

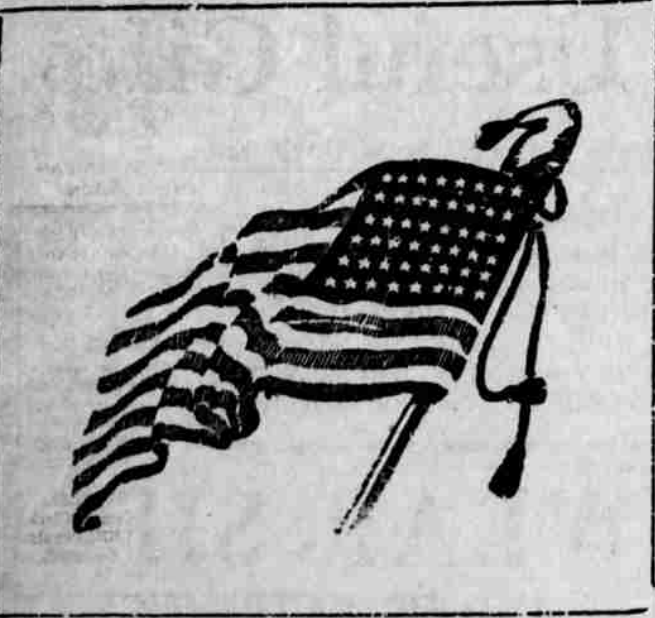
THE EUGENE DAILY GUARD PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY BY THE GUARD PRINTING COMPANY

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MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 21, 1918.



SHE MUST NOT ESCAPE

GERMANY, AT BAY, cannot, must not, escape the full penalty for her world-murder, world-rape, world-ravage. The strangle-hold which the Central Powers—through 40 years of cold-blooded premeditation and secret preparation—was able to fasten on civilized, commercial, peaceful nations, through sudden, unexpected assault, and the illegal, criminal abrogation of sacred treaties as "mere scraps of paper," has been lost forever.

Yesterday's "Deutschland uber Alles" and its threat of frightfulness have passed into oblivion.

By the grace of God, and the higher courage as well as the superior forces of America and her allies, this now harmless, meaningless "menace" has become the "Deutschland unter Alles" of today.

All possibility of the waging of victorious warfare by Germany has vanished.

Prussian militarism is at an end. The final sunset of pan-Germanism, the selfish, cruel, monstrous dream of the kaiser for world domination and "Mittel-Europa" has, at last, darkened the furthestmost corners of the fatherland in which it was so brutally conceived.

The successful, advancing, conquering warfare of Germany has given way to retrenchment, reverse tactics, "strategic retreat." Defeated by superior forces in the field and a higher, cleaner form of valor than Huns may ever know, she now turns, vanquished, from the fields of war, and resorts to campaigns of peace proposals, peace acceptances and discussions "to agree upon practical details of the application of these terms."

This is the real voice speaking in the latest acceptance of President Wilson's terms by Chancellor Maximilian "in the name of the German government and the German people."

The successful, advancing, victorious warfare of America and her allies is still on.

The promise to evacuate conquered territory, hurrying as it does fast on the heels of razed cities, burning villages and devastated territory having no possible military advantage, comes too late.

What is this so-called German government and German people? Is it the same authority which would sign acceptances of peace with the left hand while it shells lifeboats, filled with women and children, with the right?

There is absolutely nothing in the 14 provisions of President Wilson's address of January 8 to warrant any such frightful construction of his message. He demanded voluntary evacuation—not withdrawal and retirement, dictated alone by military necessity and self-preservation—before even giving consideration to any German peace proposal. Nor was there any promise of accepting the first offer of a hemmed-in and rapidly dissolving German empire.

President Wilson stated plainly, at that time, the conditions that must be accepted, and insisted that the responsibility, the full, properly accredited responsibility of those making the offer must be clearly established beyond all possibility of doubt.

A few days ago the president not only questioned the responsibility of Chancellor Max, but demanded indorsement of properly qualified and official recognized authorities to any future note of correspondence. The mere signature, "The German government and the German people," is so clearly an evasion that even the layman sees it at a glance. Addressed to the head of the American nation, it is nothing less than an added insult to Germany's long and vividly remembered list.

We entered this war from no selfish motive, but to end it properly and keep this world "a decent place to live in," as President Wilson so clearly stated.

We are still in this war and will continue until it is properly ended. Invincible on land and sea, as right is ever ultimately invincible, Germany need not hope to challenge our intelligence and integrity and escape the same inevitable reward that is her due. President Wilson will not so much as consider anything less. The slow to anger are invariably plenteous in wrath.

We do not want one American or allied soldier to die un-

necessarily. We cannot, will not, permit the millions who have made the great sacrifice to have died in vain.

Our duty to ruined Belgium, devastated France, threatened humanity, brought us into this frightful struggle at an appalling cost.

Our duty is not yet fully performed. Old Belgium, as nearly as may be, must be restored. The beautiful France of yesterday must be rebuilt. Poland must be free. All of the Russias must be returned to their rightful owners. There is much, very, very much, to be done.

It is impossible for Germany ever to pay her ghastly debt of the last four years. But an absolutely defeated, properly penitent Germany must pay every dollar for the full work of reparation, restoration, restitution, no matter how many generations yet unborn must be mortgaged to meet these unmistakable demands of justice.

The righteous war of America and the allies continues. Berlin is still our objective. Again, and yet again, "On to Berlin!"

A Story of Married Life REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

To Whom Did Dicky Telephone? "Is there anything the matter with our telephone, Margaret?"

Cousin Agatha asked the question hurriedly as she came in from the walk which she took every morning unless the weather was impossibly inclement. Her whole manner was full of suppressed excitement, and there was a speculatively curious look in her eyes I did not like, and that warned me to be careful in my answer.

"There may be," I replied non-committally. "I haven't had occasion to ask for a number this morning." I refrained from mentioning that Mrs. Durkee had telephoned to me but a few minutes before.

"Well, you will probably find out that there is," she said, "for as I went into the drug store just now, Richard was in a booth talking away like mad. He didn't notice me, and, of course, I didn't bother him."

"Oh, that wouldn't prove our 'phone was out of order," I countered smoothly. "If you had lived in the same house with Dicky long you would know that he is an inveterate telephone fiend. He went out for a walk a few minutes ago, and I suppose he thought of something he wished to say to some one in New York, and you know his impatience. He would never wait to come home. But I will test the telephone if you are worried about it."

I walked steadily to the telephone, took down the receiver and when I heard the operator murmur "Number" I said courteously:

"Will you give me the time please?"

"Nine forty-eight."

"Thank you." I hung up the receiver and faced Cousin Agatha's curious, crafty eyes.

"The telephone is all right, you see," I said with an indifferent air as if I could manage, and going to the table where I had laid my knitting I gathered it up and started leisurely up the stairs.

A Momentous Question.

I was conscious Cousin Agatha's eyes were fixed upon my retreating back, and I heard a malevolent sniff. But she didn't say anything more, for which I was truly grateful, and I reached the shelter of my room and locked the door behind me before throwing off the semblance of nonchalance I had so carefully assumed.

I laid my knitting down with hands that trembled in spite of my effort to keep them quiet and walking up to my mirror, looked into it as I mentally questioned myself. It is a queer habit of mine whenever I am troubled thus to face my own reflection as I study out my problems. It is to me as if the reflection in the mirror were a very real person, who could answer my questions.

There was but one question confronting me, but it was a momentous one:

Why had Dicky rushed to a telephone as soon as he could get out of the house, after telling me that he couldn't reach by telephone the people with whom he had an engagement for the evening.

but must acquaint them by a note of his change of plans?

There was only one answer, there could be but one. He did not wish me to know the identity of the people with whom he had the engagements.

That it was an engagement by very much wished to keep, I knew from the manner in which he had received my announcement that Mrs. Durkee and her son were coming over to spend the evening with us before Alfred's departure for the officers' training camp at Pittsburg. He had been very much put out at the thought of their coming, although the Durkees are old friends of his, and he is very fond of both Mrs. Durkee and her son.

There were two possible explanations of Dicky's behavior, and neither of them was calculated to bring anything but humiliation and sorrow to me. The person with whom he had the engagement, and whose identity he was carefully shielding from me, must be either Grace Draper or Edith Fairfax. Dicky knew that I didn't object to his having social engagements which did not include me, indeed, to have accompanied him to the "parties" of some of his studio acquaintances would have bored me infinitely. While he did not make a practice of going out socially without me, yet there had been a number of occasions when he had done so, and he always told me all about his plans.

Can It Be.

Grace Draper's name had not been mentioned between us for many months. If it hadn't been for the recent photograph of her I had found tucked into the box of Dicky's possessions which was hidden behind the rafters of the Brennan house from where we had moved I should not have thought of her in connection with this strange behavior of Dicky's, dangerous as she undoubtedly was, determined to make trouble between Dicky and me, as I knew her to be.

Dicky's friendship with Edith Fairfax, the Virginia art student, whose studio was in the same building with his, had grieved and had annoyed me by the secrecy which Dicky had seen fit to throw around it. But as I looked at myself in the mirror I knew I would give a great deal to be assured that the person to whom my husband was telephoning was pretty, inoffensive Edith Fairfax.

I did not dare analyze the fear that consumed me as I faced the possibility of Dicky's again meeting the woman I so dreaded. It involved something far more important than even the stability of Dicky's love for me. I was very sure that Grace Draper was in the employ of our country's enemies. My husband had shown a curious apathy, or so I had imagined, toward the entry of America into the world war. With a little shudder I flung my hands over my face as I stood in front of the looking glass. I couldn't look into the reflection of my own eyes and see the terrified doubt mirrored there!

LANE COUNTY NEWS

FLORENCE

Florence, Ore., Oct. 19.—Miss Jennie Rie has resigned her position at the central office and expects to go to Portland soon. Miss Sara Anderson has taken her place.

Rev. I. M. Boyles came here Saturday. He will preach at the Presbyterian church.

John Mickle, a dairyman from Maple creek, was in town Saturday.

Frank Johnson had his arm burned at the cannery Saturday.

William Karnowsky went to Eugene Tuesday to take his physical examination.

Ernest Walker went to Gardiner Saturday on business connected with the mill.

John Cumption was among the arrivals at Florence Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fox came in from Portland to spend a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Nelson came here Tuesday from Salem on account of the illness of Mrs. Nelson's brother.

Olaf Rice returned Sunday from Eugene.

COTTAGE GROVE

Cottage Grove, Ore., Oct. 20.—Mrs. J. D. Mercereau, mother of Mrs. A. L. Van Orsdal, and Mrs. E. L. Martindale, her sister, came Sunday from Clinton, Iowa, to make a visit. Mrs. Mercereau will make her home with Mrs. Van Orsdal, her daughter.

Mrs. J. J. Weeden returned Sunday from Eugene accompanied by her daughter, Eva who has been taking treatments. Miss Eva is much improved and will go to Eugene every week for treatment. Mrs. Jennie Fishburn received a letter

from Henry Hansen of Camp Lewis thanking her for a sweater she had knitted and enclosed her card.

Fred Jacobs came up from Curtin Sunday.

Basil Parker and family motored over from Dexter Sunday and visited Mrs. Parker's mother, Mrs. S. E. McKinney and Mr. Parker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Parker.

Mary Dwyer went to Oakland Sunday.

Ralpo Steinmetz was in town Sunday from Mill City visiting the Isaac Ritchey family.

Mrs. Earl McHenry and children went to Eugene Sunday.

Mrs. Elmer Beager, Mrs. Carrie Homeway, Bonetta Beager and Thelma Kem hiked Saturday to Herman Rudolph's west of town and secured some splendid grapes.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burton spent the week-end in Cottage Grove returning to their home in Eugene Sunday.

Louie Groves was called to Centralia Sunday by the illness of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lammers and son Eugene motored to Foley Springs Saturday. Mrs. Lammers has rheumatism. Eugene returned Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Harrell and children returned Sunday from Anlauf where they visited Mrs. Harrell's mother, Mrs. Allen.

News was received stating the death of Sidney Hamlin Sr., who underwent an operation in Portland for rupture and passed away as he was too old to withstand the shock. Mr. Hamlin was 57 years old.

Frank Sears, a Cottage Grove boy, died at Camp Fremont Friday from Spanish influenza. His mother, Mrs. Kate Sears went to see him, but he died before she could reach him.

Mrs. Lizzie Veatch Churchhill came Sunday from Portland to attend the funeral of her grandfather, Vess Veatch,

M.J.B. Coffee Why?



Best Coffee at any price

You can make more cups of good coffee with less M. J. B. than with any other coffee.

Ground just right to make the best cup of coffee.

Blended from the finest flavored coffees grown in the world.

Thoroughly aged before it is roasted.

Quality never changes.

It's the most economical. It goes further.

Vacuum Packed by Special Process to Preserve its strength and flavor.

It Reaches You Fresh

EVERY CAN GUARANTEED

CLEAR LAKE

Clear Lake, Oct. 21.—Mrs. Wm. G. Turkington made a flying business trip to Eugene Saturday.

Lee Heitzman is doing some farming on the Cal Young farm near Santa Clara.

Mrs. Reeves is on the sick list with a bad cold.

Mr. W. E. Purkerson made a business trip to Irving Monday.

Mrs. James Humphrey and daughter Inez were Eugene visitors Wednesday.

Mr. Wm. G. Turkington returned home Thursday from Kansas, where he went to attend the funeral of his brother.

Mr. W. P. Lord and family motored to Eugene Thursday.

Misses Mary and Rose Smith were afternoon guests at the Purkerson home one day last week. They will leave with their parents for their new home at La Grande Sunday.

Mr. Perry went up near Spencer butte after apples Friday.

WINBERRY.

Winberry, Ore., Oct. 21.—"Uncle Milt Veatch of Trent visited his daughter, Mrs. A. J. Renfro last week.

Mae Renfro stayed with Mrs. Ira D. Hyland last week, while Mr. Hyland went to the mountains after his cattle.

Frank Blair and A. L. Stewart left Friday for the mountains to get Mr. Blair's cattle.

DIED AT FLORENCE

Alec Nelson, of Salem, died at the six of whom are living: Hamilton Veatch, home of E. S. Wooden at Florence, October 17, after a short illness.

He came here for an outing at the cape, and took a severe cold which resulted in pneumonia. The remains were shipped to Salem Friday.

With one million books already overseas the American Library association is seeking to increase this supply to meet the demand of the American soldiers. \$3,500,000 of the \$170,500,000 to be raised in the united war work campaign will be used for this purpose.

Overseas in the rest camps the secretaries of the Y. M. C. A., K. of C., Salvation Army and Jewish Welfare Board state that soldiers are hungry for books. The American Library Association is supplying this need.

The Wonderful Call When Baby Comes

Like the Blast of Heavenly Trumpet When Call of Motherhood is Felt.



Of all the most vital times in a woman's life the coming of baby is fraught with the greatest meaning. Care should be exercised to insure that the crisis is passed in safety. Appreciation is avoided by the timely use of Mother's Friend, a preparation of penetrating oils and medicinal ingredients which renders the muscles, cords, tendons and ligaments pliable, and thus tension is avoided. The usual nervousness, nausea, bearing-down and stretching pains are counteracted and the period is one of calm repose.

The broad, flat abdominal muscles relax with ease, and when baby comes the time at the crisis is less and pain and danger is avoided. Thousands of women for half a century have used this penetrating external application, prepared especially for expectant mothers, and every woman awaiting the crisis should give nature a helping hand. Write the Braddell Regulator Company, Dept. F, Lamar Building, Atlanta, Georgia, for their Motherhood Book, of great value to all women, and obtain a bottle of Mother's Friend from the druggist and begin its application regularly night and morning.



New Today!

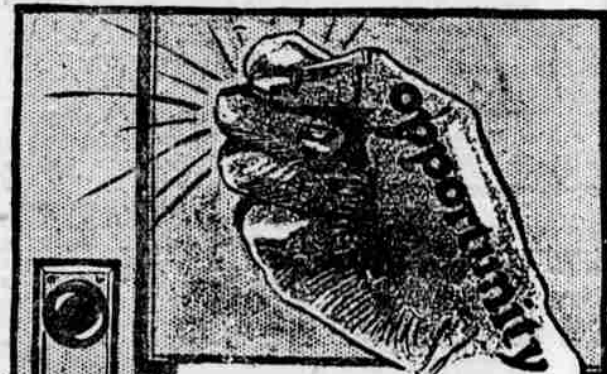
Women's Coats Women's Dresses Crepe Waists Draperies, big Line Gordon Hats Men's Overcoats Children's Serge Dresses Women's and Children's Sport Sets, Caps and Scarfs

Another Lane Pioneer Laid to Rest at Cottage Grove

Cottage Grove, Ore., Oct. 21.—The funeral of Vess Veatch was held Sunday afternoon and the remains were laid to rest in the Masonic cemetery. Owing to the restrictions regarding public gatherings, the services were private.

and crossed the plains in 1853 and was married shortly after reaching Oregon to Miss Lizzie Knox, who crossed the plains in the same wagon train with him in 1854. He located on the farm where he died. Seven children bless this union six of whom are living: Hamilton Veatch, Mrs. Margaret Martin, Herbert Veatch, Curtis Veatch, Mrs. Lucy Thomas and Mrs. Dora Martin.

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Knocking at your door.

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PHONE 19

LOOK

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