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WHEN I REVIVED THE "HOW old is Ann?" puzzle the other day I had no thought of presenting it as something new. A reference to the reputed author brought it to mind as an example of what I considered the perfect puzzle. I find, however, that there are still those, probably of the younger generation, to whom it is new, and some of those have found it as perplexing as did some of their elders years ago.

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TWO OR THREE READERS have found, to their satisfaction, that Ann is 16 years old, which does not check with the conditions of the problem. Thus, if Ann is now 16, she is 8 years younger than Mary. When Mary was 16 Ann must have been 8. But Mary, who is now 24, is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was Ann's present age, and 24 is more than twice 8. Correspondents who have got tangled up in the problem are invited to keep at it until they find a figure that will check. It's so simple!

MY FRIEND MILO WALKER of Bowesmont is reminded by the approach of spring of maple sugar making in the Canadian woods. He takes it for granted that if he were to ask the ordinary blacksmith to make a tapping gouge the blacksmith wouldn't know what he was talking about. That is probably true of most of the few blacksmiths who remain, although there are still some who have made gouges and are familiar with their use. Of course a gouge is not necessary, as sometimes the tapping was done with an auger and often with an ax.

MR. WALKER SAYS THAT there is as much difference in the sweetness of sap from individual trees as in the richness of milk from different cows. He adds that sugar made from sap collected after the buds start will not cake properly, but will remain soft. Box elder sap, he says, will make dark syrup. This is probably a matter of treatment, as I have seen box elder syrup and box elder sugar that were much lighter in color than the maple.

AN INTERESTING FEATURE of the talk on Greecian architecture given by Professor Rovelstad of the University of North Dakota the other evening was the exhibition of a Grand Forks building in which the influence of Greece is clearly apparent. The early Greeks, having no knowledge of the arch, and working usually in marble, a material of limited strength, used columns freely in their edifices, and they originated the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian forms.

IN OUR LOCAL BUILDINGS the modern and utilitarian so completely overshadow the classic that evidences of the classic are apt to be completely overlooked. Nevertheless there are some fine examples of Greecian columns in several of our public buildings and a few private residences. Among these are the court house, high school, bathing pavilion at Riverside park, the president's residence at the University, the John Vold residence on Reeves drive, and the Dr. H. E. Foley residence on South Sixth street, which was built many years ago by Dr. J. E. Engstad. There are also some excellent examples in the interior of the Masonic temple, those columns, if I remember correctly, being Ionic.

THE LEGEND, WHICH HAS at least elements of probability, is a beautiful one. It may be that the beauty which marks some of our finest edifices is due in some measure to a simple act of love performed by a humble woman those many centuries ago.
FOR MANY YEARS THE term “Home Beautiful” has been in common use. Used by architects, illustrators and all whose effort is devoted to the embellishment of human surroundings, it is so simple and so appropriate that it seems always to have been a part of current speech. But, like everything else, it had a beginning, and, as far as can be ascertained it was first used by Mrs. F. T. Roat, for many years a resident of Grand Forks, who now lives near Bemidji. During her residence in Grand Forks Mrs. Roat made frequent use of the phrase in descriptive articles which she wrote, and its aptness led to its speedy and general adoption.

MORE MUSIC AND LESS acrobatics is set forth as one of the needs of the times by a number of band and orchestra leaders in conference. Jazz, in their opinion, has been overworked, and the important thing is the music that the player can get out of his instrument, not the variety of contortions which he can perform in doing it or the number of ways in which he can torture the ear with squawks, whines and bleats. The directors did not put it quite that way, but that seems to be about what they meant.

RATHER CURIOUSLY, IT seems, Paul Whiteman was one of those to put in a good word for music opposed to jazz. He complained, among other things, of the scarcity of good new music, and placed responsibility for present conditions on the composers. It may be that the composers are partly to blame, but Whiteman himself has much to answer for. A real musician, of unquestioned ability, he has done much to debase music by twisting and distorting it into mere noise. His ability makes him all the greater sinner. He knows better.

SOMEWHERE I HAVE A PICTURE card showing Whiteman and his orchestra attired in bathing suits, playing in the bathing pool at Coral Gables, Florida, up to their armpits in water. I don’t know what they were playing, and it doesn’t matter. The stunt was an abominable one. When a man is willing to play the clown in the practice of his profession he need not expect others to have much respect for the profession.

IT IS NOT RECALLED THAT those who were in Grand Forks on April 1, 1914, realized that there was anything unusual about the day. But in the exercises of that day there were several participants who have since become famous. Francis Templeton presided at an oratorical contest in which Howard Huston was one of the contestants. George F. Shafer and Sveinbjorn Johnson were judges at another gathering. J. F. T. O'Connor delivered an address. Templeton is now a prosperous attorney in Washington, D. C. Huston was for several years business manager of the League of Nations at Geneva. Shafer became governor of North Dakota. Johnson became chief justice of the North Dakota supreme court and he is now a member of the faculty of the University of Illinois. O'Connor is comptroller of the currency, with next to dictatorial powers over all the national banks of the country.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE world’s stock of fine timber has been depleted is illustrated strikingly in the history of Carnarvon castle in Wales as given me by H. C. Rowland, head of the University music department, whose boyhood home was near the castle. The edifice was built, so the historians say, by King Edward IV of England, and it was there that his son Edward was born and there became the first Prince of Wales. The present Prince of Wales was also invested with his title in the old castle, with elaborate ceremonies.

THE BUILDING, WHICH HAD stood up well under the weathering of centuries, was to be put in repair for the occasion. Most of the masonry was intact, but the heavy beams supporting the roof had rotted and had to be replaced. The original beams were taken from English forests, but when the time for replacement came, not a tree could be found in Britain that would serve the purpose. The forests of Canada were literally combed to find timber suitable for the purpose.
GILBERT PATTEN, THE MAN who reformed the dime novel, is bringing his heroes, Frank and Dick Merriwell, up to date and sending them on airplane and other modern adventures instead of the kind through which he put them forty years ago. The boys of today are to be informed of the doings of those heroes by means of radio, instead of the nickel library through which they obtained publicity in the earlier days of their career. Patten got into his stride as a writer of boys' stories in 1896, when, under the pen name Burt L. Standish, he began the series of stories of which Frank Merriwell was the hero. The series contained over 300 stories, each running for several issues in one of the popular boys' magazines of the day, and in the course of these the hero was conducted through thrilling adventures by land and sea, thwarting villains and escaping deadly dangers by his own courage and resourcefulness.

* * *

THE MERRIWELL STORIES had a wider vogue than those of any other in that field, with the possible exception of the Horatio Alger stories. The hero was built on lines similar to those of the Alger heroes and the heroes of the earlier Oliver Optic and Peter Parley stories, but of the lot Patten contrived to give his characters a more human touch.

* * *

PATTEN IS NOW 71 YEARS of age and he has done little writing for several years. At one time he turned out as high as 10,000 words a day. His present effort is confined to a mere 1,500 words a day, which is scarcely worth mentioning. His stories largely supplanted the more sensational ones of the Diamond Dick order, which were full of bandits, Indians, murder and sudden death.

* * *

THERE WAS A CURIOUS ATTITUDE toward those so-called dime novels. In well-ordered families they were denounced, not at all for their sensationalism, but because they were fiction. As for sensationalism, the best people reviled in it. Gruesome stories of actual murders, realistic descriptions of hangings and the parading of wounds and bruises in accidents were considered highly improving so long as they contained enough truth to give them color, but the story which was frankly fiction had to be enjoyed, if at all, in the seclusion of the woodshed or haymow. And this was notwithstanding the fact that the real thrillers of boys' fiction were profoundly and monotonously moral in argument and conclusion. In those stories, no matter how lurid, virtue was always triumphant in the end, and wickedness received its appropriate punishment.

* * *

THIS IS OFTEN CALLED THE age of sensationalism, and in evidence thereof there are cited many, though not all, of the movies, the general run of city tabloids, and a large proportion of the weekly and monthly magazines. These are sensational enough, without question. But it is not certain that, after all, we are any more sensationally inclined than our fathers and mothers were. That we see and read more trash is certain. But we see and read more of everything. Whether or not the proportion of trash to the whole is greater than it was is debatable.

* * *

MANY OF OUR IMPRESSIONS of the reading habits of an earlier generation are based on the literature of that period which has survived until the present. Quite plausibly we may assume that the works of the great poets, novelists, historians and essayists, whose names have become household words, furnished the daily reading of their contemporaries on the farms, in the villages, and wherever humble people were doing humble work. We forget the quantity of "literature" of another kind, which formed much of the reading of the common people. Jack Sheppard was as great a hero in those days as Jesse James ever became. Accidents, crimes, frauds, were dressed up in the most lurid colors, and the stories of them, sometimes sung by wandering minstrels, sometimes printed on handbills, provided thrills for the multitude. Perhaps we haven't changed so much, after all.
NUMBER 4, VOLUME VII, OF
the North Dakota Historical quarterly, for July, 1933, just issued,
will be the last number of the pub-
licaton to be is-
issued for some
time, as the an-
nouncement ac-
companies the
present number
that publication
will be suspend-
ed temporarily
because of lack
of funds. It is
hoped that it will
be found possible
at an early date
to provide for the continued publica-
tion of the magazine, as its sus-
ension for any considerable period "would interrupt a work of
great value which is particularly
important just now.

UNDER THE CAREFUL DI-
rection of Dr. O. G. Libby, secre-
tary of the North Dakota Histori-
cal society the little magazine re-
corded for years salient events in
the early history of the state. These
records have been compiled from
miscellaneous publications of many
kinds, old documents and personal
reminiscences of individuals now
living. Publication of the magazine
tends to make available much in-
formation which would be missed
otherwise, and much of this infor-
mation, which would be volunteer-
ed from various sources of interest
were kept alive through regular
publication will soon have disap-
peared forever.

THE PRINCIPAL ARTICLE IN
the present issue of the quarterly
is a story of pioneering by Charles
H. Hobart, now of California, who
moved from a New Hampshire
farm to Traill county, North Da-
kota, in 1881. Mr. Hobart bought
land near Cummings, and in view
of the water conditions which pre-
vail in the state now it is interest-
ing to note that he found there
the best water he had tasted since
he left New Hampshire.

MR. HOBART BOUGHT 320
acres of land at $6.50 per acre, giv-
ing his note for the entire $2080,
with interest at 12 per cent. An-
other note for $100 was given the
agent who negotiated the purchase.
The indebtedness for the purchase
price, says Mr. Hobart, started a
debt to the former owner, a Mr.
Jenkins, of Peoria, Illinois, which
was to run for nearly thirty years,
and which at one time reached
$8,000. This, apparently, was not
due to delinquencies, but to later
transactions. Interest ran for sev-
eral years at 12 per cent, then at
10, and later at 8.

* * *

QUITE EARLY DURING HIS
residence in North Dakota Mr. Ho-
bart discovered the importance of
a chain. Hauling oats with which
to seed a rented field beyond the
Scheyenlle he got bogged down in
the middle of a slough, had to un-
hitch his mules and carry his oats
out through the mud, sack by sack,
and then walk to the nearest
neighbor to borrow a chain with
which to snake out the wagon. The
next thing he did was to buy a
chain and he had plenty of use
for it, as had every settler. The
chain was not an extra, but part
of regular equipment, like the har-
ness on the team or the wheels on
the wagon.

* * *

LAND IN NEW HAMPSHIRE
was not very valuable at that time.
On settling in the Red river valley
Mr. Hobart had bought on credit
three old mules for $300. He own-
ed 100 acres of land in New Ham-
shire, with house and barn in fair
repair, a new shed which had cost
$150, forty apple trees and two
hundred sugar-maple trees with
sugar house, boilers and baskets
complete. In the fall of 1881 he
went east to dispose of his pro-
erty, and sold the whole outfit
for $300. That was the best price
that he could get. Thus he ex-
changed a fairly well equipped 100-
acre farm in New Hampshire for
three old mules in North Dakota.

* * *

THE FIRST Binder THAT
Mr. Hobart bought cost him $300.
It was a 6-foot McCormick. No
description of it is given, but old
farmers will remember those early
machines. They had wood frames
and were very heavy, not only in
actual weight, but in traction.
There were numerous experiences
with poor crops and necessarily de-
ferred payments, but somehow the
young man pulled through without
anything in the nature of an offi-
cial moratorium. He co-operated
with his creditors and they with
him, and ultimately the bills were
all paid.
drew the conclusion that every pound of coal that we use is steeped in human blood. I suppose that one might go down the list and find that everything that we use, down to the most commonplace necessities, is obtained at the cost of suffering to some creature. Much has been done in the attempt to reduce both loss of life and infliction of pain to the minimum.

JOEL KNUDSON, OF MANVEL, has solved the "Ann" problem correctly and gives Ann’s correct age. Several others have struggled with it and got the wrong answer. A local teacher found several of his pupils struggling with it and was surprised that they got the wrong figure, as they were usually good in mathematics, and this problem is not at all difficult. In quizzing the students as to their method of operation he reached the conclusion that their trouble is inexactness in reading the English language. Though the problem is stated in the clearest possible terms, student after student had misinterpreted the language. The obvious reason is that there is needed more and more thorough training, not only in the use of English, but in the reading of English. It doesn’t matter in the least how old the particular Ann of the problem is, or whether or not anyone cares to take the trouble to discover her age. But the fact that a simple and accurate statement of fact can be and is misinterpreted by a large proportion of the persons who read it indicates that a good many of us are inclined to jump at conclusions rather than to recognize and apply elementary facts.

THE CITY OF TORONTO IS the owner of a $2,000,000,000 castle for which it has no immediate use, and concerning whose future the authorities are in doubt. The structure is known as Casa Loma, which, with its grounds of 596 acres, has become the property of the city because of a tax delinquency of $27,000. The building, 200 feet long by 100 feet wide, contains 590 rooms and 5000 electric lights, and it is finished in luxurious style. The recent owner, Sir Henry Paten, started the building in 1911 in anticipation of a visit from King George, whom Sir Henry hoped to entertain in the castle. The king never came and the original purpose of the building was not realized. It has been used as a dance hall, an apartment house and a restaurant, all of which ventures failed, and it was finally sold for taxes. One suggestion is that the building be wrecked, and the other that it be made a medical center.
REFERENCE IN THIS COLUMN to Captain Kean, veteran sealer, of Newfoundland, reminds me that only a few residents of North Dakota came from that distant island. At the moment I can recall only three, all of them ministers of the gospel. First, of course, comes Dr. J. G. Moore, who, as a missionary in Labrador, visited coastal and coastwise settlements and traveled on foot by dog sledge through the interior, sharing the simple life of whites and Indians, but for such ministrations, would have been cut off utterly from the world of their fellow men.

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THEN THERE WAS DR. F. S. Hollett, who also served as a missionary in Labrador. He and Dr. Moore continued in North Dakota the pioneer work with which they had been familiar in the east, serving in this state at a time when settlements were few and far between and only the most primitive means of conveyance were available. Another Newfoundland who served as a pastor over many North Dakota churches until illness compelled his retirement is Dr. S. F. Halfyard, who now makes his home at Larimore.

AT LEAST TWO NATIVES OF Prince Edward Island are residents of Grand Forks. I have written of the recent visit of E. A. Mills to his birthplace after an absence of 51 years. Bob Hughes also came from the island as a small boy, and he has never been back. If it were possible to check up it would be found that North Dakota has a sprinkling of residents from both Eastern islands, but the number cannot be very great. Occasionally one runs across a Nova Scotian or a man from New Brunswick. Quebec sent us a few of her natives, but the bulk of our Canadian population is from Ontario.

A FRIEND SENDS IN ANOTHER Ann problem, which is also attributed, whether correctly or not, to the famous puzzle-maker, Sam Lloyd. It runs thus:

The combined ages of Mary and Ann are 44 years. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was half as old as Ann will be when Ann is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann. How old is Ann?

IT WAS THIS PROBLEM, or one much like it, which caused me to revive the original Ann problem which was published a week or so ago. Those who were interested in the shorter problems can compare the two, and I think that comparison will justify my estimate that in its combination of the element of confusion with conciseness and simplicity the shorter and original one is decidedly superior. It is fairly easy to build a confusing puzzle by increasing the number of its terms. But to make a short and simple puzzle confusing requires genius.

WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES A book a best seller, and what is the probability that the best seller of its day will retain its popularity through another generation or two? Judged by the number of sales, the most popular book published in the United States during the past 50 years was "In His Steps," by Charles M. Sheldon, of which 8,000,000 copies were sold since its publication in 1899. Its next competitor was "Freckles," by Gene Stratton Porter, published in 1904, of which 2,000,000 copies were sold. A recent compilation lists the twenty books published during the past half century of each of which one million or more copies were sold. In the list of the remaining eighteen, given below are several which have practically passed out of recollection:

* * *

"BEN HUR," by LEW WALLACE, 1880, 1,100,000.

"Girl of the Lumberlost," by Gene Stratton Porter, 1899, 1,700,000.

"The Harvestor," by Gene Stratton Porter, 1911, 1,600,000.

"Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain, 1875, 1,500,000.

"The Winning of Barbara Worth," by Harold Bell Wright, 1911, 1,500,000.

"Laddie," by Gene Stratton Porter, 1913, 1,500,000.

"The Virginian," by Owen Wister, 1902, 1,454,000.


"Story of the Bible," by Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, 1904, 1,321,000.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," by John Fox, 1909, 1,255,000.

"David Harum," by Edward Noyes Westcott, 1900, 1,200,000.

"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, 1903, 1,100,000.

"Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," by Margaret Sidney, 1881, 1,090,000.

"Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain, 1884, 1,000,000 plus.

"Polyanna," by Eleanor Stewart, 1913, 1,000,000 plus.

"Black Beauty," by Anna Sewell, 1877, 1,000,000.

"Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson, 1894, 1,000,000.

"Trilby," by George Du Maurier, 1894, 1,000,000.
FROM MRS. ROBERT F. ALLEN, of Sherwood, N. D., I have received for examination a copy of the Dublin Evening Mail of December 3, 1834. The paper, now nearly a century old, though yellowed somewhat, is well preserved, and the ink is as intensely black as on the day of issue. The stock is considerably heavier than modern newsprint, and I suppose it is of rag, as the manufacture of paper from wood pulp did not become general until much later than 1834.

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POLITICS, A SUBJECT OF perennial interest in Ireland, occupied a considerable share of public attention a century ago. Separation of Ireland from the union with Great Britain was vigorously agitated, and as vigorously opposed. At what would correspond to a political convention in the county of Louth the landed proprietors and freeholders of the county nominated C. T. Skeffington Foster for parliament after adopting resolutions declaring it to be a public duty to “rescue the representation of this county from the degrading state of thraldom in which it has of late been held, through an influence which has broken the links of society and the mutual interests of landlord and tenant—and having for its object the ultimate separation of the two countries.”

MR. FOSTER ACCEPTED THE nomination, declaring that he was moved by no private ambition, and promising, if elected, to discharge his duties with fidelity. All of which has a familiar ring.

A FASHION ARTICLE GIVES the following specifications for evening dress for ladies:

“A splendid robe of crimson velvet, opening en tablier, over a peticoat of white satin embroidered in an arabesque design, silver and gold; pointed corsage, adorned with pearl drops of great beauty; hanging sleeves, looped up to the shoulder and lined with white satin; a vandykeblond edging, and short sleeves of white satin; armlets of rubies and pearls; neck chain, a double row of pearl drops; coiffure a la sultanne, diaphane satin, wreathed with gold.”

EQUALLY ELABORATE COSTUMES for morning and other wear are described. For men’s morning wear there is described this simple outfit:

“A blue morning lappelled coat, with seven gilt buttons on each lapel, which is narrow at top; the collar of velvet with square ends. This coat has no flaps, and the skirts are broad at the waist and tail; Cossack trousers of fawn-colored diagonal kersiyeme, and plaited to the waistband. These trousers are cut fourteen inches at top, same as crutch, and nine at knee and bottom.”

THE NEWS QUOTES WITH approval a statement by the duke of Wellington, described as “the duke’s golden rule;” “I have one answer for all. These are not the times to consider what can be done for friends, but what can be done for the country.” In one of the transitions frequent under the parliamentary system Wellington had just become premier for the second time.

IN A LONG POLITICAL ARTICLE one R. Spankie, evidently a man of some prominence, expresses himself as follows:

“There may be imperfections to be corrected and improvements to be made in church and state, and blemishes to be removed which at present deform our institutions. Be it so; can it be pretended that any reform is so urgent, or so vital, that if it were to be delayed for a season the delay would afford any just ground for those turbulent complaints or those furious menaces which leave us no alternative but absolute submission, as the leaders of political unions? Is there a single reform projected by any man desirous to preserve, as well as to reform, that may not still be the subject of quiet discussion, of candid explanation, of mutual concession? Must a few turbulent demagogues, the leaders of political unions, neither numerous nor distinguished, enjoy the prerogative denied to kings—that their pleasure is to be the only law—and to be supported, as they threaten us, by the last reason of despots?”

EVIDENTLY THEY HAD ISSUES in Ireland in those days not unlike some with which we have become familiar in these later days.
FOR SEVERAL DAYS I HAVE been expecting news of the arrival of the first robin and the news has come. Harry Randall reports that on Friday evening a robin was seen perched on a wire near his home in Riverside park, chirping happily, as if satisfied that spring had really come. The birds have taken their time this spring. Last year they were fully two weeks earlier and many of them were reported during the last week in March. While the weather here has not been especially spring-like until the past few days, it has been as mild as it is usually when robins first make their appearance. Probably the birds have been delayed by inclement weather in the south. The robin knows what the weather is like where he is at a particular time, but he doesn't know what it may be like in the place he is going. Thus early warm weather in the south will often start the birds north before the north is ready for them, and in such cases their northward progress is slow. If the entire country has unseasonably warm weather very early there will be an early influx of birds into the northern territory, with the probability that the birds will either return south or seek local shelter from late blizzards.

PROBABLY THE NOTION will always persist that migratory birds have some mysterious knowledge of future weather in the territory toward which they are headed. We see the birds arrive, and we feel sure that spring is here for keeps. It has been shown in thousands of instances that the birds are fooled as often as are human beings. But the tradition is an ancient one, and it does no harm.

IN THE INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN for the planting of seeds of tender annuals the grower is often told to plant "when the maples are in full leaf," or something of that sort. As a general rule planting time coincides quite closely with the budding and leafing of trees. But the trees themselves are often misled by the weather man. A warm March may bring out the leaves away ahead of time, and we have often seen the trees stripped bare after being out in full leaf.

IN DEVILS LAKE THE PARK commissioners are being petitioned to build a swimming pool, and the board has the subject under consideration. Emphasizing the need for such an improvement the Journal says that last year, for lack of a better place, Devils Lake youngsters went swimming in the roadside ditches near the city after a heavy rain.

WHO WOULD HAVE IMAGINED fifty or sixty years ago that the city of Devils Lake would need a swimming pool in order that the youngsters might have some place to swim other than the roadside ditches? At that time the lake itself came right up to the city, and Captain Heerman's steamer, the Minnie H., tied up at the dock whose remains may still be seen a few rods south of the railway tracks. At that point the lake has receded six or seven miles, and a finished highway runs along what once was the lake bottom.

IT HAS BEEN ASCERTAINED that the course of the spring flight of wild geese is influenced by the presence or absence of snow. In some years the Red river valley may be free from snow while the fields a little farther west are still white. In other years the reverse may be true. Where there are these marked differences the geese will follow the bare ground. It will be a wonder if this year the geese are not fooled into believing that some of the dry lakes are full of water. In many cases where the water has disappeared completely the lake bottom is covered with alkali, which, at a little distance, has all the appearance of water.

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FIVE YEARS AGO PROFESSOR Rogers advised his students to "marry the boss' daughter." Now he tells them to marry the stenographer instead, for, he says, the stenographer has a job, whereas the boss' daughter is broke. But how is the fellow who took the professor's advice in the first place going to fix it to marry the stenographer now?
WHAT SORT OF FRENCH IS IT that is heard over the radio in the Canadian program announcements? Not being versed in French, I do not know, but I have often wondered. Quite often I met those who suppose that because French and English are used interchangeably in radio programs and in certain official communications in Canada, the people generally must be bi-lingual and practically every community must have its considerable proportion of both races. The fact is that throughout the greater part of Canada one scarcely ever hears French spoken. In my boyhood on the Canadian prairies, when I was a farm boy, there were few French-speaking people. The one province in which the population is chiefly French and French the prevailing language is Quebec, which at the beginning was entirely French.

THROUGHOUT THE NORTH-west there are many French settlements, founded chiefly by those who were drawn from Quebec by the fur trade. Some others of the Quebec French found their way into the lumbering districts of Wisconsin and Minnesota, and, of course, there was a large overflow from Quebec into New England. But to the average English-speaking Canadian, French is as much a foreign tongue as Greek.

THIS BRINGS ME TO THE question of the kind of French spoken officially over the radio. I have heard it said that the language commonly spoken in Quebec is decidedly different from that spoken by the native inhabitants of modern France, for a reason similar to that which makes the language of Iceland different from that of modern Norway.

ICELAND, IT IS WELL known, was first settled by Norwegians, and it is said that the language of Iceland today is practically identical with the Norse of 1000 years ago, this being due to the fact that through the centuries Iceland had little communication with the rest of the world. In the meantime, Norway, through its commercial, industrial and political association with its neighbors, had its language modified materially by such contacts.

QUEBEC, ORIGINALLY A French province, has had little contact with France since its annexation by the British, and the language spoken there, it is said, resembles closely the French of 300 years ago, whereas in France new colloquialisms have become current and other changes have been made. The question is whether French, as used officially by the Canadian government, follows the ancient or the modern style.

FRENCH IS USED OFFICIALLY in Canada in compliance with the agreement with the Quebec province by Great Britain after its annexation, guaranteeing to the people freedom of religion and the recognition of their language on an equal basis with English. It is in fulfillment of that compact that speeches in the Canadian parliament are made in French or English, at the pleasure of the speaker, that French is heard in the announcement of national radio programs; and that postal cards, post-office orders and other public issues are printed in both languages, although each language is unintelligible to a large proportion of the population.

WHATEVER ITS OTHER MERITS or demerits, that agreement has been effective in preventing serious racial friction in Canada. There has been no major disturbance in Canada based on racial grounds. It is true that Montreal was one of the centers of the rebellion of 1837. But that rebellion had nothing to do with race. The colonists had some imaginary and some real grievances against the government and sought redress by forcible means. As a part of the same movement many of the English-speaking settlers of Ontario went on the war path. And old friend of mine used to boast that his father had been in jail in '37 as a result of the collapse of the rebellion. Something of the same sentiment is attached to that uprising as that which was associated with the Jacobite rebellions in Scotland a century earlier, concerning which it was not unusual for a Scot in later years to boast that one of his ancestors had been "out in the Fifteen," or the Forty-five, and, perhaps, had lost his liberty or his head in consequence.

A GREAT MANY PERSONS have seen their first robin of the year. One meadow-lark has been reported. The honking of geese overhead was heard on Saturday night. The birds, at least, seem to think that spring is on the way.
WHILE IT IS LATE ENOUGH for robins, numbers of which have now appeared, it seems early for orioles, but Mrs. J. C. West reports the appearance of a pair of these beautiful birds on the University campus. At first, on account of their color, the new arrivals were supposed to be robins, but on careful observation they were identified as orioles.

W. P. Davies

* * * IN A CONVERSATION ABOUT the recent Minneapolis riot the discussion took in the subject of mobs and crowds in general. Major Berg reported having been in a mob of fully 5,000 persons in Berlin, Germany, while he and the late H. Bendeke were touring Europe together. At a distance of a block or two the two saw the crowd and heard the shouts of excitement. Bendeke, responsive to the sounds of battle, had to see what it was all about, and Berg was equally curious. The crowd was dense, but Ben forced his way through it by dint of weight and the use of his powerful elbows, and Berg followed close in his wake. At the center they found two men fighting, with a cordon of police keeping the crowd back. The officers made no attempt to interfere with the fighters, but just let them fight it out. It was a good fight while it lasted, and everybody enjoyed it. Presently one of the combatants decided that he had had plenty, slipped through the police guard and disappeared in the crowd, and everybody went home.

WICK VANDERHOEF TOLD told of the dangerous "weaving" of a crowd in front of the capitol in Washington at an inauguration which he attended—I don't remember whose. The thousands standing for the ceremony were packed in a solid mass, those at the rear pushing and those farther forward holding back as well as they could. Some of those toward the center pushed back so vigorously that for a moment there was a backward movement of a couple of yards. The rear guard pushed harder and regained the lost ground, and then there began a surging of the mass back and forth in which several persons fell and were badly trampled, while all near the center of the movement were utterly helpless, being carried first one way and then the other. Police appearing quickly on the scene used their clubs vigorously on those in the outskirts and were successful in breaking up the rhythm of a movement which, had it been continued, would have resulted in many fatal injuries.

DEAN E. F. CHANDLER HAS a thrilling recollection of the crowd in front of the Iroquois theater in Chicago at the time of the fire many years ago which resulted in the death of hundreds in that building. Living in Chicago at the time he happened to be in the immediate vicinity of the theater at the time of the fire, and he was in the dense crowd which witnessed the work of firemen and police in carrying the dead and injured from the building. Bodies carried out were wrapped hurriedly in blankets and stacked in piles until they could be conveyed to the morgues. Most of the fatalities on that occasion were from smothering or from crushing in the mad stampede for the exits. Actual burnings were few.

W. K. TRUERMANN LISTS AS his most interesting adventure an experience when as a Grafton fireman he helped to put out a fire one day when the wind was blowing a gale and the temperature was 46 below zero. The fire was in a church building whose arched ceiling was covered with sheet metal. In order to reach the fire, which had run up between the ceiling and the roof, a hole was chopped in the roof. It was Truemann's job to stand on a ladder near the peak of the roof, insert the nozzle of a hose through the hole and play a stream on the flames. When the water hit the tin inside a lot of it sprayed back and spilled all over Truemann in his rubber outfit, and immediately the water froze. When the fire was over Truemann was frozen fast to the ladder, a statue of ice, and he had to be chopped loose and carried down. Then he was stood up and his icy covering was chopped away, bit by bit. Asked if it was not a chilly experience he said "Not at all. So far as warmth was concerned I was quite comfortable. The only trouble was that I couldn't move."
W. P. Davies

REPRESENTATIVE FOULKS, Democrat of Michigan, made a speech in the house a few days ago in which he accused Dr. Wirt, of Gary, of aiding Hitlerism by his attack on the president and his policies. Accompanying a clipping which gives an abstract of his address is a note from a correspondent saying that Mr. Foulks formerly lived in Grand Forks for many years, being at one time customs officer here. He is said still to own land near Grand Forks. He married a daughter of C. H. Olson, of Cando, and has a son who was born here 26 years ago, who was graduated from the University of North Dakota and is now assistant attorney general of Michigan.

WHEN I LEARNED OF THE recent marriage of Florence Bosward-Lawrence, of Los Angeles, I did not take the trouble to learn the identity of the groom, as I supposed he would be a stranger. It was with no little interest, therefore, that I discovered that he is F. W. Eldridge, a shipmate of mine on an ocean cruise ten years ago.

WE WERE TWO OF THE eight civilian passengers on the battleship California during naval manoeuvres in the Caribbean, and when I learned that he was at that time managing editor of the Los Angeles Examiner I thought that once of Florence, who, I had understood, was a member of that paper's staff. My mention of her brought from him glowing descriptions of her journalistic ability, and from that time on we had a basis of common interest.

FLORENCE BOSWARD DID her first newspaper work on The Herald. Her work consisted chiefly in the preparation of a department for the Sunday paper recounting the principal social activities of the city for the previous week. She used the pen name "Laurie," and a face smile of her signature was appended to each article. She gave distinct evidence then of the talent which has since placed her in the front rank among the newspaper women of the United States.

I DON'T KNOW THAT I learned where Eldridge was born, but, whatever his origin, he had become a chronic and incurable Californian, with the firm conviction that the universe revolves around the city of Los Angeles. He was solemnly accused on shipboard of maintaining that Los Angeles had more murders per capita than any other city in the world. He wouldn't have his town take second place in anything. Now he has chosen the one person in that wonderful city with whom to link his fortunes. Long life and happiness to them!

ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF the first Byrd expedition to the Antarctic told the other day of the terrible cold in those southern latitudes, and said that it is impossible to take a bath there. However, he said that makes no difference, as there is no dirt in the Antarctic. During such dust storms as we had a few weeks ago the Antarctic might not be a bad place to go-no dirt and no germs, except what one carries with him.

DESCRIBING LIFE IN THE far north Vilhjalmur Stefansson told of the building of snow houses and of heating them to any desired temperature by burning seal blubber. Strips of blubber, he said, are laid over a little rack of bones in the center of the igloo floor, and the smoke escapes through a hole in the top of the structure. Asked if the smoke from the burning fat did not smudge up everything in the igloo, he said it did. "Then how do you get that greasy smoke off your hands and faces?" he was asked. "You don't," was the reply. In that country white men are white only in a figurative sense. Saturday night is just like any other night.

DOWN IN BRAZIL NOT LONG ago they had to call out the troops to dispose of an incipient civil war over grasshoppers. The people of one province rounded up all their grasshoppers and drove them into the neighboring province. Those of the invaded province drove them back and retaliated by driving with them as many of their own as they could find. Blows were struck, and clubs and pitchforks were brought into play. Peace was restored at the point of the bayonet.
AN OLD COPY OF COLONEL Lounsberry's Record has a picture of the North Dakota building at the Chicago World's fair of 1893 and a group picture of the state's World's fair commissioners. The building had the exterior of a residence, of Grecian architecture, with elevated front porch, of hallary, supported by tall pillars. The commissioners of that day were Alfred Dickey, John M. Turner, Martin Hector, O. G. Meacham, Jacob A. Field and D. R. McGinnis.

W. P. Davies

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AT THE WORLD'S FAIR AT St. Louis in 1904 North Dakota had an exhibit, but no building. The exhibit occupied space in the Agriculture building. Representing the dairy industry was a life-size figure of Theodore Roosevelt on horseback, done in butter, by some artist whose name I have forgotten. David Bartlett, lieutenant governor of the state, was in personal charge of the exhibit, assisted by Walt Cushing, now of Dickinson.

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AT THE WORLD'S FAIR IN Chicago last year the state exhibits were arranged in booths of varying size arranged along two sides of a triangle, all facing the center. The same arrangement is to be continued this year. There will be no state funds available for an official North Dakota state exhibit this year, but arrangements are being made to raise funds from other sources for the maintenance of an exhibit which will be creditable to the state.

FORTY YEARS AGO LYMAN D. Casey, manager of the Carrington and Casey farms near Carrington, and one of the first pair of United States senators from North Dakota, estimated the cost per bushel of raising wheat in North Dakota as follows: For a crop of 15 bushels per acre, 35 cents per bushel; for an 18-bushel crop, 31 cents; for a 20-bushel crop, 29 cents; for a 25-bushel crop, 25 cents; for a 30-bushel crop, 22 1/2 cents. This, according to Mr. Casey, included interest on investment in land and machinery, depreciation, and all operating costs, including reasonable charge for family maintenance. In recent years there has been developed a different method of figuring, or else the facts surrounding farming have changed.

* * * 
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNER in which different conditions may affect costs I recall an old newspaper paragraph which said that the cost of stopping a train was about four dollars, or whatever the price was. But, the paragraph continued, if the train is stopped by another train coming in the opposite direction, there is a material increase in cost. There would be.

* * * 
THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT is doing its best to save the trumpeter swan from extinction, and it has hopes of success. These birds, once numerous in the northern tier of American states and in Canada from Saskatchewan to the Pacific, have been reduced in numbers about 500 according to the best estimates. The remnant of the once great flock is being carefully guarded.

THE WHISTLING SWAN, IT appears, is much more numerous, and there are lakes in the west which are literally covered with them during the winter. So far as I know neither have been numerous in this territory, although they have been seen in small flocks here and there.

* * * 
EVERYONE IS FAMILIAR with the graceful appearance of the swans which are kept on the lakes in many of our parks. Not everyone is familiar with the swan's curious habit of swimming with one foot, with the other resting on its back. When the bird is in a hurry both feet are used, but when floating about at leisure it will often rest one foot on its back. I have never observed this peculiar habit in any other bird.
SOME COURT RULED THE other day that identification by sound is as valid as identification by sight, and that testimony as to the sound of a voice is as admissible as testimony as to the color of eyes. Joseph Tarantino had the same idea and applied it effectively. Joseph is a citizen of New York, of Italian origin. Eleven years ago Vincenzo Tisbo, who operated a private bank on Mott street, disappeared, and with him went the savings of Joseph and many other trusting friends. For eleven years, off and on, the police of the world hunted for Tisbo and failed to find him.

JOSEPH TARANTINO OWNS a modest home over on Long Island, and recently, having completed a little basement under his house, he wished to get some wine to put in his cellar. Obtaining from a friend the address of a local dealer he called up to place an order. The voice that replied was that of Tisbo, who had stolen his money eleven years ago.

THE REGULAR MODE OF procedure would have been for Joseph to pull a fire-alarm, or telephone the police, and make a big noise, during which Tisbo would have vanished. Joseph, being unversed in modern ways, did nothing of the kind. Controlling himself admirably he ordered two gallons of wine, to be delivered next day.

NEXT DAY TISBO APPEARED in person with the wine. Joseph received him cordially, showed him over the house and garden, and proposed that they inspect the new basement, of which he was proud, and have a glass of wine. Lifting the trap door he had Tisbo precede him down the ladder. Then, saying that he had forgotten to bring glasses, he climbed up to the kitchen, pulled up the ladder, slammed down the trap door and rolled a couple of heavy barrels onto it. Then, and not until then, did he call the police. First, he did what he conceived to be his own part of the job, and did it thoroughly.

JOSEPH IS ENTITLED TO share honors with those "hick" officers down in Arkansas, who, in their crude way, captured Dillinger and turned him over to the sophisticated criminologists of Indiana, who let him walk out on them.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES the other day Representative Blanton asked that by unanimous consent Representative Foulkes be permitted to speak for five minutes, and that he, Blanton, be given five minutes in which to reply. Immediately there was objection, and on the issue there were two roll-calls, about 100 objections, hundreds of miscellaneous cries, shouts and yells, a dozen brief speeches by Blanton, some two dozen in reply, half a dozen standing votes, and a couple of dozen pauses while the chairman, Representative Sabath, tried to get his parliamentary bearings. The chair ended the affair by declaring that a motion to adjourn had been carried, though nobody believed it. After an hour of confusion those two five-minute speeches remained undelivered.

ONE OF THE PAPERS THE other day told of a young woman circus acrobat who is desperately afraid every time she enters the arena. Her own stunt is that of whirling at arm's length a dozen times or more around a trapeze at the top of the tent, with nothing beneath her but the solid earth. If she should lose her grip she would almost certainly be killed. But it is not that which frightens her. She is horrified at the risks taken by other performers, whose feats are not nearly as dangerous as hers.

THAT ATTITUDE IS QUITE usual. One holds in contempt the dangers which he is accustomed to face, and shudders at risks which he does not understand. The steepie-jack couldn't be induced to mount a horse. The sailor, buffeted by storms, is shocked to think of the risks taken by the miner. The cowboy out at the fair ground, witnessing a motorcycle spill, said "they can put me on a hawse, any time."
COMMENT IS OFTEN MADE on the fact that many “Impressions of America” have been produced by European writers after an evening or two in New York night clubs and a bird’s-eye view of America from one of New York’s tall towers. Yet, after such examination, books have been written dealing learnedly with the literature and art, the social and economic problems and the political trends of the United States, and these works have been swallowed whole by persons abroad who supposed that they were absorbing information. They have also found readers in the United States who supposed that from them they were learning something of value about their own country.

W. P. Davies.

THAT METHOD OF EXAMINING and interpreting a foreign country is not confined to European writers. American writers have been known occasionally to adopt similar methods. A Grand Forks man has knowledge of one such case which I may outline without giving names.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO A writer whose name is nationally known produced a book on the economic situation in Germany which dealt in an authoritative manner with German problems which at that time were the most complicated of any in Europe. The book had a fairly large sale and was generally accepted as a valuable contribution to a proper understanding of the subjects discussed. The author had spent two or three years in college with the Grand Forks man, who knew him well.

SOME TIME LATER THE Grand Forks man visited Berlin, where rooms were found for him by an old American friend in the home of a German titled lady. The Friend, who had spent some years in Berlin, occupied rooms in the same building. The Grand Forks man learned that the rooms which he occupied had been occupied by the writer of the book on Germany, whose entire residence in Germany amounted to only two weeks.

ON THAT FLYING VISIT THE author had enlisted the services of his friend from America as guide and interpreter, for he knew nothing about Germany and did not understand the language. The friend had him installed in rooms adjoining his own, showed him about the city, and helped him with his conversation. After two weeks the author returned home and produced his book for the enlightenment of the world on what was the matter with Germany. Incidentally, in a later periodical article, without using names, he described the home in which he had been sheltered in such a manner that it could be recognized easily, and told of the descent of his hostess from great wealth to abject poverty, whereas, in fact, the lady had had not such experience, and at the time of the Grand Forks man’s visit she was in affluent circumstances.

ONE OF THE ANCIENT weather superstitions is that however the wind blows on Good Friday, it will blow from that direction for the next forty days. I haven’t checked up on the wind, but a friend tells that this year the wind was from the south on Good Friday and it has been from the north every day since. But a little thing like that never shattered a superstition.

SPEAKING OF WIND, IT blew at the rate of 231 miles an hour on the top of Mount Washington the other day according to the recording instruments. The weather observer at the mountain station believes that this is the highest wind velocity ever recorded. The wind has probably blown with greater force at other times and in other places, but in those cases the instruments have been blown away, so there is no record. The greatest wind velocity ever recorded in Grand Forks was about 70 miles an hour. That was a good many years ago for about one minute during a thunder storm.

PRESUMABLY A MUCH greater velocity was reached in the tornado of the eighties which destroyed the old St. Michael’s church. But at that time the weather station at the University had not been established. In some of the tropical hurricanes the wind has maintained a velocity of more than 100 miles for hours at a time.
P. T. BARNUM HAS BEEN long time dead, but with the starting out of circuses each spring there is a revival of yarns about the famous showman. One that has just cropped up tells how he put over a fast one on the Canadian government. Barnum was about to make a tour of the eastern Canadian provinces with his big show, and long in advance, he shipped across the line the tons of paper with which Canadian barns, fences and billboards were to be decorated.

* * *

THE CANADIAN DUTY ON MATERIAL of that kind was higher than Barnum wished to pay, so he refused to pay the duty. In accordance with the regulations the paper was put up for sale to the highest bidder, to meet the customs charges. There was just one person in the world who had any use for paper advertising Barnum's great show, and that person was P. T. Barnum. When the sale was held Barnum's agent was the only bidder, and he got the stuff for a mere fraction of what the duty would have been.

* * *

IN THE OLD DAYS THE CIRCUS billposter was expected to be a good man with his hands in more senses than one. The business was highly competitive, and its ethics had not become well standardized. Technically it was not considered proper for one crew to paste its paper over the bills of another when the two were about to show in the same territory, but the practice was a very common one, and when two rival crews happened to bump into each other it was pretty certain that there would be some cracked heads.

* * *

IT WAS IN MY EARLY BOYHOOD that circuses took definitely to the rails. I can remember a few of the wagon shows that were left, and how they moved slowly over country roads that were often hub-deep in mud. Gamblers and crooks of all kinds accompanied the old shows, attracted by the opportunities afforded by the presence of crowds full of the holiday spirit. In some cases such rascals were in partnership with the show management and collected their percentage of the receipts. The larger shows discouraged them and got them pretty well weeded out.

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THE CIRCUS BUSINESS WAS marked by both consolidation and disintegration. Small shows were absorbed by larger ones until such mammoth aggregations as that of Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey were formed. Occasionally a big show went to pieces, and from its fragments little shows were constructed, usually to die after a season. One such outfit was run out of town at either Souris or Westhope, North Dakota, many years ago. It was a down-at-the-heel concern which gave offense to the local being that it had ways, one charge being that it had advanced the price of admission without notice. Altercations occurred and there were several fist fights, and the circus people saved their outfit from total wreck only by packing up and moving out. I wonder if there is anyone living there now who could describe the events of that day.

* * *

NOT LONG SINCE I HEARD A radio announcement which was entirely new to me. The program had been one of the Gilbert and Sullivan pieces, and in listing the cast the announcer said: "The part of so-and-so was sung by such an artist and spoken by such another," and so on through the list. There had been doubles for nearly all of the principal parts, the singing being done by one person and the speaking by another.

* * *

THAT, IT APPEARS, IS QUITE common practice. Recently the operetta "The Vagabond King" was broadcast from the Metropolitan opera house in New York, with Gladys Swarthout as one of the leads. Of the rendition of her part the New York Times says:

* * *

"MISS SWARTHOUT DID NOT play the speaking role. There are several reasons for this: The dramatic and singing parts of the production are rehearsed and tied separately, and at the final rehearsal are brought together as a unit. This use of doubles is a common practice in radio; it facilitates the showman's task and preserves the singer's energy and time."
AS PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE FOR THE OPENING OF THE BASEBALL SEASON IT IS INTERESTING TO RECALL THAT THIRTY YEARS AGO THE GRAND FORKS TEAM OF THE OLD NORTHERN LEAGUE WAS WARMING UP FOR THE SEASON’S PLAY. E. H. KENT HEADED THE LOCAL ORGANIZATION THAT YEAR. I THINK THIS MAY HAVE BEEN THE YEAR THAT KENT, WITH HIS TEAM ON A BARN-STORMING TOUR THROUGH THE NORTHERN LEAGUE, CATCH THE BOYS LINED UP BEFORE A BAR IN GRETNAG, MANITOBA, ALL READY FOR FLAGONS OF BEER. KENT GAVE THEM A FATHERLY LECTURE ON THE DANGER OF DRINKING BEER JUST BEFORE A GAME, AND INSPIRED THEM TO TAKE LEMONADE INSTEAD. HE REQUESTED THE BARKEEPER TO MAKE IT AS STRONG AS POSSIBLE, WHICH WAS DONE.

AFTER FURTHER CONVERSATION HE REPEATED THE DOSE, AND TOOK AN AFFECTIONATE LEAVE OF THE BOYS, EXPRESSING THE HOPE THAT THEY WOULDN’T DRINK ANY BEER. “FAT CHANCE!” REMARKED ONE OF THEM, “AFTER ALL THAT SWILL!”

EVERYONE IS FAMILIAR WITH THE LEGEND THAT THE OSTRICH, WHEN PURSUED, WILL HIDE ITS HEAD IN THE SAND. SCIENCE NO LONGER ACCEPTS THAT NOTION, BUT THE LEGEND PERSISTS, AND MANY A RHETORICAL METAPHOR HAS BEEN BUILT, AND WILL CONTINUE TO BE BUILT AROUND IT. THE STORY INTERESTED VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, WHOSE BOOK “THE FRIENDLY ARCTIC,” I HAPPENED TO TAKE DOWN FROM THE SHELF AN HOUR AGO. STEFANSSON COMPARES THE PERSISTENCE OF THIS BELIEF WITH THE PERSISTENCE OF MANY UNFOUNDED BELIEFS CONCERNING THE ARCTIC.

IN HIS BOOK THE EXPLORER SAYS THAT HE HEARD THE OSTRICH STORY IN HIS BOYHOOD AND BELIEVED IT IMPLICITLY. WHEN DOUBT WAS CAST UPON IT HE INVESTIGATED IT AND FOUND NO BASIS FOR IT. THEN HE RANSACKED LITERATURE FOR ITS ORIGIN. HE WAS UNABLE TO LEARN WHO STARTED IT. HE HAD SEEN THE STORY ASCRIBED TO HERODOTUS, BUT WAS UNABLE TO FIND REFERENCE TO IT IN THE WRITINGS OF THAT AUTHOR, BUT HE FOUND EVIDENCE THAT THE STORY WAS A CLASSIC IN THE TIME OF DIODORUS AND PLINE, WHICH MAKES IT SUFFICIENTLY ANCIENT.

APPLYING PLAIN COMMON SENSE TO THE STORY HE DISMISSES IT AS IMPOSSIBLE ON THE GROUND THAT IF OSTRICHES FOLLOWED THE PRACTICE ASCRIBED TO THEM THEY WOULD HAVE BECOME THE EASY PREY OF LIONS, AND OTHER CARNIVORA, AND THE SPECIES WOULD HAVE DISAPPEARED LONG AGO, WHEREAS THE BIRDS EXIST IN GREAT NUMBERS AND ARE QUITE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT INVESTIGATED THE OSTRICH STORY WHILE HUNTING IN AFRICA, BUT WAS UNABLE TO FIND A NATIVE WHO HAD EVER SEEN AN OSTRICH HIDING ITS HEAD IN THE SAND. BUT, OBSERVED THE COLONEL, THOSE NATIVES HAD NOT HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF AN AMERICAN EDUCATION.

JACK DEMPSEY GOT MUCH THE WORST OF IT IN A FIGHT THE OTHER DAY, WITH A WOMAN AS THE AGGRESSOR. JACK WAS REFEREE AT A WRESTLING MATCH, ONE OF THOSE MODERN CONTESTS IN WHICH EVERYTHING GOES, AND THE LADY IN THE CASE OBJECTED SO STRENUEUOSLY TO ONE OF HIS DECISIONS THAT SHE SIT INTO HIM. JACK WAS BADLY SCRATCHED BEFORE BY-STANDERS GOT THE LADY UNDER CONTROL. THAT RECALLS THE STORY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, WHOM AN INDIGNANT LADY SUBSCRIBER TOOK AFTER WITH A HORSEWHIP. WHITE WROTE THE STORY OF THE EPISODE FOR HIS OWN PAPER, ENDING IT WITH THE SENTENCE: “AND YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SEEN THAT FAT OLD DUFFER RUN.” ONLY A TRUE ARTIST COULD HAVE GIVEN THE STORY THAT TWIST.

WHY DO PEOPLE LIKE TO GAZE IN HORRIBLE THINGS? I SUPPOSE THERE ARE IN EXISTENCE SOMEWHERE SUCH MONSTROSITIES AS WERE FEATURED IN THE DIME MUSEUM FIFTY-odd YEARS AGO. I REMEMBER AMONG THEM ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE TORMENTS OF THE INQUISITION, ON WHICH HUMAN FIGURES, DONE IN WAX, WERE EXHIBITED IN ALL THE AGONIZED CONTORTIONS RESULTING FROM THE APPLICATION OF THE SCREW, THE BOOT AND OTHER HELLISH DEVICES. I HAD BAD DREAMS FOR A LONG TIME AFTER SEEING THAT COLLECTION.

IT IS CHERRY BLOSSOM time in Washington, and the drive along the Potomac must be a scene of beauty with the Japanese cherry trees in full bloom. In this northern climate the Japanese flowering cherry will not thrive, so far as I know, but there are other flowering shrubs which, if not so large, equal it in beauty and in earliness of bloom. These are the flowering plum, flowering almond and flowering maple. I am not well acquainted with these, but I understand them to belong to the same general family with the famous Japanese cherry.

WHILE NOT AS LARGE AS the Japanese cherry these other shrubs will attain fair size, and, with their masses of delicate bloom, present a wonderfully attractive appearance long before most other buds open. They are perfectly hardy in this climate. Used generally as single specimens, they would be desirable in clumps or as borders for park drives. Later in the season their dense foliage adds to their general desirability as ornamental plants.

THE EAST IS FORTUNATE IN the possession of its fruit orchards, not alone for their commercial value, but for their profusion of bloom in the spring. Apple, cherry and peach orchards are visions of beauty in the spring. With suitable shelter apples can be and are grown successfully in the northwest. While apple culture will perhaps never be conducted here on a commercial scale, there is no good reason why in most years any farm may not produce its own apples, and the quality of the fruit that can be grown here is not excelled anywhere.

SPRING FROST AND WIND are the two great hindrances to apple culture on the plains. These disadvantages can be minimized by the use of proper shelter. In a few cases that I have known apples are grown inside a hollow square of forest trees, such as are to be found on many farms. The trees are thus sheltered from wind and the drifted snow tends to prevent too early blossoming in the spring. The blossoms are thus enabled to escape the late spring frosts which are likely to occur.

I Seldom think of fruit blossoms without recalling the peach orchards of the Niagara peninsula as seen from the crest of the Niagara escarpment. Below the land lies in a level plain for several miles, and in the days which I recall much of that area was occupied by peach orchards. With the sun at just the right angle, the delicate tints of the masses of blossom, and the blue waters of Lake Ontario in the distance, the picture was one to linger long in one's memory.

OUR INDIAN PREDECESSORS in the northwest had no lack of fruit. First came the strawberries. Some writer remarked that doubtless God could have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but, doubtless God never did. And of all the strawberries that ever grew, the wild berry of the prairies, and its neighbor, the long-stemmed woodland berry, takes first rank. Before the prairie sod was broken it bore strawberries in unbelievable provision. Many will doubt the statement that often the wheels of settlers' wagons would literally drip strawberry juice when the wheels were halted for a rest, but the fact is well known to those who came to the northwest before the plow had disturbed the original sod.

FOLLOWING THE STRAWberries came the raspberries, which grew in profusion along the strips of timber, but not on the open prairie. Later in the summer came the choke cherries and pin cherries, and along toward fall the wild plum and wild grapes. All of these fruits could be gathered with little labor, hence the Indians did not lack for fruit with which to vary their diet.

FOR SWEETENING THE IN­di ans had syrup made from the box elder sap. For such operations as the manufacture of syrup the Indians must have been dependent largely on the metal vessels of the white man, or, before the advent of the white man, on such vessels of copper as could be obtained from the tribes of the lake region. Vessels of stone or pottery were in quite general use among the early Indian tribes, but it does not seem that these could have been used with much success in the making of syrup.
A CORRESPONDENT OF THE Aberdeen American adds his voice to the recommendation which has often been made that a shelter belt of trees be planted along every section line in North Dakota and South Dakota as a means of conserving moisture. Recognizing a fact which many seem to have overlooked, that trees planted near the roads would make the roads impassable in the winter, he suggests that the planting be done six or eight rods back from the highways, the timber belts then serving the purpose now served by the snow fences. The strip of land between the trees and the road, he thinks, could well be devoted to such crops as alfalfa.

** THE WRITER'S SUGGESTION as to the kind of trees to be used is interesting. He proposes planting rows in the following order: Caragana, wild chokecherry, green ash, cottonwood, Chinese elm, cottonwood, American elm, green ash. The purpose of the caragana is, of course, to bring the wind break close to the ground, where it will be most useful. Caragana would be useful for this purpose, as it spreads well close to the ground and is of rapid growth.

** ** THERE MAY BE A QUESTION as to the planting of trees in straight lines all over the state, as is often proposed. A different plan which is sometimes discussed is that of planting the shelter belts in the center of the sections, keeping them away from the roads altogether. Still another plan is to continue the system started long ago by nature and to plant along coulees and in low places generally, disregarding section lines. The latter form of planting would not serve as well as the others for the protection of highways in the winter, but if it were followed generally it would catch and hold much of the snow that is blown about promiscuously. It would have the further advantage of insuring the trees more water in a dry season than they can obtain otherwise, and it would cover with timber growth land which is not useful for general crop production. If every coulee and its timber belt the prairie states would be quite well forested.

** ** IS YOUR MEAT DIET UP TO the average? According to a recent survey the average annual consumption of meat per capita in the United States is about 145 pounds. This is made up of 70 pounds of pork, 60 pounds of beef, 8 pounds of veal and 7 pounds of lamb and mutton. For some reason Americans generally do not take kindly to mutton. In the advertisements of meat markets mention is made of every other kind of meat, including lamb, but mature lamb or mutton, is seldom mentioned. In England mutton is one of the standard foods. It is mentioned in English literature about as often as old England's famous roast beef. In the Scandinavian countries there is a vast consumption of dried and smoked lamb, but I do not know whether or not mutton is similarly used.

** ** VEGETARIANS INSIST THAT a meat diet is not necessary, and they pointed to the fact that Japanese and Chinese workmen perform remarkable feats of strength and endurance on a diet which contains no meat, and consists largely of rice. Others remind them that the Eskimos show equal strength and endurance on a diet consisting entirely of animal food. It is also to be noted that the Japanese army ration contains a liberal proportion of meat, and the Japanese military authorities have devoted a great deal of research to the selection of the diet that will best maintain the health and strength of the soldiers.

THIRTY YEARS AGO THE players in the Grand Forks club of the old Northern baseball league, then getting ready for the season's games were: Catchers, Cheek and Brown; pitchers, Carrieville, Morton, Hanson, Will O'Brien, Sorenson and Coates; first base, Cole; second base, Dillon and Jack O'Brien; third base, Hutchinson; short stop, Scharnweber; outfield, Hanrahan, Nagel and Martin. How many of those are remembered now?

** ** THE NORTHERN LEAGUE AT that time included Grand Forks, Winnipeg, Fargo, Crookston, Duluth and Superior.
FROM HER WINDOW A local lady saw two fourth-graders engage in violent combat on their way home from school. Immediately they were surrounded by several score other youngsters, who crowded almost on top of the combatants. The lady stepped to the door to do something about it. Immediately the crowd dispersed, and the children, including the fighters, took to their heels. “Why didn’t you leave them alone?” called a neighbor. “They wouldn’t have hurt each other.” “I was going to leave them alone,” was the reply, “but the others crowded in on them so they didn’t have any room. I was going to make them stand back.”

A MATHEMATICAL FRIEND sends the following, which appeared in a technical journal as an example of the tests used by a corporation in selecting executives for promotion:

"A TRAIN IS OPERATED BY three men, Smith, Robinson, and Jones. They are fireman, engineer and brakeman, but not respectively so. On the train are three passengers of the same names, distinguished as Mr. Smith, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Jones. Consider all the data about all concerned:

1. Mr. Robinson lives in Detroit.
2. The brakeman lives half way between Detroit and Chicago.
3. Mr. Jones earns exactly $2,000 a year.
4. Smith beat the fireman at billiards.
5. The brakeman’s nearest neighbor is one of the passengers and earns exactly three times as much as the brakeman.
6. The passenger whose name is the same as the brakeman lives in Chicago.

The question is—who is the engineer?"

"IF YOU USE THIS IN YOUR column, I would prefer that my name be lost in your private files. I belong to the Shrinking Violet wing.

"With continuing cheers for your column, which I regularly save for the last in my daily perusal of the Herald, I am, Very truly,

W. P. Davies.

AS TO THAT LAST, IT MAY be either a right-handed or a left-handed compliment. Of course we usually save the pie until the end of the meal, but still, I'm wondering. Anyway, I shall be glad to receive solutions of the problem, with the reasons therefor.

THIRTY YEARS AGO JUST now the Red river was subsiding from what was actual flood stage. The water had reached a point 38 feet above the low mark. For a time it had seemed likely that the flood might reach the height of the famous flood of 1897, when the record was 47 feet 6 inches. But it stopped nine feet short of the maximum, inundating only the low lands instead of spreading all over the country.

THE PRECEDING WINTER had been one of unusually deep snow all over the state. One storm, late in March, blocked all the railroads, and many trains were stalled between stations, while others tied up at stations until the plows could be got through. A train on the Hannah line was derailed. The engine climbed a snowbank and started off across the prairie, with the cars trailing along.

PROFESSOR CHANDLER took measurements of the flow of water in the English coulee at the University. He reported that at that time the coulee carried more water than did the Red river at any time except in flood. During these last few years it wouldn’t have taken much of a coulee to equal the Red river, but thirty years ago the Red was quite a respectable stream, with a couple of steamers and a dozen barges in operation, and elevators and warehouses up and down the river collecting wheat to be trans-shipped at Grand Forks. Except for the dam it would have been next to impossible last year to operate a row boat on the river.

WHY DID THE EGYPTIANS use straw in their bricks? Probably the first answer in most cases would be that the straw was intended to keep the clay in shape. But that does not appear to be a satisfactory answer, because straw becomes exceedingly brittle with age, and has practically no tensile strength whatever. A good many years ago tests were conducted with the use of several foreign substances in clay, and the conclusion was reached that the Egyptians used clay for its chemical rather than its mechanical properties. It was found that the mixture of certain barks and other substances rich in tannin made the clay at once tougher and easier to handle, and the experimenters concluded that it was for some such reason that straw was used in Egyptian bricks in the time of Moses.
WHILE THE TULIPS ARE not in bloom, several of them are budded nicely, and I am curious as to how long it will take for those buds to develop into full blossoms. It may take weeks, if the weather remains cold, for, while the plants are unbelievably hardy, in the matter of growth they are very sensitive to changes of temperature. When the first shoots became visible it was after several unusually warm days early in February. Then it turned cold, and there was no more growth until the next warm day or so. So it has gone. Each warm day the growth has speeded up, and each cold day it has slowed down. In spite of the severe weather to which they have been subjected, the only visible effect of frost is that the very tips of some of the leaves are pinched and browned. The general appearance is that of health and vigor.

LAST FALL I PLANTED A few early bloomers in front of the Darwins in order to get some color as early as possible. The Darwins showed up two or three weeks ahead of the others, partly, I suppose, because they are nearer the basement wall, and partly, I suspect, because they were firmly established while the others were newly planted. It might be of some advantage to plant bulbs somewhat earlier, say, in late August. Although they were later in starting I have no doubt that most of the early bloomers will bloom ahead of the Darwins, as it takes a long time for the buds of the Darwins to develop.

THE TULIP IS SENSITIVE to weather in the matter of growth, but of all the plants that I know the most sensitive in this respect is asparagus. This plant needs heat and moisture, and if it gets plenty of both it will grow at an astonishing rate. I have known stalks to grow a foot in 24 hours. Then on a dark, chilly day, the same plant will stand absolutely still.

ASPARAGUS ROOTS ARE usually set out in the spring. Two-year-old plots are usually preferred, though an old plant can be moved successfully in midsummer if there is any object in moving it. When two-year-old roots are planted the rule is to cut none of the growth the first year, little or none the second year, and to cut rather sparingly the next year.

CUTTING ASPARAGUS TOO late in the season will ruin the plants, as the roots cannot thrive if long deprived of top growth. An old rule is to quit cutting asparagus when the green peas are ready for use. Rhubarb roots are also injured by too long and too severe use—the stalks should be pulled, not cut. If the plants are stripped several times in a season they will yield only small stalks, and the quality also seems to deteriorate. If the growth is only moderately thinned the stalks will be better in both size and quality.

IN THE GRAND FORKS CITY election of thirty years ago the total vote cast for mayor was 1669. It was a hotly contested election, with Dues and Lander candidates, and the vote was considered large. For purposes of comparison that vote must be doubled, because of the subsequent enfranchisement of women. That would be equivalent to a vote under modern conditions of 3338. In the recent election 6622 votes were cast for president of the city commission.

THIRTY YEARS AGO ALL OF the territory south of the Great Northern and west of Belmont was included in the Second ward, and the total vote cast in that ward was 454, equivalent to 908 with women's votes included. Since then the territory south of Fourth avenue and west of Belmont has been designated as the Seventh ward. The recent vote in the combined area was 2101.

THIRTY YEARS AGO THE country was speculating on the effect of the supreme court decision outlawing the Northern Securities company as a combination in restraint of trade. The concern was a holding company dominated by the Hill interests by means of which there was affected, to all intents, a merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific. Harriman and Hill were also contending bitterly for control of the Burlington, and at one time Hill said that if Harriman succeeded in getting control of the Burlington, he, Hill, would sell his Great Northern interests and leave the northwest to fight its battles alone. That did not occur. Hill effected a working agreement with the Northern Pacific under which the roads own jointly about 97 per cent of the Burlington, which is the most profitable piece of property that they own.
THE OLDEST INHABITANTS with whom I have come in contact are agreed that in the matter of dust storms this spring breaks all records, and that the series of dust whirls which swept across this section of the valley late Sunday afternoon were the worst they ever knew. On Saturday it was supposed that the climax had been reached, and the blow on that day lasted most of the afternoon, but the several storms of Sunday, while of briefer duration, seemed to say in no form of the tornado and in them the wind reached almost torndonic velocity.

W. P. Davies.

THE FIRST OF THE SUNDAY evening storms, which passed just south of the city, could be seen to best advantage near the city limits in the wreckage of the fair grounds or from the open country. There the swiftly ascending broken columns of blackness had all the appearance of smoke from an enormous fire, and as the cloud first appeared scores of people began to run toward it to see where the fire was. Then it became apparent that what had been taken for dense smoke was really dust, picked up from the fields by the sudden onslaught of the wind, and hurled aloft with almost explosive velocity. I have found no one who recalls anything similar except in a real tornado.

ON HIS FARM NEAR LARI more Senator Eastgate collected the dust that had fallen during the recent storm on a square yard of surface. Before the storm new, clean ice formed on a coulee on the farm, and after the blow this ice was covered with fresh dust. A yard of surface was marked off and the dust from it carefully collected, dried and weighed. I do not recall the weight, but it was some two or three ounces. The material was sent to the Agricultural college for analysis, and it was found that the quantity collected represented several hundred pounds per acre of nitrogen and other valuable mineral elements and a proportionate amount of humus. There was no plowed land for more than a mile to windward of the spot where the collection was made. Somebody's plowed field had been losing valuable elements of productiveness at the rate of several dollars per acre.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE clouds on Sunday evening was suggestive of tornadoes, and several local person recalling the one tornado which Grand Forks experienced and some of them inquired about its date. That storm occurred in mid-afternoon on June 15, 1887. As is usual in such cases, observers differed in their descriptions of the onset of the storm. Several said that there appeared to be two storms, one of which came from the northwest and the other from the southeast, and that it was when the two met overhead that the mischief was to be found. This appearance was probably due to the movement of the storm, the opposite sides of which moved in opposite directions. The great whirl actually came from the southwest and moved from Grand Forks in a fairly straight line across Polk county, Minnesota, past the Keystone farm, crossing the Great Northern about Angus, and on into the uninhabited territory beyond. Its path could be traced by the wreckage of farms buildings along the way.

IN GRAND FORKS THE greatest damage to property was in the wreckage of the fair ground buildings near the University, the partial destruction of the old main building which was the only building on the campus at that time, and the practically complete destruction of St. Michael's Catholic church. The old McClellan hotel was destroyed, and in the destruction of that building a little girl, Cora Starbird, was killed. The old Herald building in the middle of the Kittson avenue block was unroofed, and the Great Northern hotel, which stood on the site of the present First National bank building. A Great Northern train coming from Grafton was blown from the track and the ten or twelve passengers were severely shaken.

THAT STORM WAS THE ONE which effected a sudden change in the arrangements for the marriage of Andrew Veitch and Miss Belle Nelson. The wedding was to have taken place at the home of Mrs. Belle Millen. Miss Nelson was at the Milen home working at a sewing machine on wedding apparel when the storm broke and wrecked the house. The sewing machine was smashed and the wedding finery was soaked with rain, but the bride was not injured, and the wedding took place in the Presbyterian church, with Rev. H. G. Mendenhall officiating.

IN THAT SAME STORM J. S. Milne, whose condensers in and about Grand Forks are numerous, was trying to hold the door of his house from being blown in when a board was shot through the door and struck him in the leg. A few moments later, in another part of the house, another board crashed through and cracked him on the ankle.
FIRST TULIP IS OUT. IT

is one of the early bloomers which

notwithstanding a later start, has
captured up to and passed the Darw"o.

Its petals are deep red, with yellow edges, making an
attractive bit of color at this time of
the year. The plant itself, with
dust from the recent storms, but

the bud has struggled bravely through the un-
favorable weather conditions, and stands as the
realization of hope and the reward of
patience.

I SUPPOSE THE DARWINs are the most familiar and most

popular of the later-blooming tu-
lips. They are of strong, tall
growth, and in their coloring there
are many beautiful shades. Rather
oddly, it seems, there has been de-
veloped no clear yellow Darwin, and when collections of Darwins representing many colors are de-
sired, the yellow is selected from another variety. For such substitu-
tion the Inglescombe Yellow is often chosen. This is a Cottage

tulip, but it is so nearly like the Darwin in form that it is often
called the Darwin tulip. The two varieties are of equal size and

bloom about the same time. The main difference between the Cot-
tage type and the Darwins seems to be that the blossoms of the for-
ter tend to be longer and the stems are not quite so erect.

W. P. Davies.

FRANK SEGOVIA, OF FISHER, has figured out the problem of the three railway men and three pas-
sengers and finds that Smith is the engineer. He accompanies his an-
swer with another problem, and in

sending it he apologizes for its
form and asks me to make correc-
tions, as his language is Spanish,
and not English. I have read a lot
worse English written by persons
who knew nothing of any other
language. On the whole I think
Frank has done a pretty good job.

With the few necessary corrections
here is Frank's problem:

TWO LADIES WERE SITTING

in the house yard. Two men were
coming down the street. "Why," she an-
swered, "they are our fathers, fathers of our children and our
own husbands." How could this be?

MRS. L. M. CARTER, 313
North 17th street, also reaches the

conclusion that Smith is the engi-
neer. Sending in her complete so-

lution, and also another problem,
she writes:

"I SUPPOSE THE DARWINs own husbands." How could this be?

Mr. Jones is not the brakeman's
nearest neighbor because his sal-
ary isn't exactly divisible by three.
He therefore must live in Chicago
which is exactly the same distance
from the brakeman as Detroit. Jones therefore is the brakeman
since his name is the same as the
Chicago passenger's.

"Smith then is the engineer since
he is neither the fireman nor the
brakeman.

"I have it figured that Smith
was the engineer.

"Smith wasn't the fireman,
because he beat the fireman. He was
therefore either the brakeman or
the engineer.

"Mr. Jones is not the brakeman's
next door neighbor because his sal-
ary isn't exactly divisible by three.
He therefore must live in Chicago
which is exactly the same distance
from the brakeman as Detroit. Jones therefore is the brakeman
since his name is the same as the
Chicago passenger's.

"Smith then is the engineer since
he is neither the fireman nor the
brakeman.

MRS. MOMERAK TOOK HER
fifteen-months-old baby to Minne-
apolis to have a bean removed
from the child's lung. The opera-
tion was performed successfully and
the mother returned home with her little one whose life had
been saved by the kindness of oth-
ers who had provided the funds
for the journey and the operation,
altogether about $150. The mother,
seems, thought that it was to the
cab driver, the railway conductor
and the hospital people that she
was indebted, and her expression of
gratitude to them made a good
story in the Minneapolis papers.
In fact, the funds were provided
by the county commissioners of
Walsh county, who paid all the ex-
penses out of the county funds. A
good many acts of this nature are
performed by public bodies with-
out the beating of drums and the
blare of trumpets, and the credit for
them sometimes goes to the
wrong place.

"I MAY OFFER A SIMILAR
one which to me was fully as hard
to get hold of. I think the 'Violet'
might enjoy it. It came from
a puzzle publication, and no solution
was offered. I think mine is cor-
rect.

"Hans, Otto and Fritz and their
wives, but not respectively, Anna,
Gretchen and Katrina purchased
hogs each buying as many hogs as
he or she paid shillings per hog.
Each man spent more than his wife. Hans had 20
more hogs than Otto, Gretchen 23
more than Fritz, and Katrina 8
more than Anna. With this data
pair the husbands and wives."
I DOFF MY BEAVER TO THE people of Round Lake, Illinois, and especially to the gentleman who wielded a garden rake so effectively on the occasion of the attempted bank robbery in that little town recently. In the first place, when three men entered the bank and began shooting without the formality of introduction, the president, who was behind the counter, neither threw up his hands nor lay down on the floor. He grabbed his gun and began to shoot. His marksmanship may not have been perfect, but anyway, he added enough to the commotion to make the din heard outside.

ROUND LAKE HAS A VIGILANTE outfit. Its form of organization and its constitution and by-laws have not been described, but apparently its dominating principle is to get going, pronto, when there is a disturbance on. So, without waiting for anybody to call the meeting to order or to don uniforms, the Round Lake vigilantes got busy at once when they heard the sound of the shooting in the bank. One of them, who had been raking his lawn, arrived on the scene with his garden rake.

NOW THE GARDEN RAKE IS not a long-range weapon, nor a weapon of great precision, but it has its points. It has a cruel appearance, next, I think, to that of a scythe. I never cared to fight with anyone who was armed with a scythe, and I have profound respect for a rake. When stepped on it leaves the impression of being harsh and unsympathetic, and it is a fearsome thing when vigorously wielded. The Round Lake vigilante swung his rake to such good purpose that he put one bandit out of commission. One of the trio jumped into his car, and, abandoning his companions, made his escape. When last heard from the third was hiding in an adjacent lumber yard. I have Round Lake marked down as one of the desirable places in which to live.

NOT LONG AGO MET A stranger on a train who, learning that June Cooley was from Grand Forks, asked if he remembered a man named Ward who lived in Grand Forks many years ago. Of course June remembered "General" Ward very well, and said so. The stranger said that he was living in Bismarck at the time that Ward, who was then cutting a wide swath, was recognized by a Bismarck barber as "Worthington," whom he had shaved in Seattle.

WARD WAS A FAKER WHO, in the early eighties, worked his way into the best circles in Grand Forks, figured extensively in politics, and borrowed from Grand Forks people all the money they would lend him. The Bismarck barber who recognized him confided the information to George B. Winship, who was then in Bismarck. In the meantime Ward had gone to Minneapolis on some errand. Winship, not certain that the barber's identification would stand up, did not feel warranted in making a public exposure, but on Ward's return to Grand Forks he put a feeler in the form of a personal note in The Herald. That was to the effect that "A. W. Worthington, late of Seattle, arrived from Minneapolis this morning." Mrs. Ward reported later that when The Herald was delivered that day—at that time it was an evening paper—Ward began to read it, then jumped up and began to walk up and down the room, showing signs of agitation. He then put on his hat and went out, and she never saw him again. He slipped out of town, caught a train, and was gone. After numerous escapades in this country he was sent to the penitentiary in Australia for fraud in connection with the raising of funds for some religious cult which he sponsored. The story has been told before, but Cooley's encounter with the stranger who remembered about it brings it again to mind.

THE PEOPLE OF SCARSDALE, a suburb of New York city, where I believe John M. Hancock lives, are trying to discover what to do about the violation of the architectural beauty of their town by the installation in their midst of a loud and offensively colored lunch wagon which has been rolled into town and established on one of their principal streets. The thing has been declared a desecration and an abomination, but it is situated on private property, and the authorities seem to lack jurisdiction.

THE PROBLEM OF PROTECTING the appearance of neighborhoods is one which continues to be perplexing. The right of the individual to determine the use of his own property is often abused, to the distinct injury of other persons, but the power of the courts to afford relief seems to be limited. A shack or a billboard may render a whole neighborhood unsightly, yet in many cases the community is helpless.

CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA, whose people do not like to have it called a suburb of Miami, although the two adjoin, is an example of a vigorous effort to maintain architectural harmony. When the original town was platted lots were sold with rigid building restrictions, which provided, among other things, that in the sections designated no structures costing less than a specified amount should be erected; that ample space be left between buildings; and that before construction all plans for new buildings be approved by the municipal architectural board.
YEARS AGO WE WERE taught that all matter is made of atoms, the atom being the smallest possible unit into which matter could be divided. That was as far as science had got in those days. Now we find that the atom is a complex structure, composed of several other things, including neutrons. Some scientist has recently measured the neutron, and he finds its diameter to be one-trillionth of an inch—thirteen cyphers, please.

A FRIEND WITH A NIMBLE pencil has been figuring on that, and he gives me the result of his computation. He says that if peas a quarter of an inch in diameter were placed side by side in a continuous row a column of them containing ten trillion would reach from here to the sun and stick out into space several million miles on the other side. Now when we divide an inch into fractions of that proportionate size we are certainly getting down into the micro-infinitesimal.

SOME UNKNOWN FRIEND sends me a copy of the Aberdeen, Scotland, Weekly Journal of April 5, containing a marked article, telling of the reappearance of the famed Loch Ness monster which has been the subject of so much speculation during the past few months. A lady returning from a hockey game reported having seen the monster, but when she called the attention of her companions to it they could see only a commotion in the water. However, at the same time Donald Fraser, an Inverness chemist, saw the beast from the other side of the lake.

ON EASTER MONDAY several persons saw the monster quite plainly. One of them described it as having the appearance of an overturned boat. All of the group watched it as it crossed the lake and returned about half way and then disappeared beneath the surface, leaving the water in great commotion.

BRITISH PAPERS HAVE been taking an interest in the pursuit of Dillinger, and one enterprising London paper has a thrilling story of the latest developments in the chase, in which Indians are said to have assisted in the pursuit with their own bows and arrows and lumberjacks have joined in the fray with axes and other lumbermen’s weapons.

BEFORE WE SMILE TOO broadly at the sensationalism of the London paper which perpetuates such absurdities, or the supposed credulity of readers who are assumed to swallow such stuff, we may recall the publication in a Chicago paper only a few years ago of a blood-curdling story of a raid made on Valley City, North Dakota, of a great pack of ravenous wolves, which terrorized the population and caused doors and windows all over town to be barricaded.

THE INVASION OF DULUTH by wild animals has been made the subject of newspaper hilarity on several occasions. Reports of bears and wolves appearing within the city limits of Duluth have been received with shouts of derision. Really there is nothing remarkable about it. Duluth, as everyone knows, is strung along the lake front on the slope of an immense rocky bluff. The city limits extend away back beyond the crest, where scarcely anyone lives, and where the platted city runs into brush land, the natural home of many kinds of wild animals.

WE MUST NOT FORGET, either, the deer which last year jumped through a plate glass store front right in the center of the business district of Grand Forks. At first it was supposed that that deer had escaped from some farm enclosure where deer are kept, but no one reported missing a deer. The conclusion reached was that the animal had strayed from the timbered country in the Pembina or Turtle mountains.

THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT objects to the use of those postal card bills with the return card attached, unless a reply on the other sheet is actually expected. Hereafter, as an accommodation to the merchant who sends out his bills that way one should acknowledge receipt on the return card, accompanying the acknowledgment with “many happy returns,” or some such pleasant sentiment. That should be almost as satisfactory as paying the bill.

IN 1879, WHEN GEORGE B. Winship was working at the printer’s trade in Winnipeg, he attended, occasionally, Holy Trinity church, in which Archdeacon McLaIn held services as often as was convenient. The congregation was a motley one, of whites and mixed bloods, most of whom could not read. There was only one hymn book, but that made no difference, because all in the congregation knew the hymn. At the proper time in the service the archdeacon would announce “We will now sing the usual hymn,” whereupon the company sang, with great reverence “Sun of my soul.” That was the only hymn they knew, and the only one they sang.
WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE earliest of all flowers in this latitude is the Siberian scilla, of which I know of specimens of only two places in the city, the homes of G. W. Crossman on Walnut street and of Dr. Campbell on south Sixth. I do not know the origin of Dr. Campbell’s plants, but Mr. Crossman obtained his from the Heath farm southwest of the city. Several years ago Mr. Hanson, horticulturist at Brookings, S. D., brought specimens of this plant from Siberia, where it grows wild, and Mrs. Heath obtained a few roots from him.

* * *

IN THE EARLY SPRING THE root sends up small, narrow leaves, from which spring stalks bearing tiny blossoms of intense blue, not unlike the bluebell in form. Mr. Crossman’s plants have been in bloom for about two weeks, and the blossoms are still in good condition.

* * *

IT IS SAID THAT BLOSSOMS of this plant have sometimes been found actually growing in the snow. This is not at all impossible, as there are plants native to mountainous districts, whose growing shoots melt their way through shallow layers of snow above them and then blossom before the snow is gone. Our familiar prairie flower, known variously as the pasque flower, sand flower and anemone, often blooms before the nearby snow has disappeared, but I have never heard of its growing through the snow.

* * *

SPRING BREEZE—1934 MODEL.

I come from north, or north-by-west,
Or east and south together;
I rouse the people from their rest
To give them dusty weather.

I puff, I blow, I whirl, I scream,
I make a deafening clatter;
I dry up every stream;
At every door I batter.

I come in gusts, day after day,
Both up and down the river,
And nothing checks my dusty way;
I blow and blow forever.

* * *

I’m full of fun and comic tricks, And every sort of joking;
I strip a chimney of its bricks, And leave the furnace smoking.

I lift a farm up from its place Near Minot or Lakota, And send it whirling off through space To land in South Dakota.

I dim the sun at high noon tide I slack my blustering never, And on my wings black furies ride For I blow on forever.

With force and skill I penetrate Through every crack and craney; And housewives I infuriate In ways that are uncanny.

And so I go my changeless way, Untiring, fierce and gusty; I care not who may bid me stay; I’m mercilessly dusty.

I scatter, scatter, as I blow, And clog each shrunk en river; For days may come, and days may go, But I blow on forever.

* * *

IT IS RUMORED THAT DILLINGER has given the St. Paul police 24 hours to get out of town. Will Rogers predicts that one of these days Dillinger will get tangled up in a crowd of innocent bystanders and get himself shot.

* * *

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK was billed to sing in New York at a meeting held in protest against Nazi activities. When the time came for her appearance she stepped out on the stage and read a letter which she had received, threatening her with death if she dared to sing before that company. Explaining that she was 74 years old, and hasn’t long to live, anyway, she sang, and put her whole soul into it, as she always does. What a grand woman!