

The Conditions in the Territory of Hawaii Require Federal Attention

By JAMES D. PHELAN, Former Senator From California.



The conditions in the Territory of Hawaii require federal attention. The "gentlemen's agreement"—that mongrel thing, neither treaty nor law—which was intended to save California without offending Japan, left Hawaii unprotected. There was no restriction put upon immigration there.

Hawaii was abandoned to the Japanese by the blundering policy of our government. How far the sugar planters may be responsible for this is another question. They wanted labor. They spent millions in immigration enterprises, seeking relief from Portugal, the Azores, the Philippines, and Porto Rico. Some immigrants proved of no value, others fled to the continental United States, where the European workers were welcome. Finally the Japanese, beginning in 1885, were permitted to come, and now, by immigration and birth, compose about one-half the entire population of this American territory. The Chinese are barred by the exclusion law.

Briefly, the question of Hawaii is: Of what value are the islands to the United States, and to what extent do the Japanese depreciate their value?

Hawaii is an indispensable base for American naval operations. The menace in the Pacific is from Japan, ambitious and aggressive. It is inconsistent with our national interests to harbor in the islands a people, now composing one-half their entire population, who owe loyalty and military service to Japan and cannot be Americanized.

The Japanese born on the soil are American citizens by the Constitution. As a matter of fact, Japan claims and holds them to a strict allegiance to herself. In the Hawaiian trouble last year, the first opportunity for observation, the native Japanese, who professed American predilections, took orders from Japan through the "Imperium in Imperio" presided over by the consular service. A Japanese born on the soil before he attains seventeen years of age can theoretically renounce his Japanese citizenship provided Japan consents. That is the joker. Japan, rarely asked, never consents.

Because they are born in the sugar plantations of Hawaii a brood of Japanese, formidable in numbers, are now free to come to continental United States, where they can own and lease land and lay deep the foundation of an alien colony, already a menace.

THE AMERICAN LEGION

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WAR ROBS THREE OF MEMORY

Trio Among Most Unusual Cases on Record at Veterans' Bureau in Washington.

Three men who have lost themselves and whose memory does not extend back to the war where they received injury, are among the most unusual cases on record at the Veterans' bureau in Washington, D. C., among the long list of war victims. The American Legion is endeavoring to assist the unfortunate ex-service men in finding their relatives.

Hayward Thompson—at least that is what he is now called—is one of the most peculiar cases. He has forgotten who he is. In his head is an ugly shrapnel wound. His memory goes back to January 22, 1922, when he arrived at a hotel in Denver, with a bill in his pocket from one of the most expensive hotels in Colorado Springs. His memory, he now believes, lapsed somewhere, either far back in France or on the trip between Colorado Springs and Denver. Thompson remembers having had \$1,200 in his pocket and access to many thousands more.

In searching Washington records for some trace of the lost man, it was found that a certain Hayward Thompson enlisted in the Marine corps June 5, 1918, and was discharged January 6, 1919. He had a wife and three children at Flemington, Mo., and a mother, Mrs. Louise Thompson, at Chicago. The man with a shrapnel wound in his head and no memory of any relatives at all, telegraphed in great eagerness to Flemington, Mo., and to Chicago. He received no answer.

Not so long ago a clean-cut young man appeared at a Los Angeles hospital. He wore an American Legion button. When questioned as to who he was he stated he did not know. "I think I am thirty-two years old," he said. "I am five feet, nine inches and weigh 130 pounds. My eyes are gray and I have blond hair. I believe I was a soldier. If any one can tell me who I am, or anything about my past, please let me know." The Los Angeles post of the Legion is making every effort to help the man find himself.

A third "unidentified living" lives at 735 North Thirty-first street, Louisville. He is known as Leonard Wells, to the neighborhood. His memory is hazy. He believes that he enlisted in the old First Kentucky Infantry, and with the command was transferred to a replacement detachment and sent to France. His photograph was forwarded to his company commander, who recognized the face but did not recall a name. A machine gun bullet had pierced his abdomen and injured his spine. Another had injured the left shoulder cap. No compensation or insurance can be awarded to this man, the Veterans' bureau regrets, until his identity can be established.

France, it is said, has six of these "unidentified" living ex-service men.

Great Britain has a few. These lost souls who cannot find their memories, and who know they cannot, present a spectacle unique and pathetic. They are lost and know it.

ON "GREATEST HEROES" LIST

Sergt. Samuel Glucksman of the American "Devil Dogs," Rival for York-Woodfill Honors.

Another rival for the crown worn alternately by Sergeants York and Woodfill as the greatest hero of the World war has been uncovered by the United States Veterans' bureau in the person of Sergt. Samuel Glucksman, member of the American "Devil Dogs" during the war and decorated by both the American and allied governments.

Although born in Austria, Sergeant Glucksman enlisted with the marines at the outbreak of the war and although too modest to tell the story of his achievements while fighting against the Germans, the American Legion at Washington discovered that Glucksman fought in seven major engagements, Verdun, Belleau Woods, Chateau Thierry, Marbouch, St. Mihiel, Soissons and Mont Blanc.

On the morning of October 3, 1918, Sergeant Glucksman started out to get water for his comrades. He returned without the water but with 20 Germans and a painful wound. The "Devil Dog" sergeant captured a lone German and instead of bayoneting his captive forced him to lead him to the rest of the advance party. Coming out the whole batch of 20, Sergeant Glucksman waved a hand grenade and ordered them all out of the shell hole they were occupying and into the arms of his American comrades. By executive appointment Glucksman is now employed at the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H.

Savage Tribes Revered the Cross.

From the early days of the church the cross was a usual emblem of Christian faith and hope. The first Christians showed great respect for its significance, with St. Paul "glorifying in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." They used the gestural sign of the cross extensively. Tertullian wrote in the second century: "At every step and movement, when we go in or out, when we dress or put on our shoes, at the bath, at the table, when the lights are brought, when we go to bed, when we sit down, whatever it is that occupies us, we mark the forehead with the sign of the cross."

Even before the Christian era the cross was an object of religious veneration among savage tribes. The death of Christ gave it a new meaning.

Just to Keep Busy.

The son of a well-known physician loves to "play doctor."

The little fellow makes the rounds of neighboring houses, inquiring as to the health of the inmates. Usually he has with him an assortment of dolls—his "patients" in lieu of larger ones.

Recently he called at a home and asked: "Anybody ill here?"

He was answered in the negative.

"Oh, well," he said, with professional nonchalance, producing two of his dolls. "I'll leave a couple of babies, anyway."

YOUR HOUSE OF HAPPINESS

Take what God gives, O heart of mine, And build your house of happiness. Perchance some have been given more; But you have been given less. The treasure lying at your feet, Whose value you but faintly guess. Another builder, looking on, Would barter heaven to possess.

Have you found work that you can do? Is there a heart that loves you best? Is there a spot somewhere called home Where, spent and worn, your soul may rest?

A friendly tree? A book? A song? A dog that loves your hand's caress? A store of health to meet life's needs? Oh, build your house of happiness!

Wait not tomorrow's dawn to bring The dreamed-of joy for which you wait; You have enough of pleasant things To house your soul in goodly state; Tomorrow Time's relentless stream May bear what now you hale away; Take what God gives, O heart, and build Your house of happiness today!

—B. Y. Williams in Ladies' Home Journal.

ROMAN WOMAN, FIRST NURSE

On Record in History as Establishing Convalescent Home for the Poor A. D. 380.

The word "nurse" is derived from the Latin, and means "to nourish." There is no reference to a sick nurse in the Bible, although numerous children's nurses are mentioned.

Fabiola, the first nurse recorded in history, was a Roman woman who established a hospital and convalescent home for the poor after her conversion to Christianity, about A. D. 380. She inaugurated a society of rich women, and had them trained as sick nurses.

Nurses, who are addressed as "sister" on account of the old religious traditions associated with their work, lost their professional dignity in 1544, when twelve women were engaged at St. Bartholomew's hospital, London, to nurse the sick and perform menial work.

From that time nurses were untrained, until the doctors at the New York hospital began to lecture them on "scientific cleanliness" in 1790.

Friedrich, at Kaiserwerth, Germany, opened the first scientific training school for nurses in 1836. Florence Nightingale was trained at his establishment, and introduced his methods into England.

"Missing Link" Still Missing.

I think every paleontologist of the world now admits that not a single missing link has been discovered between man, and that we know even less concerning the origin of man than we thought we did formerly. . . . The puzzle of origin again harks back to where it stood when Darwin began to investigate. His theory and its successors hang on the clothesline, thoroughly aired and flapping in the breeze. Parallel evolution being a fact, all of us can accept it, even the layman and the orthodox clergyman. All can readily admit, for instance, that every human being has 28 bones in his cranium, identical with those of reptilia and amphibia. Beyond that, no one need admit or deny origin, but merely stand pat or pick out his own ancestor. . . . All past theories of descent having been abandoned for want of connecting links, we find ourselves just where Agassiz left matters, with only his doctrine of multiple origin with which to tie—W. H. Ballou, the North American Review.

Clashed With Spain in 1854.

The Spanish-American war of 1898 was the second time that trouble developed between Spain and the United States, originating in Cuba. In 1854 the "Black Warrior," a steamship belonging to United States citizens, was seized in the harbor of Havana, and detained. The proceedings aroused feeling against Spain, and diplomatic exchanges took place at Madrid, the owners demanding indemnification of \$300,000. The Spanish government proved reluctant and at length the Ostend conference was held to adjudicate the matter.

The vessel was finally released on payment by the owners of a fine of \$5,000, and amicable relations with Spain were restored.

Job Led Israel Out of Egypt.

A northern visitor was playing golf on one of the Florida winter resort courses this spring, where the caddies were largely colored boys. Most of the boys he found to be deeply religious. It is open to question whether they read the Bible themselves or absorbed most of their knowledge through their ears, listening to their elders.

The northerner and his caddy were walking down the fairways. "You know considerable about the Bible, Henry," the player said. "I suppose you know that when Jonah led the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt it took them almost a lifetime to get to the promised land."

"No, sir," the colored boy replied, "that wasn't Jonah what led the Israelites, Jonah never done that. It was Job."

Personally Delivered Egg.

A Saskatchewan farmer don't know whether it is odd or not, but the other morning on getting up and going to the door, he found an egg on the doorstep. Although he knew his hens laid eggs, he thought it was quite unusual to have them delivered for breakfast.

Almost Made It.

Forty days before his one hundredth birthday, Dr. James Martin Peebles died in Los Angeles. He was the author of several books, the last being entitled "How to Live a Century."

Intellectual Fearlessness of France on Anything Concerning Mankind

By EDITH WHARTON, in "French Ways and Their Training."

The French have always been a gay and free and Rabelaisian people. They attach a great deal of importance to love-making, but they consider it more simply and less solemnly than we. They are cool, resourceful and merry, crack jokes about the relations between the sexes, and are used to the frank discussion of what some one tactfully called "the operations of Nature." They are puzzled by our queer fear of our own bodies, and accustomed to relate openly and unapologetically the anecdotes that Anglo-Saxons snicker over privately and with apologies.

It is convenient to put the relations between the sexes first on the list of subjects about which the French and Anglo-Saxon races think and behave differently, because it is the difference which strikes the superficial observer first, and which has been most used in the attempt to prove the superior purity of Anglo-Saxon morals.

But French outspokenness would not be interesting if it applied only to sex questions, for savages are outspoken about those, too. The French attitude in that respect is interesting only as typical of the general intellectual fearlessness of France. She is not afraid of anything that concerns mankind, neither of pleasure and mirth nor of exultations and agonies.

DATES BACK TO STONE AGE

English Industry, Still Carried On, Estimated to Be Nine Thousand Years Old.

While science and invention have blotted out many of the old and time-honored industries in the country, some still exist which not only date back centuries, but succeed in holding their own against their modern rivals, remarks London Tit-Bits.

Perhaps the oldest and yet least-known surviving industry is carried on in Brandon in East Anglia. Long years ago the dwellers in the Stone and Neolithic ages discovered that the ground in this district was full of flints, which they proceeded to unearth and fashion into polished tools and weapons.

That was at least 9,000 years ago. Today the industry still flourishes, and it is believed that the Brandon "flint-knappers" are the direct descendants of those oldtime workers. In their work they use curiously shaped iron picks, closely resembling reindeer's horns, which, as a matter of fact, were the tools used by the Stone age workers.

The flint is found in large blocks, which are left to dry and then broken into pieces six inches square. These, in turn, are shaped with hammers, and then trimmed. Few flint-knappers live to be old men, for the particles of the material that are thrown off enter the lungs and bring on consumption.



LEAVING A LOOP HOLE. She—When you ask me to marry you why do you laugh? He—Well, I don't like to get too serious about such matters.

Leather-Softening Machine.

Working leather by the various processes known as graining, boarding and staking, ordinarily a laborious manual operation, is now accomplished by mechanical means with a machine designed by a Massachusetts inventor, reports Popular Mechanics Magazine. Two broad belts, running on rollers, are so mounted that faces traveling in opposite directions are arranged one above the other, a short distance apart. The hide to be softened is laid on a metal plate and inserted between the belt faces, the upper half then being pressed down by a lever.

Hearts Differ With Individuals.

"The student insistently demands a description of what he is pleased to call a 'normal heart.' There is really no such entity as a normal heart," said Dr. Louis Faurer, Bishop of an address before the Medical society of the greater city of New York. "The nearest approach can be found in a heart which is normal to the person carrying it. The heart of a laborer would be abnormal to a bookkeeper, and the heart of a tall, thin man would be a strange finding in the chest of a short, fat person."

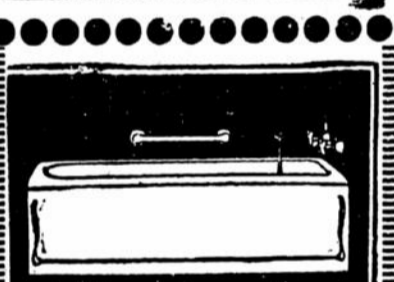
Dr. Bishop was urging the examination of hearts by fluoroscopy, which he said enabled the physician to watch the heart in action and to detect any abnormality of the performance of any part of it.

Eggs Without Yolks.

A Nova Scotia farmer says he found a duck's egg with three shells. When the egg was broken it was found to have only white with another smaller egg. The second egg was broken, and like the first had only white with another smaller egg. The third egg being broken, its contents proved to be also white, no yolk in any of the three shells.

Woman's High Importance.

The woman's cause is man's. They rise or sink together; dwarfed or godlike, bond or free; if she be small, slight-natured, misceable, how shall men grow?—Tennyson.



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The Big-Town Round Up

by William MacLeod Raine

Illustrations by Irwin Myers



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