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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13

PARAGRAPHS

(By Robert Quinlan)

It was high living that put us up in the air.

For that matter, you can't keep a good man's salary down.

The only things that last forever are the human soul and expenses.

When a book agent calls, the line of least resistance is the dotted line.

The next sporting event will be a contest between knickers and knickers.

These strange "isms" men fall for usually have some of the quality of mesmerism.



When a man grows about the house at night, barking his shins against chairs, he has a greatly increased respect for the profession of burglary.

The infant comes into the world burdened with original sin and his share of the war debt.

The admonition to love our neighbors was spoken long before the invention of the saxophone.

Even with ammunition as high as it is, the usual amount will be wasted in shooting at guides.

A subscriber asks: "Should one say: 'I've taken a drink'?" One should not. Braggins is never in good taste.

Still, a Klansman need not ask concerning a dealer's religion before buying tar and feathers from him.

"The horse," says a writer, "belongs to the era of romance and good fellowship." Especially the brewery horse.



Every mother of children suspects that one of the signs on the Pearly Gates reads: "No landfills."

We have no aristocratic lines in this free country; only the headlines distinguish the great from the common-place.

The fact that the Russian mile is called a verst is responsible for some of the verbiage perpetrated in recent years.

Another advantage in smoking a pipe is that you don't hear so many sarcastic remarks about dropping ashes on the floor.

There is some quality in De Valera's notes that leads us to believe he could make a great success as a collection agency.

The weakness of the theory that a family of five can't live on less than \$1500 a year is the fact that several million do.

Senator Reed says he knows farmers who have more sense than senators. Which reminds us that it is possible to damn with faint praise.

RIPPLING RHYMES

(By Walt Mason)

CUTTING EXPENSES
"We must cut down expenses," says Warren G. and thus he charms the senses of this taxpaying crowd; beneath our load we've drifted, and hoped to see it shifted; we'd like to see it lifted before we draw a shroud; "the tax collector's lurking to take our roll away; he watches what we're earning, tax hunger in him burning, and when from work returning, he jumps us for our pay. What is the use of saving? the weary workers cry: 'of pinching and of slaving, to put a bundle by; the tax collector's waiting, his zeal is not abating, we hear his teeth gnashing, he jostles us as pigs.' The heavy burden never will from our shoulders drop unless there's an endeavor to make expenses stop; the foolish bonedhead spending, the wanton waste mending; and Warren's slogan's leading some hope to souls that flop. 'We must cut down expenses!' No wiser word's been sprung since Adam built his fences, when this old world was young; until that creed is taken, and wasteful ways forsaken, we still must lose our bacon, by tax collectors' stung."

Walt Mason's "Rippling Rhymes" is registered in pharmacy at Oregon Agricultural college.

WOMEN AND ADVERTISING

Women undoubtedly are brighter in some respects than men—we'll have to admit that. An illustration is the admitted fact that they are closer readers of newspaper advertisements and as a consequence more judicious buyers. And in this connection one of our exchanges calls attention to Bradstreet's discovery that 84 per cent of the failures in America are concerns or individuals who never advertise. While there are some concerns that advertise that are failures, nevertheless practically all of the progressive rapidly growing concerns in this country, whether private or co-operative, are extensive advertisers.

Advertising is one form of salesmanship. It is a safeguard against failure. It is a form of insurance. It enables one if they have established a reputation for standard goods, to continually reach the consumer, to keep the consumer sold, and to continually interest new consumers in the product. Recent figures that we have read regarding women and advertising are of great interest.

For example, over 70 per cent of the merchandise of this country is bought by women; 48 per cent of the drugs, 41 per cent of the automobiles, 87 per cent of all the foods and market products, 96 per cent of all dry goods, 49 per cent of the hardware and house furnishings. Not only that, women buy 11 per cent of the men's clothing, and help buy an additional 22 per cent, or a total of 34 per cent of the men's clothing is purchased by women.

Men as purchasers lead in relatively few lines. They buy 36 per cent of the newspapers, 28 per cent of the dogs, 24 per cent of the phonographs, and 60 per cent of the boxed candy.

Women, it must be admitted, on the basis of these figures, are a very important factor in the success or failure of the average commercial undertakings.

BUYING A PIG IN A POKE

We endorse the view taken by the Salem Capital Journal when it says that under the plan proposed by the promoters of the Portland 1925 exposition, the people are asked to vote five million dollars in increased taxation to be expended by an organization not yet created, upon a site not yet selected. Who will head the fair and handle the money is not yet known—though the success or failure of the project depends upon the personnel of the managers.

The plan calls for a special election in the city of Portland to vote two million dollars city taxes for the fair. When these taxes are voted, an effort will be made to raise by private subscription, \$1,000,000. As soon as half of this amount is subscribed, the exposition company will proceed to organize and elect officers and managers. Then the people of the state will be asked to vote \$3,000,000 in increased taxes, the entire \$5,000,000 of tax money to be spent by those who subscribe the first half million of capital stock. The taxpayers who put up the \$5,000,000 have no voice or say, save to juggle up the coin.

This is not a business proposition, continues the Capital Journal. The idea of voting millions of money without knowing who is to spend it, and being denied a voice in the expenditure does not appeal to any business man, and no one could be found endorsing such a wild cat scheme in private enterprise. How can it appeal to taxpayers?

If the exposition promoters had first put up their million, and then appealed to taxpayers, the latter would at any rate know who was going to spend the money and know whether the managers are worthy of such trust. But the promoters are playing a confidence game and the taxpayers asked to buy a pig in a poke.

Admiral Mayo made an address to a social club in Portland one day this week, during which he expressed the opinion that the coming disarmament conference would end in talk. He said: "I do not want to make a prophecy, but I might call to your attention that they have been holding disarmament conferences since 100 years ago." The admiral will no doubt prove a true prophet in this instance; the disarmament conference is an attempt made to square themselves with the people by the politicians who murdered the League of Nations to Enforce Peace. Its promoters do not expect it to accomplish anything tangible in the way of results.

A victory for the co-operative movement in buying and marketing was gained this week in the decision handed down by the San Francisco court of appeals, affirming the decision of the commission, that 88 California retail grocers were permitted to buy from manufacturers direct. The grocers organized the Los Angeles Grocery company to buy groceries from manufacturers. Jobbers and wholesalers protested and threatened to quit handling the products of manufacturers who dealt with the 88 grocers. The federal trade commission found that the jobbers were in effect conspiring in restraint of trade and decreed that the 88 grocers did, in fact, constitute jobbers to themselves. The court has now upheld that verdict.

Funny how all the newspapers which abused President Wilson for taking part in the Paris peace conference because its sessions were secret are now arguing that the coming disarmament conference should be held behind closed doors. Secret diplomacy is now the right and proper thing and the only way that anything can actually be accomplished in the direction of world peace, the former advocates of "open diplomacy" are telling us.

Judge Ben Lindsey says the real test of the enforcement of the eighteenth amendment is whether the rich can be made to respect the law. Of course the judge knows the movie actors and actresses come within that classification.

There has so far been spent on the Columbia river highway \$11,912,210.40. And the Oregonian gravely informs its readers that Portland has received nothing from the state highway fund, although it is naturally the largest contributor to that fund through taxes and automobile licenses.

The average "per capita" tax in Oregon cities is \$45.69. The tax in Ashland, \$34; in Albany \$39; in Corvallis \$26.46; in Eugene \$41; in McMinnville \$37; in Pendleton \$37; Astoria \$50; Oregon City \$37; Klamath Falls \$35; The Dalles \$34; Tillamook \$36; Bend \$30; Baker \$32; LaGrande \$39; Medford \$44.

There is a move on foot to make Columbus Day a national holiday. Good idea, that is if there are any days on the calendar not already designated as holidays.

Evidently, the railroad managers are afraid the initial cut of 12 per cent in railroad wages will not result in a strike. They are preparing for a still deeper cut.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

(Salem Capital Journal)
Announcement is made of the suspension of the Klamath Falls Record, started a few months ago to provide a second daily newspaper for southern central Oregon. This is the third new Oregon daily to suspend in as many weeks, previous suspensions being the Southwestern Oregon News, formerly the Record at Marshfield, and the Daily Clarion at Medford.

ing the newspaper business. So much money is required that it is no longer possible for the fly-by-night irresponsible promoter to capitalize the grudges, prejudices and politics of a community and start a newspaper on a shoestring. The average investor who is induced to contribute towards establishing a newspaper has no comprehension of the costs of publishing in these days of high wage scales, high priced paper and materials. Everything utilized in the making of newspapers must be purchased in a trust controlled market, while the product must take its chances with the people. In other words, the newspaper has become a business proposition but differs from other businesses in that it must also reflect the idealism of the community. It must not only be well managed, but must also represent the best interests, voice the progressive spirit and stand for the welfare of the people it serves and not be the mouthpiece or organ of special interests or factions, seeking selfish advantage, under pretense of filling a long felt want.

THE GIRL WHO HAD NO CHANCE

By MARION RUBINMAN

SENTIMENT
Chapter 71
"Don't call the others just yet," her father said.
"Do you feel well enough to talk? Don't you think you'd better sleep?" Ruth asked, though she knew in her heart that the next sleep was the long, mysterious one, from which he would not come back—for her.
"I feel all right. You can call Mary in, and the nurses and the doctor, too, if you want to; but not for a few moments. I'd like—just to lie here and hold your hand awhile."
"Yes," Ruth whispered, patting the hand, her voice ready to choke again.
"I used to grieve because you were deprived of all the nice things a girl should have—because I was so careless when I was young. I had money enough to send you to college, to send you at least to the city, when you wanted so much to go."
"I'm glad I didn't," Ruth insisted. "I'd rather stay here with you."
"But I was always a fool with money. Everything I bought turned out a fake. You have your mother's sense; I'm glad of that. You'll be a great success, where I was a great failure. Look what you're doing—you are taking a dead town and making it a live one, and you are building a city where there were only fields."
"I'm only helping," Ruth said, her curious shyness coming out again.
"Ruth," he said, after a silence.
"Yes, Father."
"Did you care very much for Tim?" Ruth thought rapidly. Then she lied bravely.
"I did at the time, but I've been all over it long ago."
"I'm glad of that. I wish you liked Williams—but there are plenty of good men. I hope you marry some one worthy of you, sometime."
There was silence again. Ruth felt her hand tremble, as she held tight to her father—tightly enough, she felt subconsciously, to keep him from slipping away from her.
"Ruth," he said, whimsically, after a time. "It's always seemed to me, in reading the lives of great men, that they say a lot of bromide things on their deathbeds. I'm not great, but I shouldn't do that at least. I'd rather die saying nothing—but I want to talk to Mary a moment. You can phone Lane, while she's in here, then get the nurse. Though it's no use. In the morning—"
The voice stopped from weakness. Ruth, half fainting from anxiety and nervousness, did as her father asked.
And as he said, in the morning he was no more.

As was to be expected, Mrs. O'Neil kept her head and attended to all the many practical details that follow the passing of a life from this earth. She turned the care of the house over to

little Mrs. Belding, and herself took charge of all the necessary funeral preparations. Ruth, who had collapsed half way through the morning, was not given anything to do. Mrs. O'Neil even sent the telegram—Mrs. O'Neil who had to be told, for once sparing no expense to "do the thing right," as she expressed it.

Langley came in the evening. Ruth was lying on the couch in the big living room—the funeral was to be held in the long unused "parlor" on the other side of the house. Mrs. Belding had built a fire of logs, and the girl was on the couch before its warmth. Langley stretched his great length in an armchair nearby.

They did not talk for a while. That was one of the things she enjoyed most about this unsentimental comrade of hers—the long periods of silence that brought no embarrassment to either of them.

She watched him now as the firelight played over his face. It made his uneven profile look still more irregular because it threw strange lights and shadows on his features. Shadows were in the hollows of his cheeks, around the eyes—the small eyes that were so keen and intelligent. The light made his blonde hair still brighter—he wore it even longer these days, and a familiar gesture was to run his fingers through it, brushing it straight back from his high forehead.

"Silly and feminine to go to pieces like this," Ruth mused.
"Perfectly natural result of a silly and feminine attempt to work all day and sit up all night," he answered, a little brutally.
"But I had to sit up. The nurse all day—mother couldn't all night—"
"You worked all day?"
"In spite of herself, the tears came to her eyes. She was too weak and too nervously worn to keep them back. The man was out of his chair and over to her couch in an instant. His arms were around her; he pulled her close against him.

"You poor little kid! I'm a beast to have said that."
"No you were right. I did overwork, and I knew I could not keep it up—only I liked sitting with Father at night—and I'm glad I did, because I saw a little more of him—"
The tears, once started, could not be checked.
"Go on and cry; it's the best thing to do," Langley said, his arms still around her. Ruth found herself curled up on his lap as though she were a small child, while he sat in the corner of the couch. Her head was hidden against his shoulder and in some fashion one of his big and perfectly competent handkerchiefs was in her hands.

"Go on and cry," he said. "It won't hurt; it will do you good."

Tomorrow—New Plans

IN OUR SCHOOL

By PAUL WEST

THURSDAY
Oh, when they lay me in my grave
Down in the ground so cool,
There's one satisfaction anyhow,
I won't never have to go to school.

(Chevieve Hicks' Most beautiful poem.)
He having said Hen Van Ness' want about exchanging his pet snake for something else alive, Steve Hardy brought his huge-broke snapping turtle, Elfie, to school for the swap. Being called to the board Steve took Elfie out his pocket and hid her in his desk. Fatty Bel-lows, who sits behind him, thought Steve was hiding something to eat, so he reached over and felt around with his hand. Miss Palmer says if Fatty's train down a little, he'd give some of those baby dancers a race for their reputa-tion. Fatty says he don't care if his finger was must bit off—it kept him from getting a licking; but Steve's mad because when the excitement was over, Elfie was missing.

Bolivar Haines came back to school today, he not having been lucky enough to catch the measles from his little sister. Tough luck, Bol!

Miss Palmer sent Ex. Brigham into the washroom to wash his hands, and Ex. left the water going. Our esteemed janitor, Blinky Hammond, was taking a nap down the cellar and when he woke up, the water was a foot deep all around him. Blinky wanted Miss Palmer to

lick whoever done it, but she said maybe it would teach Blinky to stay awake during business hours.

A MYSTERIOUS CAPTIVE
Short-Leg Milliken, our worthy truant officer, arrived with a feller he'd caught up on Main street, and wanted to know what else he was out of. Miss Palmer looked the feller over and said she'd never saw him, and so did the other teachers. The feller told Short-Leg he was often a usual boat from the canal, but Short-Leg wouldn't believe him and says he's going to hang onto him till he finds out what school he's playing hook jack from.

DRAMATIC NEWS
The man was round at recess giving out handbills for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Opera House tonight. Hen Van Ness, Fatty Bel-lows and Ex. Brigham got jobs leading blood hounds in the street parade.

WHO WANTS TO JOIN?
Andy Anderson is getting up a Great Crew to go after buried treasures. Any feller white wants to join will please meet Chief Andy and say so. First meeting of the Crew after Sun. school, next Sunday.

MYSTERY SOLVED!
Short-Leg Milliken has found out who the mysterious feller was he captured up on Main street. The feller's father came round looking for him and licked the face off Short-Leg.

UNIVERSITY NOTES
Keith Kiggins, a former University of Oregon student, is working as the Red Cross representative on the Oregon and Washington "clean-up" squad of the newly formed Veterans Bureau which is endeavoring to clear up all claims of ex-service men. The claims vary from those for physical disability to adjustments of transportation.

Kiggins graduated from the University of Oregon ordinance school in 1917, and during the war was in the largest ordinance depot in France. He held the rank of first lieutenant at the time of his discharge.

In accordance of the new policy of the war department to keep army officers abreast of the times by sending them to institutions of higher learning, Lieutenant William Tow has been assigned to the University of Oregon and is now taking a course in the social sciences.

Lieutenant Tow was formerly commanding officer of the old 324 Infantry, which has now become a part of the Infantry, stationed at Vancouver, Wash. He has degrees from both the University of Kansas and Montana Western.

More than 500 men are enrolled in the E. O. T. C. unit of the University of Oregon this year. Completion of a four-year course in the military department makes a student eligible for a reserve commission.

The first issue of Lemon Punch, campus humorous magazine of the University of Oregon, will appear at the time of Homecoming week-end, November 18-19. This publication, which was organized last year, has already won national recognition and both Life and Judge have used original material first published in it. Six numbers will be published during the coming year.

More than 700 University of Oregon students have joined the University Co-operative Association, under whose management a store carrying textbooks, stationery and other student supplies is run. At the end of the year the members of the association receive dividends on all their purchases. In two days last week more business was done than during the whole year of 1916-17, according to M. F. McClain, manager.

Universal Electric, Rangor, heaters, Bailey Electric Co., 510 Wilhelmsen, St. Phone 254.
Phone S. E. Stevens for Piano Tuning.

Hampton's

Ninth Street

9 Every morning from 9 to 12 there are special bargains offered at Hampton's. You make money by buying here early.

12

Boat Collars

The very latest thing in collars for ladies and misses. Sell regularly at 35c. Buy them here from 9 to 12 at 20c.

Union Suits

Ladies' fleece lined union suits. Broken lines that are selling at a sacrifice. Buy them from 9 to 12 at 59c.

Children's Outing Gowns

Here is an exceptional opportunity to get the kiddies some real warm outing gowns at a price lower than you can buy the material alone. Sold formerly at \$1.00 to \$1.50. Buy them here from 9 to 12 at 59c.

The New Suits

We're keeping our stock of Ladies' Suits and Coats right up-to-the-minute. Another shipment came yesterday by express. They are new, they have the right lines and the colors are very popular. Come in and you will be surprised at the low price.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE WHITES.
"We fly about and aren't in the least bit proud," said the White Butterfly.
"The same is true of us," said the Orange-Tip Butterfly.
"And we aren't in the least proud, either," said the Yellow Butterfly.
"It is so silly to be proud," said the White Butterfly. "No one has any pleasure out of it. We'd much rather be about and be quite friendly and sociable."

"We don't care if we are considered rather unusual. We're glad of it. Gracious, children, are quite unusual and they are pleasant creatures, except when they collect us. And grown-ups, too, have collected us."

"We don't like any one to collect us. We fly about and like to be admired, but we don't like to be caught. No one would care to be caught, I'm sure."

"If we could catch people and put them in nets they wouldn't like it. Or if we could catch them and put them in hats they wouldn't like it, either. It is most dreadfully cruel."

"And as for people who ever fasten us to boxes or mats with pins, well, the cruelty of such people I cannot understand."

"How people can want to take us from the sunshine and the flowers and capture us and see our beautiful wings quite, quite still, is beyond us."

"We like to fly about in the sunshine and we like to have them care to see us."

"One doesn't want to be caught because one is admired."

"We would rather not be admired than have that happen."

"We like to be sociable and friendly. We like to be about and let people know we're glad to be about."

"But we want to be allowed to enjoy the sunshine and the flowers and the beautiful, beautiful summer days without having to struggle, and then to keep quite still because our butterfly life has gone."

"We would like to make a petition or a speech urging people not to be unkind or cruel to us."

"All the butterflies would sign it and it would read something like this: 'People, Attention! We, the butterflies of the sunny world, ask you to watch us and admire us and look at us and get to know us by name.'

"But we beg of you not to catch us and make collections of us."

"We beg you to leave us in the lovely sunshine and to let our wings be quite free."

"That is what we would like to beg of people."

"But," continued the White Butterfly, "we want to talk of something else that is more cheerful, so I don't believe we will be caught."

"People will see that we are too happy, and that it would be very unkind to hurt our little butterfly wings."

"They wouldn't want us to hold their legs so they couldn't run or skip

or jump. They wouldn't like that at all. But I was going to talk of something cheerful."

"Yes," said the Orange-Tip, "we must talk of the sunshine and of the flowers. We must talk, too, of how beautiful we have become and that once we were only little greenish worms with fuzzy hair growing over us which could hardly be seen."

"And we must tell people that we all belong to the one big family of Whites. Yes, we, the Orange-Tips are cousins."

"And we are cousins, too," said the Yellow Butterfly.

"People can see lots of us all summer long," the Yellow Butterfly continued. "There are certainly plenty of us about, plenty of us. And we like to fly about in the lovely sunshine."

"The sunshine keeps our yellow wings so bright and the sun keeps them polished by his wonderful Sun Ray Polish."

"Oh, yes, we're about most of the time. We're not unusual, but we're happy, gay, flying, flower-slipping butterflies. We are indeed. And we hope to be gay and happy for some time to come."

Whiskers Ticked Her.
"Why, Dorothy," said the mother of a bright little miss, "aren't you going to kiss papa good-by? He will be gone a week."

"I don't likes to kiss him," was the reply, "t'oz him's dot spwinters in him's face."

MARSHFIELD PAPER SOLD
Marshfield, Ore., Oct. 13.—The entire plant, including machinery, subscription list and good will of the Southwestern Oregon Daily News and Evening Record, has been sold to the Bennett Trust company, holders of first mortgage on the plant for \$5,000. There were only two bids made on the property, one by M. C. Maloney, for \$4,500 which he considered a fair cash value for the plant, and J. C. Kennell, acting for the Bennett Trust company, bid \$5,000 and they were declared the purchasers.

It is understood this sale wipes out all interests of stockholders and creditors and leave the Bennett Trust company as trustee in possession as sole owners. The Zellerbach Paper company, which held a second mortgage for \$1,000 and an open book account for several hundred dollars, it was understood, would have a representative present, but he did not show up.

The Newberg post of the American Legion is planning to erect a building with clubroom, offices, dining room, kitchen, etc., and an auditorium suitable for all kinds of public meetings.

Try This for Indigestion.
Foley Cathartic Tablets are just the thing for constipation. Their action is wholesome and thoroughly cleansing, without griping, nausea or inconvenience. They banish headache, biliousness, bloating, gas, bad breath, coated tongue and other symptoms of disordered digestion. Mrs. H. J. Marchand, 30 Lawrence St., Salem, Mass., writes: "I used Foley Cathartic Tablets for constipation with good results. I keep them in the house." Sold Everywhere.

BETTER THAN CALOMEL
Thousands Have Discovered Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a Harmless Substitute

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the substitute for calomel—are a mild but sure laxative, and their effect on the liver is almost instantaneous. These little olive-colored tablets are the result of Dr. Edwards' determination not to treat liver and bowel complaints with calomel. They prevent little tablets do the good that calomel does, but have no bad after effects. They don't injure the teeth like strong brands of calomel. They take hold of the trouble and quickly correct it. Why cure the liver at the expense of the teeth? Calomel sometimes plays havoc with the gums. So do strong laxatives. It is best not to take calomel. Let Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets take its place.

Headaches, "dullness" and that lary feeling come from constipation and a disordered liver. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets when you feel "lousy" and "heavy." They "clear" clouded brain and "perk up" the spirits. 15c and 30c.



"One Big Family."