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CHAS. H. FISHER, President.
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IT IS UP TO MR. AYER

WB. AYER, food administrator in Oregon, in a letter to the United States food administrator, purporting to be a report of an investigation of prices paid in Eugene for wheat flour substitutes, states that he has investigated and "finds that they are now reasonable." Mr. Ayer further reports: "The situation has improved very materially in the past few weeks, owing to the sharp decline in wholesale prices of substitutes, but these could not be reflected promptly by the retailers as nearly all of them were pretty well stocked up with goods purchased at the top of the market."

So far as reflecting the true situation in Eugene, Mr. Ayer's letter to the national food administration falls short of its purported purpose. He may have made an "investigation," but for a report of any genuine investigation his letter lacks the elements which it might be reasonable to expect such a document to contain.

The facts are that the retailers in the city of Eugene are today paying more for some kinds of substitutes than ever paid before and the wholesale price of wheat flour has also been advanced. There never was any great decline in the wholesale price of wheat substitutes and before a copy of Mr. Ayer's letter was returned to Oregon these prices were soaring higher than ever.

The wholesale price of barley flour has jumped to \$15.00 a barrel. Oat flour is now selling at \$13.20 and wheat flour has jumped from \$10.25 to \$11.25. These are prices quoted to retail dealers.

Prices in Eugene which Mr. Ayer, engaged in the grain business on a large scale for many years, considers reasonable do not appear reasonable to the consumer, who is inclined to believe that he is being exploited. Mr. Ayer's statement that the prices paid by the consumer here for substitutes "are now reasonable" is not supported by a quotation of figures, but its effect is to absolve all parties interested in the handling of the grain that is eventually consumed by the people of Eugene on any charge of profiteering. Mr. Ayer, if he has made the investigation he indicates in his letter to the food administration, must have figures at hand. He should make these figures public. They would have been very proper material to have been included in the letter to the national food administration containing a statement to the effect that there is nothing wrong in Oregon.

The nation is confronted by the greatest crisis in its history. Patriotic people and newspapers are slow to criticize. There is reason to believe that the profiteers are taking advantage of this situation. If there is no profiteering in Oregon, as Mr. Ayer would have the national food administration believe, it is up to him to come forth with figures to support his letter to the officials in Washington.

The Guard is slow to criticize, but we believe it a part of patriotic duty to insist that the patriotic people of this state know all the facts in connection with the prices they are paying for food. These people have willingly and gladly used wheat substitutes as requested by the government. Some have voluntarily given up wheat flour purchased before the government established its restrictions and paid approximately twice the wheat flour price for substitutes. It has appeared to us all along that there has been "something very rotten in Denmark," but now Mr. Ayer, in a letter to the national administration at Washington—the kind of a letter that would have a tendency to shut off further investigation—declares that the prices of substitutes are reasonable.

There is no sacrifice that the people of Lane county and Oregon will not make to win the war, but they would like to feel that the men who are handling their food are being checked up closely in their operations by the government and the government's representatives. An unsupported assertion by a man long identified with the grain business in the northwest that "prices are reasonable" is not enough.

POST-BELLUM PUNISHMENT

AFTER war boycott of Germany and of German trade will not depend upon government action. If Washington, London, Paris, Rome, Tokyo, throw down the bars utterly upon the signing of a treaty of peace, and formally forgive and forget, the Teutons will still find themselves outcasts; and the longer

the war continues and the more universally the men of the world find themselves involved in it, the more uncompromising and the more continuing will be the post-bellum punishment inflicted upon the peoples of the central empires.

The stand taken by the British seamen will serve as a basis for a social and commercial ostracism of the Germanic peoples; the utter abhorrence of the whole world will be the super-structure. No one will care to touch or use Teutonic products. The general feeling will be the feeling of the Norwegian pilot who returned all the medals the kaiser had given him, because they had become repulsive. The world will want nothing to do with Germany or with things German. They will look upon them as leprous. This will be the real punishment of the Teutons.

A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

If there ever has occurred, in all my experience since Dicky and I were married, a moment when I felt more utterly perplexed, more unhappy over a happening small in itself than I did as I stood by the window of our house at Marvin and beheld a taxi roll up the drive-way and deposit Dicky's mother at our door, I cannot now recall it. There have been big happenings that seemed to clutch at the very portals of my life, but never a small one that so affected me.

Yet, was it small? At that instant I felt it a veritable catastrophe. For if at all times to select to return from a long visit away from our home, Dicky's mother had chosen the day when we were almost ready to move from our old home into the new house we had bought. The house was a nightmare to one who prides herself upon good housekeeping. To Dicky's mother it would be something about which to talk for years to come, if ever she did forget it.

The picture of the living room in which Dicky was sorting his "collection" of papers and magazines that littered every corner of the bare room from which Katie, Jim and I had recently taken the furniture and rugs at Dicky's command to remove them when I protested against the dangers they presented to our most cherished belongings—swam before my eyes. Yet there was nothing to be done. Mother Graham was at the door, and as I looked again, out beside her stepped a woman whose bags and bundles in her hands betokened a guest come to stay, perhaps, a long time.

Mother Graham's sharp, incisive voice floated to my ears.

"It's outrageous! I won't pay two dollars for bringing up that short distance from the station!" Her voice rose even higher as it warmed to her wrath. "I don't care if you did bring the two trunks and our bags. You can't get more than a dollar out of me."

The woman with her must have made some suggestion, for Mother Graham turned on her angrily, but strange to say this woman didn't retreat an inch—she must be a person of determination of character, I reflected—though she showed signs of deferring to Mother Graham. Then what the suggestion was, came to me in its complete statement of refusal.

"No, I won't let Dicky attend to him. Dicky gives up like a lamb. Anybody can walk over him in money matters, and Madge—good gracious!—don't ask me to call either of them!" She whirled around on the taxi driver, whose face now bore a puzzled, appreciative look in which a smile struggled with his fast fading determination to get the price he asked.

"Here, young man," she held a bill out to him. "Here's your dollar. Take it or leave it. Call a policeman—call the entire Marvin police force, I saw him down by the station. But if you take my trunks I'll have you arrested for trying to steal them."

The taxi driver's amusement conquered him. He laughed outright, took the dollar, pocketed it, swung his machine a dozen feet, pushed the trunks from the stand beside his seat and swept away, leaving Mother Graham and her guest with their luggage in picturesque confusion about them, triumphant, perhaps, but open-mouthed and inwardly raging at the way he "had the last word."

I heard a giggle behind me. I turned and there stood Katie, almost leaning

against my shoulder, red-faced from stifling her mirth so long. Before I could reproach her or even draw her back with me—for I, too, had moved closer to the window than I had thought—Mother Graham turned. For the instant I didn't know whether she saw us or not, for I pulled Katie back as quickly as I could and gasped:

"Run tell Mr. Graham to come here quickly." Then I gripped her arm to stop her for a word of admonition that my plans to keep Katie's secret from what I feared would be the unsympathetic attention of Dicky's mother until I had an opportunity to tell her myself, made necessary. "Katie, don't you answer the doorbell. Tell Jim, also, to stay away. Now hurry."

But Dicky had heard the last words—or was it that the higher pitched note in my voice penetrated through his absorption in his beloved "collection," amidst which he had been sitting, reading and sorting?—at any rate he came into the room. Katie scurried away.

"What's up?" Dicky demanded anxiously.

A smile struggled through the gloom that had overshadowed my face, for Dicky, immaculate Dicky, who took such pride in his appearance and never permitted even his mother to see him in disarray, was a sight. His hands were black with the dust of months his beloved "collection" had gathered and had transferred to them, his coat was off, his clothes were dusty, his hair was rumpled and his face bore streaks where his hands had touched.

"What're you grinning at?" Dicky began wrathfully.

"Come here," I said. And then I permitted his eyes to tell him the story.

With a gasp he sprang back from the window.

"Great Scott," he cried. "I'll have to run and get cleaned up."

But I grasped his arm, and said:

"Who's the woman with your mother?"

"I guess it's Cousin Agatha."

"Cousin Agatha," I queried, for I'd never heard of her before.

"Mother's cousin. I've stayed away from her as much as possible believe me! Why, she can make you feel—"

The door bell interrupted with a long, imperious ring. Dicky's explanation was smothered in his haste to get away.

"You go to the door," he flung over his shoulder as he turned.

"I'll not go," I declared in a tone I'd never used before to Dicky.

The note in my voice arrested him. He turned and looked at me. We faced each other like two children squabbling over a point on which neither would weaken. But lack of my determination was the memory of how Dicky had over-riden my wishes that he shouldn't sort his "collection" in the parlor, his demand that we move the furniture and rugs out if I didn't wish them ruined, the whole line of miserable moments of the morning. These memories made me stand my ground, and caused me to hope that at the hands of his own mother he would be compelled to repent for his actions, which had caused this situation.

"You—what?" he gasped. "What's so then?"

"You'll have to open the door," I said.

For a long instant we stood staring into each other's eyes. And then, the doorbell rang again and again, in an imperious summons that would not be denied.

where Mrs. Fryer stayed with her parents for a few days.

Blanch Hansen came home from Monmouth, where she has been attending normal school. She became ill and had to stop her studies.

Julia Williams returned to Salem Tuesday, after visiting at the home of her brother, Frank Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kaiser are spending a few days at Shedd's visiting friends.

STAR

Star, Ore., Aug. 1.—L. D. Owen and Raymond Wicks are at Kitson Springs this week.

Miss Pearl Whiteley and brother, Elwyn, of Wildwood, visited in Star Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Pitcher, Sr., spent Sunday at Cottage Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Boetcher and daughter, Miss Lois, and son, Earl, Mrs. Boetcher's sister from San Francisco, and Mr. White, of Eugene, called on neighbors and friends in Star last week.

Miss Mabel Mosby went to Marcola Tuesday.

C. A. Harlow and J. P. Wicks and son, Francis, went to Bohemia Monday.

Mabel and Velma Salice visited at the Anderson home at Row River Tuesday.

Johnnie Cole, of Point Terrace, is here visiting friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Wicks and daughter, Miss Idah, have returned to Wendling.

COTTAGE GROVE

Cottage Grove, Ore., Aug. 1.—Mrs. Charles Adams and daughter, Adeline, went to Lebanon Wednesday to spend the day.

Miss Heester Osmond came from Port-

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land Wednesday to visit her aunt, Mrs. George Hawley.

Clinton Medley and Ray Hazelrigg returned Tuesday night from Camp Lewis. They cannot speak too highly of the treatment at this camp.

Mrs. Charles Jackson left Wednesday for Thomas, in Lincoln county, to visit her cousin.

Mrs. J. Abeene and family went to Springfield Wednesday.

Ruth and Esther Jorgensen, Milton Le Roy and Dale Wyatt were in Eugene Wednesday.

Mrs. W. R. Sharp, of Oakland, and daughter, Thelma, left Wednesday for Olympia, Wash., to attend the marriage of Mrs. Sharp's niece, Miss Mildred Walker, who is marrying a Mr. Forbes, of Olympia. Miss Walker was a Cottage Grove girl until they moved to Olympia about a year ago. Mrs. Sharp was Miss Minnie Wolford, sister of Mrs. Charles Walker, Mrs. Mildred's mother.

Mrs. J. Stolcalf and son Donald, of Divide, were in town shopping Wednesday.

Mrs. C. H. Morrow came Wednesday from Marcola to visit her mother, who is with her brother, George McQueen.

Mrs. S. L. McMahon, of Portland, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Webber, returned to her home Wednesday after a pleasant stay with her sister.

Stacy Russell, county clerk, was in town Wednesday.

John Veatch went to Portland Wednesday on a business trip.

Joe McKibben went to Roseburg Wednesday.

Mrs. John Spray and daughter, Mable, returned Wednesday from Fossil, where her brother was buried who died suddenly. The cause of death was from appendicitis.

Mrs. Nellie Star, of Portland, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hellwell.

Mr. Lawrence Hunsacker, who is visiting his aunt, Mrs. C. M. Parker, is visiting at present in Dexter. Mr. Hunsacker will locate here. His present home is in Reno, Nev.

Mrs. Dr. C. A. Morris and daughter, of Tucson, Ariz., came Wednesday to visit her sister, Mrs. Frank Hellwell. They have not seen each other for eight years.

Russel Garetson is working at the Buckley sawmill.

Mrs. Jennie Hays went to Eugene Wednesday.

Mrs. Robert Anlauf came Wednesday from Anlauf to do some shopping.

Mrs. Charles Woods and Mrs. Willis Gilderleeve came up Wednesday from Anlauf, where they were gathering huckleberries and visiting their husbands.

Italian King to Review
American Forces Today

With the Italian Armies in the Field, Aug. 1.—King Victor Emmanuel was scheduled to review the newly arrived American troops today.

General Diaz in a special order of the day eloquently announced the arrival of the Americans. The population of several little towns in northern Italy gave them an enthusiastic reception.

Owing to the increased cost of all kinds of material the retail selling price of

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Hampton's Week End Specials

For the balance of this week we have selected a number of articles of merchandise of value to every home and person, which we are offering at special prices. Look over the list, clip it out and bring it with you when shopping. This is your opportunity to pick up a number of bargains.

Fine colored lawns, specially priced at the yard, 18c

44-inch white Ratine, special the yard, 65c

Cambric and Swiss embroidery, edges and insertions, the yard 12½c

35c cotton hose, black, white and light blue, special, pair 25c

35c children's hose, black and white, special 29c

One lot of changeable silk petticoats, placed on special sale at, each, \$5.00

15c men's socks, special two pairs for 25c

\$1.50 women's khaki waists, just the thing for outdoors, special \$1.00

Remnants of ribbon, embroidery, laces, silks and trimmings, One-Half Price

Children's dresses, all new stock, special at 85c, \$1.19, \$1.34 and \$1.49

Children's middle skirts, 6 to 10 years, special at, each, \$1.39

Men's coveralls, well-made and of excellent material, special \$2.50

Skirt hangers, placed on sale for the week-end at 2 for 5c

"Ever-Ready" Aprons 85c and 45c

We have just received a new shipment of "Ever-Ready" aprons, for women and children, special for the week-end, 85c and 45c

HOP PICKING NOTICE.
We are now registering pickers to begin hop picking about August 15. Phone Springfield 11-F-2. There will be about 1 month's picking.

WANTED CHICKENS
Early tomorrow morning. Phone 520-J. Tamale Factory, 602 Oak St. 1f

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