

The Scrap Book

TRAGEDY SET TO ALPHABET

Purporting to Be the Full, True, and Authentic Account of an Amateur's Round of Golf.

A is the Amateur, golfing with glee.
B is the Bunker he reached from the tee;
C is the Caddy, unmoved, solemn-faced.
D is the Divot said caddy replaced;
E is the Eye that he took from the ball.
F is his Failure to hit it at all.
G is the Green, close before him at last.
H is the Hazard that has to be passed,
I is the Iron with delicate blade,
J is the Jump-shot that player essayed.
K is the Kick that ran right to the trap.
L is the Language that splattered the map.
M is the Mashie he wanted to use,
N is the Niblick Fate forced him to choose.
O is the Out, after swipe, sweat and swear;
P is the Putter and also the Prayer;
Q is the Quail as he looks at the line.
R is the Roll, of a fiendish design;
S is the Silence, the Stance and the Sway.
T is the Tee—and the ball's on its way;
U is the Urge of mind, body and soul,
V is for Victory! Straight for the hole!
W is the Wormcast that lurked out of sight.
X stands for things far too frightful to write.
Y is the Yew-tree that mourns o'er his tomb.
Z is for Zion—we hope he found room.
—F. Gregory Hartwick, in Judge.

SAT THREE WEEKS IN COLD

Remarkable Action of Two Canadian Land Seekers Determined to Be First in the Line.

Three weeks of patiently sitting in the bitter cold of Calgary, Canada, was the trying experience of two land seekers who were determined to be the first to register for the valuable oil lands recently thrown open by the government. The usual custom of the land office is "first come—first served," hence the desire to head the long line, which always forms on an occasion of this kind, in order to get the choice of the land. The two men who sat exposed to the elements for nearly a month, were adequately provided with blankets, robes, and even specially prepared booths. The booths were light boxes with a covering of heavy canvas, much resembling a portable steam-bath outfit. Inside of the booth was a chair, with a lighted lantern underneath, the heat from which kept the men from freezing while they slept in their seats. Popular Mechanics Magazine.

500 Miles of Paper.

If the paper used by the United States government printing office, during the past year was laid flat at a thickness of one sheet it would cover approximately thirty-five square miles and it made into octavo books, piled one on the other they would soar 500 miles into the air, the public printer estimates in his annual report, filed with congress. For printing and binding 50,000,000 pounds of paper were used during the fiscal year ended last June 30. Not all of the paper was needed for printing speeches of senators and representatives in the Congressional Record, however, as the office gets out various government publications, congressional documents, stationery and the like. During the last fiscal year total expenditures of the printing office amounted to \$11,111,111 compared with approximately \$13,000,000 the previous year.



WHAT THEY'RE PUTTING UP
"Any building going on in this town?"
"No, mister. All we're putting up nowadays is arguments."

Caterpillars Threaten Maples.
Tiny caterpillars that appear by thousands and mine and riddle the leaves of sugar maple trees are threatening New York's maple sugar industry, Professor Glenn W. Herrick, of Cornell university, said at the meeting of the entomologists in Toronto. However, these caterpillars that develop into small moths called maple case bearers are being studied and feasible and efficient methods for their control are being found. This same pest ravaged the trees sixty years ago. —New York Evening Post.

In Low Spirits.
"You have a woman mayor here?"
"Yes. She's just been elected and her husband is about the unhealthiest man in town."
"Why so?"
"He's told several of his friends confidentially that if his wife still has the same opinion of him she had before the election he's slated for the job of dog catcher." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DAILY PIONEER

"Flying Cloud Our Rheims, Sovereign of the Seas Our Parthenon"

By S. E. MORRISON, in "Maritime History of Massachusetts."

The maritime history of Massachusetts, then, as distinct from that of America, ends with the passing of the clipper. Never in these United States has the brain of man conceived, or the hand of man fashioned so perfect a thing as the clipper ship. In her, the long-suppressed artistic impulse of a practical, hard-worked race burst into flower. The Flying Cloud was our Rheims, the Sovereign of the Seas our Parthenon, the Lightning our Amiens; but they were monuments carved from snow.

For a brief moment of time they flashed their splendor around the world, then disappeared with the sudden completeness of the wild pigeon. One by one they sailed off of Boston to return no more. A tragic or mysterious end was the final privilege of many, favored by the gods.

Others, with lofty rig cut down to cautious dimensions, with glistening decks and topsides scarred and neglected, limped about the seas under foreign flags, like faded beauties forced upon the street. The master builders, reluctant to raise barnyard fowls where once they had reared eagles, dropped off one by one.

CAME BACK TO OLD HOME

Intelligent Horse Made Her Way for Many Miles to Quarters Which She Preferred.

My father was very fond of horses and owned several good ones. One which I remember particularly was a beautiful, gentle black horse—a pacer, which he named "Blackie." He was very fond of her, as well as she of him. He allowed no one to abuse her and always took the best care of her. She was petted and loved and given as much care as a child. She was one of my father's favorite horses and was the mother of one fine colt, of whom she was indeed proud.

At one time she was ill and my father sent her out to a pasture in the country. One dark December night a cold north wind blew and a light snow was falling. About midnight my father was aroused from his sleep by a strange noise. Did a horse whinny? Now he heard the unmistakable whinny of a horse, at which he arose and went out into the night. There, upon the front lawn, to his astonishment stood Blackie, who, hearing his approach, came to meet him. She nestled her head affectionately against his shoulder, and whinnied, as much as to say, "I was cold and came home. I very much prefer my own bed." My father took her to the stable and made her quite comfortable and did not again take her away.

As Blackie could open any gate, she had come home over the familiar road, a distance of several miles. —Marie McDonald Rigney in Our Dumb Animals.

ARMS FROM FLINT DEPOSITS

Investigators Have Shown Where "Mound Builders" Got Their Supply of Materials.

Methods of ancient munition making are revealed by recent investigations of the Ohio State Archeological and Historical society, which show that the tribes which once inhabited Ohio, the so-called "Mound Builders," got their supply of flint for their arrow heads, spears, and knives from the deposits of flint which occur in the fertile limestone of Flint ridge in Licking and Muskingum counties.

A great industry flourished there once. Skilled quarrymen, with a patience difficult to appreciate when one finds that their tools were only hammerstones of granite or quartzite, with perhaps the aid of wooden or bone wedges, worked out the stone from the ledges. Either the quarrymen or another group of workmen then roughed out the blank forms from which the implements were to be made. This was done that imperfections might be discovered and also to save the transportation of useless material.

The roughed-out blocks were then taken to the workshops in the vicinity of the quarry and expert workmen fashioned from them leaf-like blades, from which, with but little further work, all forms of arrow points, spear points, dills, knives and scrapers could be made.

When Berlin Wanted Dark Streets.

Street lighting is ethically wrong because it is an open defiance of Delity to turn night into day—day should be day and night should be night!

In case some old-fashioned citizen of Kansas City made this startling statement he would in all probability be declared insane and be placed where he could not voice any other sentiments of a similar nature. Yet this argument antedates street lighting itself.

Historians and students on municipal affairs tell us that this argument was one of the most powerful ones against the installation of street lights in Berlin in 1830. Conservative people of that city deemed it an act against Providence to light the streets of Berlin with gas lights when God had ordained that their section of the hemisphere should be dark. —Kansas City Star.

Great Wall of China.

An examination of the bricks and mortar in the Great Wall of China was made at Shan-hai-kwan by a chemist attached to the Bureau of Science at Manila. He reports that the bricks are so weak that pieces may be broken off with the fingers.

They are much larger than ordinary building bricks, gray in color, and resemble pumice somewhat in structure.

HEADS POST OF WAR NURSES

Miss Wilhelmina Weyhing, Also Head Nurse of Roosevelt Hospital, at Camp Custer.

Many years of unselfish service—years which have and softened her smile—have won for Miss Wilhelmina Weyhing, recently made head nurse at the Roosevelt Memorial hospital at Camp Custer, Mich., the undying respect of nurses everywhere, and the true reverence and devotion of her many patients.

Miss Weyhing is the first commander of the American Legion post composed entirely of war nurses in Detroit. Upon her appointment as superintendent at the Camp Custer hospital, she resigned her position as director at the receiving hospital in Detroit. Dr. F. B. Broderick, department welfare officer, said of her: "Nursing has been her life work and she has a war record which cannot be equaled by any woman in the United States."

In 1914 Miss Weyhing went to Serbia to aid in the typhus epidemic. She labored there unceasingly amid terrible conditions, and contracted the disease herself, which forced her to return in 1915. On her recovery, she was made chief nurse of Base Hospital No. 17, with which outfit she served at Dijon, France, for 21 months. Today, all her efforts are bent toward making the new Legion hospital a real home for tubercular veterans and as unlike a hospital, in atmosphere, as possible.

This Turkey Devoted Mother.
A Saskatchewan (Canada) woman has had a remarkable experience of the endurance of a turkey in producing and trying to protect her young, although the same ended in a failure. About the middle of November she missed one of her breeding birds and came to the conclusion that the turkey had been taken by a coyote or some other animal. On the 28th the turkey reappeared covered with snow and ice, the thermometer registering and having registered for the fortnight previous from 25 to 35 degrees below zero. The woman guessed at once that the turkey had a nest somewhere. On finding the turkey's tracks she followed them for about 50 yards in the bush and found the nest containing ten young turkeys hatched out of 15 eggs. She assumed that the bird had laid its eggs and was sitting on them when the cold spell came and the turkey must have gone ten days without food trying to protect the young, which, unfortunately perished, after all the hen's efforts through much suffering to save them.

Prison Looked Good to Him
Burglar's Harrowing Experience Surely Calculated to Touch Even the Hardest Heart.

The burglar climbed through the open window, entered the drawing room, and hid behind a curtain.

Hardly had he concealed himself before the youngest daughter of the house had a piano lesson. An hour later—at six o'clock, to be precise—her little brother had a long and spirited tussle with a shrilly protesting violin.

At seven o'clock the elder girl had an hour's singing lesson, and at eight o'clock the elder boy began practicing, but with indifferent success, a particularly maddening little trill on the flute.

At nine o'clock they all assembled, and played and sang in what they fondly, but erroneously, imagined to be harmony.

It was then that the burglar rushed forth, threw himself prostrate on the floor, and begged to be arrested and lodged in a place of safety.

Phillistine Described.

The phillistine is a man without intellectual pleasures, he will inevitably be bored, despite the fact that against boredom he has a great many fancied remedies—balls, theaters, parties, cards, gambling, horses, drinking, traveling and so on.

Yet nothing really pleases or excites or interests him. For sensual pleasure is quickly exhausted, the society of fellow phillistines soon becomes burdensome and one may even get tired of cards.

The great affliction of all phillistines is that they have no interest in ideas, and that to escape being bored they are in constant need of realities. But realities are either unsatisfactory or dangerous; when they lose their interest they become fatiguing. The ideal world is illimitable and calm. —From Schopenhauer.

Mason and Dixon's Line.

Mason and Dixon's line in itself was a very short affair, defining the boundary between the states of Pennsylvania and Maryland, about 244 miles in length. It was a subject of controversy for more than 80 years, and was finally fixed at 39 degrees, 43 minutes and 26.3 seconds north. This line, if extended across the continent, would pass through the states of West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California. It takes its name from the British firm of surveyors who surveyed it between 1763 and 1767. During the Civil war it was considered the northern limit of slavery, roughly separating the North from the South, Maryland and Delaware, however, both recognized slavery.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

YOU SAVE Materials

~no Failures

YOU SAVE

When you use it

~you use less

YOU SAVE

When you buy it ~moderate in price

A pound can of Calumet contains full 16 oz. Some baking powders come in 12 oz. cans instead of 16 oz. cans. Be sure you get a pound when you want it.



Bath a Japanese Institution.

From the very earliest days baths and bathing have been known in Japan. And at a time in European history when the Valois kings of France were requesting their courtiers to use perfumes to counteract the lack of bathing, the Japanese, high and low, were reveling in hot steam and warm baths, which are still to be found in every corner of the country.

In one of the earliest books, called the "Wakun Shiori," the Detroit News observes, it is stated that the "Yuyu"—the "hot water house"—is a sacred house, in the book called the "Tellozaki" the phrase "O yu dono" is used. This also has a double meaning: "Drinking water," or "place for making hot water," and from this latter meaning there comes the use of it to denote "bathing place." But the word "O yu dono" was really used by mistake to denote the place near the kitchen where hot water was prepared. All these books were written before 1200 A. D.



DISAPPOINTED IN HER
She: You told me I would never want for anything if I married you.
He: I didn't think you would, but you're always wantin' something.

Neglecting That Cold or Cough?

Letting the old cough or cold drag on, or the new one develop seriously, is folly, especially when at your druggists, you can get such a proved and successful remedy as Dr. King's New Discovery. No drugs, just good medicine that relieves quickly.

For over fifty years, a standard remedy for coughs, colds and grippe. Eases croup also. Loosens up the phlegm, quiets the croupy cough, stimulates the bowels, thus relieving the congestion. All druggists, 60c.

Dr. King's New Discovery
For Colds and Coughs

Wake Up Clear Headed. That "tired out" feeling mornings is due to constipation. Dr. King's Pills act mildly, stir up the liver and bring a healthy bowel action. All druggists, 25c.

PROMPT! WON'T GRIPE
Dr. King's Pills

There Is A Difference

Goodyear Cord Tires are different from ordinary tires—which shows in their dependable and economical service. Their greater strength, their longer life, and their greater tractive power, activity and cushioning are not expected from ordinary tires.

Ward Bros., operators of Bemidji's popular Taxi Service, have a Goodyear Casing in their office that has given well over 25,000 miles of service and went out only when the traction part of the tire wore entirely through. Tires like Goodyear Cords are cheap at any price. Yet they are popularly priced.

30x3½ Cords	\$18.00
32x3 Cords	\$25.50
33x4 Cords	\$33.40
34x4½ Cords	\$43.90

Non-Skid Tires here for \$10.95
Why take chances with unknown and untried tires when you can get real tires for these prices?

Given Hardware Co.

Bemidji —PHONE 57— Minn.

Read The Pioneer Want Ads



"It'll run alright, Just Polish the case"

Suppose you had a watch. And it didn't keep good time. It would go on periodical wild sprees of gross inaccuracy. And you took it to a jeweler.

Suppose the jeweler looked the watch over critically, squinting at it through an optical barnacle attached to one eye. And suppose, after much squinting, the jeweler should deliver himself gravely as follows:

"This watch is perfectly all right. If you'll just polish up the case a bit, it'll keep perfect time."

What would you think of that jeweler? What would you say to him? (What you would, in all probability, think and say will not be printed here. There are some things which do not look well in print.)

Well, the joke's on you. You are probably acting just as foolishly as the supposititious jeweler just described. Want to know why?

You have a body machine which is more wonderful than any machine made by hands. It's more marvelous than any watch ever made—and adjusted just as delicately, or more so.

Of course, this body machine of yours will stand a lot of abuse and still keep running. If it wasn't capable of pretty hard usage, you'd have been dead long ago.

Ever thought much about this body machine of yours? Chances are you have. And, to keep it in good shape, you've perhaps gone in for some kind of outdoor sport—golf or tennis or rowing or something else.

Or, maybe you've taken up gymnasium work—calisthenics, handball or throwing the medicine ball.

Or you may be partial to baths—sun, air, electric, Russian, Turkish, and so on.

Or you may think massage is the proper thing.

Now, all of these things are fine and all right in their place. But don't you see you're only "polishing the case" of your body machine? It's the machinery itself that needs to be adjusted if you are to enjoy good health. For perfect health, your body needs mechanical adjusting more than outside "polishing."

The great drugless health science of Chiropractic concerns itself with adjusting the working mechanism of the body machine. Chiropractic will get you well if you're sick, but its greater service is in keeping you well so you won't get sick. Instead of "polishing the case" of your body machine, try Chiropractic.

Drs. A. Dannenberg & E. R. Two

CHIROPRACTORS
First Nat'l Bank Bldg. Bemidji, Minn.
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