn't been asleep and I knew that Katie could never have gone to your room without my hearing her—she isn't exactly a gumshoe sleuth, you know," her eyes twinkled at the thought of Katie's usual noisy movements. "So I thought matters would stand a little investigating on my part."

"I first tried the door, noiselessly, and found it locked, but with no key in it. Without any further scruple, for I have heard you say that you never lock your door at night, I knelt down and looked through the keyhole. What I saw made me hurry to my room and get my ammonia gun and a skeleton key I have, and come back. The rest you know."

"Where in the world did you get a skeleton key?" I asked idly.

Katherine explained. "Once in my hospital training days," she said, "a wounded burglar was one of my patients. He was taken from the hospital to prison for a term of years, but before he left he gave me several small articles he had in a little bag, and

which he had slipped to me, asking me to keep them for him when he first was brought into the ward. It was against the rules, of course, but my sympathies weren't so well under control then—she looked quizzically at me, and I saw that she still resented my unspoken criticism of her method of dealing with Mrs. Allis—"And I did as he asked. Among the things in the little bag was this skeleton key, and it has proved useful to me two or three times since then. But never has it done such good service as tonight."

She rose and looked again at Mrs. Allis. "She'll be quiet for a couple of hours yet," she said. "Go into my room and get some sleep. I don't need you at all now."

"Go to sleep!" I echoed indignantly. "Do I impress you as being a phlegmatic creature who could go to sleep after an adventure of this sort. And, besides, you know I wouldn't leave you here alone. So please say nothing more about it."

"Very well," she accepted my ultimatum quietly, but I guessed that secretly she was glad to have my company in her vigil. "Now for the next question. Shall you or I go downstairs, get the electric grill and make a pot of strong coffee. I shall need it for this specimen on the bed when she wakes, and I'm sure a cup of good, steaming coffee would do us both good."

I knew Katherine's weakness for coffee of old, and her words awakened my own liking for the beverage. "I'll go down," I said at once. "I know where things are, and besides I should be mortally afraid to be left alone again with her"—I indicated the silent figure on the bed.

"What's to be done?"

"I know," Katherine nodded acquiescence, "and besides you do make the most scrumptious coffee!"

I hurried downstairs, calmed by Katherine's manner, made the coffee, prepared a tray and brought two cups and some sandwiches upstairs. We sat for a long time over the coffee, talking in low tones of the woman who had so nearly brought tragedy into my room but a short time before. Katherine ended our talk by saying:

"And now the next thing to consider is—what's to be done with her?"

"Perhaps you'll be so kind as to let me decide that for myself," said a mocking voice from the bed.

FIGHTING UNDER TWO FLAGS

By J. W. PEGLER

United Press Staff Correspondent
EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fourth installment of the first published story of the American heroes who formed the American legion of the Canadian army, with particular reference to the lives, recently ended in France, of Lieutenant Colonel Richard H. Griffiths and Major Alexander Rasmussen. The fifth and last installment will appear Monday.

For more than three years Griffiths and Mack campaigned together—in the Dardanelles and then on the frightful vaudeville tour of the western front—in and out, in and out, from sector to sector until they knew every half-mile line from the sea to St. Quentin.

Griffiths won a name. He was known. When his battalion would come marching up to the relief in a comparatively quiet sector, the outgoing troops knew the foresters were in for a sweet time for Griffiths had only one way of fighting—the offensive way.

"Keep 'em worried; don't let 'em get set," he would say. Arriving in the line he would place his troops and then make a thorough inspection of every post and strong point. He would size up all the reserve stocks of ammunition and supplies. In anything was wrong Colonel Griffiths found it out by his own inspection.

Shot It At 'Em.

"What's all this?" he would ask a Stokes-gunner, pointing to a big reserve pile of ammunition.

"That's just a reserve, sir," the gunner would say. "Those other fellows, sir, they didn't do much shooting."

"Well let's throw about fifty rounds of it over to Fritz—we don't need it," and Colonel Griffiths would pass on down the trench to the booming of the busy Stokes-gun and the jumar ad-

glar of German rocket hastily thrown up in fear of a general attack.

"And what's all this stuff doing here?" he would ask pointing to a stack of rifle grenades.

Same reply. "Well let's get rid of some of it. Grenades are very dangerous to have around the place; they might go off." And Fritz's line would come under such a pelting of these little exploding devils that there'd be calls for a German barrage.

Boches Get Nervous.

And so on, down the line; Griffiths would throw over fifty or more rounds of every piece of trench ammunition in the place. By that time the Germans would be in a wild state of nerves, and soon their guns would support them with barrage fire against an imaginary attack by an enemy who by that time was safe in his dugout and chuckling over the row he had caused.

"Then we'd have to call for a retaliatory barrage from our own guns," said Griffiths, telling his own story, "and the fun would be on. I used to sit in my dugout and listen to pineapples bursting on the roof. They're not very dangerous if you have a cover over you."

SAYS IT ACTED LIKE A CHARM.

Coughs, colds, sore throat or bronchial troubles which persist at this time of the year usually are of an obstinate character. This is all the more reason why a truly reliable remedy like Foley's Honey and Tar Compound should be used. Mrs. Margaret Smale, Bishop, Calif., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar is a grand remedy; more than is claimed for it. I was suffering from a cold last week and used the medicine and it acted like a charm." Contains no opiates. Sold everywhere.

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Here are a few specials that will help you prepare for the hot weather and make you SATISFIED WITH YOURSELF on the FORTH OF JULY. There are thousands of other items that will be of just as much interest to you.

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Men's Suits at the old prices \$15, \$18, \$20, \$25, and \$30.
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Five piece outfits for Boy Scouts, consisting of khaki coat, trousers, hat, belt and leggings, specially priced at \$4.50

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\$1.50 Straw Hats for \$1.20
\$2.00 Straw Hats for \$1.60
\$2.50 Straw Hats for \$2.00
\$5.00 Straw Hats for \$4.00

Hampton's
"The Best of Both Worlds"

Fourth of July Theme For Special Sermons in City's Churches Sunday

Independence Day will give color to services in the Eugene churches Sunday. With almost one million American boys in Europe fighting that the principles of liberty, to which the fathers of the nation subscribed in 1776, the Fourth of July brings to the minds of all citizens thoughts of country and the war into which it has entered that its ideals may not perish from the earth.

Lane county has responded generously in men and money. Within the month almost two hundred of her sons will answer their country's call and leave their homes to take part in the most titanic struggle for Christian principles the world has ever known. Conservative estimates place the number of men who will have entered their country's service by the end of July at 1400 and among them there are hundreds of boys from the churches. It is fitting that the folks at home should go into the houses of worship and offer prayers to Almighty God for the preservation of these boys and the success of their mission. It is timely that this year there should be some special observance of Independence Day in the churches.

Rev. A. L. Crim, pastor of the First Christian church, will preach his evening sermon on "The World's New Declaration of Independence." His subject suggests that it will be crowded with interest and have a bearing on the relation of the nation and the church in the great world war. Rev. Parkinson, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, will deliver a patriotic address at the hour for the evening service.

Mrs. Adelaide Aldrich, one of the field secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, will have charge of services both morning and evening at the Central Presbyterian church. Mrs. Aldrich will talk of her extensive personal experience in the Home Missions field.

FIRST CHRISTIAN

First Christian church—A. L. Crim, pastor; Mrs. Daisy Beckett Middleton, music director; Miss Daisy McCluskey, organist. The services both morning and evening will be conducted by the pastor. In the evening the theme will be, "The World's New Declaration of Independence." This will be the last day when we will be permitted to enjoy the services of Mrs. Middleton as our music director. A full attendance of the church is desired.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN

Central Presbyterian church—Tenth and Pearl street. Morning worship at 10:30, followed by the church school. The speaker for the day will be Mrs. Adelaide Aldrich, one of the field secretaries of our board of home missions. Mrs. Aldrich has visited every one of our home mission fields, and so brings to us a real and inspiring message as well as many interesting and helpful stories. Nothing so stimulates our interest in missions as listening to one who has actually seen what she is talking about. The evening service at 8 o'clock will be

in charge of Mrs. Aldrich also. Special music for the morning will be as follows: Solo, "That Sweet Story of Old" (Treat); Florence Bingham. At night: "Processional," the choir; anthem, "Jerusalem the Golden," the choir; violin solo, "Sonata in A" (Handel); Miss Alberta Potter, accompanied by Miss Aurora Potter. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7 o'clock. Jefferson street chapel at 3 o'clock.

The Salvation Army—147 Ninth avenue east. Captain H. R. Briggs, Lieutenant C. Ford, officers in charge. Meetings Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 p. m.; Sunday, holiness meeting, 11 a. m.; junior meeting, 3 p. m.; C. P. L. 6:30 p. m.; salvation meeting, 8 p. m. All meetings preceded by open-air meeting, Ninth and Willamette street.

Trinity Lutheran church—Corner Pearl street and Sixth avenue east. E. O. Storli, pastor. Sunday school at 9:45; morning service in Norwegian. No evening service.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL
First Congregational church—Corner

Charnelson and Seventh avenue west. A. M. Spangler, pastor; G. D. Linn, Sunday school superintendent; Miss Mary organist. Sunday school at 10; music worship at 11. Theme, "Why Should Everybody Work?" Evening service with short sermon by the pastor at 8. You will be cordially welcome in "Our Church Home."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL
The pastor will preach at the morning service at 10:45. In the evening at 8 an informal service is held, with an inspiring orchestra to lend the music. The pastor will give a patriotic address at this evening service, illustrated with stereopticon pictures of the ruins of churches of France and other scenes. All are welcome. The Sunday school meets at 9:30 and the Epworth League at 6:45.

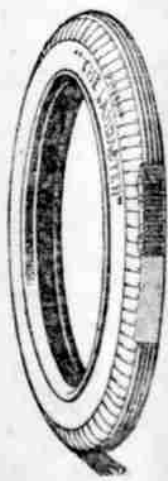
How She Banishes Backache
Mrs. Effie E. Kleppe, Averill, Minn., writes: "I was at a sanatorium two weeks at one time, two weeks under time, for rheumatism and kidney trouble and got no relief. On my return home I began using Foley Kidney Pills and found immediate relief; a bad back, the completed cure." This is further proof that these wonderful pills give relief where other treatments fail. Be equalled for weak, sore, aching kidneys, bladder, back, muscles or joints.

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