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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1921

PARAGRAPHS
By Robert Quinlan

Many of the fashionable divorce suits show yellow streaks.
A judge by any other name would cause Borah's teeth to quash.
The question is, shall we make junk of the battleships or civilization?
We need to give less attention to the dreadnaught type and more to the feed-nut class.



If you have a family skeleton don't let her expose her shoulder blades in a backless evening gown.
Preserving peace will be a simple matter if the nations will devote a little energy to deserving peace.

Our idea of a diplomat is a man who can persuade his wife that she looks just as well in cotton stockings.
The world won't be perfect so long as people think they can change human nature by passing a law about it.

Much of Lloyd George's success is due to his skill in living in an age when there is nobody to take his place.
If they used as much hunch for hangings as Watson says they did, where do they get the material for five-cent cigars?

Environment has much to do with the formation of character, but that doesn't explain why the world went wrong.
Joy ride: Any ride than ends at the doctor's office.



After you have bribed the neighbor's child not to play the thing at night, you understand why he calls it his phono-graph.

Well, if America can't collect what the allies owe her, she can, at least pay a little attention to what she owes herself.
It's none of our business, but we wonder what Wilhelm thinks of the theory that armament is essential to national preservation.

Well, if there isn't a literal hell, what toasters of the manufacturers who use aspirin to flavor candy for little children?
The more we study a jack rabbit's jumping equipment, the greater our conviction that he is the progenitor of the modern pedestrian.

RIPPLING RHYMES
By Walt Mason

TWO SCOUTS
It is a dark and dismal day; the wind is keen, the skies are gray, and rain, of many cheap-John sorts, comes down by gallons and by quarts, and people, splashing through the mud, bend over their umbrellas that chill the blood.
"Hooray! Pleasant things will pass away; tomorrow will be bright and fair, with sunshine glowing everywhere, and we'll enjoy our bliss the more because today seems quite a bore. We must have rain and sleet and snow to make our better days complete."
And Mr. Cheery's song and rhyme are heartening, as we advance upon our errands, vain or sane, amid the sleet and mud and rain.
But Mr. Killjoy says, "My friend, this dreary rain will never end; and if it does, there'll be a freeze, and we'll have frozen pains in our knees. The weather's bound growing worse, and he is wise who hires a horse; there'll be an outbreak of the flu, and that will put an end to you."
We hear his spilling in the mud, and feel that everything is vain, and when at last we reach our homes, we're shivering spasms in our bones, and rheumatism here and there, and mumps, and falling of the hair. Thus those two scouts go on and down; one tries to cheer the weary two; the other hurries to bed, and seethers stove-length chunks of wood.

WOMAN AIDS POSSE
From Ill. Dec. 21—Miss Mildred Kelly, rifle in hand, kept vigil during the cold night to prevent escape of bandits surrounded in woods seven miles from here.
Miss Kelly, employee of the State Bank of Iuka, which was robbed of \$15,000 yesterday, led the posse.
Bloodhounds will be sent through the forest today after the bandits.

AMERICAN SALESMEN IN THE ORIENT

There is encouragement in the invasion of new fields of trade by American exporters. It gives hope that the time may come when the great productive resources and tremendous industrial possibilities of the country will be fully utilized, and when this time comes the wealth of the world will flow in a golden stream to this country.
Commerce and trade have been the basis upon which all great nations of the past were built, except those founded and held together in a precarious way by the conquest of arms. No nation before us ever possessed the advantages for world-wide commerce we have at our command, with our shores washed by oceans, and our natural resources in raw material almost unlimited.

These observations are suggested by a late trade review issued by the National City Bank of New York, which calls attention to the invasion of India by American salesmen since the war closed. The situation is discussed at considerable length by a British official at Calcutta, who calls attention to the fact that the United States is now supplying from 10 to 12 per cent of the imports of India, whereas the share we supplied prior to the war was only 2.6 per cent.
The valuation at the ports of India of American merchandise entering that country, he says, has advanced from 10,766,000 pounds in the Indian fiscal year 1918-19 to 25,267,000 pounds in 1920, and 35,298,000 pounds in 1920-21, and adds, "while the American merchant houses established in India since the war are suffering from the present trade slump in common with their British rivals, they are gradually strengthening their hold, and during our cold weather season India is full of American travelers and business men studying trade facilities."

This official record of the growth of India's importations from the United States, says the Trade Record of the National City Bank of New York, is illustrative of the growth in the share which the Orient generally is making in our export trade. Prior to the war, the share of our exports sent to Asia as a whole was only 4.8 per cent, advancing to 6.4 per cent in 1916, 7.6 per cent in 1918, 8.9 per cent in 1919, 9.3 per cent in 1920, and 10.1 per cent in the ten months of 1921 for which figures are now available.
The total value of our exports to Asia advanced from \$113,000,000 in 1914 to \$772,000,000 in 1920 and will be about \$500,000,000 in the calendar year 1921. The fall off in the exports to Asia in October, 1921, the latest month for which figures are available, is far less than that to any other of the grand divisions, the reduction in the October sales to Asia having been less than \$2,000,000 when compared with October of last year against a decrease of \$13,000,000 in the exports to Africa, \$19,000,000 in those to Oceania, \$34,000,000 in the shipments to South America, \$102,000,000 to North America, and \$227,000,000 to Europe.

To India, in which American activities are officially discussed by the British trade representative above quoted, the exports in 1920 were practically ten times as much in value as in the year immediately preceding the war the total value of our exports to India having grown from \$10,379,000 in 1914 to \$99,828,000 in 1920, and while the 1921 exports to that country show a decline, as they do to all other parts of the world, they will be for the current year approximately six times as much as in the year immediately preceding the war.

Figures of our trade with India, adds the bank's statement, are illustrative of the growth of our trade with all of Asia and Oceania, which has jumped from \$526,000,000 in the fiscal year 1914 to \$1,773,000,000 in the fiscal year 1921. Imports alone from Asia and Oceania grew from \$329,000,000 to \$969,000,000, and exports thereto advanced from \$197,000,000 to \$804,000,000.

INDIAN BRAVES IN RACING CARS

The conduct of the Indian wards of the nation is again a subject of concern to their official guardians. According to the report of the Board of Indian Commissioners, the automobile "seems to possess the same irresistible fascination for the Indian that it does for many of his white brethren." In numerous cases "the first proceeds of the sale of tribal lands go to purchase a high-powered automobile and a full complement of accessories."
Having no wigwam to mortgage for the price of a car, it is only natural that Lo should devote the proceeds of his oil lands to that object, says the New York World in its humorously sarcastic comment. If he chooses to follow pale-face precedent in preferring racing cars to flivvers, that should be set down to the aptitude of his "untutored mind" for assimilating the white man's standards. At any rate the development may be instanced as evidence of Indian progress and ought to be a matter for commendation rather than for criticism.

When Indians begin to worry over the price of gasoline and wrestle with the other problems of the high cost of luxurious living they are in a fair way toward complete civilization. Perhaps Indian bureau reports will yet include statistics of motor car fatalities on the reservation. And after all, is not the sight of a red-skinned brave careering over the plains in the white man's devil-wagon one to cheer the philosophic student of American history??

Now that a bale of cotton is worth about as much as a similar sized bale of Russian rubles—which isn't very much, either—the price of cotton goods is going up again. When raw cotton couldn't be sold for any price the drop in manufactured goods was very slight—on eof the beauties of the organization craze in American industry and business. The ultimate consumer is always on the short end of the play.

The stamp tax on toilet and proprietary preparations will be abolished January 1 by the new revenue bill. These are practically the only taxes removed, but it shows that congress was bound to do its best to reduce the cost of living; since Lillian Russell's beauty talks never were taxed we may consider that normalcy has come at last.

Railroads of the country are fighting all cuts in freights and fares before the Interstate Commerce Commission. They seem to be playing a dead sure game; the labor board is cutting wages and amending working rules at their dictation, and the Interstate Commerce Commission keeping up freights and fares on practically the war-time level.

When they get the Fordney tariff bill fixed up the way all the special interests want it there will be no question about the isolation of this country so far as business and commerce are concerned. We'll just settle down to swapping jack-knives among ourselves.

You never go wrong when you help the Salvation Army Christmas fund.

Feed the birds; you'll like to hear them sing when spring comes again.

THE LOVE PENDULUM
By MARION RUBICAM

THE ANSWER
Chapter 16
I hurried through my bath and dressing that afternoon, and hurried Parker through my early dinner.

"Is it company again?" she asked, looking at my frock. For I had put on the very prettiest dress I owned, a clinging silk that my aunt had bought me during the winter.

"Now you know, too many parties and lack you go to the sanatorium," Parker warned as she waited on me. "Do I look like a sanatorium patient?" I asked, smiling up at her.

"That you don't," she conceded. "You look like a little girl in her big sister's dress. Rummie your hair out—no."

"I can't find my hair brush, my hair and fluffing out all the curls," they stood away from my head that way, and made me look less like a small boy and more like the grown woman I was trying to be.

"This was a great blunder," I liked better than the others. He always noticed the things I wore and expressed his approval of his dislike. This very sophisticated, ultra-smart little dress had caught his fancy.

"I went to the living room door to greet him when he came, soon after dinner. Suddenly I did not want to say anything. I simply stood there and smiled."

"Do I win?" he asked, coming over and taking both my hands. "I do, Connie dear! Don't you do love me—I know it!"

"How do you know it?" I teased, pulling my hand away from the dress I like. "Because you put on the dress I like. You would not wear it before, except that one time when I first saw it. You are adorable in it. Come here."

"Do I win?" he asked, coming over and taking both my hands. "I do, Connie dear! Don't you do love me—I know it!"

"I do love me," he repeated. "Say it, Connie! For you said I shouldn't kiss you until you were sure—and I want to so much—"

"He pulled me into his arms before he had finished the sentence, and his face was bent down very close to mine. I was suddenly happy and suddenly sad. My arms clung to him while I turned my face away. I could not understand the queer contradiction of emotion that I went through in less than one brief second."

"Say it—please dear," he begged, holding me closer. "And clinging to him like that, it seemed easy enough."

"I do, I love you," I answered, but I hid my face against his coat so that he could not kiss me.

"And in a moment, I slid from his arms—only a little distance for he still held my hands and I could not get away."

"What Dicky Decided."
Dicky had had a most marvelous ride right in the engine room of the great train. He had ridden all the way down to the Junction, fully eighteen miles away. And he had come back in the engine room, too.

It was after that that he had decided he wanted to be the engineer on a train.

But not long after Dicky was taken for a trip in a hydroplane which went up in the air and along in the water, too.

It was after that trip that Dicky had decided he would like to take such trips all the time when he grew up.

Another time, later on, Dicky was invited to take a ride on a camel belonging to the circus. That was the most thrilling of all. He rode right in the parade, right from the circus grounds, along the side streets, to the main street, and all the length of the main street he rode.

Oh, how proud he was! The camel wore a particularly handsome shawl and on top of the shawl was a magnificent seat and upon that sat Dicky.

A man walked along by the camel and led him in dignified fashion, and the camel held his head straight down in front of him and looked neither to the right nor to the left, but chewed constantly as though to show that parades meant nothing in his life.

Oh, how proud Dicky was! He bowed to his friends down on the street. They sat along the curb and they sat in chairs and they stood, and they leaned out of windows. Dicky knew everyone in the town. They all knew him, too.

No one missed seeing him on top of the camel.

It was after that that Dicky decided he would go in a circus so he could ride in gorgeous parades with a band leading the way, and crowds along the street looking on in admiration.

Another day Dicky went for a wonderful ride in an automobile. All over the neighboring country they went. They saw other little towns, and one quite big place, too.

But all these different thoughts puzzled him.

"I've decided on so many things," he said. "And none of them are just what I want to do when I grow up."

To be sure Dicky had quite a long time ahead of him in which to decide, but he seemed to feel he wanted to be sure a long time ahead so he could think of his future work.

But the days went by and Dicky could not make up his mind. Sometimes he had a new thrilling adventure, and that would make him wonder again whether he would ever be able to make up his mind for the future.

Dicky was still puzzling and think-

IN OUR SCHOOL
By PAUL WEST

Wednesday,
Hold fast, say we. Only a couple of moor days!

Miss Blinky Hammond, our esteemed janitor, brot the Christmas tree round to the back of the school this morning and at recess every person got a good peek at it. It wasn't so much, and if they think they can get all the presents we want on a dinky little tree like that they are mistaken, say we! Tony Seebins says he is going to give a bigger one to his chickens and bank bags of chicken feed on it, corn and so forth, for them.

Fatty Did Very Well.
When the kindergarten children come down today to practise the song we are going to sing together at the celebration, Fatty Helows told them that he met Sandy Claws this morning on his way to school and Sandy said he wanted a last of all the good kindergarten children so as to know which to bring the best presents to. They all went to sing together at the celebration, and Fatty said that Santa their names, and Fatty said he would but he forgot them, so if they really wanted him to remember they could mail it with him. They said they would and at recess Fatty stood out back of the school and they brot him three lunches. Fatty said afterward if he had ever known what good lunches those kindergarten children bring to school he would of been much pleasanter to them.

Can't Miss It!
Steve Hardy heard his father say something about the times being so hard that Sandy Claws mite forget where there

hows was this year, so yesterday afternoon Steve got a big bird and painted and rote on it "Steve Hardy Likes This House." He put the sign on the street, where Sandy Claws could miss it unless he is blind. It would be a good joke on Steve, though, if Sandy come round the back road, though, and didn't see the sign at all.

They Gave It Away.
Lile Grimes has had Miss Palmer's present from the girls in her desk since Monday, and couldn't keep from talking it out and showing it round the time. This morning Miss Palmer seen her and maid her bring it up to her desk, so now she knows what she is bringing to get. We never seen a girl that could keep a secret, say we.

Noats and So Fourth.
Miss Palmer said she never seen good as we have been this week. Van Ness says his mother says the same thing, she having to tell him to get out of the kitchen, he has got to be filled up lately. They is no reason why prepal should be surprised, as we are as good as the next person if we want to be.

Walt White is going to hang up a winter boot instead of a stocking Christmas eve and see what happens.

Ex Brigham says he has got a new prize coming when he recites his poem about "Twas the Nite Before Christmas" at the celebration Friday. On, tell us, Ex.

Big Line of Xmas 'Kerchiefs
Hampton's East Ninth
Few words are necessary when we quote prices like these—and there are hundreds of other bargains for the thrifty Xmas shopper. Come tomorrow and get your share of the profits. Our loss is your gain—if you come early.
THE MAN IN CHARGE.
Trimmings 1/2
Wonderful savings in Jets, Braids, Bands, All-Over Nets. All \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50 to \$8.00 values go at...
ONE-HALF Bloomers
White Bloomers, 65c and 75c values... 47c
White or Black Bloomers, 50c and 65c values... 39c
Women's Underwear
Women's \$2.50 and \$3.00 Outing Gowns... \$1.49
Women's Fleece Lined Pants, \$1.25 grade... 78c
Women's Union Suits, \$1.75 to \$2.00 values... 98c
Silk and Wool Union Suits, \$2.50 to \$3.00 values, to be sold at the low price of... \$1.98
Misses' and Children's Outing Gowns, \$1.25 to \$2.00 values... 83c
Middies 99c
White Middies, \$2.00 values... 99c
Children's Muslin Skirts... 43c
All Wool Knit Waist Leggings, red and white, \$1.25 and \$1.50 values, only... 98c
Silk Velvet
\$2.50 and \$3.00 Silk Velvets, all colors, ... \$1.79
For Men and Boys
Men's Caps, \$2.50 and \$3.00 values... \$1.49
Boys' Caps, \$1.50 values... 98c
Boys' Knickerbocker Pants, corduroy and worsted, \$2.50 to \$3.75 grade, only... \$1.98
Silk and Wool Remnants 1/2 Price