

**The Eugene Daily Guard**  
Published Every Evening Except Sunday  
By the  
**Guard Printing Co.**  
Eika's Building, 58-78 Seventh Ave. West  
CHAS. H. FISHER J. E. SHELTON

Telephone:  
19—Business Office.  
1200—Editorial Rooms.

Foreign Representatives:  
Ralph R. Mulligan, 30 E. 42nd Street,  
New York City.  
C. J. Anderson, Marquette Building,  
Chicago, Ill.  
Edwin C. Williams, Hobart Building,  
San Francisco, Cal.

**FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF  
UNITED PRESS ASSOCIATIONS**

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
By carrier, per year in advance, \$5.00  
By carrier, per month, .50  
By mail, in Lane County, per year, \$4.00

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21.

### COL. HOUSE FOR OPEN DIPLOMACY

Colonel E. M. House was a participant in the making of the Versailles treaty of peace. He is fully informed in the ways of treaty-writing according to the custom of European nations, whose influence dominated the session that formed the last chapter of the world war. The American representatives were parties to that pact agreed upon in secret session, although they were personally in favor of full publicity. Evidently the colonel is more than ever convinced that the day of secret diplomacy is past, as the following statement from his own pen appears in a recent issue of Collier's Weekly:

"The man or nation standing for what is right and just has nothing to fear from publicity. I was a sympathetic observer of the handicaps under which the correspondents in Paris endeavored to keep the world informed of the negotiations incident to the framing of the treaty of Versailles. I believe I thoroughly appreciate the advantages and disadvantages of open or closed sessions of international conferences. It is my opinion that the advantages to be found in open sessions far outweigh the disadvantages. The diplomats of the world must begin to think in terms of open sessions. The people of the world are entitled to know the motives and the arguments that govern decisions in matters vital to their welfare.

"Private conferences or committee meetings may be expected and accepted as entirely proper under the plan of open sessions, but when representatives of nations gather about the table in the future, to act officially in matters meaning the life and happiness of millions of men, women and children, these millions are entitled to representation through the press."

### ACTS FOR WAR—TALKS FOR PEACE

Former Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, along with Elihu Root, Chas. E. Hughes, Former Attorney General Wickersham and hundreds of other prominent republican party leaders were among the founders of the League of Nations to Enforce Peace. It had been a hobby with Roosevelt long before the great war, as the only effective way of preventing destructive war. President Harding and the men around him in the administration of the government had an opportunity to accept and perfect this concrete plan for making war an impossibility in the future—and they rejected it. Instead of doing something definite, the president goes around to public gatherings and rolls out a lot of high-sounding, empty sentences about the desirability of world union and peace—and then helps club big army and navy appropriations through congress in order to bolster up the same old law of might between nations which has deluged the world with blood so many times in the history of the human race.

At the College of William and Mary last Wednesday, President Harding made one of his characteristic addresses in which he said the United States and Great Britain had consecrated a long-time friendship by association in the common sacrifices of the world war and found themselves "arrayed together" in a trusteeship for the preservation of civilization. He spoke also a word of gratitude for the aid given by France in the revolution and declared the time had come for world-wide co-operation and amity among nations. Then he closed with this peroration, which the reader may interpret as he chooses, or as his peculiar mentality might suggest—it means anything or nothing, but probably sounded all right delivered with florid oratorical fervor.

"In the sober circumspection, retrospection and introspection of these crucial times, we do believe there is sanity and urgent need in bringing the best thought of all great peoples into understanding and co-operative endeavor which shuns the alliances in arms and strengthens the concord of peace, so that each may realize its rightful destiny and contribute its utmost to human advancement and attending human happiness."

Is it the idea at Eugene that the Columbia river highway should not have been built? Or, if built, that it should have somehow avoided Multnomah county and Portland?—Oregonian.

No, in answer to both questions. Most of us were willing that the Columbia river highway should be built, although a good many hundreds of thousands were probably wasted in ornamental frills; it is Portland's eternal repetition of the statement that she gets nothing from the state highway funds that disgusts up-state taxpayers, when the whole road system radiates out of Portland and has been constructed according to the program mapped out by that city's representative on the highway board. The Guard has always been willing to accord to Portland the lion's share of the road funds, because that could not be prevented, anyway; but it has sought to impress upon the people that \$12,000,000 for the Columbia highway should suffice for the present, and that the extension of Portland's scenic road system, known as the Mount Hood loop, should await the completion of the Pacific highway and construction of needed all-the-year-around roads throughout the state. That is the position of this paper as it has stated clearly time and again.

Flour is down to seven dollars a barrel in the great mill-in-center of Minneapolis—cheaper than it has been at any other time in six years. Wheat is about 75 cents a bushel at country points, when it can be sold at all. Wool about 13 cents, and hogs on foot 10 cents, less freight to the market centers, in the Pacific Northwest. That means only one thing—that all prices must come down without further delay to the level of these basic products. There is no way of escaping this law of business and the harder the profiteers fight and the longer they hang on to their abnormal prices the worse will be the general condition of the country. Prices of everything, railroad rates and fares, wages and salaries must come back to pretty nearly the pre-war basis before we can hope to have a business revival, featured by large volume and steady demand. It is a question of beginning at the bottom again and working up, and the man or the institution who will not accept conditions, go to work and economize, will probably discover his error only when disaster overtakes him.

England has 1,700,000 men out of work and they say over there the outlook is the gloomiest in a hundred years. Here in the United States 5,500,000 are unemployed and administration leaders say that normalcy has returned—but the Englishman always did take things in dead seriousness.

We noticed in some of our exchanges Wednesday that Lord Cornwallis surrendered his army to General George Washington at Yorktown, Virginia, on October 19, 1781. Probably the delay in getting the news from the front may be traced to the rigid press censorship of the military authorities.

The meat packers have voted to strike, although it would seem that their employers might pay fair wages with bacon selling at 60 cents a pound and hogs on foot at 10 cents.

There are two million surplus women in England, but if

the men marry as often as they do in this country the situation presents no problem for the sociologists to worry over.

Up in British Columbia every man who begins to exhibit evidence of a big bank account comes immediately under suspicion of being a bootlegger.

## THE GIRL WHO HAD NO CHANCE

By MARION RUBINCAM

**THE JOURNEY.**  
Chapter 78.  
The pause lasted a few moments. Langley's cigarette had gone out. He had dropped it into the tray on the table, and a large hand lay there on the table clenched a little, so the knuckles showed white. Ruth kept looking at it as she talked, and unconsciously thought what a strong, fine looking hand Langley possessed.

She went on with her story.  
"You've been a wonderful friend to me. We've worked and played together, we've all sorts of interests in common. If friendship is a basis for love, we—well, we have that basis. Only—"  
She paused, looking up at his face. He waited for her to go on.  
"Only, of course, it takes more than friendship to make a love affair—or a happy marriage. I'll admit it takes that. Perhaps friendship is even the most important element in love—but it isn't all. There's something else. I don't know what it is."

The man smiled a little.  
"It's that 'something' of course that every poet and every writer has been trying to put into words for centuries. Perhaps it does not analyze—"  
"It's the thing that made me ready to give up everything I wanted to do or to be when Tim put his arms around me," she said, the red coming more strongly into her cheeks. "It's anything you say—I don't pretend to know. Only as long as I haven't that, whatever that is, I'm not in love, and I would not want to marry."

She looked again at the strong, well shaped hand which still lay in the circle of lamplight on the table.  
"It's no use being sentimental because we're here alone for the moment," she went on a little cruelly. "You aren't in love with me that way either, I know. If you had been, months ago, when you picked me up and held me in your lap—the night after father died, do you remember?—and I was crying—no—you would have kissed me. You didn't. It wasn't sentiment, you were just sorry for—"  
"I was a little afraid to kiss you," he confessed naively.

Ruth looked up at him, suddenly not quite able to look as frankly into his eyes as she had been before.  
"I have another proof it's only friendship," she said. "You've persuaded the committee to send me to New York, and you want me to go alone. You know I'll see Tim again and you know I have been in love with Tim for years, ever since we were children."  
"You'll forget it all soon—"  
"No, I think I'm the sort that loves once and once only." She said it very seriously, and she believed it. "I'm 21

now, almost 22. That's grown up enough to know my feelings." Anyway, you are sending me to the city where the one man I love is living, and you know I shall see him. Now, if you were in love with me, you would not want me to go there."  
The man stood up, smiling down at her as she sat curled up in the chair.  
"I think you're only a child, after all," he remarked irreverently. "I have a special reason why I want you to go to New York and to see Mr. Tim. But I'll not tell you what it is until you come home again."

She leaned back looking up at him.  
"It's wicked to say I'm in love with Tim," she answered. "But I will tell you, and I won't ever tell anyone else. I am. Perhaps he was not as fine a man as you, perhaps he hasn't your ability. But of course he is younger, so he hasn't had so much chance yet, and at present he has to earn a salary to take care of a wife and baby, so he has to play safe. Perhaps being tied to a domestic routine is going to kill him for a career. I don't know."

"Perhaps, Myra is going to kill his ability, for she wants only good times and she hasn't any ambition nor any great intellect. Tim has—and Langley, we were good friends, too. That is, we tramped and talked, and he told me the wonderful things he wanted to do and I told him the wonderful things I wanted to do. He loved the sort of music I did, he loved the serious books father and I read. I'm sure we were the best of friends. So you see, I had a basis of friendship for that love, too."

"But it had more—"  
Her cheeks felt hot, but she went on bravely. "When he put his arms around me I had all the other sort of love that a woman has to have for a man—and a man for a woman—to make a happy marriage. We would have been—perfectly happy. Few married people are."

"And you wouldn't even want me to kiss you goodbye?"  
"No. Let's just stay friends—Langley dear. It isn't that sort of love on either your part or mine—but it's very sweet, whatever it is, and I'm glad I know you. I could not have lived through this other thing without you."

He held out his hand and she took it.  
"But you'll be here—when I get back?" she asked quickly.  
"On the station platform to meet you."  
And with that he left. And next night Ruth found herself in the sleeper, once more listening to the clicking of the wheels over the rails as she sped on her way to the great city of her dreams.  
And this time, too, she felt that great things were waiting for her there.  
(Tomorrow—The New City)

## IN OUR SCHOOL

By PAUL WEST

**Friday.**  
However, tomorrow will be Saturday! **East Pole Discovered.**  
Explorers Andy Anderson and his hardy band discovered the East Pole yesterday, even if everybody said they weren't any. It was located at the corner of Main and School street, and removed to Lance Bogert's father's barn, where it will be on exhibition this afternoon.

**Saving Teacher Trouble.**  
Torp Stebbins came in late as usual this morning, but instead of going to his seat he walked right into the dressing room, where Miss Palmer found him with his hand out waiting for what was coming. She said she appreciated Torp's thoughtfulness in saving her the trouble of telling him to go in, so she only gave him six whacks instead of ten which he usually gets.

Gen Hicks says if they is anybody that is tender hearted, please don't come to her drummer tomorrow, as it will be very thrilling.

**Fatty's Wonderful Act.**  
Fatty Bellows seen a cookie on Steve Hardy's desk just now and never touched it. Fatty says he is saving up for Lilac Grimes' party tonight and don't want to use up any more which he may need for ice cream and such.

**Exhibition Off.**  
That exhibition of the East Pole in Lance Bogert's father's barn ain't going to happen. Mister Schartzky the barber

was a pleasant caller today looking for his barber pole, and explorer Andy Anderson said he guessed that was what they discovered yesterday.

**Educashun.**  
Educashun is a wonderful thing I am very glad I have one my teacher is very educated she can learn you things you never knowed she is very patient with us and we work very hard to please her if you don't have an educashun peepil will left at you and you will probly tern out very bad so no moar for this time !!!

**Bulletin.**  
Don't forget: Tonight Lilac Grimes' party, please all wash faces.  
Tomorrow, Gen Hicks' drummer. Say, but ain't the season getting lively.

**Marshfield Newspaper Proves Bad Failure**  
Wm. Young Arthur, former general manager of the Southwestern Oregon Daily News & Evening Record, left yesterday morning for Portland, where he goes to try and dispose of the plant of the late daily paper. Mr. Young said that some complications had arisen over the property. Some of the large creditors in Portland were inclined to question the validity of the sale, which wiped out their entire debts without notice. It is alleged that there is little doubt, however, that the sale was legally and properly conducted and while the creditors and stockholders lose every cent invested there is said to be no hope of recovering anything from the plant.

**To Protect Note Signers.**  
One of the matters Mr. Arthur has in connection with his efforts at selling the plant is to salvage something from the Bennett Trust Co. mortgage to protect some of the stockholders who are sureties on notes aggregating \$3200 held by the Scandinavian-American bank.

Mr. Arthur says the market is flooded with second hand printers' material and it is difficult to negotiate a sale of material except at a sacrifice. One leading dealer has more than sixty second-hand linotypes on his list.

Mr. Arthur expects to return to Marshfield next Thursday.

**Bills Difficult to Collect.**  
The employes to whom an assignment of bills was made by the Daily News to protect their labor claims report much difficulty experienced in making collections. It is understood that less than half the amount, something over \$300, has been realized on the accounts.—Marshfield Times.

**SUITOR SUES WOMAN**  
Seattle, Oct. 21.—Hearing of the case of W. A. Kupoff, contractor, suing Miss Myrtle McDonald, waitress, for \$5000, was begun yesterday afternoon by Judge Otis W. Brinker. Kupoff alleges he spent the money on Miss McDonald thinking she would marry him. He was the only witness to testify. An engagement ring, a sealskin coat, silk stockings and other valuable articles were spent with lavish hand, Kupoff said. He appeared in court with dozens of receipts bills to prove his charges and cancelled checks and bills were also on exhibition.

**NEGRO WOMEN MURDERED**  
Kansas City, Kansas, Oct. 21.—Bodies of two negro women who had been murdered were found hidden at different places in weed clumps alongside roads in Argentine, a suburb, by police here today. Bodies of both the women, Mrs. M. E. Grady and Mrs. Nettie Bailey, had been mutilated with knives. Police said this was the sixth case here in the last two weeks. Recently the body of a negro girl was found partly buried.

**OREGON BOY KILLED**  
Chicago, Oct. 21.—Four university of Chicago students were instantly killed and one fatally injured when the auto in which they were riding and a freight train crashed near Midway Hill, last night. One of the youths was Hetsched Hopkins of Oregon.

**DRUGS, WHISKY SEIZED**  
New York, Oct. 21.—A seizure of a million dollars worth of drugs and whisky were seized after a desperate pitched battle when the White Star Liner Celtic docked here today.

Public Stenographer, 635 W. 3d St. 472-J.

Every morning from 9:00 to 12:00 Special Sale Prices prevail in many lines at

**Hampton's**  
Ninth Street  
Our Entire Line of

# Silk Dresses on Sale

**1/4 OFF**

\$85.00 Dresses	.....	\$63.75
\$62.00 Dresses	.....	\$46.50
\$59.85 Dresses	.....	\$44.90
\$55.00 Dresses	.....	\$41.25
\$47.00 Dresses	.....	\$35.25
\$45.00 Dresses	.....	\$33.75
\$42.50 Dresses	.....	\$31.85
\$39.75 Dresses	.....	\$29.80
\$37.50 Dresses	.....	\$28.10
\$29.75 Dresses	.....	\$22.30

Every Silk Dress in our entire stock is included in this sale. None reserved. You have your choice of Tricotines, Taffetas, Georgettes, Crepe de Chines. Every one of these dresses is a beautiful creation of the tailor's art, each dress is specially priced for this special sale which is for

**Friday and Saturday**



**Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale**  
MARY GRAHAM BONNER  
COPYRIGHT BY WALTER REYNOLDS UNION

**JACK FROST.**  
"The Breeze Brothers," said Daddy, "were taking a nap. Old Mr. Wind was feeling sleepy and it would not take him long to doze off, too, into a Dreamland of his own, where he would dream of gay, wild storms and merry, rushing, exciting races and chases.

"All was very quiet when Peter Gnome looked down into a mirror pool and said to himself, as he gazed fondly at his favorite pink-and-green suit with jingling bells decorating it: "I believe I look all right to go a-calling."

"So he put on his long green cap with the pink tassel and the little shining brass bells which tinkled gayly, and set forth.

"There are some creatures," he said to himself, "who like to go a-calling on New Year's day.

"But not Peter Gnome! This is my time of the year. And before long I will want to wish-all my friends good-winter.

"So many of them sleep all through the winter, so it is best to say good-winter rather than good-night. We all feel that way about it."

"He was talking to himself he felt a very cold wave of air pass over his face. Almost, it was as though some one were trying to speak to him and as though a cold breath of air was blown forth with every word.

"Peter Gnome looked all about him, but could see no one. Then he heard some laughter, and as he heard it he shivered, for it made him feel so chilly.

"Don't you see us?" asked a voice. "And, turning around, Peter Gnome saw Jack Frost and his brothers.

"What are you up to now?" asked Peter Gnome.

"And then he added: "The same old tricks, I suppose?" "Ah, yes," chuckled Jack Frost.

"He wore a suit which was made of autumn leaves. His face was very ruddy and his eyes very blue and twinkling. Each time he spoke cold air blew from his mouth and went curling about in the air until it landed on some flower or shrub, which instantly shriveled up with the cold.

"The Autumn Paint club is all ready for its great exhibition," Jack Frost continued. "We have our magic paintbrushes with us."

"Some of us will go to the windows, and will paint castles and courtyards and knights and ladies and princes and princesses.

"Others will go to the trees, and give them more color. We'll add a dash of red here and a touch of or-

**Parcel Post.**  
Players sit in a circle. One sits in the center. Each player, except the one in the center, chooses the name of a city he wishes to represent.

Then the one in the center says: "A parcel is being sent from — to —" As he names the two cities the players which represent them must jump up and change places. The center player tries to get one of these places. The one who is left without a place sits in the center and is "it."

**Her Pencil Had Slipped.**  
Lillie Ruth was trying to write with a dull lead pencil that her mother had given her, but, meeting with poor success, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, the wood has slipped down over the lead and the marks won't come out!"

**REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS**  
Ralph L. Morris et ux to Sadie M. Rehem—Lot 5, blk. 7, Chambers and Eugene, \$10.  
W. W. Kalkins et ux to Winifred Kuykendall—8 1/2 of lot, blk. 10, Scott's add, Eugene, \$100.  
Hans Wilde et ux to Wilhelm Martin—8 1/2 of NW 1/4 sec. 21, tp. 15 S R. 6 W. S. 100.  
8 1/2 of NE 1/4 sec. 36 tp. 15 S R. 6 W. S. 100.  
Wilm Martin to James Calvert et ux—8 1/2 of NE 1/4 of sec. 30 tp. 15 S R. 6 W. S. 100.  
M. S. Wallis et ux to Northwest Auto Co.—Tract at 11th and Taylor Sts., Eugene, \$2000.  
Fred G. Stickle, sheriff, to Wilbur Yarnall—Tracts tp. 17 S R. 2 W. \$7337.25.

**EUGENE LYCEUM COURSE—SIX NUMBERS.**  
Opening number Victorian Musical Co. Christian Church, Thursday, October 27th, 8:15 P. M. Tickets now on sale at Y. M. C. A., Crossways, Moody, State Shop and Carroll's Drug Store. Season tickets \$2; Student tickets \$1; Single admission 50c.

For quality cigars, Prince Nemo.  
Universal Electric Ranges, best at Bailey Electric Co., 640 Willamette St. Phone 234.

## PARAGRAPHS

(By Robert Quinlan)

The Chicago cop who sold bootleg isn't a copper still.

What Kaiser Bill couldn't do to us, a revenue bill may.

The chief cause of unemployment is the fecundity of the human species.

Still, about the best device to save steps in the kitchen is a hired cook.

A note of pessimism is a promissory note with your name on the dotted line.

American mothers are missing a wonderful opportunity. The thin clothes the girls wear now would make spanking wonderfully effective.

Always call the bad guy's bluff. A hard-boiled egg is always yellow on the inside.

The congestion of traffic on Easy street is due to the inrush of tax collectors.

About the only place where the speed laws are not violated is the road back to normalcy.

In this free country every poor boy has a chance to get rich and keep a lobbyist at Washington.

Headlines indicate that high jinks are making a determined effort to equal the new altitude record.

The same spirit that broke the Hindenburg line is now breaking another line for twenty-yard gains.

Still, the tongue of gossip couldn't keep scandal alive except for willing ears.

We have come to a pretty pass if we can't advocate Americanism without wearing a nightgown and a mask.

It is estimated that there is enough coal in discovered fields to keep the miners striking for 3278 years.

Fable: Once upon a time there was a man who acquired the daily bath habit and didn't brag about it occasionally.

A casual study of the human race convinces us that Heaven won't be sufficiently crowded to require strap-hanging.

Our idea of a pious business man is one who doesn't cuss when some "expert" tells him how to get back to normal.

**BOX CAR LOOTED**  
Chicago, Oct. 21.—Two bandits held up a freight train of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe near McCook, Ill., early today and carried off the contents of one box car in a motor truck. The loot was made up of cereals and grains.