April 1935

William Preston Davies
CELEBRATING THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY OF THE AUTHOR, FARRAR & RHINEHART HAVE JUST PUBLISHED THE "AUTOBIOGRAPHY" OF JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, WHO, BORN MARCH 31, 1855, HAS LIVED A LIFE FULL OF COLORFUL EXPERIENCES IN CALIFORNIA MINING CAMPS, IN SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLES, ON THE AFRICAN VELD AND IN GREAT CENTERS OF FINANCE AND DIPLOMACY. IN THE EVENING OF HIS LIFE HE HAS MADE A RECORD OF THESE EXPERIENCES IN A FASCINATING TWO-VOLUME WORK WITH WHICH THE PUBLISHERS HAVE NOW CELEBRATED HIS BIRTHDAY.

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JOHN HAYS HAMMOND WAS THE SON OF MAJOR RICHARD PINDELL HAMMOND, A UNITED STATES ARTILLERY OFFICER WHO, ORDERED TO CALIFORNIA FOR GARRISON DUTY, ARRIVED AT SAN FRANCISCO ON APRIL 1, 1849. MAJOR HAMMOND WAS THEN A GENUINE FORTY-NINER, AND HIS SON TELLS US THAT A CLEAR DISTINCTION WAS MADE BETWEEN THOSE PIONEERS AND OTHERS WHO ARRIVED BELATEDLY IN 1850 OR 1851. WHILE SUCH WERE TOLERATED, THEY WERE NOT OF THE ELECT: DURING HIS SCHOOL DAYS IN CALIFORNIA YOUNG JACK SPENT MUCH OF HIS TIME IN VACATIONS ON THE RANCH OF HIS UNCLE COLONEL JACK HAYS, WHO HAD A VAST STORE OF TALES OF FRONTIER AND MEXICAN WAR ADVENTURE, AND IN EXPLORING THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY. HE THEREFORE BECAME FAMILIAR WITH CAMP LIFE AND WITH THE EXTERNALS OF GOLD MINING, AND DETERMINED TO BE A MINING ENGINEER.

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ENTERED AT THE HOPKINS GRAMMAR SCHOOL AT NEW HAVEN TO PREPARE FOR YALE, THE BOY FROM THE WEST WAS REGARDED WITH SUSPICION AS AN OUTLIER. ANOTHER BOY WHO HAD HEARD ABOUT THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA, ASKED HIM HOW BIG THEY WERE, AND WHEN GIVEN TRUTHFULLY THE DIMENSIONS OF SOME WHICH JACK HAD MEASURED, HE WAS CALLED A LIAR. THAT BEING A FIGHTING WORD, HAMMOND WHIPPED HIS SCHOOLMATE AND WAS PROMPTLY EXPELLED. EXPLANATIONS RESULTED IN HIS REINSTATEMENT, BUT THEREAFTER, WHEN "BIG TREES" WERE MENTIONED, HE WAS CAREFUL TO PLACE HIMSELF UNDER RIGID CONTROL.

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YALE FOLLOWED HOPKINS, AND THERE HAMMOND HAD AS COLLEGE MATES MANY YOUNG MEN whose names became known throughout the world. ONE OF THESE WAS WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT BETWEEN WHOM AND HAMMOND THERE WAS INTIMATE COMPANIONSHIP UNTIL TAFT'S DEATH. ONE OF THESE FRIENDS WAS A CHINESE STUDENT NAMED LAISUN, WHO, ON ONE OCCASION ASKED HAMMOND TO HELP ESCORT HIS TWO SISTERS TO A COLLEGE PROM. HAMMOND CONSENTED, BUT WITH TREPIDATION, AS HE HAD NEVER SEEN THE GIRLS AND KNEW NOTHING OF HOW THEY WOULD BE ATTIRE. Enlisting the services of a friend he called for the girls and was shocked to find them decked out in complete Chinese garb, trousers and all, an outfit quite too conspicuous to take to a college dance. There could be no retreat, however, and the young men had to put the best face possible on the situation. Arriving at the prom the girls went to a dressing room and emerged becomingly clad in the latest American style. They proved to be perfect dancers and charming companions. Fifty years later Hammond asked the great Li Hung Chiallman said Laisun was his know well, if he ever heard of Laisun, father of the girls. The old Chang, whom he had come to and owned the estate adjoining his own.

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STUDY IN GERMANY FOLLOWED YALE, AND THEN CAME HAMMOND'S FIRST MINING JOB, WHICH WAS WITH THE FIRM OF GEORGE HEARST, LATER UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA, AND THEN BY WIDER AND DEEPER EXPERIENCES IN MEXICO, SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA, AND THEN FOLLOWED SEVERAL YEARS IN SOUTH AFRICA AS MANAGER, FIRST FOR BARNEY BARNAYO AND LATER FOR CECIL RHODES. BECOMING ASSOCIATED WITH A GROUP OF MEN, SOME OF WHOM ORGANIZED THE JAPESON RAID, HAMMOND AND SEVERAL COMPANIONS WERE TRIED FOR TREASON AGAINST THE BOER GOVERNMENT AND SENTENCED TO DEATH. THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY CLOSES WITH THE TEXT OF THE SENTENCE PRONOUNCED, WHICH WAS THAT THE PRISONERS WERE TO BE CONFINED UNTIL THE TIME FOR EXECUTION CAME AND WERE THEN TO BE HANGED BY THE NEXT TILL DEAD "AND MAY ALMIGHTY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOULS."

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SUCH A LIFE WAS FILLED WITH INCIDENTS WHICH BECAME REAL HISTORY. IN RECOUNTING MANY OF THESE MR. HAMMOND STRAYS DELIGHTFULLY FROM THE MAIN PATH TO TELL OF SEEING SUSPENDED FROM A TREE AS A MURDEROUS BANDIT ONE MORNING A MAN WHO HE RECOGNIZED AS THE STRANGER WHO HAD INVADED HIS ROOM ON THE PRECEDING NIGHT AND WITH WHOM HE HAD SHARED HIS BED; OF THE INSPECTION OF A FLOODED MINE ON WHICH HE AND HIS COMPANION, AFTER BEING LOWERED INTO DEPTHS, NAVIGATED A CANVAS BOARD FOR HALF A MILE THROUGH DARK AND CROOKED CHANNELS, PUSHING AGAINST THE ROOF TO MAKE A HEADWAY; IF TAFT, WHILE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES, SPLITTING THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS WHILE GETTING OUT OF A CARRIAGE TO CALL ON THE RUSSIAN CZAR, THE RENT BEING REPAIRED HASTILY BY MRS. TAFT WITH BORROWED NEEDLE AND THREAD, AND OF HOW TAFT WAS SCRUPULOUSLY CAREFUL TO BACK OUT OF THE ROYAL PRESENCE. THESE AND SCORES OF OTHER ANECDOTES ENLIVEN THE STORY AND HELP TO MAKE IT ONE OF THE MOST READABLE OF MODERN AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.
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 Boatum 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-suit ed and intrusted to start all over again.

W. P. Davies

MY COMPLIMENTS TO EVERYBODY concerned for the splendid screen presentation of "Ruggles of Red Gap." The piece ranges all the way from screamingly funny hits which send audiences into spasms to the supremely impressive recitation of Lincoln's Gettysburg address by Ruggles, the imported English "gentleman's gentleman" in a frontier saloon. That was a dangerous thing to attempt in a play for a single false note would have spoiled it. As done, it was perfect. The speaker's quiet diffidence, his earnestness, his gradual absorption in the spirit of the piece until its simple majesty shuts out everything else—all this makes the incident a masterpiece. It is a triumph for Charles Laughton, and the director has done a wonderful piece of work in having indicated the effect of the rendition in the facial expressions of the barroom audience.

SOME TIME LAST YEAR A. H. Ellingson, 1317 Chestnut street, gave the readers of this column an interesting account of his experience with bluebirds. He now offers some timely advice to those who wish to cultivate the acquaintance of these beautiful and friendly little feathered creatures.

"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 truely' 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 hottest 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 loaing 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: 5x5x8 inches, inside measurement. Triangular roof to permit shedding of water. Entrance hole or door 1 1/2 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 many more of these birds in place of eradication of same by the sparrow."
IN SPITE OF ALL THE CARE that can be taken, typographical errors are of frequent occurrence. They are to be found in the most carefully proof-read publications. Numerous errors have been found in different editions of the Bible, in in various absolute accuracy was sought. For a long time there was a standing offer, which may be good yet for all I know, of a prize for the discovery of a typographical error in an Oxford edition of the King James Bible. The fact that the prize is not claimed is at least presumptive evidence that that work, at least, is typographically perfect. But think of the microscopic inspection to which every letter and comma in that work has been subjected. Compare that which has evidently had experience pays his respects to the typographical error in the following bit of verse:

**TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.**

As you say, "She may be empty, but I'll tell the world she's clean!"

But when the sheet is printed and is out upon the mail,
On its way to the subscribers I have never seen it fail—
In the center of the front page in a most conspicuous place,
Some typographical error fairly kicks you in the face.
For the typographical error is a slippery thing and sly,
You can hunt 'till you are dizzy, but it somehow will get by,
Till the forms are off the press it is strange how still it keeps,
It shirks down into a corner and it never stirs or peeps,
That typographical error too small for human eyes,
Till the ink is on the page, when it grows to mountain size,
And you see that blasted error, far as you could throw a dog,
Looming up in all its splendor, like lighthouse in a fog!
That glaring blunder juts out like an ulcerated tooth,
Where it dodged the eagle vision of the napping comma sleuth.

SEEING RAZOR BLADES ADVERTISED, 60 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 Wailhalla, writes:

"I sailed on the Leviathan from Brest, France, at 7:15 P. M. July 30, 1918, 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 atmosphere. Fellows is one of the most accommodating chaps in the world, and without hesitation he replied, "Come along. We'll fit you 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 an 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.

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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,” “Madera,” etc., unless some such word as “California,” or “American” is used to denote the place of manufacture.

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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.
After seeing "The Little Minister" the other night I became curious as to just when the original stage play was given here and who played in it. It was on January 18, 1900, that the play a Charles Frohman production, was given at the Metropolitan. Only two members of the cast are named in the advertisements and the brief review which followed the presentation. Grace Heyer played Babble, and a Mr. Jackson the minister. Those names mean nothing to me now."

Next morning the Herald said that the part of Babble was excellently given, and that accords with my recollection of some of the scenes. "Mr. Jackson," whoever he was, is said to have lacked animation and spontaneity, and there is criticism, too, of the dialect used by the other players, which the review says must have grated harshly 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 petulicous can find cause 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.

An old Herald file usually yields more than the original object of the search. Thus, I find that early in 1900, in addition to "The Little Minister," we had "Shenandoah," the greatest of all Civil War plays, Mathews and Bulger in "The Sad Sea Waves," and Blanch Walsh and McDowell in "La Tosca." There was in addition a liberal supply of melodrama, farce and other entertainment.

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.

There was no school, of course, so a part of each of Mrs. Farnsworth's days was devoted to teaching Robert his lessons. Charlie, the cook, seems to have been a treasure. He was only a youngster, but he could cook almost anything in almost any way. Shortly after he had begun his duties a messenger came from another officer that "Captain Blank presents his compliments to Captain Farnsworth and requests thus and so." Charlie, unused to military form, expressed surprise after the mes-
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 reference was made in yesterday’s paper, there was described one incident which must have relieved considerably the monotony of life at a frontier post during the gold rush. In the middle of the night Mrs. Farnsworth was awakened by a sound as of some one stealthily entering the room. In a moment the captain awoke, aroused by the same sound. Seizing his revolver, and aiming it in the general direction of the door, he commanded whoever was there to stand still. Mrs. Farnsworth lit a lamp as quickly as possible, and the light revealed a bulky stranger standing as if uncertain what to do next. He was ordered to throw up his hands, which he did not do, nor did he answer any of the questions asked him. A guard was called, and the stranger, who had attempted neither to strike nor escape, was taken into custody.

**Captain Edwards says**

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. Feetham, against whom Mr. Taylor, 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 with a significant glance toward the ladies, “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 MASTERY WITH HER HEAD DONE UP IN AN OLD DUSTER GOING THROUGH THE BEDROOMS, TOUCHING CRACKS IN THE FURNITURE WITH A FEATHER DIPPED IN CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE.

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 GOT TO PUT IT OFF AGAIN. I'M NOT GOING TO LONDON UNTIL THEY GET THE TOWN CLEARED UP. I SIMPLY CAN'T STAND BEDBUGS. ONE BUG WILL THROW ME INTO FIERY TORMENT, AND IF THERE IS ONE WITHIN RODS IT WILL FIND ME, NO MATTER HOW I BARRICADE AND TRY TO INSULATE MYSELF. IT'S CURIOUS ABOUT LONDON, THOUGH, FOR FROM WHAT I HAVE HEARD THE ROOMS THERE ARE USUALLY TOO COOL 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 BOGED DOWN BEFORE IT COULD GET A BLOCK OUT OF EAST GRAND FORKS.

AS SOON AS THE FROST WAS OUT THE GRAND FORKS STREETS WERE IMPASSABLE, NOT THEOREETICALLY OR FIGURATIVELY, BUT ACTUALLY. WAGONS AND BUGGIES WERE ABANDONED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREETS IN MANY PARTS OF TOWN, AND THERE SOME OF THEM REMAINED FOR SEVERAL WEEKS. SUCH LOCAL HANDLING OF FREIGHT AS WORSE done by means of hand-carts Pushed along the sidewalks. THE GRAND FORKS MERCANTILE COMPANY WAS THEN LOCATED ON NORTH THIRD STREET WHERE THE MONTGOMERY WARD STORE IS NOW. SHIPMENTS BY NORTHERN PACIFIC WERE HANDLED, OF COURSE, RIGHT AT THE COMPANY'S BACK DOOR, BUT GREAT NORTHERN CARS WERE SPOTTED AT THE THIRD STREET CROSSING AND THE GOODS WERE WHEELED ALONG THE SIDEWALK BETWEEN CAR AND WAREHOUSE.

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 WITH ROUND CEDAR BLOCKS SIX INCHES SIX INCHES IN DIAMETER, SIX INCHES LONG STOOD ON END ON THE PLANKS. 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 ROSE 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.
REFERENCE TO THE SAILINGS OF THE LEVIATHAN DURING THE WAR HAS RECALLED WAR EXPERIENCES TO SEVERAL GRAND FORKS MEN, AMONG THEM W. K. TREUMAN, WHO WAS ONE OF THE NORTH DAKOTA CONTINGENT ON BOARD THE LEVIATHAN ON HER FIRST CROSSING AFTER AMERICAN ENTRY INTO THE WAR. LIEUTENANT TREUMAN WAS A MEMBER OF THE STAFF OF BRIGADIER GENERAL VOLKTHUR, 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 FILES 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 6,589 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 BRESC 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 MILITARY GROUPS. 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 SAILED 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 USUAL, 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 THE WORK IN CHARGE. 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, UP TO 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 WHOEVER 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 TREUMAN USUALLY SAT AT DINNER. IT HAD BEEN THERE, ENTERED 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.

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 ceremonies 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 Migg 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.

W. P. Davies.

Members of opposition quietly 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 Bispee does not spend all his time ministering to the sick. He is deeply 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 Mimir'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, Heiloland was a German fortress during the World war. The old Norse 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 ears 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 ridder 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,  
With stars bespangled, behind and before.  
And around the mighty shoulders swing  
Two shrieking ravens their coal-black wing.  

'Up, smith,' so spoke the appalling guest,  
Take hammer and tongs and shoe my beast,  
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.
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. Finnigin 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, Finnigan, division superintendent, would receive from the wreckingboss an exhaustive report detailing all the circumstances leading up to the accident, the extent of damage, the nature of every operation performed, and the condition of everything and everybody after the job was done.

FLANNIGAN CALLED FINNIGIN in and remonstrated with him on the needless length of his reports. He told him to cut out all the petty detail and in his reports to confine himself to the essential facts, stating them in the fewest possible words. Finnigin’s next job was to replace on the rails a locomotive which had slipped off, and it happened that the same locomotive had been derailed only a short time before. Finnigin did the job well and expeditiously, and after the locomotive had gone puffing on its way he prepared and turned in to headquarters the following report:

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 Gobelín 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 unusu-

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
A BOOK WHICH SHOULD BE of great help to those seeking employment as teachers is "Technique of Teacher Self-placement," by William A. MacDougall, which is just off the press of the Holt Printing company of Grand Forks. Dr. MacDougall, a member of the Grand Forks high school faculty, has undertaken in this book to give simple and practical information to those who are ready for employment and need advice as to the best method of seeking it. In order to determine what method of approach is likely to be most effective he has drawn on the experience 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 concerning which the prospective teacher is often in doubt. Among the subjects treated are letters of application, photographs, personal interviews and employment in government departments and outlying possessions. The chapter on "Ethics of Job Hunting" contains material which will be useful to the teacher, whether employed or unemployed.

A NOTE FROM FRED REDick, 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 kept 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 production 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 continent, 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-raisings, logging, apple-paring and quilting. "Sugaring off" was marked by a gathering of neighbors and a general jollification. 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 letter which he received recently, as reported by the Cosmopolitan magazine. This was the request made in the letter:

"IN ORDER TO RAISE MONEY 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 occasions 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 remains undisclosed. Major Butt, in his book of White House reminiscences, makes frequent mention of evenings at the White House during the Taft regime when Justice Hughes gave no evidence of chilliness, but on the contrary was the life of the party. Among his intimates Hughes is noted especially 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 words of the new generation each new generation has to tell of the new generation in words of the new generation of each 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:

FINNIGAN TO FLANNIGAN.

By Strickland W. Gillilan.

Superintendent wuz Finnigan;
Boss av th' siction wuz Flannigan;
Whinver 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 toold just how the smash occurred;
Full many a tajus an' blunderin' word
Did Finnigan write to Flannigan
After the kyars had gone on again.

That wuz how Finnigan
Reported to Flannigan,

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

So he wrote 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 Finnigan,
An' he said "I'll gamble a whole
That it will be minny an' minny a day
Before Superintendent (That's Flannigan)
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin,
Frum 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: "Mister Flannigan:
Off agin, on agin,
Gone agin, Finnigin."
THIS MOIST WEATHER makes Ernest Fox wonder if we have not come to the end of the drouth period, with a return to the conditions in which every pot-hole was full of water and every pond was full of ducks. Mr. Fox has been in North Dakota since 1882, and he recalls several periods of pronounced drouth, but none which have been quite so prolonged as that which we have been experiencing. Mr. Fox recalls an interesting canoe trip which he and a companion made in the summer of 1884. They built a canoe at Medora and in it paddled down the Little Missouri to the Missouri proper, and thence down stream as far as Mandan. The weather was warm, water plentiful, and the trip was in every way delightful. Waterfowl were abundant, so there was no shortage of food, and the canoeists also bagged many beaver on the way down. Often as the canoe rounded a bend several beaver would be seen lying on a bank sunning themselves. Usually they would take to the water before one could be shot. The stunt then was to paddle like fury and follow a beaver which had dived. After the first plunge the animal would usually remain under water for 100 to 200 yards, when it would show its head above the surface. That was the time to send a bullet after it, and as the canoe was not a steady base from which to shoot, that first shot usually missed. The beaver would submerge, but next time it would remain under water for a shorter distance, reappearing more quickly each time until a bullet caught it. Mr. Fox mentions one fact about beaver which was new to me. The trapped beaver, he says, will sink in water, but when one is shot it will float. The voyageurs were thus able to collect their trophies.

MEDORA IN 1884 WAS THE headquarters of Theodore Roosevelt, who was then on his ranch a few miles from the town, and of the Marquis de Mores, one of the spectacular early residents of the state. While Mr. Fox was at Medora de Mores arrived by train from Bismarck, where he had just been acquitted in his trial for the killing of the cowboys, an episode which made the front pages of eastern newspapers. De Mores is described by Mr. Fox as a man of imposing presence, standing six feet or more, built, apparently, for the life of adventure which he lived.

THE STORY OF THE DE Mores packing plant enterprise is one of the colorful bits in early North Dakota history. Becoming interested in cattle ranching, de Mores conceived the idea of building a packing plant which would turn the range cattle into dressed beef right on the ground where they fed. He built a plant at Medora and operated it for a short time, always at a loss, and finally gave it up. Some of the packing plant buildings still stand, and the chateau which was his home is a stopping place for tourists. Wherever de Mores went he was pretty sure to be the center of a disturbance. He died several years ago in Algiers, and my recollection is that he was shot in some altercation.

I HAVE JUST RUN ACROSS the curious statement that when Lindbergh made his historic flight from New York to Paris the stems of his engine valves were filled with salt, and that this method was used to prevent over-heating of the valves. I can’t figure out just how that would work, but probably the engineers know all about it.

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 than with anything else, 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 refused to allow the marriage. Both lovers were tenacious and continued to meet, until one day they were surprised by a mixed party of 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 Isabel 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 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 again” 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.

* * *

THE OYSTER SHELL SCALE has been damaging apple trees in Minnesota, as well as certain ornamental shrubs such as lilac, cotoneaster, dogwood and some species of spirea. Infestation is indicated by tiny dark brown specks, pointed at one end and round at the other, on the bark at the angles of the branches. These scales harbor minute insects, which upon hatching burrow under the bark and suck the sap, robbing the tree of vitality.

* * *

FOR CONTROL OF THIS PEST A. G. Ruggles, state entomologist at the University farm, St. Paul, recommends spraying with lime-sulphur, one part to seven of water. This mixture, says Mr. Ruggles, should be used when the plants begin to show green, as then foliage will not be injured, and many of the insects will have hatched out. The addition of nicotine sulphate is said to make the spray more effective.
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 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 prominent, 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 meet 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 impertinence 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 Elizabethe." 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, 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.

W. P. Davies

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.

W. F. Davies.

M A R S H A L L ' S REMARK, which has been quoted oftener than many more pretentious statements, is packed full of sound philosophy. If the "good five cent cigar" had become and remained the standard smoke of the country, if the country had been satisfied with its sound quality, modest proportions and unostentatious appearance, and if similar taste had been shown in all other departments of living, what a world of woe we should have been spared! Instead, we demanded size regardless of quality, gold bands and expensive packages, the flashy and spectacular,—and what a splash we made when we fell!

SPEAKING OF SPLASHES REMINDS me of Rev. Charles Spurgeon, famous English preacher of more than a generation ago. He was a man of intense and vivid personality, a believer in the doctrine of sound living and a hater of shams. In one of the numerous pamphlets which he published occurred a paragraph which ran about like this:

"IF ALL THE MEN WERE one man, what a great man that would be. If all the axes were one ax, what a great ax that would be. If all the trees were one tree, what a great tree that would be."

If all the seas were one sea, what a great sea that would be. If the great man should take the great ax and chop down the great tree into the great sea, what a great splash-splash that would be!"

SOMETIMES, WHEN A NOISY person makes a big fuss over nothing, and with sound and fury seeks to magnify his own importance, Spurgeon's bit of sarcastic tomfoolery comes to mind, and I think: "Splish-splash!"

TALK OF RECALLING THE governor and most of the other state officials recalls Alice's Red Queen—or was it the White Queen?—whose favorite observation was "Off with his head!" Fortunately her majesty's oft-repeated order was not obeyed, otherwise she would soon have had no subjects left.

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.
MRS. M., whose husband is a physician in a neighboring city, lost a yellow cap. She says that certain manufacturers toward constructive criticism of their products. One would naturally think they would welcome, or at least courteously meet suggestions made by the consuming public of their wares.

"ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO my gas range began suffering from the infirmities of age and I spent considerable time investigating various types of stoves. My husband evidently got tired of hearing me complain, so one day, much to my surprise, in walked a crew of men carrying a beautiful white enamel range, seemingly perfect in every respect but one. It lacked a plate-warmer, such as had been the best feature of my old range. The shelf was so narrow that plates set on it to warm invariably slid off. The shelf and canopy of the old range did not fit the new one, so there was no way of utilizing them; neither were the dealers who had sold the range at all interested in my problem. I therefore wrote direct to the factory suggesting just the feature of the old range which had endeared it to me.

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. Surreptitiously they collected the neighbors' cats and tendered 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, were guaranteed to be just as good. MRS. M. CALLED THE CIRCULATION manager complaining of the annoyance to which she was being subjected and demanding that he do something about it. "Suffering cats!" he roared. "That's the best one I've heard in a long time." "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!"

THERE ARE OTHERS THAN Mr. X. whose experience was cited in this column the other day, who have found manufacturers who resent the suggestion that their product might be improved in any particular. The following letter from a Grand Forks lady tells its own story:

"I WAS MUCH INTERESTED in your comment this morning in "That Reminds Me' on the top-lofty and resentful attitude taken by certain manufacturers toward constructive criticism of their products. One would naturally think they would welcome, or at least courteously meet suggestions made by the consuming public of their wares.

"THE BEST THING I'VE EVER HAD" said my neighbor, Mrs. M. Davies, "is a one-stop service. I never have to worry about anything."

"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."

W. P. Davies
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 the period that the river reached the level of the Third street gutters, although it did not cover the street itself. A similar stage of water now would cover completely all that portion of Third street from which the paving blocks have been removed.

IN TWO OR THREE LATER floods the water rose high enough to flood all the business basements in town. Many of those who were sufficiently foresighted prevented the water from backing into their basements by plugging the sewers. One interesting device used for that purpose was to force into the drain a sack containing a few quarts of dry oats. The water caused the oats to swell and make the opening. Considerable water proof. When the flood was over the sack was untied and the oats were removed a handful at a time.

ONE CAUSE OF THAT RECORD flood was the immense quantity of snow that had fallen during the preceding winter. Snow began to fall in October, 1896. During October and November there were several snow storms, and all the snow that fell remained. The furious storm of Thanksgiving day brought a lot more snow and piled both new snow and old into enormous drifts. Storms were frequent during the winter, and there were many places where the snow which was piled on the ice filled the entire ravine level of the prairie. Melting began as usual at the south end, and the water which was trying to make its way north was piled up continually against a wall of ice and snow. As is now recalled it took the flood about two weeks to travel the distance between Grand Forks and Winnipeg.

FIFTY YEARS AGO RIEL'S second rebellion was in full swing in Canada. Louis Riel, who had headed an unsuccessful rebellion in 1870, and who at that time had taken possession of Fort Garry and established a provisional government there, again became the leader of Indians and mixed bloods in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Several fierce battles were fought between the insurgents and the Canadian military forces. It was in the suppression of that rebellion that Winnipeg's famous 90th battalion, of which Dr. R. D. Campbell, of Grand Forks, was a member, distinguished itself.

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 1886 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 to the rebellion, and visitors to that side of the river who disapproved with 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 Star-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:

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 recount,
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 un-planted 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 bought of his carcass to eat.
Make us some loaves from the un-planted 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 APPEARING 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 ‘THEM 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.”

W. P. DAVIES

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.


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 WHEREEVER 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-AWARENESS 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 CONDUCTER 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. PÀRTIN, 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 1,050 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 drouth 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.

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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 on 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 three weeks ago, Furonrows 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.

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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 cheering 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.

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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 cannibals. The natives there, says Mr. Olson, worshipped the sun and images of wood. When the sun did not shine their god was sick.

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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.

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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.

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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 everything 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."

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