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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1922

THE CITIZEN SOLDIER

Speaking day before yesterday to 1000 citizen soldiers returning from three weeks of training at Camp Meade, President Harding asserted that if he could have his way the number of men in the citizen's training camps would increase until more than 100,000 were annually studying and preparing for armed service. No doubt there will be shallow thinkers who will declare that this assertion is the evidence of a spirit of militarism. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Militarism is to be found not in a citizen soldier trained voluntarily a few weeks each year, but in a huge standing army that is cocked and primed for war at a moment's notice. Speaking broadly, a large professional army is provocative of war, while a citizenry trained to arms is eager for peace but prepared for defense.

The highest ideal of this nation is a small standing army. We cannot spare young men in large numbers from productive industry in order to make professional soldiers of them. We rebel at the financial drain involved in maintaining a large standing army. We have sought always to keep the ratio of soldiers to citizens as low as is humanly possible.

But if we are to follow this policy consistently, we must lay emphasis upon the importance of voluntary training for military service. We must take a club to the insect who refers contemptuously to militiamen as "tin soldiers." The millennium is not here, and we cannot trust our safety to the kindly motives of the rest of the world any more than we can disband our police forces without getting into trouble. The citizen soldier is the best possible defense against militarism, for he enables a powerful nation to function without the aid of a costly professional army.

THE FLIGHT OF FRANCE

France, said Premier Poincare day before yesterday, is determined to make Germany pay for the devastation she caused in the war, and rather than depart from this fixed intention she will act alone. That is a decisive statement, and if adhered to it calls for a show-down in European affairs.

Great Britain, at whom Poincare's declaration was undoubtedly aimed, is in a post-war position that differs utterly from that of France. The soil of Britain was unharmed and her industries were undevastated by the war. She suffered grievously and she did her part, but she emerged from the war physically stable and what she most needs now is restoration of world buying power so that she can start her wheels turning at normal speed and thus be enabled to give employment to her people. She is able to finance whatever new development may be necessary, but she must have markets. She can afford to forget her entire share of the German indemnity as a matter of fact, if wiping out the German indemnity would restore German buying power Britain would profit.

But it is not so with France. France's actual productive power was crippled by the war. Her factories were ruined and her soil was laid waste. If by some miracle the normal buying power of the rest of Europe could be restored overnight, France would not profit greatly thereby. Her productive plant was too sadly wrecked by the invading Germans, and besides she is not a nation of traders.

Forgetting Belgium for the moment, the burden of the war fell most heavily upon France. Her young manhood was slaughtered. Her fields were laid waste. Her factories were destroyed. Her national debt was increased to the point of bankruptcy. The mere restoration of European buying power will not suffice for her. She must have the actual payment of German reparations, so that she can

use the money for her own rebuilding, or she will have lost the war in spite of the fact that she is a victor. That is the cold, stern fact which France must look in the eye.

If it comes to a show-down, he will be warped indeed who will withhold from France his sympathy. The stability of the French government depends upon payment of the German reparations, and Germany has made no effort to pay. She has merely howled dismally that her burden is more than she can bear. The French are hardly to be blamed if in their extremity they seek to enforce payment by sending the sheriff.

FAKE ROYALTY

Those New York society women shouldn't feel so bad about the exposure of the bright young man whom they entertained as "Prince Louis Henri de Chateaux de Bussigny de Bourbon." Instead of being the heir to the throne of France and the chosen pal of the late lamented czar, it appears that the charming stranger was merely a gifted liar named Schwarm. But what of that? He is the same man now that he was before, and no doubt just as charming, gifted and distinguished, if anybody will give him the chance to exercise his talents.

Moreover, to an open-minded citizen outside of Riverside drive and the fashionable residence district of Long Island, the false prince, with all his defects, really possessed certain merits unusual to princes born to the purple. Foremost among them, he earned his living a large part of the time. Such expenses as he chose to pay out of his own pocket seem to have been paid mostly from wages earned as a munition worker in New London, Conn., and as a cook in a New York house of refuge.

By day, this remarkable young man was an honest workman. By night he was a prince charming. Apparently he gave full recompense to both his employers and his entertainers. Why, then, should the social leaders weep? Even when he turned cock, young Schwarm was at least as worthy as some of their noble and royal guests possessing better credentials.

A Seattle woman whose daughter wanted to get married claimed that the girl was insane. The way to get at the facts in the case would be to have a look at the fellow she wants to marry.

A Klamath man fell into a hot spring the other day, which isn't much in the way of news in Klamath Falls. They're always in hot water over there for one reason or another.

That San Francisco woman who has offered to buy another woman's husband will be badly fleeced if the deal goes through. That kind of man isn't worth killing, let alone buying.

A Spokane man has engraved the Lord's prayer on a pin head. The average pinhead, though, has no use for prayer.

If the beaches can beat this summer resort weather they're pleasant indeed.

Earlier Days in Eugene

(From the Morning Register, August 23, 1903)

The Register Associated-Press bulletin posted at the Hotel Seaside yesterday kept the townspeople informed on the varying fortunes of the international yacht race. The defender, Reliance, defeated Shamrock II by nine minutes over the 30-mile leeward race. Sir Thomas Lipton was not disheartened by the reverse.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Detmering and Mrs. N. Starr arrived home yesterday from a vacation spent in the mountain fastnesses adjacent to Cottage Grove. They brought home the trailers of a buck as a trophy of the trip.

George A. Dyson, daughter of Mrs. A. B. Rintoul, niece Miss Blanche Everett, son Verne, and Ira Maxwell have returned home from a week's vacation at London mineral springs.

Mrs. J. B. Willoughby and young son arrived home yesterday from an outing at Newport.

Fay Howe came down from Big River last evening, where he has been working on the big ditch for the Lucky Boy company. He says that work has been stopped on the ditch on account of rain.

Workmen on Tuesday completed the large dam on Big Fall creek for floating the logs of the Booth-Kelly company. The accumulated waters bearing on their surface the drive of logs will be liberated today.

Mrs. Stratton, of Eugene, and Mrs. E. Nicolls, of Mapleton, spent several days with Mrs. E. A. Bean the first of this week.

Calvin's Scoring Inaccurate
GOSHEN, Ore., Aug. 22.—(To the Sports Editor).—In your issue of the 22nd the Eugene ball team of the valley league is made a statement concerning the game between them and Goshen Sunday. I wish to state that each team secured three hits each instead of five for Eugene as claimed by them.

They also claim to have made only two errors. The score book on the ground shows them up with five, three in the first inning. Holman struck out six men to Gilbert's nine.

R. L. MATHEWS

Scrubs Bring 30 Years of Regret
"If I had started with a few pure-bred cows 30 years ago I would have something that I would be proud of now, rather than a lot of nondescript animals." This remark was made to a representative of the United States department of agriculture by a livestock owner 75 years old. That even this age is not too late to make a beginning is shown by the fact that he is a believer in pure-bred stock, and his herd, though not pure bred, contains some grade Holstein cows.

The Office Cat

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Knowledge isn't always power. A man may know that he has run out of gasoline and still be unable to go.

Live so that when you come to the list of death notices won't appear among the list of town improvements.

There is very little satisfaction for any person at a meeting of a coroner's jury selected to probe a fatal automobile accident.

THOUGHTS OF A MIDDLE-AGED GUY
The poet, he sings of the dreams one can buy.
You can get quite a lot for a slice of mince pie.
Says the middle-aged guy.

Congressman Swayback recommends that the government earn a little money selling off our gas masks to bay-few sufferers.
The modern girl may be a little affected, but she doesn't "put on" as much as the old fashioned girl.

THE NAME
"An' what are ye thinking of callin' the bit of a baby, Mrs. Kelly?"
"I'm not entirely sure yet, but I think we'll be after havin' her christened Hazel."
"And are ye after, Mrs. Kelly? Here's all the saints in Havin' with beautiful names for ye—an' yer namin' her after a nut!"

Always forgive an enemy if you can't lick him.

The other day I was in a candy store when a friend of mine entered. He stood at the counter where the almonds and pecans were on display, and after waiting 10 minutes for a waiter to appear, he yelled: "Here! Here! Who waits on the nuts?" Instantly a girl shouted back at him: "I'll wait on you in just a minute."

There is no dog in dog biscuit, so why should we expect chicken in chicken pie?

Every dog has his day, but the dog with the sore tail has his weak-end.

"Any insanity in your family?" asked the insurance doctor of Mrs. Suffragist.
"Well, no, only my husband imagines he is the head of the house."

Crawford—What's your idea of nice, clean sport?
Cook—Swimming.

GOOD POSITION PROPOSITION
Dad—"Tummy, if you'll, saw some wood I'll tell you what I'll do."
Bill—"What's that, dad?"
Dad—"I'll let you have the sawdust to pay circus with."

What tickles us are those women haters with seven suits of clothes.

FROM A SCHOOLBOY'S ESSAY ON SOAP
"Soap is a kind of stuff made in cakes that you can eat. It smells good and tastes awful. Soap always tastes worse when you get it in your eye. Father says Eskimos don't never use soap. I wish I was an Eskimo."

ONLY IN FRANCE, DEARIE
When the sexes have equal rights, will the men wear gardens on their hats and kiss each other when they meet?

A snake sneaked into police headquarters at Toledo, Ohio, and bit Chief Harry Jennings. And there's no cure for it now.

OFFICE CAT
Put your hammer in the toolbox.
With your hand-axe do likewise.
Anyone can be a knucker.
Anyone can be a knacker.
Cultivate the building habit.
Though it hurts your face to smile.
At the start it may go awkward.
But you'll get it after while.

Coben (entering delicatessen store)—"Give me some of that salmon."
Prop—"That's not salmon; that's ham."
Coben—"Well, who asked you what it was?"

MOW AND MOW
You know
We mow
The fragrant hay.
But when we put the same away
We pile it up, take notice now
Into a mow.

The village laborer ought to move to the city where he won't attract any attention.

"Are you going any farther west?"
"I planned to," said the foreign visitor.
"Is there any danger from Indians?"
"Not if you keep out of the way of their motor cars."

Fortune never helps the man whose courage fails.

WHY THE CROWD LAUGHED
Lecturer (in loud voice): "I venture to say to this crowd of people that there isn't a man in this audience tonight who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our vast forests!"
As he paused for breath a little man in

the back row rose timidly: "Yes, I have; I killed a couple of woodpeckers out."

They were making the well-known "color test" for some recruits who wanted to become locomotive engineers. Sandy Leath was on the stand.

"And now," said the examiner, "Tell us what color this light is."
"I can't tell you unless you take the red globe off of it," replied Leath, and he got the job.

PLEASE
Oh, I like the little flapper as she paddles down the street.
With her little sawed-off wrapper and her sandals nice and neat.

She's a girl, and a sweeter and her skirt is rather high.
But I've never seen 'em better as a tonic for the eye.

"Is May the kind of a girl that gives you any encouragement?"
"For yourself. The last time I called on her she kept wondering what it would feel like to have whiskers on her face."

Revenge may be sweet, but it leaves a bitter taste.

Plenty—An amount equal to that possessed by the neighbors.

Giggles—"My son says he finds his work very absorbing."
Snicker—"That's so? What does he do?"
Giggles—"Makes blotting paper."

Last evening while sitting on our porch we noticed 15 automobiles, etc., floating by with one light in front and some also with one light and a spotlight. It there is any class of criminal that should be pinched it is that kind, but our beautiful little city is full of such violators every night.

YOU KNOW THE KIND
Barber—"Razor all right, sir?"
Victim—"My good man, if you hadn't mentioned it, I should never have known there was a razor on my face."
Barber—"It's very kind of you to say so, sir."
Victim—"Not at all. I thought you were using a file."

SOMETIMES A SNAPPING TURTLE ANSWERS US
The Young Girl—"Ma, why do they keep animals at the telephone office?"
Mother—"Why, child, what gave you such an idea?"
The Young Girl—"Because when I called up the lady told me the lion's busy."

WHAT SHALL I DO?
By VIRGINIA PAGE

"Bright Eyes"—It just depends, doesn't it, on whether you love parties more, or the young man better? Parties aren't really the only thing in the world; and love very nearly is. But on the other hand, you needn't

accept anybody's thinking in moral and religious matters. You must have your own. If you really love very much, you won't miss the parties; but don't deceive yourself into thinking that you don't approve of them, when you do.

"Olive"—I am so glad you think the column advice comes from the heart; they are very near to me, all these perplexed ones that bring their troubles to me to help, if I can. Your problem is not a new one; not that that makes it any easier to solve. Nor is it one that can be solved for you. You must decide it for yourself. According to your story, you are not the least bit blame. Therefore, I should put it out of my mind; and I should not put it into anyone else's. But that is purely any personal opinion.

Inviting Him to Dinner
"Dear Miss Page: A man friend of mine has offered to take me for a very pleasant afternoon trip, that would bring us both back at about 6 o'clock. Would it be proper for me to invite him to dinner, as he eats his meals in a restaurant? His own home is in the South. We have been very good friends for the past two months, and care for each other. (2) Is it proper for a girl to write first, if a man asks her to?—Helen M. T."

Surely, ask him to come in for dinner. The better friends you are, the more natural it is. (2) There might be a case in which a girl wouldn't know what her new address would be. And so, if she had promised a man to write him, she'd naturally write first so as to give him her address. Or, she might be going away on a visit, and he might want to give her time to write at her own convenience.

Dear Husband "Sage"
"My Dear Miss Page: You give such good advice. I only wish you had more space for the column. Now I have a problem to ask about. Maybe you can help me. I have been married five years. I was 17 when I married, and my husband is 18 years my senior. Before we married, I thought he was the finest man in the world. I was always considered good-looking, and my husband said I was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. He just seemed to me a few months before we were married. I felt like I would not be a living without him; now I sometimes feel it is not worth living with him. For about a year after our marriage, he began to change. I don't think he cares for anyone else, he is just a professional 'nagger.' He nags at almost everything I do. Things I don't even think about, make him so furious that he calls me ugly names and acts like an insane person. He has nags me anywhere for about three months. Of evenings he very seldom talks, unless he is angry at something. If I ask him to stop reading he gets furious and I go sit in my room and cry. When I see other people out walking, laughing and talking, it makes me so blue. We could do all that. I've tried everything, but have failed. I am so miserable. What must I do? "I once loved him dearly, but now there is no love nor respect between us. He has told me to go a number of times; he did so last night. We are well-to-do, and I may have to go away and leave it all. You see, I like to laugh and am very lively; he is quiet, and that makes trouble. I've tried to



\$15.00 for a Name

The Christmas Cheer Committee of the Elks' Club offers a prize of \$15.00 for the best name for a

COUNTRY FAIR

to be given October 5, 6, 7. Anyone may send in as many names as they care to. They must be short and snappy. Mail your suggestions to the

Christmas Cheer Committee, Elks Club, Eugene, Ore.
All Names Must Be in by September First

Parents as Educators

"The Child's First School Is the Family."—Froebel.

BROTHERHOOD IN THE KINDERGARTEN AND THE HOME

By Ethel H. Hively
Very important to the future welfare of the world is it that the children of today be taught the principles of justice, love and brotherhood in their widest and broadest sense. Where then shall the foundation for these be laid if not in the kindergarten, where children of all nations come, many from homes where such principles are unknown? Teach the child then that everything that has life is his brother, to be treated with kindness, love and justice.

The little girl who learns that her kitty needs her loving care, needs sleep, good food and careful handling, is learning lessons in motherhood which she will never forget. The boy who learns that his rabbits and other pets, share many of his own needs, and that he stands in place of a father to them, is being trained in parenthood, and when the child has learned that his animal pets have the same right to life and happiness that he himself has, it is not likely that he will treat his human companions unkindly in after life.

In the home should begin the teaching of which brotherhood is the keynote. The wise mother will not teach her child cruelty however unintentionally, by giving him toy guns, swords and whips. Rather will she teach him compassion and thoughtful care of others, by training him to carry his teddy bear carefully, to not, not to whip, his hobby horse, to love his animal toys yet more when "maimed or hurt or blind" than when in their first glory. She will teach him that all animals are man's friends until he himself turns them into foes. She will explain to him that the dog which barks is merely saying "good morning" and be must

be quiet to please him, but it's his nature to be lively. We have no children. So I am thinking of going away, changing my name, and never seeing him again. No one knows we have any trouble; not even my dear, sweet mother.—A Nagger's Wife.

Girls who invite me that they have known a man six months, "and cannot live without him," please take notice!

I have only reprinted part of this letter. It is a miserable record of two months of unhappiness, who thought they loved each other once. Just possibly, however, this is part of that stage of adjusting through which many marriages go—even as near to the breaking point as kind of information to develop into the kind of men and women which our democracy needs if they are permitted to waste these two years, which are of great educational value.

Write to the National Kindergarten association 8 West Forty-third street New York City, for full information regarding the establishment of a kindergarten, if your board of education has not already provided one.

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If I were you, my correspondent, I would try to talk the matter out, along that line. I would tell my husband frankly that I could not stand his attitude any more, and I would ask him to help us both to be happier. I shouldn't go away and change my name. Since there are no children, the matter is much simpler. I'd give him a good chance to readjust, and I would absolutely do my share. Then if he persisted in saying that I could not stand him, I'd take him at his word. It might mean hardship, and the letter shows that you don't like that idea, but it would be better than living the life you describe.

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—Requires No Attention!
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PHOTOGRAPHS at TOLLMAN'S

Bank of Commerce

FORENSIC EVENT OBSERVED

ANNIVERSARY OF LINCOLN DOUGLAS DEBATE SCHEDULED
FREETPORT, Ill., Aug. 22.—The sixty-fourth anniversary of the Lincoln-Douglas debate will be celebrated here next Saturday with patriotic and political features.

It was on August 26, 1858, that Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas met in Freeport in the second of the series of political debates that resulted in Douglas' election to the United States senate, followed two years later by Lincoln's election as President.

On the anniversary Karl C. Schuyler, Republican of Denver, and United States Senator Harrison, Democrat, Mississippi, will speak on the "Application of the Principles of the Lincoln-Douglas Debate to the Problems of Today."

Auto & Fire Ins. G. N. McLean 5-1-17

TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright
KEEPING WELL.—An NR Tablet (a vegetable) taken at night will help keep you well, by toning and strengthening your digestion and stimulation.
Get a 25 Box NR Tablets
Chips off the Old Block
NR JUNE 1922—Little NR
One-third the regular dose. Made of the same ingredients, then easily coated. For children and adults.