April 1935

William Preston Davies
The young men had to put the best face possible on the situation. A dancing card at the prom, the dress suit of the young men became a target. They proved to be charming dancers and charming companions. Fifty years later, they would recall the delightful evenings spent with the girls of the prom. Hammond converted to a college dance and spent the evening dodging the attentions of the boys. He eventually found himself alone with the girls, and the situation came to an end. The men left the premises, and the girls continued their enjoyment of the evening. Hammond, who was a talented dancer, was invited to help in the festivities. He promised to be a good sport and to make the evening memorable. He proved to be a skilled dancer, and his presence added to the enjoyment of the evening. The young men and women continued to enjoy the evening, and Hammond's presence was much appreciated. The story is an example of how a young man can make the most of a difficult situation and turn it into a memorable evening.
AFTER FLYING THROUGH one of those dust storms the other day Will Rogers remarked that after Colorado had blown over onto Kansas, Colorado might sue Kansas for the top soil, but Kansas could come back and sue Colorado for covering up the Kansas crops. The possible complications seem to be as puzzling as those in the once famous case of Bullum versus Boat which was the basis of a humorous reading many years ago. A Thames boatman tied his flat-bottomed craft to a post on the shore with a hay rope. A neighbor's bull boarded the boat and ate up the rope and boat and bull floated down stream. The owner of the bull sued the owner of the boat for carrying off his bull, and the boat's owner sued the other man for stealing his boat. Both parties were non-sued and intrusted to start all over again.

"NEXT TO PROPER HOUSE made and placement of same," writes Mr. Ellingson, "success rests mainly upon one condition of importance, namely that of 6 days of 12 hours each of rigid protection against the aggressive English sparrow and the common cat. If bird is not otherwise scared off the palce, you will then have this bird as a regular visitor as long as there are any of them left in the country.

SOME EARLY MORNING about the 15th of April or later, you will wake up after having heard a calling of the blue bird possibly on your porch roof although it sounds as if he was a half mile away, "truly truly" and if your house has been protected a couple of weeks against occupancy of the English sparrow, they will immediately commence building. (House must be clean from sparrow rubbish.)

"THE END OF THE THIRD day, nest is ready. Nest has been prepared of fine grasses, usually June grass if available. The following three days, there will be 3 eggs, one per day. Now then these 3 days are what I call the danger point in blue bird raising. Like the purple martin, the bluebirds also vacate during the day these 3 days, and here is the very secret of failure or success in the game. In 9 cases out of 10, the sparrow has had a big feast on the eggs and the blue birds leave with a pitiful sorrowing moaning which you will never forget. I have seen this happen 3 times, and I do not let it happen again, that is the reason I shot 300 sparrows last season in my backyard, and it must be the reason why I also for the first time last year was able to raise two broods.

"IN ORDER TO RAISE TWO broods, you must have two houses, as the first or old house gets infested with bird lice during the hot weather and almost as soon as the young fly out about the end of the third week, the parent birds will immediately take the new house, provided same has been protected from rubbish and the sparrow. I always provide a good sized door which permits the daily inspection of nest, eggs or young ones, besides cleaning out the rubbish which the sparrow almost daily drags into the empty houses. House should also have a couple of air holes near the ceiling about the size of a lead pencil (diameter) to permit fresh air without direct draft during warm weather. House should be placed in the backyard where there is least disturbance; house should face either a south or east front if possible, and placed so that it can be seen from some room in your residence so as to assure birds of proper protection especially the first 6 days. After that time, they will drive off the sparrow themselves, but you still have the cat always looming around the place, trying to destroy the bluebirds.

THE U. S. DEPARTMENT of agriculture recommends the following size house for the bluebird, as well as height to be placed: 5x5x5 inches, inside measurement. Triangular roof to permit shedding of water. Entrance hole or door 1½ inches in diameter, placed on front of house, 6 inches above floor, in the center. Height from ground, from 5 to 10 feet. Follow above plan as close as possible. Have in the past placed house on top of a sweet pea fence with success, but I find that the placing of house on top of a post 8 feet above ground is best. Place house where there may be part shade and part sunshine. Placing of bluebird houses in trees is never successful, as cat and English sparrows are prowling in them.

"I HAVE A WATER FOUNTAIN in the back yard which is much used by all kinds of birds. I refill with fresh water daily with the garden hose, as the birds do not like stale water. English sparrows will be the main crowd also here but therefore you also have the greatest chance to head the large number off. I will say it is not so easy to raise bluebirds, and yet with known methods it is quite simple and easy. The bluebird has been called the 'bringer of happiness,' and here is hoping that this information may help someone who does care, and that we may have more of these birds in place of eradication of same by the sparrow."
SEEING RAZOR BLADES ADVERTISED, 50 for 49 cents, a friend of mine was reminded of the story of the razor-seller as told in a humorous poem which was used for declamation purposes many years ago. It begins:

A fellow, in a market-town,
Most musical cried "Razors" up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen-pence;

Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap,
As every man should buy—for cash and sense.

* * *

YOUNG HODGE, WITH A stiff black beard, bought a dozen took them home and tried to shave, but the razors would not work. One after the other he tried them and found them all useless. Next day he found the seller and reproached him, complaining that the razors would not shave. The seller said he never supposed that they would shave, and when Hodge asked wonderingly for what they were made, replied with a smile, "To sell."

However, there is a difference. The modern blade, just a thin bit of steel, actually will shave.

* * *

IN REPLY TO THE INQUIRY for members of the A. E. F. in this vicinity who crossed on the Leviathan, which has been decommissioned, Mrs. Leo Eagan of Washington, writes:

"I sailed on the Leviathan from Brest, France, at 7:15 P. M. July 30, 1919, and saw the Statue of Liberty at 5:30 A. M. August 6. I landed at Pier 4, Hoboken, N. J., at 8 the same morning." Mrs. Eagan was then Catherine A. Horgan.

* * *

THEY HAD A MERRY TIME in the Ontario parliament over the bill fixing the status of the Dionne quintuplets as "wards of the king." The administration had hoped for unanimous approval of the bill, but some members of the opposition were in a critical mood, and debate became angry and impassioned. Offensive personal remarks were made, ruled out of order and withdrawn, with the assurance that the speaker meant exactly what was conveyed in the words. Dr. Dafoe, who officiated at the birth of the infants and has since had them in charge, sat in the gallery, an interested spectator. After the debate a newspaper man asked him what he thought of the proceedings. "Very interesting," said the canny doctor, and that was the only comment that he could be induced to make. The doctor in that case made a decidedly better showing than did the members of parliament.

A FEW PERSONS, WHO NEVER had much money before, won $140,000 each in a lottery sweepstakes. In a recent magazine article the winner of a similar prize in a former lottery tells of his experiences. In his hands the money melted away like snow on a July day, and in a short time he was not only out of money but out of a job and in debt. To make matters worse he had acquired spending habits out of keeping with his earning capacity. He tells of several others whose experience was quite similar to his own. Often winners of such prizes resolve firmly to invest their winnings conservatively and live modestly thereafter. But few of them ever do it.
WHEN DEXTER W. FELLOWS is given the title "venerable," it is time for some of the rest of us to remember that tempus fugits. Fellows has just made his annual reappearance in New York, preparatory to the annual reopening of the big circus, Barnum & Bailey. Every spring the big show opens for a run at Madison Square Garden before taking to the road, and every spring Fellows, who has been its press agent for more years than a good many persons can remember, opens headquarters in New York and begins to inform the public of the wonders which are in store for it when the show gets under way.

I ONCE CONFIDED TO FELLOWS that circus life had had a great fascination for me, and that I had long entertained an ambition to join up with a show, not as an acrobat or side-show attraction, but in some capacity in which I would have a small job which would keep me busy part of the time and which would make me really a part of the circus outfit and not a mere spectator, and in which I would have a chance to become completely saturated with the circus atmosphere. Fellows is one of the most accommodating chaps in the world, and without hesitation he replied, "Come along. We'll fit you out with just the right kind of job any time you say." Pressing engagements prevented my immediate acceptance of that cordial offer, but I have it filed away in my memory, and maybe one of these days—who knows?

PROCEEDS FROM THE OPENING performance of the circus, April 11, are to be devoted to financing a home for aged circus performers. The site for the home has already been selected, an old rambling mansion near Richmond, Virginia, with shady trees and grassy meadows, where performers who are no longer able to entertain crowds can end their days in comfort. The public sees those entertainers in paint and spangles, in all the gaiety of holiday surroundings, but, like the rest of us, they grow old. Some of them retire to farms or business enterprises which they have been able to finance with their savings. Some are improvident, or unfortunate, and end their days in poverty. In his statement the other day Fellows told of a former famous clown being picked up in the snow in Philadelphia, starving, and clutching to his breast a little dog to keep him warm, and of the death in a shack, surrounded by a few old cats, of a woman who had been a beauty in her day, and a remarkably successful trainer of dogs and cats.

THE CIRCUS, AS IT WAS once known, has gone, and it can never come back. It was an institution peculiar to its own time, and to bring it back as it was we should have to bring back the horse and buggy, and the dirt road and abolish many of the things to which we have become accustomed, Families such as those for whom the visit to the circus was the great holiday event of the year now drive hundreds of miles over the week end and get the children back for school on Monday morning. A circus may be visited, if there is the convenient, but the circus must compete now with national parks, visits to the big cities and a score of other things that are within reach of the ordinary family.

ONE OF THE ATTRACTIVE features of the old circus was the parade, a gorgeous spectacle which was abandoned years ago. It is true that there were those who, having seen the parade, saved their money and went home without seeing the circus itself. But the parade drew crowds and intensified the spirit of pageantry which was the very life of the circus as a social institution. Quite largely circuses have been motorized, and a circus parade powered by gasoline, even if it were attempted, can never take the place of an imposing procession of horse-drawn vehicles. Inside the tent there is abundance of gorgeous pageantry and the acts are thrilling and amazingly skillful, but the whole world has changed, and the circus occupies a different place in it.
DR. VIZATELLI, FAMOUS LEXICOGRAPHER, reports that some 800,000 words are now listed in the English language, but still he is not satisfied. He wants more words and he is continually on the search for them. Treating our language as English in the broad sense he takes no stock in the idea of building an "American" language. In their search for new words which may be thought worthy of inclusion in the growing catalogue he and his assistants are regular readers of newspapers, not merely American papers, but those published in Canada, England, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Wherever the speech which we call English is spoken new words are coming into use, some of them to last for a day, some to become permanent parts of the language.

AS AN EXAMPLE OF THE modified meanings which become attached to words Dr. Vizatelli cites "quintuplets" which formerly meant merely five of a kind. But the wide publicity given to the Dionne children has given the word a more specific and restricted meaning, namely, five children born of the same mother at the same time. "Jazz," a slang word, seems to have become a fixture. "Chiseler," occasionally used as a bit of slang, was given new standing through its use by President Roosevelt. Harding picked up the word "normalcy," of which only a few persons had ever heard, and brought into current use. Also, with the invention and adoption of new words, to meet scientific, social and other needs, words are continually dropping out of use. All dictionaries contain many words which were once regularly used, but which are not now used at all, or, if used, are given meanings quite different from the original. These are marked "obsolete," but the dictionaries do not drop them altogether.

THE FEDERAL ALCOHOL Control Administration is authority for the shocking and heretical statement that new wine may be as good as old, and for the regulation prohibiting the statement of the age of wines on the new labels. Because of the results of a searching investigation the FACA says "nothing short of elimination of age statements seems adequate to protect the public against an epidemic of false assertions of age and against the growth of a totally false idea of the importance and effect of age, beyond the minimum necessary for its reasonable maturity, in wine." The administration will still permit the vintage year to be recorded on the label, and will insist that all the grapes from which is made wine bearing such labels must be gathered in a single year from a single wine area.

IT HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN that weather and other conditions in a given season and locality have a marked effect on flavor, hence the product of a certain year may be greatly superior to that of other years in the same area. The administration is also trying to have correct information conveyed to consumers by means of labels, just as is done with other products than wine. There was a time when cheese made in a certain manner and having a certain texture and appearance was known as "Swiss" cheese, no matter where made. Swiss producers of that particular kind of cheese protested, maintaining that because of certain peculiarities of their territory their cheese could not be duplicated. A compromise was effected - whereby "Swiss" was permitted for all cheese of that type, but the word "Switzerland" may not be used except for cheese made in the immediate vicinity of the Alps. So, wine made in California may not be described as "Burgundy," "Madeira," etc., unless some such word as "California," or "American" is used to denote the place of manufacture.

REFERENCE WAS MADE THE other day to the bulkiness of Canadian currency as compared with the small new American bills. The Canadian government, however, is cutting down paper costs in the printing of its money, and the new Canadian bills are approximately the size of our own, just a little shorter and as much wider, but in area about the same.
AN OLD HERALD FILE USUALLY YIELDS MORE THAN THE ORIGIN OF THE ACRYLIC OBJECT. THE DISCOVERY OF A LITTLE MINISTER, WHICH THE REVIEW SAYS MUST HAVE MADE SOME OF THE SCENES. "MR. JACKSON," WHOEVER HIS WARRIOR, IS SAID TO HAVE LACKED ANIMATION AND SPONTANEOUSITY, AND THERE IS CRITICISM, TOO, OF THE DIALECT USED BY THE OTHER PLAYERS, WHICH THE REVIEW SAYS MUST HAVE GRADED HARSHPY ON THE EARS OF SCOTS IN THE AUDIENCE.

I THOUGHT KATHERINE Hepburn was superb in the elf-like character of Babble, and I should make the same criticism of John Beal that was made 35 years ago of his predecessor in the same part—that he lacked animation and spontaneity. The little minister is manifestly a difficult part to play. Barrie made it alive in the book, but it was no easy job for him, with hundreds of pages on which to work. But both playwright and actor have a difficult task in trying to present in just a few scenes both the imagination and spirit of adventure which the Reverend Gavin Dishart must have had to attract the wayward gipsy girl and the sternness with which he sought to conceal those qualities. John Beal's minister is as dour as the Auld Licht presiding elder.

THERE HAS BEEN AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE RENDITION OF SCOTS DIALECT IN 35 YEARS. THERE IS LITTLE IN THE DIALECT OF THE SCREEN PLAY WHICH THE MOST PETULANT CAN FIND TO CRITICIZE. WHEN THE ACTION CALLS FOR IT Miss Hepburn makes some clever transitions from the speech of the castle to that of the general population of Thrums. The playwright has sought to Heighten his effect by having the minister sound the three warning blasts on the horn. That works very well, but I still cling to the notion of having that little job done by the policeman, which was Barrie's idea in the first place.

THAT WINTER THE HERALD Published several letters written at Fort Gibson, Alaska, by Mrs. C. S. Farnsworth to her mother, Mrs. I. H. Bosard of Grand Forks. I had forgotten that the Farnsworths were stationed for a time in Alaska. Lieutenant C. S. Farnsworth had been military instructor at the University of North Dakota, and here he married Helen Bosard. When the gold excitement turned attention to Alaska Captain Farnsworth—promoted in the meantime—was sent to Alaska and was stationed at Fort Gibson on the Yukon, almost in the exact center of the Alaskan Peninsula, and there his wife and Young Robert accompanied him.

MRS. FARNSWORTH'S LETTERS WERE WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1899, AND CONTAIN CHATTY DESCRIPTIONS OF LIFE AT THE FRONTIER POST. WINTER WAS COMING ON. ICE 20 INCHES THICK FLOATED DOWN THE RIVER. THE LAST BOATS HAD COME AND GONE, AND PREPARATIONS WERE BEING MADE FOR THE LONG MONTHS OF BITTER COLD, WHEN THE SUN WOULD SHINE BUT A FEW HOURS EACH DAY. STORES OF FOOD HAD BEEN ACCUMULATED, AND THE MEMBERS OF THE LITTLE GARRISON WERE LOOKING FORWARD TO A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF BEEF WHEN THE ANIMALS WHICH HAD BEEN SHIPPED IN WOULD BE PROPERLY CONDITIONED. GAME OF ALL KINDS WAS ABUNDANT, BUT THERE WAS A STRONG DESIRE FOR THE PLAIN FOOD OF CIVILIZATION.

CAPTAIN FARNSWORTH BECAME A MAJOR GENERAL, COMMANDED A DIVISION WITH DISTINCTION IN THE WORLD WAR, AND IS NOW LIVING RETIRED IN CALIFORNIA WITH HIS FAMILY.

BLUEBERRIES WERE PLENTIFUL IN THE SUMMER MONTHS, AND VAST QUANTITIES OF THEM HAD BEEN CANNED FOR WINTER. BLUEBERRY PIE WAS ONE OF CHARLIE'S SPECIALITIES, AND HE WAS LIBERAL WITH HIS HELPINGS. HALF A PIE WAS THE PORTION USUALLY ASSIGNED TO THE CAPTAIN. CHARLIE WAS AS SKILLFUL WITH A RAZOR AS WITH HIS COOKING EQUIPMENT AND OFTEN THE CAPTAIN WOULD SAY: "CHARLIE, I THINK I COULD STAND BEING SHAVED IF I COULD HAVE A CHUNK OF BLUEBERRY PIE." THE PIE WOULD BE ADMINISTERED AND THE SHAVING WOULD BE PERFORMED SMOOTHLY AND PAINLESSLY.

CAPTAIN FARNSWORTH WASHED IN THE SAD SEA WAVES, AND "LA TOSCA." THERE WAS IN ADDITION FARCE AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENT.

THAT WINTER THE HERALD WAS GIVEN HERE AND CURIOUS AS TO JUST WHEN THE ORIGIN OF THE ACRYLIC OBJECT.
WHILE LIFE AT FORT GIBSON, Alaska, in 1899 was fairly peaceful, it had its thrilling moments. In Mrs. C. S. Farnsworth’s letter to her mother, Mrs. J. H. Bosard, to which AS A MATTER OF FACT NO reference was made yesterday, swiftness and her guns placed her in a class by herself. Occasionally ships were sighted at a distance, but they were either neutral or allied craft. All the way across a sharp lookout was kept, and often the men on deck would see members of the crew busy with the guns when from their position nothing was in sight. Presently there would appear above the horizon the masts and funnels of a ship which had been sighted over the edge of the sea by the lookout in the crow’s-nest. 

W. P. Davies.

NEXT MORNING, WITH THE aid of an interpreter, it was learned that the intruder was a German who understood scarcely any English, that he had been honorably discharged from the Prussian army and had wandered with thousands of others into Alaska in search of gold, and that his mind had become so affected by some sort of dreamy, irresponsible existence. Just why he had wandered into the Farnsworth home in the middle of the night neither he nor anyone else could explain.

WHAT FOOLISH QUESTIONS a fellow will ask! Not long ago I asked if any of the Grand Forks service men had crossed either way on the Leviathan. Skipper Edwards tells me that the entire North Dakota regiment and the Montana outfit went over on the Leviathan on her first trip after she was taken over by the United States government. Starting on that trip some of the fellows got a real thrill. Zollinger, a Grand Forks chap whose official status I do not recall, solemnly informed a group of his comrades that the Kaiser had just sent a cable to President Wilson informing him that the Leviathan would never be permitted to get across the Atlantic, and that Mr. Wilson’s reply to that threat was to send the Levia- than out in broad daylight and without convoy. The boys thought that was a fine gesture, but wished that they had not been made part of it.

CAPTAIN EDWARDS SAYS that on the arrivals of the big ship at Liverpool many of the soldiers became active souvenir-hunters, and small movable objects belonging to the ship disappeared rapidly. One soldier, whom Edwards discreetly refuses to name, saw another in the darkness prying loose a name-plate with a blunt knife. Approaching quietly the observer roared “Hey, you.” The startled vandal dropped his knife and disappeared in the darkness. The other picked up the knife, completed the removal of the plate, and put knife and plate in his pocket.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO at a meeting of the Independent Foresters of Grand Forks a debate was held on the propriety of seating United States Senator Roberts of Utah. The debaters were Dr. John Fawcett and F. B. Fetham, Newcomb, and others and E. J. Taylor, opposed. Of the four debaters only Mr. Taylor, now registrar of the state supreme court, is now living. The Roberts case was vigorously debated all over the country as well as in the senate. The seating of the candidate was opposed on the ground that he was a member of the Mormon church, whose toleration of polygamy, it was urged, should debar its members from the privileges of American citizenship. Roberts was seated, as was Senator Smoot, against whom similar objections were urged a few years later. Senator Smoot, just seated, called to pay his respects to President Theodore Roosevelt. Waiting at the farther end of the reception room was a delegation of some two dozen W. C. T. U. delegates. Roosevelt received the new senator cordially, said he was glad to see him, but added in an aside, “I see you’ve brought your family with you.”
THEY ARE HAVING AN EPIDEMIC OF BEDBUGS IN LONDON, NOT IN WHITECHAPEL OR LIMEHOUSE ALONE BUT IN MAYFAIR, ON REGENT STREET AND IN OTHER SECtIONS INHABITED BY THE ELITE. WHILE IT HAS NOT BEEN REPORTED THAT THE BEASTS HAVE INVADED BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THEY ARE WITHIN A BLOCK OR TWO OF THE ROYAL RESIDENCE, AND IF THERE IS NO IMPROVEMENT IN THE SITUATION QUEEN MARY MAY HAVE TO TAKE A HAND HERSELF. IT WOULD BE HIGHLY INTERESTING TO SEE HER MAJESTY WITH HER HEAD DONE UP IN AN OLD DUSTER GOING THROUGH THE BEDROOMS, TOUCHING UP CRACKS IN THE FURNITURE WITH A FEATHER DIPPED IN CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE.

W. P. DAVIES

FOR THE LAST SIXTY OR SEVENTY YEARS I HAVE BEEN INTENDING TO GO TO LONDON—OH, JUST TO KIND OF WANDER AROUND AND SEE A LOT OF THE THINGS THAT WE READ ABOUT IN BOOKS. I'VE KEPT PUTTING IT OFF FOR ONE REASON AND ANOTHER, AND THERE WASN'T ANY HURRY ABOUT IT, ANYWAY, BUT I HAVE NEVER ABANDONED THE IDEA. NOW I'VE GOTTEN TO IT OFF AGAIN. I'M NOT GOING TO LONDON UNTIL THEY GET THE TOWN CLEANED UP. I SIMPLY CAN'T STAND BEDBUGS. ONE BUG WILL THROW ME INTO FiERY TORMENT, AND IF THERE IS ONE WITHIN A ROD I'LL FIND ME, NO MATTER HOW I BARRICADE AND TRY TO INSULATE MYSELF. IT'S CURIOUS ABOUT LONDON, THOUGH, FOR FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD THE ROOMS THERE ARE USUALLY TOO COLD FOR BEDBUGS OR ANYTHING ELSE TO HATCH.

WITHOUT SOME PARTICULAR PEG ON WHICH TO HANG THE INFORMATION I NEVER CAN TELL WHAT THE WEATHER WAS LIKE THIS TIME TWENTY YEARS AGO, OR IN ANY OTHER YEAR, BUT IT HAPPENS THAT I HAVE CAUSE TO REMEMBER THE SORT OF WEATHER WE HAD THIS TIME 39 YEARS AGO AROUND GRAND FORKS. THERE WAS LOTS OF SNOW DURING THE WINTER OF 1895-96, AND CONSIDERABLE RAINY WEATHER IN THE SPRING. EARLY IN MARCH I HAD OCCASION TO GO A FEW MILES INTO THE COUNTRY ON THE MINNESOTA SIDE. I TRIED TO HIRE A LIVERY RIG FOR THAT PURPOSE. I DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF HANDLING ANOTHER MAN'S TEAM IN THAT MUD, SO I TRIED TO HIRE A TEAM WITH EXPERIENCED DRIVER. IT COULDN'T BE DONE. THE LIVERY MEN ALL AGREED THAT A TEAM WOULD BE BOGGED DOWN BEFORE IT COULD GET A BLOCK OUT OF EAST GRAND FORKS.


THERE WAS NO PAVING IN TOWN. PREPARATIONS WERE BEGUN DURING THE WINTER FOR THE FIRST PAVING, AND A CONTRACT WAS LET TO P. MCDONNELL OF DULUTH FOR THE PAVING OF SEVERAL DOWN-TOWN BLOCKS W/ ROUND CEDAR BLOCKS SIX INCHES LONG STOOD ON END ON A PLANK. THE COST OF THAT FIRST JOB, AS I RECALL IT, WAS 94 CENTS A SQUARE YARD, AND THERE WERE NUMEROUS PROTESTS FROM PROMINENT CITIZENS WHO INSISTED THAT SUCH AN EXTRAVAGANT OUTLAY WOULD CONFISCATE PROPERTY AND BANKRUPT THE TOWN. INASMUCH AS NOBODY HAD BEEN ABLE TO GET INTO OR OUT OF THE TOWN EXCEPT BY TRAIN FOR WEEKS, THE PROTESTS WENT UNHEEDED, THE FEELING BEING THAT WITHOUT PAVING WE SHOULD ALL HAVE TO MOVE OUT ANYWAY. THE ESTIMATED LIFE OF THAT TYPE OF PAVEMENT WAS EIGHT YEARS, BUT IT WAS A DOZEN YEARS BEFORE ANY OF IT WAS RENEWED. IT GOT PRETTY BUMPY, BUT IT KEPT US OUT OF THE MUD.

ON APRIL 3 THERE WAS CELEBRATED IN NEW YORK THE 75TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INAUGURATION OF THE FAMOUS PONY EXPRESS, WHICH CARRIED MAIL BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI, AND SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, 1,980 MILES, IN TEN DAYS. FEATURED IN THE CELEBRATION WAS CHARLIE MILLER, LAST SURVIVOR OF THE PONY EXPRESS RIDERS, WHO RODE A HORSE FROM THE NEW YORK POSTOFFICE TO THE NEWARK AIRPORT, DELIVERING IT TO A WAITING PLANE, WHICH DELIVERED IT LATER AT THE CALIFORNIA AIRPORT IN TEN HOURS. THE COST OF CARRYING AN ORDINARY LETTER TO CALIFORNIA BY PONY EXPRESS WAS $10 TODAY IT IS 6 CENTS. THE COST HAS DROPPED IN EVEN GREATER RATIO THAN THE TIME CONSUMED IN THE JOURNEY. IN THESE DAYS OF GOVERNMENT ACTIVITY IN BUSINESS IT IS INTERESTING TO RECALL THAT THE PONY EXPRESS WAS A PURELY PRIVATE ENTERPRISE. ITS PROMOTERS PROVIDED THEIR OWN CAPITAL TOOK THEIR OWN CHANCES AND MADE WHAT PROFITS THEY COULD.

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REFERENCE TO THE SAILINGS OF THE LEVIATHAN DURING THE WAR HAS CALLED UP REMINISCENCES OF INTERESTING EXPERIENCES TO SEVERAL GRAND FORKS MEN, AMONG THEM W. K. TREUmann, WHO WAS ONE OF THE NORTH DAKOTA CONTINGENT ON BOARD THE LEVIATHAN ON HER FIRST CROSSING AFTER AMERICAN ENTRY INTO THE WAR. LIEUTENANT TREUmann WAS A MEMBER OF THE STAFF OF BRIGADIER GENERAL VOLKARTH, AND HE NOT ONLY MADE THAT FIRST CROSSING ON THE BIG SHIP, BUT ON THE LAST TRIP THAT THE LEVIATHAN MADE WITH RETURNING TROOPS IN FEBRUARY, 1919, HE WAS LIASON OFFICER FOR ARMY AND NAVY GROUPS ON BOARD. IN THAT CAPACITY HE HAD ACCESS TO THE SHIPS’ RECORDS, AND FROM THEM HE COPIED FOR HIS OWN USE MANY ENTRIES LIKELY TO BE OF INTEREST IN LATER YEARS.

AMONG THESE ARE RECORDS OF ALL THE VOYAGES MADE BY THE LEVIATHAN WHILE IN TRANSPORT SERVICE, THE DATE OF EACH SAILING, AND THE NUMBER OF PERSONS CARRIED, CLASSIFIED IN THEIR SEVERAL NAVAL AND MILITARY GROUPS. THE FIRST TRIP OF ANY KIND MADE BY THE LEVIATHAN AFTER BEING TAKEN OVER BY THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AND RECONDITIONED WAS A TRIAL TRIP TO GUANTANAMO. ON THAT TRIP THE SHIP LEFT NEW YORK NOVEMBER 17, 1917, ARRIVED AT GUANTANAMO NOVEMBER 24, LEFT GUANTANAMO NOVEMBER 26 AND ARRIVED AT NEW YORK NOVEMBER 29.

ON HER MAIDEN TRIP EASTWARD IN REGULAR TRANSPORT SERVICE THE LEVIATHAN LEFT NEW YORK DECEMBER 18, 1917 AND ARRIVED AT LIVERPOOL DECEMBER 24. AFTER REMAINING IN PORT AT LIVERPOOL FOR 50 DAYS SHE STARTED ON THE RETURN VOYAGE ON FEBRUARY 12, 1918, AND ARRIVED AT NEW YORK FEBRUARY 20. DURING THE REMAINDER OF HER ELEVEN ROUND TRIPS, THREE OF WHICH WERE TO LIVERPOOL AND THE REST TO BREST, FEWER DAYS WERE SPENT IN PORT, SOMETIMES NOT MORE THAN TWO, AND EACH TIME A SMALL ARMY WAS CARRIED ACROSS.

ON THE FIRST TRIP EASTWARD THE PERSONNEL ON BOARD CONSISTED OF 6,539 TROOPS, OF WHOM ABOUT 2,000 WERE FROM NORTH DAKOTA AND MONTANA, 277 ARMY OFFICERS, 138 NURSES, 62 NAVAL OFFICERS, 1,625 NAVAL ENLISTED MEN, MAKING A TOTAL OF 8,941. LATER THE NUMBER OF TROOPS CARRIED EASTWARD WAS INCREASED, UNTIL WHEN THE SHIP Sailed FROM NEW YORK FOR BREST ON AUGUST 31, 1918, SHE CARRIED 13,362 PERSONS, OF WHOM 9,953 WERE TROOPS. THIS NUMBER WAS APPROXIMATED ON SEVERAL OTHER OCCASIONS. THE RETURN OF MEN IN VOLUME BEGAN IN DECEMBER, 1918, WHEN THE LEVIATHAN DOCKED AT NEW YORK WITH 11,218 PERSONS OF ALL CLASSES ON BOARD. THE TOTAL PERSONNEL ON THE LAST VOYAGE, WHICH ENDED AT NEW YORK ON FEBRUARY 11, 1919, WAS 11,795.

DURING HER FOURTEEN MONTHS’ TRANSPORT SERVICE THE LEVIATHAN CARRIED A TOTAL OF 166,615 PERSONS, EAST AND WEST, EXCLUSIVE OF NAVY PERSONNEL. OF THE LATTER, OFFICERS AND ENLISTED SEAMEN, THE AVERAGE NUMBER ON EACH VOYAGE WAS ABOUT 2,000.

AS WAS STATED A DAY OR TWO AGO, THE LEVIATHAN SAILLED ON HER FIRST EASTWARD TRIP WITHOUT CONVOY, AND NO CONVOY WAS SIGHTED UNTIL NEAR THE END OF THE TRIP. NO ONE COULD TELL WHERE OR FROM WHAT DIRECTION GERMAN U BOATS MIGHT ApPEAR, AND A SINGLE TORPEDO, ACCURATELY PLACED, WOULD HAVE SENT THE BIG SHIP TO THE BOTTOM WITH ALL HER LIVING FREIGHT. THE COURSE FOLLOWED WAS FAR FROM THAT USUALLY TAKEN, AND AT THE EXTREME NORTHERN PART OF THE CURVE THE LEVIATHAN PASSED QUITE NEAR GREENLAND.

THE CAPTAIN WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SPEED, DIRECTION AND HANDLING OF THE SHIP WAS UNDER A STRAIN WHICH PROVED TOO MUCH FOR CAPTAIN OMAN, WHO WAS IN COMMAND ON THE FIRST EASTWARD VOYAGE, AND BEFORE LIVERPOOL WAS REACHED THE CAPTAIN WAS IN A NERVOUS STATE WHICH UNFITTED HIM FOR SERVICE, AT LEAST FOR SOME TIME THEREAFTER.

WHEN THE WORLD WAR BROKE OUT IN 1914 THE LEVIATHAN, WHICH WAS THEN THE GERMAN VATERLAND, CRACK GERMAN LINER, WAS INTERED IN NEW YORK HARBOR WHERE SHE REMAINED UNTIL UPON AMERICAN ENTRANCE INTO THE WAR SHE WAS TAKEN OVER BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, REFITTED AND RENAMED. INSPECTION REVEALED THAT-before leaving the ship her crew had done a most thorough and skillful job of crippling her engines and other working parts, and the rapidity with which she was rendered fit for service under those conditions won high praise for the American engineers and mechanics who had done the work. But not even the thorough inspection which was given revealed all the secrets of her structure at that time. LONG AFTER THE WAR THERE WAS DISCOVERED A PRIVATE COMPARTMENT, REACHED BY A SECRET ENTRANCE, THE EXISTENCE OF WHICH, UNTIL THAT TIME, HAD NOT BEEN DISCOVERED. THE COMPARTMENT WAS LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED. THE THEORY WAS ADVANCED THAT THIS COMPARTMENT HAD BEEN INTENDED FOR THE USE OF THE KAISER WHENEVER HE WISHED TO VISIT THE SHIP AND TO REMAIN IN COMPLETE SECLUSION. THE ENTRANCE TO THAT COMPARTMENT WAS WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE TABLE AT WHICH LIEUTENANT TREUmann USUALLY SAT AT DINNER. IT HAD BEEN THERE, UNENTERED AND UNKNOWN, DURING ALL THOSE CROSSINGS OF THE ATLANTIC WITH THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND SAILORS ON BOARD.
A WESTCHESTER, N. E.

York, church congregation has been investigating the abuse of Easter, and has approved a report on the subject just made by a committee charged with the duty of delving into the details. Among the scandalous things discovered by the committee is that people buy new clothes at this season because "commercial interests have cultivated certain customs for the Easter season which are now more than ever inappropriate and difficult to follow." "Another custom," says the report, "even less excusable, is the exchange of greeting cards, telegrams and gifts, forced upon us by those who would profit by it." The report also censures the use of candy rabbits and colored eggs, not as being pagan, but as being commercial, and commercialism is something that makes the committee hold its nose in order that the offensive odor may not penetrate its nostrils.

W. P. Davies

THE COMMITTEE EVIDENTLY is innocent of even the suspicion that anything other than high-pressure salesmanship can induce people to buy new clothes or to exchange greetings with their friends. Perhaps its members never felt the touch of spring, listened to the song of birds or inhaled the fragrance of opening bud and blossom. Many of those who have had such experiences can recall that with each repetition of them there has come momentary forgetfulness of the practical affairs of life, so-called, and even a sense of irresponsibility under the spell of which there has been temptation often irresistible, to abandon the daily routine and go fishing, to commit extravagances which can be explained by no rule of logic, and under whose influence the young man feels impelled to deck himself out in a new suit and his girl to buy a gaudy feather to put in her hat.

PERSONS WITH AN EYE TO the main chance have sought to turn those strange biological impulses to their own profit, and because it would be difficult for young men to buy new suits and the girls to buy feathers unless there were somebody to sell them, commercial interests become quite active about Easter time. But the commercial interests didn't create the demand for Easter adornment. The demand was here first, and they applied the means to meet it. More power to them!

EASTER IS A RELIGIOUS festival of profound significance. It is also a festival which has been celebrated from time immemorial throughout the world to herald the advent of spring. The selection of this season by the Christian fathers for certain of their most sacred ceremonials is highly appropriate, because the essence of the Christian ceremonial is the renewal of life which is inseparably associated with spring.

THERE ARE MANY THINGS which are not to be despised merely because they are of pagan origin. In celebrating the return of the sun from its long journey southward pagan peoples gave expression to hope and joy, whose origin is as divine in pagan as in Christian. It would be a sad thing if at this season, when nature does her best to be cheerful, either pagan or Christian should insist on abasement in sackcloth and ashes. Somewhere there is a line which says: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

IN JUST WHAT CONNECTION I do not know. I have just recalled a bit of Dickens. Miss Miggs was an offensive person who seemed to believe that piety consists in making one's self thoroughly disagreeable. Boasting of her inferiority one day she said: "I'm sure I hate and despise myself and all my fellow creatures."

THE BIG CIRCUS HAS MOVED into Madison Square Garden, New York, for its spring run, and the parade of wagons and animals as they crossed from the Jersey side was watched by admiring thousands. For the run of the show the great arena must be floored with earth, and many hundreds of truck loads of soil are carted in, dumped and packed down to provide the necessary footing for the acts. When the show is over the soil is carted away and stored on a lot in the Bronx, to be hauled down and used over again next year. And out here we have soil to blow away!
IT APPEARS THAT THE NAZI leaders are not altogether happy over the recent city of Danzig.

Members of opposition parties allege that a considerable share of this vote came from persons who were intimidated into voting as they did. This lack of success, after all the power of Berlin officialdom had been thrown into the campaign, seems likely to have a deflating effect on Nazi influence in Germany, where troubles of various sorts are brewing.

ONE DANZIG SHOPKEEPER, opposed to the Nazi program, turned the tables neatly on his adversaries. In his window he displayed pictures of anti-Nazi candidates. Nazi scouts wrote on the outside of the window abusive and defamatory statements concerning the persons whose pictures appeared inside. The shopkeeper quietly removed the pictures and substituted for them portraits of Hitler and other Nazi leaders. Passers-by saw the joke, grinned and spread the news, and the window became the center of attraction. Called to account for what was charged as an insult to the all-powerful German leaders, the shopkeeper insisted that there could be no offense in displaying the portraits of Hitler and his friends, and that he was not responsible for what others had written on his window. He was discharged with a warning, but Danzig continued to grin.

PROGRESS IS BEING MADE with television in England, and quite soon the city of London will be able to see as well as to hear by means of those marvelous waves which pass so swiftly through space. A tall tower in the heart of London is being equipped as a television sending station. The technical features have been worked out, and there remains only the installation of equipment. The station will have a radius of about 25 miles, and thus will be able to reach most of the metropolitan population.

AMERICAN INTERESTS ARE proceeding cautiously in television development, and along lines somewhat different from those followed in Britain. Differences in distance necessitate different methods of treatment in the two countries. The British area is small and densely inhabited, and it is believed that it can be covered with reasonable effectiveness by ten broadcasting television stations, each with a radius of about 25 miles. Here stations must be much farther apart, and American engineers expect to use a cable system of transmission.

DR. THOR MOELLER, OF BIS­bee does not spend all his time ministering to the sick. He is widely read in Norse literature, and occasionally he renders some of the old Norwegian folk songs and stories into English. Thinking that readers might be interested he has forwarded his translation of one of the Norse myths, accompanying it with the following explanatory note:

"IN THE OLD NORSE MY­thology Odin is One-eyed, having pledged one eye for the privilege of drinking of Mimer's fountain of wisdom. He is described as having two ravens, Hugin and Munin, bringing him news from all the earth. The end of the world, preceding the birth of a new earth and heaven, is begun by the battle of Braavalla Heath (Flanders Field?) between the Good and the Evil. (an old Norwegian mile was 7 English miles.) On second thought, too, Helgoland was a German fortress during the World war. The old Norwegian mythology has some fascinating, honorable and deeply philosophical and highly religious features, what with Balder's descent into Hel, dead by Blind Hod's arrow put in his bow by evil Loke."

DR. MOELLER'S TRANSLATION follows:

THE HELGOLAND BLACKSMITH
Translation by Dr. Thor Moeller.

There stands a smithy on Helgoland.
So lonely it stands on the sandy strand.
There swings Thormod, the smith, so dour,
The heavy hammer at midnight hour,
And the furnace sparks the place bespatter,
While thundering blows the stillness scatter.
As thus he is in his work engaged A startling sound to his ear has reached,
Like two horses' trot it seemed to be;

But it came from the wild unbounded sea.
He looks through the door, and his face he covers,
For terrible is the sight he discovers.
A lightning-pierced cloud of gloom and haze
Floats over the ocean's grayish face;
And nearer and nearer it swoops to land,
And then he makes out a horse and a man.
And the man a flaming scimitar swings
And the horse on four pair of fleet legs springs.
And the ocean seemed as hard as bone,
And the sparks flew as when steel strikes stone.
Thus the phantom approaches from over the seas;
Soon horse and rider he plainly sees.
They are at the door, then stops the horse,
And the rider dismounts, swift and with force.

One-eyed and bright as a sunny day,
A golden helmet on hair silver-gray;
An armour blue the giant wore,
One shoe is broken. Be quick and smart,
The hour is late, and my time is short.
Ere blush of dawn of another day
I must be a hundred miles away.
The smith the ponderous hammer swung,
The iron sparked and the anvil sung.
Soon was shod the wonderful steed
And the guest on his back with amazing speed.
But before another day was gone
The battle on Braavalla Heath was done.
THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT has named one of its highways after a country doctor who knew nothing of such highways as are now to be found all over the country. His calls were made by horse and buggy over roads that were often rough and often almost impassable with mud. But by night and by day, in fair weather and foul, Dr. William Beaumont came and went, comforting and healing. In 1822 one Alexis St. Martin, a woodchopper, accidentally received a gunshot wound which tore a great hole in his stomach. Dr. Beaumont was called and responded quickly. Examining the wound he concluded that the man had scarcely half an hour to live, but he took such measures as were possible and awaited results. The young woodchopper was tough, and, responding to the doctor’s ministrations, he lived and gained strength, but the wound in the stomach refused to heal. During his treatment of the case, in which he labored faithfully to close the cavity, Dr. Beaumont was able to do what had never been done before—he watched the human stomach at work.

* * *

THE CASE IS FAMOUS IN medical annals, for it enabled science for the first time to observe and record accurately processes of digestion of which, up to that time, there had been no real knowledge. Literally, thousands of inspections were made, and there were innumerable experiments such as could be conducted without injury to the patient’s health in which were noted the stomach’s reaction to different foods.

* * *

OF COURSE DR. BEAUMONT was not alone in this work. The results of his early observations were communicated to the profession, and the case became of world interest. At that time, more than a century ago, facilities for inspecting the interior of the human frame were not what they are today. The X-ray was not to come until more than half a century later, and other exploratory equipment was likewise in a crude state. It was Dr. Beaumont who laid the foundation for much of what science knows about the operations of the human stomach. St. Martin lived to be 88 years of age, enjoyed good health, and was physically vigorous. While his wound refused to close, nature provided for the emergency by growing a sort of valve which retained the contents of the stomach, but which could be pushed aside for purposes of observation.

* * *

I LEARN THAT IN SPITE OF the plague of bedbugs which has descended upon London, some of my friends are soon to leave for a visit to that famous city. I have advised certain precautionary measures which I hope will prove effective.

* * *

G. W. CROSSMAN TELLS ME of a South Dakota man of his acquaintance who was so sensitive to bedbugs that the mere odor of one would raise his temperature several degrees. It seems—which I didn’t know before, that the Hessian fly smells so nearly like a bedbug that it is difficult to tell the two apart. This South Dakota man smelled bedbugs and began to show symptoms of bug poisoning. He had the house ransacked from cellar to attic, but not a bug could be found. After he had suffered and scratched for weeks he found that a little plot of ground near the farm building was alive with Hessian flies. When that fact became known the man’s fever subsided, together with all the other evidences of poisoning.

* * *

THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH W. J. Flannigan has moved, or been moved in and out of service in the state highway department at Bismarck has suggested in several persons the famous line of “Off again, on again, gone again, Finnigin,” which has been a popular expression for a generation. I find that in spite of the familiarity of the expression only a few seem to be acquainted with its origin or the connection in which it was first used.

* * *

THIS EXPRESSION WAS INVENTED by Strickland W. Gillilan, writer of humorous stories, lecturer, and for years columnist on the Baltimore American. It must be thirty years since he wrote the Finnigin story. While I have no copy of it, the substance of it is about like this: Finnigin was a railroad man in charge of a wrecking crew, a good worker, thoroughly loyal to the company, and with a passion for making verbose reports. After every accident, no matter how trivial, Flannigan, division superintendent, would receive from the wrecking boss an exhaustive report detailing all the circumstances leading up to the accident.
TODAY'S COLUMN IS TURNED over bodily to Dr. James Grassick, of Grand Forks, who has been spending part of the winter in California, as he has done for several years past, and who observes closely and writes interestingly of many things which he finds on his travels. This time he writes as follows of the preparations for the San Diego exposition: "This is an age of big things. We talk of billions as glibly as we formerly did of thousands. Only a few years ago the country was staggered at the Billion Dollar Congress, while the other day a single appropriation of $4,800,000,000 was made with scarcely a ripple. If one may judge from activities, preparations and outlay, the San Diegans seem amply justified in referring to the Exposition that opens May 29th of the present year as a 'Twenty Million Dollar Affair.' The writer has visited annually for the past fifteen years Balboa Park and each time with renewed interest. Its 1,400 acres of undulating upland, its surface scarred with deep ravines and beautified with trees, shrubbery and flowers, together with its commanding views of harbor, ocean and mountain range make an Exposition site that is unique in its setting. Nature has been lavish in her gifts, and man, with some degree of success, has tried to cooperate.

"IN 1915 THE SAN DIEGO Exposition was held in this same park. The grounds were artistically landscaped and a group of buildings erected with a prevailing Spanish motif. All of the permanent buildings of that Exposition which are of the Spanish Renaissance and Spanish Colonial design are being utilized as exhibition palaces. For architectural grace, beauty and symmetry they have seldom, if ever, been equalled.

"AS THE VISITOR ENTERS the spacious gateway the Avenue of Palms extends westward and as he passes along he catches glimpses of the imposing structures. To the right is the Palace of Natural History with its 400,000 specimens of birds, fish, animals, reptiles and plants—a big show in itself. A little farther along and facing the Plaza, is the Palace of Fine Arts housing one of the finest collections of old masters and moderns in the country, including a priceless Gobel-lin tapestry, and Rubens 'The Holy Family.' Immediately opposite is Spreckels Outdoor Organ the most magnificent instrument of its kind in the world, in a setting that is all its own. Daily concerts will be presented at the organ.

"THE PALACE OF SCIENCE is the tallest building on the grounds and will house many unus-

nal exhibits. In Archaeological and Ethnological material, featuring Mayan and South West civilizations, it is very rich. Then, there are the Botanical Gardens, the Lily Pools, the Spanish Gardens, and the California Gardens all aglow in their colorful displays of native flowers and shrubs.

"IN FRONT OF THE BOTANICAL Palace is Mirror Lake which reflects surrounding objects by day, and catches the tints and hues of electrical displays by night. One of the high spots is the Million Dollar Zoo, which is classed as one of the three finest in the world. The four corners of the earth have been ransacked for the 2,500 live specimens which the Gardens contain, and all kept in dens, cages, pools and enclosures conforming as nearly as maybe to natural habitats. All these and more, legacies from 1915, in a riot of tropical and subtropical growth that the intervening years have made possible, make a background for the new buildings, exhibits and attractions that cannot be duplicated.

"WHEN THIS IS ADDED THE Federal Exhibit Palace; the Palace of Travel and Transportation; the Palace of Electricity and Varied Industries; the Woman's Palace; the Palace of Education; the Standard Oil Building; the Shell Oil Building; and dozens of others, we begin to realize that it is just about the last word in Exposition Engineering and Management.

"PROBABLY THE MOST OUT-standing of the new structures is the Ford exhibit with its Music Bowl seating 5,000, and the steel construction display building, to be donated to the city as a Civic Auditorium. This alone means an outlay of upwards of $2,000,000, and is typical of what is being done in providing substantial attractions.

"THEN, THERE WILL BE such colorful sections as the Home of Pacific Relations, a distinctively Foreign Colony; the Spanish Village with its picturesque architecture of Old Spain; The Golden Gulch, an exact reproduction of a typical Western Mining Town reached only by stage coach or miners' burros; The Indian Village, a faithful replica of the famous Taos Pueblo; and the Amusement Zone—The Midway—without which no exposition would be complete.
A BOOK WHICH SHOULD BE

of great help to those seeking employ-

ment as teachers is "Technique

of Teacher Self-placement," by

William A. Mac-

Dougall, which is

just off the press

of the Holt Print-

ing company of

Grand Forks. Dr.

M a c Dougall, a

member of the

Grand Forks high

school faculty, has

undertaken in

this book to give

simple and prac-
tical information
to those who are
ready for employ-
ment and need
advice as to the
best method of seeking it. In or-
der to determine what method of
approach is likely to be most ef-
efective he has drawn on the expe-
rience of superintendents, business
men, teachers' agencies and others
in close contact with the subject,
and from this experience he has
prepared a treatise which deals
with many important factors con-
cerning which the prospective
teacher is often in doubt. Among
the subjects treated are letters of
application, photographs, personal
interviews and employment in gov-
ernment departments and out-
lying possessions. The chapter on
"Ethics of Job Hunting" contains
material which will be useful to the
teacher, whether employed or un-
employed.

A NOTE FROM FRED RED-

ick, who owns an oil station just
outside of Los Angeles, California,
reports visits from Mrs. Nellie Dow
and Donald Dow of Grand Forks
and Mr. and Mrs. Vern McWalter,
who farm just a short distance out
of East Grand Forks. Fred says
there was winter weather in that
vicinity late in March, with three
heavy frosts. Orchardists were
keen busy with smudge-pots, but in
spite of that there was extensive
damage to citrus fruits.

ABOUT THIS TIME THE

maple sugar harvest is on in the
east. While maple syrup and sugar
are made throughout the northern
tier of states from the Atlantic to
the Mississippi, the greatest pro-
duction in the United States is in
New England, and across the line
in Quebec and Ontario. Indians
were making maple sugar when
whites first settled on the contin-
ent, and probably they had been
doing so for many generations.
White pioneers in the northern
forest country had no other sugar,
and the sugar season was a busy
one on every forest farm.

THERE WAS A SOCIAL SIDE

to many of the activities of those
early settlers, and usually a frolic
accompanied barn-raising, logging,
apple-paring and quilting. "Sugar-
ing off" was marked by a gather-
ing of neighbors and a general jol-
ification. The existence of our
grandparents was by no means all
drab and colorless. Really, they
had a lot of fun. Production of
maple sugar in Canada in 1851 is
placed at 13,500,000 pounds. In 1891
this had increased to 22,500,000
pounds, which has been about the
average production for some years.
About 25 per cent of the Canadian
maple product is shipped to the
United States for use in flavoring
tobacco.

CHIEF JUSTICE HUGHES

has usually been considered a chilly
sort of person, but he is said to
have had barrels of fun over a let-
ter which he received recently, as
reported by the Cosmopolitan mag-
azine. This was the request made
in the letter:

"IN ORDER TO RAISE MON-

ey for the church, our members
are making aprons from the shirt-
tails of famous men. We would be
so pleased if you could send us one
of your shirt-tails. Please have
Mrs. Hughes mark them with your
initials and also pin on them a
short biography of the famous oc-
casions in which they have been
intimately associated with your
life."

JUSTICE HUGHES HAS BEEN
showing that letter to his friends
with great glee, but whether or not
the shirt-tails have been sent re-
mains undisclosed. Major Butt, in
his book of White House reminis-
cences, makes frequent mention
of evenings at the White House
during the Taft regime when Jus-
tice Hughes gave no evidence of
chilliness, but on the contrary was
the life of the party. Among his
intimates Hughes is noted especial-
ly for his quick and sparkling wit.
GERTRUDE STEIN IS LECTURING in California. She is the lady who writes what nobody else can understand, and what many persons believe she cannot understand herself. Here is a gem from an address which she delivered at Oakland.

“A new writer has to tell of new generations in the words of the new generation each new generation has to tell the new generation in the words of the new generation. Secondary writers of each generation tell of the new generation in words of the last generation.” If the compositor can get through that without a severe attack of vertigo it will be just as Miss Stein said it.

* * *

A LETTER FROM A FRIEND tells of Miss Stein lecturing in Los Angeles. While it is difficult, if not impossible, to discover from her language what is in her mind, her performance leaves no room for doubt that she is expert in showmanship and knows how to stimulate the gate receipts. In Los Angeles she announced that she would not speak before an audience of more than 500 persons. Naturally the house was immediately sold out up to that limit, and there were waiting crowds clamoring for tickets.

* * *

OTHER WRITERS HAVE DISCOVERED the value of incomprehensibility. Balzac told a friend that occasionally he would insert in one of his writings a long sentence which had no meaning whatever. Then, he said, the reader would puzzle over the mysterious words, and, failing to make head or tail of them, would exclaim admiringly: “What a clever fellow that man Balzac is!”

* * *

I HAVE NO COPY OF STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN’S works, but John Lunney, of Larimore, sends me a copy of the “Finnigan” story in its original verse form, and I am reproducing it here for the benefit of those who may be interested in its quaint twists:

* * *

FINTANN TO FLANNAGAN.
By Strickland W. Gillilan.
Superintendent wuz Flannigan;
Boss av th’ siction wuz Finnigan;
Whiniver the kyars got off the thrack
An muddled up things to the divil an’ back,
Finnigan writ it to Flannigan,
That is, this Finnigan
Reported to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigan first writ to Flannigan
He writed tin pages, did Finnigan,
An’ he tould just how the smash occurred;

Full many a tajus an’ blunderin’ word
Did Finnigan write to Flannigan
After the kyars had gone on agin.
That wuz how Finnigan
Reported to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigan—
He’d more Idjucation—had Flannigan;
An’ it wore him plane an’ complely out
To tell what Finnigin writ about
In his writin’ to Misther Flannigan.

So he writed back to Finnigan:
“Don’t do sich a sin agin;
Make ’em brief, Finnigin.”

When Finnigin got this from Flannigan
He blushed rosy-red, did Finnigin,
An’ he said “I’ll gamble a whole month’s pay
That it will be minny an’ minny a day
Before Superintendent (That’s Flannigan)
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin,
Frnn Finnigin to Flannigan
Reports won’t be long agin.”

Wan day on the siction, as Finnigin
On the road superintinded by Flannigan,
A rail gave way by a bit av a curve,
An’ some kyars wint off as they made the swerve.
“There’s nobody hurted,” sez Finnigin;
“But reports must be made to Flannigan,”
An’ he winked at McGarrigan
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin’ thin, wuz Finnigin,
As minny a ra’roader’s bin agin,
An’ the smoky ol’ lamp wuz burnin’ bright
In Finnigin’s shack late that night.
Blin’ down his report wuz Finnigin
An’ he writed like this: “Misther Flannigan:
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin, Finnigin.”
THE FIRELESS COOKER, which came into extensive use only a few years ago, is considered a modern invention, but the principle of the conservation of heat which is employed in it was understood and applied long ago. It is told of Charles XII, king of Sweden in the seventeenth century, and who was sometimes known as the Madman of the North, that while on the march he had a fat hen cooked for his use by inserting within the body of the bird a piece of hot steel, the whole being placed in a tin box and wrapped in a woolen cloth and strapped on the back of a soldier. When it came to eat the bird was done.
ALTHOUGH MY ANCESTRY, so far as I know anything about it, is entirely English and Welsh, and the bagpipe has been associated more closely with the highlands of Scotland, there is something in bagpipe music that has always appealed to me. I wouldn't care for a bagpipe in a parlor, and even a large auditorium does not seem quite the ideal place for it. But when the pipe sounds the stirring strains of a martial air or the quick measures of a dance, and the imagination conjures up the scenes in which such music was played long ago, with the notes echoing from mountain peak to mountain peak, or setting the pace for jollity in some sheltered glen, the bagpipe becomes an inspiration. Many of the pipers' tunes have historical backgrounds of romance or tragedy. One of those is the Reel of Tulloch, whose origin is thus described in the following paragraph from Bruce Lochart's "Retreat from Glory," for which I am indebted to a Grand Forks friend:

"IN MY RESEARCHES INTO the turbulent history of my ancestors I did find one forbear whose refusal to submit to discipline has been inherited down to the present generation. This is his story. A Grant chieftain, who held the lands of Tulloch in wadset, had a beautiful daughter called Iseabel. With the first awakening of youth she fell in love with a Macgregor called Ian. Her choice was tragic for both Grants and Macgregors, who were determined to end Ian's life rather than permit the union. The odds were twenty to one, and to all appearances Ian was doomed. Like Alan Breck, however, he was a bonny fighter, and, taking refuge in a barn, he kept his assailants at bay with his sword while Iseabel, loading and reloading her musket, fired lead into the legs of her kinsmen. There was one moment when Ian faltered. He was being attacked by Iseabel's own brother. He was about to lower his sword, when Iseabel intervened. 'Tis his life of yours,' she said firmly. 'Kill,' Ian killed and continued to kill, until the barn door was a shambles. When the last of his opponents lay dead, Ian called to Iseabel and there and then, alone at last with his betrothed, he sat down and composed a dance of triumph. The tune he wrote has made history. It was the famous Reel of Tulloch. I am bound to add that in the case the course of true love ended violently. Soon afterwards Ian was ambushed and slain by his enemies. When his head was brought to Iseabel, she died of grief and shock. So much for the romantic spirit of the Macgregors and their love of women and song."

SINCE PUBLISHING THE text of "Finnigin to Flannigan" I have received another copy of the verses from Mrs. W. J. Hoskins, of Rolla. Several friends have mentioned the humorous verses to me, saying that while they had long been familiar with the "off gain, gone agin" part, they had never heard of its origin.

GILLILAN, THE AUTHOR, spent several days in Grand Forks years ago while on a lecture tour, and during that time he made the Herald office his headquarters. He told me of an experience of his which I may have mentioned before, but which it will do no harm to repeat.

CONDUCTING A COLUMN ON the Baltimore American, Gillilan also wrote stories and sketches for other publications as would accept them. His regular column had to be produced every day, and he felt that he could do more and better work if he could choose his own time and mood for writing. He resigned his position and went to New York as a free-lance.

THERE HE WAS PERFECTLY free, and he enjoyed his freedom. But presently he found that his writing was not coming on as he had expected. There were so many pleasant things to do, and it was so easy to postpone writing, that the writing didn't get done. The mood, in which he was to have done his very best, failed to arrive. He took stock of himself and concluded that what he needed was a regular job, something to which he could anchor himself. He got his old job back and found that he could do more free-lance work in addition to a daily grind than when he was free to sit around and wait for inspiration. Many other writers have found that writing, like most other occupations, is a job which calls for hard, steady work.
KITE-FLYING IS AGAIN IN vogue. This sport, which can be followed whenever there is a moderate wind, in spring, summer or fall, seems peculiarly adapted to a prairie country, where there is usually plenty of wind and it is easy to find open spaces. For some unknown reason, kite-flying is spasmodic. Several years may pass without any attention being paid to kites, then all at once everyone seems to be flying them.

FROM TIME IMMORTAL THE kite has been both a toy and a scientific instrument. Long before men had learned to fly the kite was used to investigate the behavior of winds and a record of temperature and barometric pressure at considerable altitudes. The kite is still used for these purposes where the use of captive balloons would be too costly or impractical for other reasons.

EXPERIMENTS WITH KITES helped to guide the way to the modern airplane. Not much more than thirty years ago Professor Alexander Graham Bell, with the invention of the telephone already to his credit, spent months at a time at his summer home in Nova Scotia building and flying kites in the hope of solving the problem of human flight. Like most scientific men of his time, Bell did not believe that man could ever fly by the use of a flat-winged structure such as the airplane. He believed that the solution of the problem lay in the use of a tetrahedral structure, which, in a solid, is a body with four equal triangular faces.

USING THIS IDEA AS THE base of his experiments Bell built three-cornered kites and flew them by the hour, noting their peculiarities of balance, and testing their weight-carrying ability. He assembled dozens of little kites of this form, thus creating a gigantic cellular structure which, in a fair wind, would support the weight of a man. He hoped by the application of power to such a big kite to give it the necessary velocity for human flight. The scientific world followed his experiments with great interest, but interest suddenly when the Wright brothers actually flew at Kitty Hawk in a grotesque contrivance which resembled a grotesque box kite with a number of odd-looking gadgets attached.

THE FLYING OF KITES WAS a popular sport among the men of Grand Forks about the time Bell was making his experiments. Box kites, flat kites and triangular kites were used, and the they were flown singly and in tandem. There was keen rivalry as to altitudes, and infinite pains were taken with the construction of kites and getting the exact balance in attaching cords. I remember that W. A. Gordon, then in the insurance business here, was one of the enthusiasts. On one occasion he reported having paid out 900 feet of cord for his box kite, which still tugged hard to go higher, for there was no more string.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE have flown kites for centuries. On certain of their festivals everybody flies kites, and sport is combined with religious exercises. Bits of paper bearing prayers and sent aloft on the kit strings, and the speed and smoothness with which they make the ascent indicate the acceptability of the prayers and the probability of favorable answers.

NEW YORK IS ABOUT TO stage a hat show. It is to be under the auspices of a national association of hat dealers, and the show should be an interesting one.

Outstanding types from every country and period will be featured, either by actual specimen or by copy. The famous western "ten gallon" hat will be prolined, as will the headgear of the Northwest Mounted Police, British Colonial officers, Tyrolean mountaineers and the picturesque hats of the Orient and tropics. Copies of hats worn by such famous men as Napoleon, Nelson, Washington, Lincoln and Buffalo Bill will be displayed. The tribal headdress of the renowned Indian chieftains Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the-Face will add color to the showing. Silk hats worn by the last seven presidents will remind onlookers of the fanfare of March 4 inaugurals.
FEW PRODUCTS ARE SO nearly perfect that there is no room in them for improvement. Every manufacturer likes to receive evidence that the articles which he makes meets the needs of those for whom it is intended and is found satisfactory by them. Also, every wide awake manufacturer likes to know in what particulars, if any, his goods fail to meet requirements in order that he may make necessary changes in an intelligent way. One Grand Forks man, however, has learned that there are manufacturers who resent as an impertinency any suggestion that improvement in the design or structure of their wares.

* * *

MR. X HAD OCCASION TO use some window fasteners. He found a fastener which was well made, of good design and easy to operate and bought the number that he needed. He found the fasteners perfect except that one member was too wide for the portion of the frame to which it was to be attached, so that in installing the fasteners some toggling was necessary and the result was less satisfactory than had been intended. He reported the fact to the dealer, who recognized the defect and said that he had received several other complaints of like character. He suggested that the customer himself write the manufacturer and call attention to the defect.

* * *

THE CUSTOMER DID THIS, and received a reply, presumably written by a smart-aleck office boy, maintaining that the fasteners were perfect in every respect, and that if they didn't fit the trouble must be with the customer's frames. Actually, the fasteners will fit such frames as were made thirty years ago, but not those of modern design.

* * *

AGAIN, MR. X HAD OCCASION to replace a casting on a piece of household equipment. It was the third break that had occurred in ordinary use in the same spot. Clearly that particular casting was not strong enough to carry the load required of it. The local dealer agreed with him that a heavier casting was needed at that particular spot, and the dealer himself wrote the manufacturer to that effect. Did the dealer receive thanks for his suggestion? He did not. He got a letter explaining that the bolts must be drawn just tight enough, and not too tight, and that the machine must be used just so. The idea seemed to be that the user should adjust himself to the idiosyncracies of the machine, rather than that the machine should be built to meet the ordinary requirements of the user.

* * *

ONE OF THE RELICS OF PRE-revolutionary days carefully preserved in an eastern collection is a small volume printed by Benjamin Franklin containing the text of the first statute passed by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania imposing a tax on liquor. In contrast to the tax of $2 per gallon now imposed by the federal government, plus other taxes levied by states, Pennsylvania imposed a tax of four pence per gallon on all rum, brandy and other spirits “sold, drawn or bartered” by any quantity under seventy gallons and for wine under the quantity of one hogshead.

* * *

FRANKLIN HIMSELF WAS a member of the assembly when this statute was passed “to the end further provision be made for the payment of the public debts and defraying the other necessary charges of government.” In those days “Public Debts and Charges of Government” were given the respectful distinction of capital letters. Our attitude toward them has become more casual.

* * *

THE LIQUOR-TAX STATUTE was enacted “by the Honourable George Thomas Esqr. Lieutenant Governor, with the King’s royal approbation, under the Honourable John Penn, Thomas Penn and Richard Penn, Esqrs., true and absolute proprietaries of the Province of Pennsylvania by and with the Advice and Consent of the Representatives of the Freemen of the said Province.

* * *

IN THE SAME COLLECTION is a book published in 1587 by Thomas Vicary, “Sergeant-Chirurgien to King Henry 8, to King Edward the 6, to Queen Mary, and to Our Sovereign Lady Queene Elizabeth.” In this Dr. Vicary gives the following prescription for a medicinal beverage in which a piece of gold is one of the important ingredients:
GRAND FORKS MOTORISTS practically intact. It has been brought to town the other day a used brick, among other things as a brick picked up at the site of Fort Stephenson, on the Missouri near Garrison. The brick, a little larger than those made now, was found among the debris surrounding the ruins of the old fort, and has remained perfectly sound and physically intact through its sixty or seventy years of use and exposure to the elements. Stamped on one side is the firm name Ward & Howard, St. Louis. Clearly the brick is from a shipment sent up the Missouri from St. Louis in the sixties to be used in the building of the fort.

THE HISTORY OF FORT Stephenson had a tragic beginning. Sometime in the early sixties a company of soldiers, unable to make further progress, were obliged to camp on the bottom near the big river, and there they spent the entire winter within easy range of Indian snipers from the bluffs above. Indians, learning of their whereabouts, lay in wait and picked off members of the company who exposed themselves.

THE FOLLOWING YEAR THE government started the building of a fort, of which there is now standing only the building used as officers' quarters. Of the other buildings only the stone foundations remain, the rest having been carried off piecemeal. Just what part the St. Louis brick played in the construction is not clear, as the walls of the remaining building are of sun-baked brick made from native clay. These brick are large masses of clay more than a foot square, and the walls of the building are about two feet thick, this construction making them completely bullet-proof.

FORT STEPHENSON WAS abandoned by the government many years ago and the buildings were allowed to go to ruin. The officers' building has offered the best resistance to time and vandals, and its walls and roof are practically intact. It has been used, among other things as a granary, but the windows are gone and no further use is made of it.

A BULLETIN FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE says that the dust storm of March 25 to 30, 1935, ties with that of May 9 to 12, 1934, for its place as the country's most spectacular and widespread dust storm. This year's storm started in the center of the Great Plains and moved eastward over a wide front. The wind loaded the atmosphere to a height of more than 10,000 feet with powdered topsoil from areas where for four or five years almost no rain has fallen. Moving east, the air dropped great quantities of dust on the earth, finally carrying what was left as a fine, light haze, far out over the Atlantic.

LAST YEAR MOST OF THE dust which was carried eastward in great clouds was from South Dakota and western North Dakota. This year, while there has been some dust blowing in parts of North Dakota, the fields of Kansas, Colorado and Oklahoma have contributed most largely to the dust clouds.

IN HER BOOK "THE SECRET Garden," published many years ago, Mrs. Burnett speaks of the "green haze" which enveloped the landscape as spring brought vegetation to life. That phrase comes to my mind every spring as the first stages of budding, almost before any change in a particular branch can be detected, seems to wrap trees and shrubs in a faint greenish mist. That time will soon be upon us, for the box elder buds are already swelling, and elms and other local trees will soon follow suit.

FLOWERING PLUM AND KINDRED shrubs are showing signs of life, and almost before we know it they will be in full bloom. Their larger relatives, the flowering cherries of Japan, with which Washington's most favorite drive is adorned, do not surpass these smaller growths in beauty, and as the latter are perfectly hardy in this climate, any home owner, with only a few feet of ground space in a sunny location may have several specimens of these beautiful plants. Their bloom does not last long, but while it does last it is exquisite.
IT IS A GOOD MANY YEARS since Tom Marshall, then governor of Indiana, and later vice president of the United States, being asked what, in his opinion, was the most pressing need of the country, replied "What this country needs is a good five cent cigar." Whether or not that need has been met may be a matter of opinion, but according to the code authority of the cigar manufacturing industry, the nickel cigar has come to dominate the situation in the matter of sales. Ten years ago cigars retailing for five cents or less constituted 39 per cent of total sales. In 1934 the percentage of nickel cigars had risen to 88 per cent of the total. Whether that change is due to hard times, improvement in quality of the cheap cigar, or a combination of both causes is not explained.

A FRIEND ASKS IF TULIPS should be moved in the spring. Probably there is no season in which plants of moderate size may not be transplanted successfully if proper care is taken, but if roots are greatly disturbed during the period of growth wilting is almost sure to follow. All the authorities seem to be agreed that the proper time to move tulip bulbs is after the season's growth has ceased and the foliage has died down. This is usually late in August or in September. By that time the foliage has performed its work in assisting the bulb to accumulate strength for its next season's work. Then the bulb becomes dormant, and, moved to a new location, it will be ready for vigorous growth in the spring.

SPRING IS USUALLY THE time chosen for transplanting trees, although there are those who prefer to transplant in the fall. Nursery stock for spring planting is usually lifted in the fall and stored through the winter so as to be ready for early shipment. This practice is quite satisfactory if the work of storing is properly done, as is the custom with reputable nurserymen. If it is not well done, there is almost certain to be large loss, and even if defective plants are replaced, there is the loss of a year's time. In transplanting shade trees those of moderate size usually give better results than very large ones. The root system of a large tree is apt to be severely shocked by being transplanted, and it takes the large tree longer to recover.

W. P. Davies.
MRS. M., WHOSE HUSBAND IS a physician in a neighboring city, lost a yellow cap. She says that it wasn't a particularly valuable or important cap, but as it belonged with an entire outfit of similar color, she wanted it. So she phoned an ad to the local paper announcing the loss of a yellow cap, offering a liberal reward for its return, and giving her name and address. The ad appeared in due course, perfect except in one particular. It offered a reward for the return of a yellow cat, and the lady is known by her friends to have a hate on cats of every color. Mrs. M. phoned the girl who had taken her ad and tried to explain the mistake. "Well, isn't that funny!" giggled the girl. "Funny!" commented Mrs. M., "I wanted to shake her!"

THEN CATS BEGAN TO ARRIVE. Mrs. M. had no idea that one town could contain so many cats, most of them yellow. They came in baskets, bags and baby-carriages. Small boys collected them from the alleys and brought them in. Surrupitiously they collected the neighbors' cats and tended them. Friends called and congratulated Mrs. M. on having overcome her aversion to cats. Strangers called up, tendering cats 'modern designs' of gas ranges which if not the identical lost one, (men, of course) 'had entirely eliminated' such a thing as a plate-warmer, evidently placing me in the category of the ancient ones who might still cling to a foot-warmer, and suggested that I 'light the oven to warm the plates.'

"BEST!" she stormed, "I think it's awful." "Well," he replied, "we all make mistakes—even doctors." And because of that last fling she said to her husband "If you ever get a chance to operate on that man I hope you'll cut plenty deep!" "I NATURALLY FELT HURT and slighted. Had the manufacturer met my suggestion courteously and as a gentleman, I would have been mollified and have paid a considerable price to have a canopy made, which would have been a small matter at the factory, but impossible without their co-operation. So now here I am still after three years or more without a plate-warmer, and when the man of the house complains of his cold dinner-plate, snapping in an unwifely manner, 'It is not my fault, but the fault of the stove you chose.' I thus take out my resentment against the manager of that factory on the defenseless head of my husband, in spite of his kindness in buying the most expensive range in the local market."
THOSE WHO HAVE FOUND the recent weather wet should take a look at the photographs of the famous flood of 1897 which J. H. Vold has had on display in his window. Mr. Vold has to accept the pictures on faith, as he did not arrive in Grand Forks until 1898, and he has never seen the river at quite that stage in person. But those who were here can vouch for the correctness of the pictures. It was in 1884-85 he was removed a handful at a time.

LOUIS RIEL SEEMS TO HAVE inherited revolutionary tendencies. His father, also named Louis, led a revolt against the Hudson's Bay company in 1849. The son, defeated in the uprising of 1870, was imprisoned for a short time, then released. After his release he was several times elected to the dominion parliament, but was not permitted to take his seat. After the collapse of the rebellion of 1884-85 he was captured, tried and executed.

EARLY IN THE SPRING OF 1885 Fred L. Goodman, now of Grand Forks, made a business trip to Winnipeg and found the city alive with military preparations and brilliant with the scarlet uniforms of the troops. Fort Boniface, just across the river from Winnipeg, had a large mixed blood population and was sympathetic toward the rebellion, and visitors to that side of the river who disproved of Riel and his movement found it prudent to keep their sentiments to themselves.

JAMES W. FOLEY, OFFICIAL poet laureate of North Dakota, and long columnist of the Pasadena News, has been promoted from the position of perpetual toastmaster to that of honorary member of the Pasadena Chamber of Commerce. For the past fifteen years Mr. Foley has served as toastmaster at the Chamber's annual banquets, and for this and other services to the organization and the city he has been elected an honorary member of the Chamber. This is the first time that this distinction has been conferred by the Pasadena organization.

FOLEY ALWAYS BEEN skillful in conveying biting political satire in clever verse. That his verse has lost none of its cadence and his pen none of its sharpness is seen in this "lament" from his column:

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LAMENT
By James W. Foley.
Backward, turn backward, Oh,
Time in your flight,
Some of our best plans are not going right,

Lead us back there to the bountiful days,
Give us the pigs we were paid not to raise.
When we arise to our breakfast at morn,
Oh, for the bacon that never was born,
Or on a platter and served piping hot,
Give us a slice of the ham that was not.

Now with our dusty throats let us recant,
Give us the wheat we were paid not to plant,
Let us have flour, a sackful or so,
Made from the grain we were taught not to grow.
Let us go back, like the husbandman proud,
Follow the furrow that never was plowed,
Make us a loaf from the wheat never grown
On the broad acres that never were sown.

Give us some socks and some shirts we can wear
Made from the cotton plowed under somewhere,
Cover some sausage with green parsley sprigs,
Sausages made from those never-raised pigs,
Plump little porkers that never were born,
Ribs thick with fat from the unplanted corn.
Let the rich gravy be luscious and hot
Poured on the bread from the wheat that was not.

Give us a platter piled high with some food
That was not raised while the raising was good,
Cook us a leg or a chop or a roast
From some unraised pig that gave up the ghost.
Ere there was sought of his carcass to eat,
Make us some loaves from the unplanted wheat,
Let us go back with the wisdom of now
And follow the furrow we learned not to plow.
A CLIPPING FROM AN ATLANTA paper contains a paragraph quoting a statement by Governor Talmadge of Georgia, from whom control of federal relief funds was recently withdrawn by order of Secretary Ickes. In the statement quoted which is dated last November, the governor expresses the hope that on the president's approaching visit to Georgia he will drive around the country and talk with farmers, laborers, merchants and clerks and find out from them just how the recovery program is working out. The governor also hoped that the president would visit the court houses and see how many extra workers or they have on the FERA, “and also find out if some of these are not about the richest ladies in town, and a great majority of them foreigners from North Dakota.”

THE CLIPPING WAS SENT TO a Grand Forks friend by Mrs. Amy Evans Sanderson, whose father, Dr. Evans, of Minto, was one of the first board of trustees of the University of North Dakota, and whose husband, Ted Sanderson, is the son of a former teacher in the Grand Forks schools. Being former North Dakotans they may be among the “foreigners” to whose presence Governor Talmadge objected. Mrs. Sanderson wonders what North Dakotans are doing relief work in Georgia.

THE SUGGESTION THAT THE president drive around and find out things for himself has a plausible appearance. That method has been used, often with good results. It was often employed by the famous Haroun al Raschid, Commander of the Faithful, whose nightly pilgrimages, incognito, through the streets of Bagdad and into the obscure corners formed the theme of many of those fascinating “Arabian Nights” stories. The fifth James Stuart, king of Scotland had many adventures while traveling alone among the mountains of his country, and Scott has told of one of them in his “Lady of the Lake.” Louis XI of France also had this habit, as Scott again tells us in “Quentin Durward.”

IF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT could spend a few weeks traveling about the United States, unknown, talking to people of all sorts whom he chanced to meet, he would obtain a lot of information which is now securely locked away from him. To travel in his own proper person and be recognized wherever he went would not help much. It is one of the misfortunes of high office that the incumbent cannot learn directly what the plain people are saying and thinking. Self-consciousness in the presence of official dignity, considerations of courtesy, and sometimes motives of self-interest would stand in the way of the same freedom of expression from the plain citizen to the president of the United States that characterizes conversation between one man on the street and another. The president cannot travel about incognito, and, so long as he cannot, he must get much of his information second, third or fourth hand.

DURING HIS VISIT IN GRAND Forks as conductor of the student conference at the University of North Dakota, Dr. Frank D. Slutz collected a number of stories, authentic and apocryphal, concerning the adventures and misadventures of Vilhjalmur Stefansson during his college career here. Dr. Slutz lives in Dayton, Ohio, and while he is not acquainted with Stefansson, he is well acquainted with one of Stefansson’s intimate friends, Orville Wright, of airplane fame. He has heard much about Stefansson from Wright, who is a great admirer of the explorer, and he expects to be able to hold Wright’s attention for some time with the stories which he heard on the campus of the U. N. D.

IN A RECENT PARAGRAPH concerning the naming of one of Connecticut’s highways for Dr. William Beaumont, whose investigation of digestive processes through an accidental wound in the stomach of a patient made him famous, it was not made clear that the accident which led to the studies occurred, not in Connecticut, but in Wisconsin. Alexis St. Partin, the patient, was wounded at Mackinac, and was treated by Dr. Beaumont, a former Connecticut man, who had been stationed there as post surgeon. Many of the experiments were conducted at Fort Crawford, the site of which has recently been acquired for park purposes by the city of Prairie du Chien.
A FARM WITHOUT A MORT­gage! Is there such a thing? Of course there are a good many, take the country over, and some in North Dakota. One of them is owned by W. F. Krueger, of Niagara, who still lives on land on which he filed as a homestead more than fifty years ago. The original homestead has been expanded to a farm of 1050 acres, and both the land and the personal property of the farm are clear of encumbrance. Like others who came to the country when he did, Mr. Krueger has had his share of the ups and downs of farm life. The recent drought is by no means the first that he has experienced, and he has had his troubles with rust, grasshoppers and other unfavorable influences. These have been accepted as part of the day’s work, and steady industry and good management have surmounted them. Mr. Krueger has been a member of his school district board since 1886 and of his township board since 1890, and is still a member of those boards. That seems very much like a state record. If it isn’t I should like to learn of one that exceeds it. Mr. Krueger is now 75 years old, and is still going strong.

ALTHOUGH HE IS 78 YEARS OF age, Charles O. Olson, of Manvel, still operates his own farm and does his own farm work. The farm is smaller than the one which he operated for many years, consisting of only a little over half an acre, which is operated as a combination berry, vegetable and poultry farm, and is spaded, seeded and cultivated by hand. His wheat, grown for the chickens, was seeded more than two weeks ago. Furrows two inches deep and six inches apart were made with a hoe, and into these the seed was dropped carefully, the seed was covered with earth, and the soil was packed with the feet as seed was sown in the next trench.

MR. OLSON IS A LOVER OF trees, and during his long life on the prairie he has planted four groves, and even on the little plot which he now cultivates he has set out spruce, pine, black walnut, cherry and elm trees and several varieties of shrubs. He says: "I found trees when I came into the world, and I shall leave a few to live after me. We pass this way but once; why not leave the world a little better than we found it? I am a lover of trees and plants and find great satisfaction in watching their growth. It is cheerful to sit in a warm room in winter and see the evergreens sticking out of the snow, a reminder of spring to come."

THE FATHER OF 19 CHILD­ren, 12 of whom are living, Mr. Olson has transferred his larger farms to sons, and confines his work to his little half-acre plot. He was disappointed in not being found eligible for work on a government project near his home as he had never received relief from Red Cross or other relief agencies. On the contrary, he has paid taxes regularly for more than 50 years and made sacrifices during the World war, buying Liberty bonds as a means of helping to finance the government.

BEFORE COMING TO NORTH Dakota Mr. Olson had traveled in many countries, having camped in the snow of the Rocky mountains and in the tropics with his saddle for a pillow and the sky for covering. He worked for cattle and sheep companies and in gold and silver mines. In northwestern Queensland, Australia, in 1872, one of his shipmates was eaten by can­ nibals. The natives there, says Mr. Olson, worshipped the sun and images of wood. When the sun did not shine their god was sick.

ONE GRUESOME EXPERI­ence which Mr. Olson relates was that of burying a Chinese sheep herder whose body was found, watched over by his faithful sheep dog. As the body was being covered the dog gazed down into the grave and howled disconsolately over the loss of his master.

DEATH VISITED THE NORTH Dakota homestead one winter day and took away a little child. Mr. Olson had started for Ardoch, ten miles away, for Dr. Montgomery, who was practicing there, but a furious blizzard was blowing and the horses gave out after going half a mile and the journey had to be abandoned. With his own hands Mr. Olson made a coffin for the little one, and with the coffin form on his shoulder he made his way three miles on skis to the cemetery. There were such tragedies in many early prairie homes.

REVIEWING A LONG LIFE Mr. Olson writes: "I have worked in and traveled over fourteen states of our glorious Union, and North Dakota is as good as any of them. We don’t wake up in the morning to find our live stock and farm property floating down the river toward the Gulf. We will never see tidal waves flooding our beautiful prairies destroying every­ thing in their path. We are not in the great tornado belt, nor have we ever felt an earthquake here. Any man with a will to work and in good health, who practices indus­try and economy and has the help of a good wife is bound to make good on any farm in the Red river valley. And investment in the Lord’s bank, for the benefit of suffering humanity, is the best investment in the world."

WHAT A VARIED EXPERI­ence! What an accumulation of real wealth! What a fine philos­ophy with which to end one’s days!