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CHAS. H. FISHER, President.
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GERMANY'S TOMORROW

WE are no admirers of the skeptical philosophy of the Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam, although its literary beauty haunts and holds our spirits like a spell. There are phrases in it which are as current as the English sovereign—phrases so perfect in their expression of human emotion as to kill originality. Let any man who knows these magic words resist the impulse to adopt them when he considers the situation of the German empire at the close of the fourth year of the insane conflict which her wild ambition kindled.

"Yesterday—this day's madness did prepare (and) tomorrow's silence, triumph or despair."

It was her "yesterday," indeed, which prepared the "madness" of today and the "silence" of tomorrow's "despair"—that yesterday of forty years between the present conflict and the Franco-Prussian war. To the besotted minds of the Prussian war lords and the Hohenzollern Kaiser those were years of preparation for a military triumph so glorious as to fill the ages with huzzahs, for a world empire so all-embracing as to reduce the human race to the domination of German kultur. But

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your years wash out a word of it."

The "moving finger" has written the swan song of the Hohenzollern dynasty. No piety nor wit nor tears of the Kaiser or his Potsdam gang shall wash out a word or syllable. The whole program of the war lords was the work of madmen—a preparation not for victory, but for defeat, disaster and demoralization.

In the lurid light of the battle going on in France we can perceive the inevitable, inerrant progress of Destiny. The mighty movement is like that of Fate. The progress has been slow but sure. The plot is full of dramatic elements and works brilliantly toward its glorious denouement. Its climax evidently was the entrance of the youthful giant of the west. Like another David, America has faced a greater Goliath, and we dare to prophesy at last that the world will soon behold his body prostrate on the ground. "Yesterday's madness" and today's defeat—what are these but omens of tomorrow's "silence" and "despair?"

The future must look dark, indeed, to all German eyes which do not wear the Kaiser's blinders. With her navy locked in the harbors of the northern seas, her army in retreat, her submarine campaign a failure, her finances all but bankrupt, her colonies snatched from her iron hand, her people hungry and demoralized, two score and more of nations leagued against her and threatening her with poverty and starvation, "tomorrow" cannot seem a day of promise.

We are witnessing the closing scenes of the greatest tragedy of human history. The curtain is not ready to fall quite yet, but the spectators are forecasting the inevitable end.

WHAT ARE LUXURIES

WHAT our legislators have a staggering task in trying to find the dividing line that runs between luxuries and necessities the papers furnish daily proof. It would be pleasant to be able to leave the task of its discovery entirely to them and so escape the painful responsibility of trying to determine for ourselves what material objects and what physical habits we ought to deny ourselves in order to be loyal and devoted citizens in a time like this.

We cannot rightly do so, and our investigations involve us in bewildering perplexities. We find at their very beginning that the luxuries of yesterday have strangely enough turned into the necessities of today. Millions of people who never saw a telephone or rode in an automobile, only a little while ago, are dependent upon them today. We could not keep pace without these things.

The matter of determining what are luxuries is for the individual in many cases to determine by his personal needs. Extravagance has become a crime, self-denial a duty, luxury a disgrace, patched or threadbare garments a badge of honor.

To go no farther in this matter of retrenchment than the pressure of governmental taxation forces us to go is not to meet the claims of an hour which calls for a transfusion of our time,

our strength, our money and our blood into the veins of our country and those of our allies. Pray God we may not be forced to the sacrifices of Belgium, France and England, but to revel in luxury while they are reduced to poverty and almost starvation would disgrace us in the sight of men and angels.

A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

Why Madge Asks Herself If She's "Too Easy" in Her Dealings With Her Household.

"Katie, slip into this directly." I had a qualm of conscience as I looked at Katie's immaculately neat cap and dress. I had just described her to my mother-in-law and Cousin Agatha as disheveled and soiled from scrubbing, and I never had seen her look more attractive. But I had told the taradiddles in order to give me time to protect her from the too critical scrutiny of my mother-in-law's eyes.

I held up one of my own white aprons, a voluminous affair, meant to cover my entire gown, upon the occasions, happily rare since Katie had been with me, when I had to prepare a meal and entertain guests at the same time. I had thought of one of these aprons when my mother-in-law made her demand for Katie's services.

"Oh, Missis Graham! Vot for?" Katie's eyes were wide with astonishment, and I caught the beginning of a frown in her dark depths. I saw that I must mask my natural sympathy for her with matter-of-fact firmness.

"Joost van Angel!" "Put it on first, and then I'll tell you." I said, and I slipped it on over her head. It was one of those affairs with a round opening for the neck, and I tied the strings around her waist before she had time to protest. Then I turned her around facing me and looked at her with real admiration.

"I ought to give you these aprons, Katie," I said, heartily, and meant the words. "They are wonderfully becoming to you."

Katie blushed and involuntarily glanced toward the small mirror which hung in the kitchen. For a moment her volatile nature was distracted. But in an instant she perceived, apprehensive look came back to her eyes.

"But vy you put dis on me," she persisted. "Because, Katie," I said firmly. "Oh, you know!"

"Yes, I know!" Katie wailed. "I feel it in my bone, dot old voman's want me to help her. And don't you think one meenit, Meesis Graham, dot dot old voman's don't see from my eyes I'm hiding something?"

"Katie," I said with a touch of sternness, "haven't I tried to make it as easy

as I possibly could for you ever since you told me about the little stranger who's coming to you?"

My tempestuous little maid seized my hands and kissed them.

"You joost van angel to me, Misses Graham," she said, "and I run me qveeck upstairs to old voman's before I get me scared again."

"But Joost Remember!"

She hurried to the kitchen door, as if she were going to make good her words about running. With her hand on the knob she turned, her face breaking into the roguish smile which is never far from Katie's face no matter how sombre her mood.

"But Joost remember one ting. If somebody say 'Katie, vich you rader do, go down to dot hot place und roast on dot stove a while or go upstairs to dose two old dames?' I say 'Bring on dot stove!'"

She vanished before I had time to reproach her, and I sighed as I turned to the preparation of the dinner which she had been compelled to leave. Although I knew the absolute silliness of caring about criticism from so futile a source as the lips of Cousin Agatha, yet I couldn't help remembering the stinging contrast she had slyly made between my sister-in-law's maids and mine, and wondering if perhaps I had been too lenient with Katie. She certainly sometimes answered Dicky's occasional characterization of her as "blamed fresh," but she was so willing, so warm-hearted, so devoted to me that I knew I wasn't as stern with her as her conduct sometimes deserved.

As I busied myself about the dinner Katie had been compelled to leave, I put myself through a rigorous self-examination. My memory went back to a day when I had been making preparations for the first visit of Dicky's mother to our home, preparations that involved a great deal of sacrifice and discomfort for myself. Katie had then informed me that I was "too easy."

I had reproved her, but the words had always lingered in my memory. Dicky's behavior of the morning about the living room, my mother-in-law's autocratic upsetting of my household routine, Katie's importance, loving though it was, all passed in review before my mental vision.

Was I, indeed, "too easy?"

LANE COUNTY NEWS

COTTAGE GROVE

Cottage Grove, Or., Aug. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. William Landess visited with Mrs. Landess' brother at Creswell Saturday. Miss Fern Stinson of Corvallis is visiting with her brother, Roy Githier. Mrs. E. B. Porter and daughter Miss A. D. Clough, left Saturday for Siuslaw and eastern Oregon. Mrs. Porter is the mother of C. A. Bertell and Mrs. Clough is her sister.

Robert Holladay, the ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Holladay, while trying to extract a shell from a 22 rifle, shot himself through the right thigh Saturday night. The bullet did not strike the bone but passed through the fleshy part of his leg. He is getting along nicely at last report. The gun was an old-fashioned 22, and the shell exploded unexpectedly.

Chester Anjan' and Rupert Coffman returned from Portland Sunday. They have been working in the shipyards. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nator are spending their vacation in Portland. Orrin is staying with his grandmother, Mrs. Ella Wilson.

There was a large crowd at the sales Saturday. Everything brought a good price and everybody had a good time. Frank McFarland bought 7 hogs that were beauties. Mr. Hopper will move to Astoria.

Sig Ferguson went to Portland Monday. Beldon Medley went to Marshfield Monday.

Nierlitz Eddy has been promoted at Eugene to cashier of the American R. R. express company.

Arthur Dugan left Monday for Toledo. Arthur is sawyer in the sawmill there. Mrs. A. W. Ayers and daughter Virginia of Pendleton, came Monday to visit with Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Keithley. Mrs. Ayers is a cousin of Mr. Keithley. Mrs. Archie Connelly left Monday for eastern Oregon to visit her mother, who is an invalid.

Mrs. James Porter left Monday for Newport to spend several weeks.

Mrs. George Kerr and son George Jr. went to Newport Saturday.

Fred Tucker of Leona and his mother, Mrs. John Tucker, were up Sunday and went home in their new Chevrolet car which Fred purchased of the Woodson Brothers.

Miss Mary Cook who has been visiting Miss Joyce Testers, returned to her home Monday in Trent.

J. F. Treat returned to Mabel Monday after a visit with his mother, Mrs. Jas. Buchanan.

The F. M. Chapman sawmill at Divide burned Saturday morning at 4 o'clock. It is thought it caught from the burning

Grain Sacks WANTED

All I can get at the highest market price. Farmers' Implement & Poultry House, 936 Oak street. Phone 416.

Do you? Nearly all women think when a married man falls in love another than his wife, that the man is alone at fault, but more frequently it is a question rather than a fact. No, you say—well, see "Old Wives for New" at the Rex Wednesday and Thursday. #6

are visiting with Mr. Woodring's mother, Mrs. Dan Beck. Mrs. George Plank went to Marysville, Cal., Monday to visit.

T. L. Morall and family came Monday from Marshfield to keep a restaurant here.

D. H. Hemenway and wife leave Tuesday for Portland to be gone a month. Bessie Nichols left Monday for Eugene where her mother is ill.

Z. T. Foster and daughter, Mrs. F. M. Chapman, went to Eugene Monday to consult a doctor about Mr. Foster's health.

Francis Lacy returned from Grants Pass Sunday and is back at his old job clerking in Humphrey and Mackin's store.

Archie Thompson and Claude Stearns went to Eugene Monday on business. J. H. Free returned Sunday to his home in Portland. Mrs. Free remained for a longer visit with her mother, Mrs. William Haupt.

Orrin Woolley went to Marshfield Sunday to look after his property there. Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Keithley went to Malheur county Sunday.

Alvin Sharp, Minnie Sharp and Pearl Ashby, went to Portland Saturday. Lyman Yocoyee and Ralph Garatutte went to Marcola Sunday.

Otis Briggs who was hurt in the auto truck accident near Walker, and who has been in the hospital ever since, left Sunday for home with his sister, Miss Lennie, who has been his faithful nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Powell returned from Fort Stevens Saturday where they have been the past month visiting their two sons, Robin and Virgil who were in camp there. Mr. Powell says all the Cottage Grove boys left last Wednesday for France and that they were all wild to go.

The election of the new school director Monday to take the place of J. B. Protzman, who resigned recently, was conducted Monday at the high school.

Bert Swengel and wife returned Saturday from their trip to Vancouver, B. C. and report a grand time.

George Knowles and Mrs. Carrie Hemenway were entertained at dinner Sunday by Mrs. Ilma Benger.

WALTERTVILLE

Walterville, Or., Aug. 6.—Mrs. Chas. William went to Eugene Sunday evening to consult a physician about her hand which is badly swollen and very painful.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Wearin, Mrs. Stacy and family in company with Mr. and Mrs. Lester Stacy and family of Lebanon motored to Belknap Springs Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Wearin stayed over until Saturday evening.

The I. O. O. F. lodge held their regular semi-annual installation Saturday evening. About 35 Odd Fellows and Rebekahs from Eugene and Springfield were present and nearly fifty of the local I. O. O. F. Rebekahs and their families. Ice-cream and cake and coffee were served in the W. O. W. hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Dart Long motored from Lebanon Sunday and spent Sunday with Mrs. Stacy and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Page.

F. W. Page has been on the sick list the past week but is on the mend now. While working in the Wendling camp, Robert Hays received an injury to one of his knee caps caused by the block and tackle breaking and the line flying and striking him. He was taken to the hospital and came home Thursday afternoon. He will not be able to work again for a few days.

J. H. Devoe has been sick this week. There will be preaching next Sunday evening, Aug. 11th at the Walterville church at 8 o'clock by Rev. Spangler of Eugene. Every one is cordially invited to come.

Specials for Tomorrow

A reduction of ONE-FOURTH on all SILK FIBRE SWEATERS

Fancy weaves, all shades, no two alike. SUMMER PARASOLS—ONE-HALF price

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\$2.00 OREGON PENNANTS \$1.50.

INFANTS' HALF HOSE, silk lisle, tans only, two pairs 25c

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