

Poem by UNCLE JOHN



I used to mourn about the trials of my ancestral pioneers,—I've filled a million two-quart vials with briny, sympathetic tears. . . . I've wept, because of tribulations through which our early settlers went, when I would hear the moist orations, about the old log-cabin gent. I've sobbed at how he slew the weasels, and skinned his thumb an' cut his toe—an' suffered forty kinds of measles from wadin' miles of heartless snow. . . . O, each installment made me rivel, and each recital fetched the brine, and I would set around an' snivel, about them old kinfolks of mine. . . .

But—times has changed, and I'm reflectin' along the lines of present dread. . . . I've saw some things I weren't expectin'—that any hour could knock me—dead! We've got the crazy benzine flivver—We've got the bull-necked road-hog, too.—We've got the germs that eat our liver—we've got the bug that starts the flu! My days an' nights is spent in terror,—I'll never reach a hundred years—I'll swaller down my bald-face error, about them happy pioneers! I've studied it from every angle — I've turned the subject inside out, and I have learnt, beyond a wrangle, that I'm the one to weep about!

For every Uncle John

GRAPEFRUIT AT MORN MAKES DOCTORS FORLORN

They say if you eat an apple a day you keep the doctor away. But what about the grapefruit?

As a fact it is the rhyme, the aptness of the thought, that has helped make the apple famous, with all due respect to the advertising power of Mother Eve. "A grapefruit a day keeps the doctor away," had it been sent trippingly from the tongue of America, would have spelled health and happiness throughout the nation and incidentally have developed a great industry of countless value to our railroads, to our shipping, to our farmers—in fact, to all the people in every section of the country.

Of course, there is no rivalry between the apple and the grapefruit. Both are health giving and delicious. One should be eaten in the morning and the other at night, and so, instead of a divided couplet, we might suggest a modest quartrain for general study and dissemination.

An apple each night
And a grapefruit each morn
Make men and maids bright
And keep doctors forlorn.

Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, announces that grapefruit is the most vitalizing and health giving of all foods, and such an endorsement, coming from one who has demonstrated his belief in the practical application of beneficial food theories by eating onion soup for breakfast is worthy of consideration.

Millions of Americans would be healthier and happier if they ate grapefruit every day. Medical men say it is the most beneficial of all fruits.

There is a very practical side to the potentiality of the grapefruit. What the orange and the prune have done for California, grapefruit can do for Florida. There are tens of thousands of acres of Florida lands that will grow the most luscious

grapefruit in the world. If the legislature of the states would come to regard advertising as of more moment than log rolling, the demand for this food would soon be quadrupled, idle lands would be turned into productive groves.

Then America would have a lower death rate and a healthier bank account.

Descendant of Mary's Lamb.
Col. Thomas Powell of Columbus, Ohio, veteran of the Civil war and brother of the famous Gen. Eugene Powell, is the proud owner of "Lawn-mower," the only living descendant of Mary's little lamb. The original Mary was Mary Sawyer of Sterling, Mass., who was eight years old at the time celebrated by the poem in 1814. The immortal verses, by the way, were written by John Roulston.—From the Argonaut.

Threat Considered a Favor.
Jodkins was always a dissatisfied member of the staff. His complaint this time he considered a big one and he told his work mates that he would threaten to leave.

"What did the boss say about your threat to leave?" he was asked on being seen coming from the chief's room.

"He didn't take it as a threat," replied Jodkins. "he thought I was doing the firm a favor."—London Tit-Bits.

Misused Figure of Speech.
A young writer, not much given to revision, recently sent out a story wherein the following occurred:

"He called his son a spendthrift, and did not fall, as he had done before, to cast his recently purchased motorcar, a 160-horsepower touring machine, in his teeth."—Exchange.

It's Only Fair
She—"How dare you kiss me?"
He—"Oh, well, if that's the way you feel about it, get off my lap."

TRADE THE "KIDS"

How New Yorker Would Eradicate Sin From Youngsters.

Brilliant Idea Came to Him as Result of Interview With Mothers of Future Citizens.

The New York apartment house is an excellent laboratory in which to study life and evolve profound theories, observes a New York Sun writer. For instance, there was the resident who came down to his office one day last week and announced he had discovered a sure and simple scheme for extracting sinfulness from young children. He said that he had stumbled upon his epochal idea one evening while going through the apartment with a petition to have the dumb waiter repaired.

Five out of seven families in his apartment contain children. It was eight o'clock as he made his round, that time of the day when mothers, their morale weakening, contemplate the bedlamite carrying on of their young ones and allow their minds to dwell morbidly on such subjects as hysteria, aberration and fever of the brain.

Mrs. Jones came to the door in the first-floor apartment and signed the petition; but it was probable she did not know what she was signing, for three small boys were playing steam callopie in the hall behind her and conversation was virtually impossible. When she tried to read the paper for herself she could not concentrate.

After staggering through a line or two she gave up, putting her hand to her brain and crying, "Don't blame this hullabaloo on my children! Blame it on that awful Smith boy!—the red-headed one!—he always puts 'em up to something like this. If he was mine I'd educate him with a bed slat."

The man went up a floor. Mrs. Smith signed his paper, too. But she had a hard time doing it, because two little girls in the room were yanking each other's hair out and she was trying to call an armistice with her left hand while she wrote with her right. Done writing, she turned and pried the two enemies apart, took one of them to the elevator, rang the bell and told her to go right home and stay home.

"That little Jones girl," she orated, coming back, "is going to grow up a female anarchist and get deported to Russia. If she was my child I'd get a barrel stave and—and try to stave it off."

On the third floor Mrs. Ferguson said: "Of course, I'll sign it. Have you?" Then a riot burst out behind her. She whirled around. Three young ladies were playing dolls. But they were not using dolls, they were using a cat! And the cat had got to the end of her rope. She had endured having a sunbonnet on her head and shoes laced on her feet and a corset bound round her abdomen, but when her three parents had decided that she was sick and put her to bed and begun to pour castor oil through a funnel into her throat she had quit; she had risen up and used her claws and teeth in self-defense.

Mrs. Ferguson shouted dramatically at one of these young ladies. "Jasmine Foster, if I were your mother, I'd—I'd—leave this apartment before I lose control of myself!"

The man went up one more floor and came to the Foster place. But before he could ring the bell, the door burst open and a little boy catapulted out into the hall as if he had been shot out with a cannon.

"Do you know what that—that Ferguson demon was doing?" raved Mrs. Foster, with her first words. "He was playing shoot the chutes down the lid of my grand piano!"

Then the agonized woman wailed, "Oh, if I could only get the chance to mother that—that blackguard for just one day!—just one solitary, little, twenty-four-hour day!"

And then the man went downstairs, evolving his great idea—congress should pass a law compelling every mother to trade children with another mother one day in every week.

New Marriage Service.
The woman minister of the Greville Place church, in London, Rev. Constance Mary Colman, M. A., B. D., has composed a new marriage service which she reads at all weddings at which she officiates.

The most interesting feature of it is that both bride and bridegroom plight their troth with a ring, each placing a ring on the other's finger. The word "obey" does not occur in the service, and the man and woman make exactly the same vows. Mrs. Colman has also written a new christening service.—London Tit-Bits.

The Helping Hand.
I had gone to the golf links to meet and accompany my husband home after his game.

Seeing a player coming toward me from a distance following up his ball, I thought I would assist him and so I picked the ball up off the green and threw it back to him. Then as he and his comrades neared the green an argument ensued as to where the ball had been.

I am now afraid to visit the links for fear of meeting the recipient of my kindness.—Chicago Tribune.

Absolutely Last.
Her Little Husband—Striking a woman is the last thing I'd ever do. Mrs. Heavysides—It sure would be if I was the woman. You wouldn't survive long enough for an encore.



All-wool warmth for Winter Sports!

WARMTH is the big idea back of "Oregon City" products. Nature gave the sheep of the West heavy long-fibred wool to protect them from biting cold. Oregon City Woolen Mills selects this wool on the ranges—dyes, spins and weaves it into staunch, all-wool fabrics.

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A Jacobs-Oregon City Mackinaw bought now will give you service this winter and several winters to come. Because we can obtain these wool products direct from the mills we are able to offer unusual values.

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Seeger-Bundlie Comprny "Everybody's Store"

EDITORS PLAN MID-WINTER MEET

The annual winter meeting of the Colorado Editorial Association will be held in Denver during stock show week, at the Albany hotel. The meeting has been called for Friday and Saturday January 19 and 20, the last two days of the National Western Stock show. Plans are being made by the program and entertainment committees that should mean both profit and pleasure for the members.

They sat upon a rustic seat,
Beneath a leafy bower;
He pressed her to his manly breast,
When knighthood was in flower.

They journeyed down the centuries;
To the flapper age of now;
She steered him to the kitchen,
And made him cook the chow.

"Brick" Stillwell writes in to say that life is getting to be just one drap oil station after another.

BLACKFOOT PRICES.

	Hudson	Essex
7 Passenger	\$1795.00	\$1290.00
Speedster	1675.00	1250.00
Coupe	2375.00	1850.00
Sedan	2395.00	1790.00
Coach	1790.00	
Touring		1290.00
Coach		1250.00
Cabriolet		1340.00

C. S. BEER.

Cartoon Review of 1922



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