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SOME COINCIDENCES ARE of such a character that one is tempted to credit the idea that some mystic influence which we cannot identify influences in the same manner persons who have no contact with each other and causes them to think, or speak, or act alike. A little while ago a chance request from a correspondent started in my direction a train of letters identifying a certain poem as Tennyson's "Brook." At the same time scores of correspondents all over the country were identifying as part of the same poem a stanza sent to the New York Times by a subscriber who wished to know its origin. Why were the thoughts of all those persons turned to Tennyson's poem at the same time, without communication or contact of any kind?

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MOST READERS ARE FAMILIAR with the curse inscribed on the tomb of King Tut, a curse directed against all who should violate the privacy of the ancient king's last resting place. Death came in ways somewhat unusual to some of those who, participated in the opening of the tomb, and yet even now when death comes to one of the survivors of that group, even though it is due to obviously natural causes and the subject has reached an age at which death may be expected, some one is sure to remark that the old curse is still at work.

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ONE MAN, AT LEAST, TAKES that sort of thing seriously. He is Sir Alexander Seton, a Scottish baronet, who is sure that possession of a bit of bone which once formed part of the skeleton of one of the Pharaohs is bringing his family bad luck. The fragment, enclosed in a small glass case, came into the possession of Lady Seton in some manner not explained, and it has been kept as a curio at the family mansion in Scotland. Ever since it was obtained the family has lived in an atmosphere of misfortune and mystery. Windows have been broken without any known cause. Members of the household have been injured in accidents. Every undertaking has gone wrong. And Sir Alexander says quite seriously that a mysterious robed figure has been seen wandering about the premises late at night.

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ALL OF THIS HAS MADE THE entire family jittery, and Sir Alexander says that the bit of bone is to be returned to Egypt as fast as he can get it there. Aside from the question of bad luck, the decision to return the bone to the place where it was found is to be applauded. And why anyone should want one of a deceased king's bones is as mysterious as the element of superstition surrounding the case.

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INVESTIGATION HAS SATISFIED an engineer who went over all the facts that the immediate cause of the explosion which wrecked the school building at New London, Texas, and killed more than 400 children was a spark from a sanding machine which was being used in the manual training room of the building. That, of course, does not go very far. With gas present in explosive quantities any spark would ignite it. In any building sparks are constantly occurring, from electrical appliances, from light switches, from the striking of matches and from a hundred other causes, but there are no explosions except in the isolated cases where explosive material is present. Sparks cannot be prevented, and in themselves they are harmless. The trouble with the Texas school was that somewhere it contained a large quantity of explosive gas which ought not to have been present.

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IS THIS TO BE AN EARLY OR late spring? Conditions now existing in this part of the northwest make possible a fairly early spring, so far as field work on the farms is concerned. Seeding has been done in this area in March in some years, but only rarely has March seeding been at all general. And in the few years of which this has been true, the unseasonably warm weather that has made March seeding possible has usually bred storms a little later which have held up the work. If the fields generally are in good condition for seeding by the middle of April, that is plenty early. Of course anything in the way of weather can happen, and fields which are now dry may be buried in snow or drenched with rain at any time. Thus far there is no indication of a repetition of the conditions of last spring, when thousands of acres of valley land were flooded and remained too wet for work until late May or June.
MAXWELL ANDERSON, U. N. D. graduate, continues to have honors heaped upon him. His play, "High Tor," has just been voted the best American play produced in the season of 1936-37 by the New York Drama Critics Circle. The circle was organized last year, its members being dramatic critics of New York's principal newspapers. In its membership are such notable critics as Brooks Atkinson of The New York Times, Robert Benchley of The New Yorker, and Burns Mantle of The News. Last year's award also went to Mr. Anderson for his play "Winterset." The award is represented by an artistic silver plaque, which was presented with appropriate ceremonies on Thursday evening. Anderson has two other plays now running on Broadway, "The Wingless Victory" and "The Masque of Kings."

THE JUDGES' ESTIMATE OF "High Tor" is expressed in the following formal statement:

"The Drama Critics Circle awards its annual prize for 1936-37 to Maxwell Anderson's fantasy, 'High Tor.' In its decision the circle celebrates the advent of the first distinguished fantasy by an American in many years. Imaginative and as comic as it is poetic in both spirit and expression, 'High Tor' is a singular accomplishment, giving rare grace to this theatrical season in New York. For a second successive year the circle felicitates both Mr. Anderson and his perceptive producer, Guthrie McClintic."

SEVERAL FRIENDS HAVE reported progress in their search for five words ending in "dous," but invariably progress is slow after the first two words, which are comparatively easy. The first to occur to most searchers is "tremendous." The words will be dealt out at the rate of one a day until the list is complete. It should be noted that proper names don't go; otherwise the name of "Aldous" Huxley would be all right.

HOBBY SHOWS ARE CATCHING. Following the highly successful one arranged by the Grand Forks Kiwanis club last year, Sioux Falls has put one on, using information as to methods, etc., supplied by the Grand Forks committee.

HERE ARE SOME IRREVERENT lines submitted by a friend who has pieced them together from memory. He has forgotten who the author is and would like to know. Can anyone help?

A Hindu died, a happy thing to do
When 20 years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cried
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.
"Hast been through purgatory?"
Brahma said.
"I've been married, I've been married."

And he hung his head.
"Enter then, and welcome too, my son.
Marriage and purgatory are as one."

Scarce had he entered in those gardens fair
Than another Hindu sought admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again:
"Hast been through purgatory?"
"No. What then?"
"Thou canst not enter," did the God reply.
"But he who came before me was there no more than I."
All that is true, but he had married been
And so on earth had suffered for his sin.
"Married! 'Tis well, for I've been married twice."
"Begone, begone! We want no fools in paradise!"

CLAUDE L. M'CRACKEN, THE Modoc, California editor, who was fatally shot by a rival editor, wrote the story of his own assassination and put it on the wire before his death. One writer, examining the dispatch critically, finds that Mr. McCracken omitted the customary form of giving his own age and that of his assailant. But when a man knows he is dying he is apt to be in a hurry. Inasmuch as the parties were both of the male persuasion and there is no suggestion of a triangle in the case, there was no call to use the words "blond," "petite," "dark-eyed," "shapely," "dazzling," or others considered indispensable when the murderer or the victim is a woman.
ILLUSTRATING THE MANNER in which radio jokes are made common property the Literary Digest says: "A lightning-like quip pulled by Jack Benny registers from coast to coast, and the next day people in St. Louis, Atlanta and Grand Forks are springing it on their way to the office."

And, presumably, the fellow in St. Louis, or Atlanta, tells that joke to someone who has just been waiting for a chance to spring it on him. That has been noticed in Grand Forks, and the three cities have much in common.

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IT'S SPRINGTIME IN THE Rockies, or nearly so, and it's maple sugar time in Vermont and other places where the maple sap runs. Like many others reared in a maple country I have been a bit hazy concerning the quantity of sap that a tree will yield and the quantity of sap that is required to make a gallon of syrup. Information on that point is furnished by a Cornell professor whose figures indicate that it usually takes about four trees to yield the 40 gallons of sap which can be boiled down to a gallon of syrup. These quantities vary with the size of the tree and the character of the season. The same tree will yield more sap one year than another, and seasonal conditions also affect the sugar content of the sap. Last year in New York the sap was unusually thin, and it took about 70 gallons of sap to make one of syrup. That would take a lot of boiling down.

A PAINTING NOW BEING shown in New York is of a "family" of puppets, some suspended on strings and others in all sorts of attitudes of collapse. The painting, of which a small reproduction is published, conveys the suggestion that the awful contortions of the figures in some modern pictures are due to the use of puppets for models.

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IF MENTION WERE MADE of Harry Orchard in a mixed company, probably not one of the younger members of the group would remember ever hearing it, and one or two of the oldsters might recall that they had heard the name somewhere, but in what connection they would not know. Yet about the beginning of the century Harry Orchard occupied a lot of space on newspaper front pages. He is now serving a life sentence at Boise for the murder of former Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho. That killing was one feature in a series of labor troubles which convulsed the west. Two notable names are associated with the case, William E. Borah, now an aged United States senator, conducted the prosecution, and the prisoner was defended by Clarence Darrow, whose estimate of the world as a dreary and hopeless place seems to become stronger with the passing of the years.

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DR. TOWNSEND ASKS HIS followers, who, he says, number 4,500,000, for a loan of $5,000,000, to be made to him personally in sums from $10 upward. He offers as "collateral" for this loan his total assets of $500 and his unsecured promissory note. The loan, or, rather, the several loans, are to be repaid in 24 months and will bear an interest rate of 4 per cent. The money is to be used to promote the Townsend plan by every possible method of publicity. Just where Dr. Townsend expects to raise the money with which to repay the loans is not stated. If the money is to be collected in the form of contributions, why not call it a contribution in the first place. There is a faint recollection of a man named Townley borrowing a lot of money on his unsecured notes some years ago. There is no recollection of its being repaid—yet.

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LONG AGO, ABOUT THIS time of the year, we expected that the first warm day would be marked by great flights of ducks and geese on their way north. Ducks and geese still fly, but there are fewer of them and their routes have changed, so that a flight over this section of the state is comparatively rare. The flying habits of ducks and geese are quite different. Geese, even in small flocks, use the V-shaped formation and are guided by the commands of their leader, but ducks fly just hit-or-miss.
YESTERDAY I OVERLOOKED that five-word problem and failed to give the second of the words ending in "dous." In what seems to be the order of popularity I gave "tremendous," as the first on the list. The second is manifestly "tremendous." Now, from this point, go ahead. Ethel Woods of Forest River sends the same five words which were submitted by the friend who gave me the original list from which this game started. Vernice Aldrich comes forward with eight words, and with two in the other group which she missed the list is now ten. That is the number that General Leonard Wood's secretary is said to have found in searching through the dictionary after the general had become so harrassed over the problem that he set his secretary to work on it. Is the limit, or can anyone think of more?

ONE TROUBLE WITH THIS supreme court question is that since the metamorphosis of the grocery store there is no proper place to talk it over. They talked over slavery around the stove in the village store, with the cracker barrel handy, and the same forum was used quite freely to settle, or un settle the silver question forty-odd years ago. But with the old-time store gone there is no recognized place for the exchange of views on burning questions.

DEBATE ON PUBLIC QUESTIONS was not confined altogether to the grocery store. The blacksmith shop served as a substitute, after a fashion, but much of the time it was noisy and one had to keep out of the way of horses being shod. Moreover, there were no crackers. Now the blacksmith shop has become a garage, and you can't get up much of an argument in a garage except on the merits of demerits or some car.

ALBERT E. COLE, OF SOUTH Portland, Maine, has witnessed the shift in grocery store habits from the primitive to the ultra-modern. At the age of 86, with a record of 73 years behind the counter, he claims the honor of being the oldest grocer in point of service in the country. He began clerking at 13 and soon had a store of his own. He thinks a little wistfully of the old days when the neighbors would drop in to spend the evening and discuss the problems of the day. For the accommodation of callers he kept in his store a long bench on which they might sit. Several times he had to provide a new seat for the bench, the old one having been whittled away by the knives of visitors.

OF COURSE, WE STILL HAVE grocery stores, but they are not what they were. The cracker barrel is gone. Now they put up crackers in dust-proof packages. Goods that once were handled in bulk and were accessible to all, now come in cans or cellophane. The sawdust-filled box that served as a cuspidore has disappeared. Everything has been made sanitary and exclusive.

ONCE IN MY OWN CLERKING days I had fun with the visitors by setting within their reach what appeared to be a sample of brown sugar, and wasn't. I mixed up a concoction of coarse salt moistened with molasses and liberally dosed with vinegar and set on the counter with a label marked "25 pounds for $1.00." The low price attracted attention and everyone who came in partook liberally. It didn't taste a bit like sugar.

MEL. BACHELLER SAYS I AM all wrong about the reason for the shifting of the auto steering wheel from the right side to the left. My guess was that the change was made to enable the driver to gauge more nearly his distance from another car which he met. Bache says that the idea was to facilitate getting out of the car on pulling up to the sidewalk. The old cars had brake levers and other impedimenta outside the body, and the driver, being unable to climb over, had to slide across and get out on the street side. The sounds reasonable, too.
AN ARTICLE WITH A LIS-bon, N. D. date-line published in the Minneapolis Journal tells of the revival of interest in gold mining in certain sections in the southern part of NORTH Dakota. This interest has been stimulated by the advance in the price of gold from $20 to $35 an ounce. Mention is made in the article of adventurers who joined in the rush for gold in the Black Hills and vicinity in the early days. Among those named are George B. Winship, founder of The Grand Forks Herald, Senator H. C. Lonsbrough, and John P. Gray, afterward U. S. consul general in Australia and China.

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THERE WAS GREAT EXCITEMENT over the discovery of gold in the Black Hills, and many persons afterward prominent in the history of the two Dakotas joined in the rush for the yellow metal, but George B. Winship was not one of them. He had intended to join one of the parties but was unable to do so. The party which he would have joined was attacked by Indians and several of the number were killed. "Senator H. C. Lonsbrough" is undoubtedly intended for Senator H. C. Hansbrough, who may or may not have been among the gold-seekers. I rather think not. John P. Bray, not "Gray," was not consul general to China. He served in that capacity in Australia and at Singapore, in the Straits settlement, where he died.

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OF THE "DOUS" WORDS "tremendous" and "stupendous" have already been listed. Now comes "hazardous," which most searchers seem to have placed third in the order of ease of discovery. All of these are words in rather common use. There are more to follow.

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A LETTER FROM MRS. W. C. Nash, now of Los Angeles, to a local friend is accompanied by a clipping several years old from an unidentified paper giving a description of the frontier settlement known as "Frog Point." The article, entitled "The City That Never Was," tells in a humorous way of the settlement on the Red river just south of the Grand Forks county line which was later Belmont, for which one of the principal residence streets of Grand Forks was named.

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FROG POINT RECEIVED ITS name in 1860. In the summer of that year Captain Sam Painter with a party of 300 soldiers, while en route to Walla Walla, Washington, made camp there. When the soldiers took their horses down to the river to water them that evening they found the shores so covered with frogs that they could scarcely take a step with treading on them. Next morning before leaving they drove two sticks in the ground and nailed on them a board bearing the words "Frog Point." The name thus given stuck for years.

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FROG POINT ACHIEVED IMPORTANCE as one of the line of stage stations established on the route between St. Paul and Winnipeg. Mrs. Nash writes of having stopped there for supper in 1872 when coming by stage from Moorhead to the farm at East Grand Forks. Moorhead was then a tent town, and the terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad, which had not yet crossed the Red river.

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THE NASH FARM WAS JUST outside what is now the city of East Grand Forks. Part of it was bought by the lumber company for a saw mill site, and the land is now the property of the sugar company. The Nash family was the first to settle in that vicinity, and the home was for many years the center of generous hospitality.

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WITHIN THE CITY OF NEW York, metropolitan and cosmopolitan though it is, there is a one-room rural school whose 18 pupils are taught daily in six classes by one teacher. The same teacher has now served the school for 25 years. The school, while it is within the municipality of New York City, and is a part of the city school system, is rural in every respect, being surrounded by farms on Staten island. The building now occupied was erected in 1821, and has been kept in good repair and continuous service. The old bell in its tower still calls the children to school.

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IN A REPORT MADE LAST year the assistant superintendent of that district of the city spoke highly of the work done in the little school, and while conceding that the modern graded school has its advantages, made the point that the advantages are not all on one side. He said that in the little school the children can receive individual treatment such as is not possible in the larger school, and that the teacher had constantly in mind, not only the grade toward which her pupils were moving, but the grade from which they came, and whose work it was often necessary to review. It would be interesting to see a record of scholastic standings of children from that school as compared with records of children in the same grades in other schools.
THREE WORDS, "TREMENDOUS," stupendous," and "hazardous," of the group ending in "dous" have been given. The fourth, in what seems to be the order of discovery, is "jeopar­dous." The meaning of each of these is clear, and the first three are in fairly common use. The next to be given is rarely used, though its meaning will at once be suggested by its form. The other five will be strangers even to those whose vocabulary is large.

Davies.

DR. CARRELL IS A SCIENTIST of recognized standing. It was with him that Colonel Lindbergh was associated in the development of the "artificial heart" which is being found to be valuable in the study of certain of the phenomena of life. It is rather interesting to note that Dr. Carrell accepts as facts both clairvoyance and telepathy. He does not discuss these subjects in detail, but treats them as facts as fully sustained by evidence as are the facts of the ordinary physical perceptions. Not only does he say that some persons are able to see things beyond the field of physical vision and to communicate thought without the aid of known physical means, but he credits such persons with power to read the future. Seldom does a real scientist venture so far and with such assurance into the field of mysticism.

ABOUT THIS TIME 55 YEARS ago I first crossed the Red river.

I came up from St. Paul on the Northern Pacific and got off at Fargo, where the same big wooden building houses both the railway station and the city's principal hotel, the Headquarters. I didn't stop at the Headquarters, not that my tastes were any less expensive than those of the guests at that hotel, but I had to conserve my resources. I went to a cheap hotel—I have no idea where it was—looked the town over for a few days, and decided to move on to Jamestown.

AT JAMESTOWN THERE WAS also a hotel, much too rich for me, and I engaged lodgings at the home of an elderly, dark-skinned man whom I found to be a Brazilian. He had sailed the seven seas on wind-jammers, and after many adventures he had wound up keeping a little rooming house at the very verge of civilization. He was a very intelligent and entertaining chap and could spin yarns by the hour. He knew a lot about books and kept posted on current events. When I last saw him two or three years later he was running a little refreshment stand close to the station, and he cried his wares with a voice like a foghorn.

DURING MY FIRST FEW weeks in Jamestown I took my meals at a rough-and-ready eating place of which I remember only that the food was usually greasy and that our dessert consisted regularly of three prunes, small, hard and tough, in a saucer of pale insipid liquid.
WE HAVE NOW HAD FOUR of the "dous" words, tremendous, stupendous, hazardous and jeopardous. The last of the five originally submitted is "horrendous," which appears in Webster, but which is classified as obsolete. Five others, which might as well be obsolete, will be given later.

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Mrs. F. T. Roat and Mrs. F. T. Roat of Bemidji, have learned that their great nephew, Cedric Williams, has been appointed field manager for the Minnesota Mutual Life Insurance company, working from the company's offices in the Foshay tower. Cedric's father, the late J. Arthur Williams, built up the Minneapolis office. At his death, a brother, Paul D. Williams, was appointed manager. All three men were former Grand Forks residents.

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THERE IS A STORY OF A wealthy man who built himself a fine mansion, which, with its architectural embellishment and its beautifully landscaped grounds, was a joy to behold. Having completed the mansion he built a modest cottage just across the street and moved in, so that he might enjoy the view. There is something in that idea that applies to a garden. It gives pleasure to the owner, but it also brings happiness to the bystander. The point is covered in some verses which I clip and pass on.

MY NEIGHBOR'S ROSES.

By Abraham Lincoln Gruber.
(1861-1915)
The roses red upon my neighbor's vine
Are owned by him, but they are also mine.
His the cost and his the labor, too.
But mine, as well as his the joy, their loveliness to view.
They bloom for me and are for me as fair
As for the man who gives them all his care.
Thus I am rich, because a good man grew
A rose-clad vine for all his neighbors' view.
I know from this that others plant for me.
And what they own, my joy may also be.
So why be selfish, when so much that's fine
Is grown for you upon your neighbor's vine?
To this a neighbor, or one who might have been a neighbor, wrote the following reply:

THE NEIGHBOR'S REPLY.

By Gerald Eberman.
Your neighbor, sir, whose roses you admire,
Is glad indeed to know that they inspire
Within your breast a feeling quite as fine
As felt by him who owns and tends that vine.
That those fair flowers should give my neighbors joy,
But swells my own, and draws therefrom alloy
Which would lessen its full worth, did I not know
That other's pleasure in the flowers I grow.

Friends, from my neighbors and this vine I've learned
That sharing pleasure means a profit turned.
And he who shares the joy in what he's grown
Spreads joy abroad and doubles all his own.

IF ONE IS NOT THOROUGHLY conversant with modern thinking it is not for lack of accessible material. Of the publishing of books there is no end, and the best things in ancient and modern literature are available at the cost of a few dollars. But it is not in books alone that a wealth of information is to be found. Magazines, pamphlets, newspapers and the radio bring daily discussions of every imaginable subject by men and women who are recognized as leaders in their special fields of activity. After all the shaff is blown away there remains a vast body of informative and stimulating material, scientific, historical, philosophical, social, economic and political, far more than one could absorb if he were to devote his entire time to it.

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WE SUFFER FROM AN EMBARRASSMENT of riches. The problem is not how to obtain good material, but how to select from the vast quality that is presented what is likely to be most serviceable. And, having made a selection, there arises the question what to do with it all. The best of the material which is available today seems to be of permanent value. It ought not to be thrown away. But if one should undertake to preserve it all he would soon be crowded out of house and home.
HAVING COMPLETED THE list of the first five words submitted ending with "dous,"—tremendous, stupendous, hazardous, jeopardous, and horrendous—we now proceed with the other five, the first of which is "tardigradous." I never heard of it before, and I have no intention of using it, but the dictionaries say that it means "moving slowly," a meaning which corresponds strictly to the make-up of the word. There are other shockers to follow. Readers of this column are not alone in their search for words or their meaning. The government of the sovereign state of Vermont has been engaged in a similar search, and found it necessary to appeal to no less an authority than the secretary of the lord chancellor of Great Britain for assistance. Vermont's state seal, in use since 1862, is to be discarded and another cast from a design made in 1777 by Ira Allen, brother of Ethan, is to be substituted. According to ancient lore the etiquette of such an occasion prescribes that before a new seal is put to use the old one shall be "damasked." But nobody in Vermont knew just how to "damask" a seal. All the dictionaries in the Vermont libraries were consulted, without result. An appeal was sent to London, and the lord chancellor's secretary replied that when a new seal is to be brought into commission the king taps each half of the old seal with a hammer, making it impossible thereafter to make a perfect impression. Vermont has no king, but the necessary tapping can be done by the governor—or perhaps the janitor.

UNTIL RECENTLY BETSEY Ross has been credited quite generally with being the maker of the first American flag, and her home in Philadelphia is maintained as one of the nation's historic places and is visited by many tourists each year. But while it is conceded that Betsey Ross made many flags, the honor of having designed the first one has been claimed for others. A descendant of Francis Hopkinson, of New Jersey, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and later member of congress, is collecting evidence to show that his ancestor, was the principal, if not the sole designer of the flag. Among the documents collected in support of this claim are requests from Hopkinson to congress for compensation for services in designing the flag, a treasury seal and other work of like character. In his first letter, dated May 25, 1780, Hopkinson thought that his services ought to be worth "a quarter cask of the public wine." This request was increased later to $2,700, and still later to $7,200. The bill was never paid, however. The board to which the claim was submitted thought that the public was entitled "to these little assistances given by gentlemen who enjoy a very considerable salary under congress without fees or further reward."

TWO PACKED HOUSES greeted the Flickertail Follies this year, and the two evenings were of huge enjoyment. Participants spent much time on their several acts, put in a lot of hard work, suffered great anxiety, and found a great deal of pleasure in the whole experience. Such entertainment has a peculiar relationship to the community in that it arouses a spirit of lively interest in a larger group than could be affected in a similar way by almost any other enterprise. Each member of each cast is the center of interest for a group of friends, and on this basis the entire community is enlisted in a sort of co-operative spirit whose competitive features help to give life to the entertainment. In this way the entertainment becomes more than a show. It may fairly be described as an instrument of social progress.

WHAT IS DESCRIBED AS THE world's largest painting, descriptive of the development of electricity, is being painted for the Paris exposition by Raoul Dufy, a French artist. The canvas will be 35 feet high by 190 feet long. This may be the largest painting ever made, but I should like to have figures on the size of the cyclorama "The Battle of Gettysburg" and several other pictures painted in the eighties by Paul Phillipoteaux—I think I have the name about right. It seems to me that those pictures were much larger than the big one now being painted.
SEVENTH IN THE LIST OF words ending in "dous" is "multifidous," meaning, having many partitions. The word, I under- stand, appears in some dictionaries, but the nearest approach in my copy of Webster is "multifid," having approximately the same meaning. The list now stands: Tremendous, stupendous, hazardous, jeopardous, horrendous, tardigradous, multifidous. There are three to come, and perhaps some one can dig up still others.

LAST WEEK I PUBLISHED A satirical poem on matrimony, the lines of which were quoted by a local reader from memory. Conscious of some inaccuracies, he wished for the correct version, with the name of the author. These are now supplied as follows by Mrs. R. H. Ludtke, of Lakota:

PARADISE—A HINDOO LEGEND

By George Birdseye.

A Hindoo died; a happy thing to do,
When fifty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.

"Hast been through purgatory?"
Brahma said.

"I have been married! and he hung his head.
"Come in! Come in! and welcome too, my son!"

Marriage and purgatory are as one.
In bliss extreme he entered heaven's door,
And knew the peace he ne'er had known before.

He scarce had entered in the garden fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again:
"Hast been through purgatory?"
"No, what then?"
"Thou canst not enter," did the god reply.
"He who went in there was no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for his sin."

"Married? 'Tis well, for I've been married twice."

"Begone! We'll have no fools in paradise!"

FOR DOMESTIC REASONS I wish it distinctly understood that I do not indorse the sentiments expressed in the above poem.

WALTER DAMROSCH, FAM- ous composer and director, doesn't like spinach. At a meeting of the Gourmet society of New York Damrosch said that he had two hatreds in food, spinach and prunes. Informed that the society had recently held a "farewell dinner to spinach" he said: "Fine! I will write a funeral march to spinach."

Really, spinach is not at all bad. Probably most of the antagonism toward it is due to the fact that the eating of spinach has been urged in season and out of season as a duty. When one is told con- tinually that he "ought" to eat something, how can he be expected to like it?

AND THERE ARE PRUNES and prunes. We used to buy prunes 20 pounds for a dollar. That seemed cheap, but it was all they were worth. They were small, hard, dry, tough and tasteless. They were about as palatable as basswood chips. But a good, fat, juicy prune, such as now can be bought, is a plum of a different texture.

A PARAGRAPH THAT HAS been passed on to me says:
"Organization is the art of getting men to respond like thoroughbreds. When you cluck to a thoroughbred he gives you all the speed, strength of heart and sinew in him. When you cluck to a jackass, he kicks."

EACH YEAR THE HOPI IN- dians hold their snake dance, the purpose of which is to insure rain for the growing crops. Much mystery has surrounded this dance and the immunity of the dancers to the venom of the poisonous snakes used in it. A writer in the Sci- entific American has learned the secret from a member of the tribe. The explanation is that the snakes are "milked" of their poison before being used. First they are given a ceremonial washing, and then they are goaded to fury by being prodded with sticks and are induced to strike at chunks of fresh meat or small animals kept before them for that purpose. Thus, after repeated strikings, the reptiles are denuded of their poison, and for the time are harmless. Just the same, I don't want any snake, milked or unmilked, striking at me.
IN 1900 A LITTLE EXPLORING party headed by Dr. Charles Cam-
sell and Dr. Mackintosh Bell, of
the Canadian Geological survey, af-
ter traveling around the north
shore of Great Bear Lake in far
northern Canada, camped at a point
on the eastern shore of the lake
and took a latitude observation
to determine their position. Although
the date was August 24 a snow-
storm was in progress, and the scien-
tists were unable to make
more than cursory examination of
their surroundings. Dr. Bell re-
corded in his notes that the cliffs
in the vicinity were stained with
red, green, yellow and pink colors.
The notes, describing the stains as
of cobalt-bloom and copper-green,
were filed in the records of the Geological survey, and remain-
ed unnoticed for thirty years.

* * *

IN 1930 GILBERT LABINE, AN
experienced Canadian mining pros-
cpector, and cousin of Frank La-
Bine of Grand Forks, in searching
the records for information relat-
ing to geological formations in the
far north, came across Dr. Bell’s
description of the coloring of the
rocks on Great Bear Lake. His ex-
perience had taught him to asso-
ciate cobalt-blue with the presence
of silver. In the dead of winter,
with one companion, he flew the
1500 miles from the nearest rail-
way to a point a few miles south
of the great lake, made the rest
of the journey on foot, and staked
out several claims.

* * *

RETURNING TO CIVILIZATION
LaBine had samples of ore tested
and found indications not only of the
presence of silver in paying
quantities, but of pitchblende, the
source of radium. Following that
discovery LaBine and associates
organized the Eldorado Gold Mines
company and began mining op-
erations. The bleak point of land on
which Drs. Camsell and Bell took
their observation thirty-seven years
ago is now a busy mining center,
equipped with mining buildings, ad-
ministrative headquarters, radio
stations, refueling facilities for air-
craft, a mining recorder’s office,
mounted police force, medical ser-
dices, stores and boarding houses.

* * *

LABINE POINT, ON WHICH
the radium mines are located, is
just a few miles south of the Ar-
tic circle. There is no railway near-
er than 1500 miles, and it can be
reached only by air, or by means
of a tortuous journey by water.
The precious ore has been carried
to the rail-head by plane and then
shipped to Port Hope, Ontario,
where radium reduction works have
been built. The Great Bear lake
mine is now the principal source of
radium in the world, and be-
cause of its output the price of ra-
dium has been reduced from $50,-
000 or $60,000 a gram to about $25,-
000 a gram.

* * *

GILBERT LABINE HAS VISIT-
ed his cousin here on trips between
the mine and the east. Provision is
being made for improved steamer
service on the Mackenzie river
which will materially reduce the
cost of transportation. Two new
power tugs, built at Sorel, Quebec,
have recently been shipped in sec-
tions to the end of the railway at
Fort McMurray, where the sections
will be welded together and launch-
ed for service on the Mackenzie.

* * *

EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF
the Presbyterian Ladies Aid soci-
ety during the 59 years of its ex-
istence were reviewed recently
when the society took steps to or-
ganize on a new basis. One of the
interesting bits was the reading of
the minutes of one of the meetings
which the secretary of that day,
Mrs. D. H. Beecher, presented in
verse. The record contains numer-
ous touches of humor, particularly
the description of the manner in
which was solved the problem of
raising the three dollars required
to pay “Mr. Clifford” for singing
in the choir. The society seems to
have been out of funds—this was in
ably Mrs. W. A. Gordon—came to
the rescue and volunteered to take
care of that expense in consider-
ation of being relieved of payment
of other dues. The minutes do not
say whether the compensation of
three dollars was per week, month
or year.

* * *

SEVEN WORDS HAVE NOW
been given in the “dous” list: Tre-
memdous, stupendous, hazardous,
jeopardous, horrendous, tardigrad-
ous, and multifidous. The eighth
is “olidous,” meaning having a bad
odor.
NUMBER NINE OF THE "dous" words is "hybridous," the meaning of which, quite obviously, is originating in the crossing of two species. The other eight, as already published, are: Tremendous, stupendous, hazardous, jeopardous, tardigradous, multifidous, and oolidous. Thus far only ten such words have been submitted, and the tenth will be given in another issue.

Davies

A MAN RIDING through Kansas dust bowl saw in the midst of miles of bare earth a ranch where there was still good grazing and abundant evidence of thrift and comfort. He found that the place was owned by a German immigrant who had restricted his cattle to about one-fourth of the number for a given area with which his neighbors had stocked their land. Recounting his experience to his caller the settler said:

"Vell, ven times were goot, my neighbors make a lot; I make a leetle. Van times got bad, my neighbors break even; I make a leetle. Now my neighbors all broke. Still I make a leetle."

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE Monitor has an editorial entitled "Trifles," inspired by the story that the taxpayers of the city of London are to save $1,500 a year because the school children of the city are to be permitted to write on the top line in their exercise books, which they have not been permitted to do in the past. The saving in paper will be reflected back to the taxpayers. The Monitor has heard of a business firm in Marseilles which saves $100 a year by omitting the dotting of the "i's" in correspondence.

THIS ALSO BRINGS UP THE subject of economy in the use of words, as exemplified by a tenant of the duke of Wellington, to whom the duke had written asking if he intended to renew his lease. The tenant replied "Your Grace, I remain, Yours faithfully."

More recently a famous literary man to whom a play had been submitted returned it with a note: "My dear sir: I have read your play. My dear sir!"

Then there is the story of the letter which Benjamin Franklin wrote, which is famous, not for its brevity, but for its significant ending. Franklin wrote to an English friend with whom he had long been on the most cordial terms. But the nations were at war, and personal friendship could not stand in the way of patriotic feeling. Franklin wrote to his former friend, recounted the colonial grievances against Britain, and wound up his letter:

"You are my enemy and I am Yours, B. Franklin."

HANNAH, THERE ARE CAR- loads of things smaller even than John's corks. Robert Somers Brookings, founder of the Brookings institute, in his early life a clerk in the office of the Cupples company of St. Louis, became, in effect, the entire company himself, and made it one of the largest, if not the largest wholesalers of wooden-ware in the world. A caller at the company's New York offices found the girl secretary busy at the telephone. Between calls, being asked what she was doing, the secretary said "We've just got in a carload of toothpicks from Maine, and I'm distributing them." The phone rang. "Yes," said the secretary, six cases toothpicks, hotel size. We'll have them sent right over." "Now," said the caller, "tell me the difference between a hotel-size toothpick and any other toothpick." "Oh," said the secretary, "the toothpicks are all alike. It's the cases that are hotel size."
HERE IS THE COMPLETE list of 10 words ending in "dous" as submitted by several correspondents in part or in whole: Tremendous, stupendous, hazardous, jeopardous, horrendous, tardigradous, multifidous, olidous, hybridous, nodous.

The last word, "nodous," means knotty. There may be others in the language, and if so they will be reported as received.

* * *

In promotion of the Peace Garden, the committee headed by C. E. Danielson of Minot, president of the Greater North Dakota association, inaugurates a series of essay and poetic competitions. South Dakota contestants submitted a number of poems dedicated to the Peace garden, and of these the committee selected five as having unusual merit. The following is one of the five:

THE PEACE GARDEN.
By Leona J. Johnson, Faith, S. D.

When Nature in expansive mood fashioned the hills and valleys fair
She took a trip of woodland run
And built a lovely garden there.

She mingled with its hills and brakes
A host of sparkling, joyous lakes;
And planted trees and flowers rare,
With eager lips to drink the air.
Then, with skilled and practiced hand
She scattered out abroad the land
A host of merry, care-free birds
To sing of peace—no need of words.
This done, she set the spot apart,
And placed it in the very heart
Of a great land. With labor spent
She rested then, and was content.

Garden of Peace! In thy calm walks
May harrassed lands find sure release,
And learn in thy dim, cool retreat
The lessons of goodwill and peace!
* * *

A FEW DAYS AGO I RE-

A FEW DAYS AGO I REMARKED on the rarity in this section in recent years of flights of wild geese. Fifty years ago on almost any spring day one could see flock after flock of geese flying north, and often the sound of their honking could be heard all through the night. Now it is only occasionally that a flight is seen. I am told, however, that a big flock fed on the stubble about two miles south of the city for several hours on Sunday, and moved only when apparently disturbed by the appearance of many cars at the scene of a highway accident.

THE FLOCK WAS MIXED, about half being gray and the rest white with black trimmings. It was noted that when the birds took flight, although they rose in mixed groups, they quickly sorted themselves out according to their colors. It appears also that while geese of different colors often fly in company and feed together, they do not cross, even when kept in captivity.

* * *

I FIND THAT ALL THESE years I have been mistaken as to what sort of geese brant are. When I first came to the western prairie country I became familiar with two kinds of geese, the big gray honkers and a white bird with black wing weathers which were called "brant" by all the settlers whom I knew. A question having arisen the books were consulted, and it appears that the brant is a grayish goose and the white bird is something else. As far as I have been able to discover the white bird is the snow goose, which the Britannica says is snow-white when adult except that the primary feathers are black. I have seen thousands of those birds, but never in company with any others. Usually they kept quite close together when feeding, and occasionally they would line up as if for military drill or inspection.
CHILDREN LIVING IN THE vicinity of William and Mary college, Virginia, collect spiders and sell them to biology students for one cent each. Among the offerings of a little colored boy were several black widow spiders. The boy was told of the dangerous nature of those venomous insects. Thereafter little Rastus confined his attention almost exclusively to black widows, but he thrifty boosted the price to a nickel each.

* * *

ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF the World war an old Indian in the Bemidji country arrived at a similar conclusion by a somewhat different process. He came into town one day with a lot of blueberries, for which he asked just twice the usual price. Asked the reason for the inflated price he said "Helluva big war on now."

* * *

THERE IS SOMETHING IN this little springtime poem from the New York Times that may appeal to youth, and which certainly has its appeal to one who is no longer young, but who loves the song of birds and the smell of wood:

*A HOUSE FOR THE BIRDS.*

By Glenn Ward Dresbach.

A shower drove him from his garden ground
Into the tool shed and he looked around
For something else to do. He liked to hear
The rain upon the roof, and hanging near

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Davies

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Upon the wall were tools all polished bright
To match the early shower's silver light.
They had grown old with him and he could tell
How each had served him—so he kept them well.
And scraps of boards he saved in careful piles
Were under rows of hammers, saws and files
Above his bench. He liked the smell of wood
In shavings curled about him while he stood
With old eyes squinting and soft-spoken words
Just to himself, or maybe to the birds,
For which he had decided he would build
A new house . . . Fragrance of the sawdust filled
The peaceful place, more shavings curled about,
And as he worked he dreamed again no doubt
Of one small house he built so long before—
Of songs he heard inside the open door.
A Spring far off—but fresh on hill and plain—
And close as birds about him in the rain.

* * *

IF YOU ARE TOURING IN certain of the national parks this summer you may be led to wonder how the rocks through which new roads have just been cut have acquired such a beautifully weathered appearance in such a short time. The fact is that the rocks are "weathered" artificially. The freshly cut rocks have a raw appearance which makes them stick out like a sore thumb. This has been overcome by applying copperas, which gives them a yellowish tinge, and then spraying with road oil. The result is a series of soft tints which merge with the rest of the scenery and make the rocks look as if they had been untouched for a thousand years.

* * *

ROBINS ARE HERE IN great numbers, as many persons who have had their early morning sleep disturbed realize. The notes heard from the first robins to arrive are not love calls, but may be interpreted as notices of possession. The first arrivals are male birds which come to spy out the land and select suitable places for homemaking, much as the young man who came to the prairie years ago to stake out a claim before his bride arrived. Some bird students say that the preliminary chirping is intended to warn interlopers away from a chosen spot. While the robin is traditionally a gentle bird, actually he is a fighter, and he can be a good deal of a bully.

* * *

THAT SHOWER, FOLLOWED by warm sunshine, has stimulated the tulips, and buds are now visible among the turned-up leaves of some of the early ones. Heavy freezing has browned and distorted the tip of many of the leaves, but otherwise the plants seem to be unharmed.

* * *

I ACKNOWLEDGE WITH thanks receipt of a large folder inviting me to lend Dr. Townsend 10 dollars or any multiple thereof in exchange for his promissory note, payable in two years with interest at 4 per cent. The doctor is trying to raise $5,000,000 in this manner to be used in promotion of the Townsend old-age pension plan. The money is to be repaid out of profits derived from the Townsend Weekly and other publications. But if the publication business is to be so profitable, why not use its income directly for promotion purposes. In that case my 10 dollars will not be needed.
UNTIL THE WORLD WAR there was no such nation as Czechoslovakia. The countries now comprising it were parts of other empires, although some of them had at earlier periods enjoyed separate national existence. The war provided their opportunity for independence, and their union and creation of democratic government was one of the triumphs of statesmanship. Inseparably associated with that movement are the names of Masaryk, and Benes, great leaders, both of them, and real statesmen.

PROFESSOR FELIX VON DERCHECK, instructor in history at the University of North Dakota, is the author of a book, "The Foreign Policy of Czechoslovakia," which has just been published by the University of Columbia press which represents more than 12 years of research during summer vacations during which the material in many libraries was studied for information on one of the newer members of the European family of nations. In the preparation of this work the use of six languages was required.

THIS BOOK REPRESENTS the first thoroughly documented study ever made, in any language, of one of the smaller countries of the world. Heretofore, such studies have been made, partially, of the Great Powers alone. This book is intended for use primarily for reference purposes regarding not only Czechoslovakia, but the major post-war problems of Europe as a whole. It seeks to point out Czechoslovakia's importance in the general framework of Europe and her important contributions to the causes of democracy and world peace.

THIS WORK HAS ALREADY received additional recognition from Columbia university which lists it as required reading for all students in European history, and from the government of Czechoslovakia, which has purchased a large number of copies for distribution by its diplomatic representatives all over the world. It is written by a third-generation American, for the Ph. D. degree in an American university, and hence is not a piece of propaganda, but an authentically documented history inspired by a keen interest in and sympathy with the current problems of the land of the writer's ancestry.

THERE IS SOME SATISFACTION in knowing what is the matter, even if nothing can be done about it. And to learn what is the matter is one step in the direction of correcting whatever errors may exist.

Scientists of the Carnegie foundation have satisfied themselves that there is a direct relationship between sun spots and the fading out of radio. Experiments in this field were conducted in many countries and under many conditions. Photographs were taken from mountain tops in Peru and Mexico, at sea, and under a great variety of conditions, and careful notes were made of the behavior of radio at the times when the pictures were taken. It was established that the intensity of sun spots coincided with maximum radio fade-out, and it is concluded that with the sun spots come certain electrical conditions which cause weakening of radio signals. Nothing can be done to prevent sun spots, but radio engineers will address themselves to the task of shielding radio from their interference.

TELEVISION IS AN ACCOMPLISHED fact, and it has been used on a commercial scale for some little time. However, the time when every family will have its television and will be able to see as well as hear what is going on on the other side of the world is not just around the corner—at least, not the first corner.

THE BRITISH ARE AHEAD of us in making practical use of television, but they have not got very far. A subscriber in the city of London who is willing to pay $400 for a television set can be connected and can see small, but fairly distinct pictures of what is being projected. But the range of the sending apparatus is only about 25 miles, and its use is feasible only where population is congested. For greater distances transmission must be by means of peculiarly constructed and costly cables. Until less expensive means of transmission are provided television, for most of us, will remain merely something to read about.
VISITORS TO WALHALLA TO partake in the meeting held in the interest of the lake project which has been developed there had the rather unusual experience first of driving, and then of walking through fresh snow which had fallen on April 14 to a depth of four inches or more, and which in places had drifted to a depth of a foot. The purpose of the proposed hike was to view at close range the site of the proposed dam and a part of the area to be occupied by the resultant lake. The information gained was worth all the experience of chill wind, wet feet and lost rubbers and other incidents which accompanied the unseasonable display of weather.

THROUGH A LONG, IRREGULAR gorge, worn by the flowing waters of many centuries the Pembina river flows from the west, and its tributary, the Little Pembina, enters the main stream a few miles above the city. Innumerable smaller streams lead down from smaller draws and gorges, and in summer, when the slopes and crests of the hills are green with grass and timber foliage, the scene is one of indescribable beauty.

UPSTREAM FOUR OR FIVE miles, and for many miles back inborder the stream rise abruptly from a narrow valley, and at a point close to the Pembina-Cavalier county line, it is proposed to build a dam. At that point the bordering hills are about 200 feet above the present level of the river. The dam, as proposed, will be 100 feet high and its distance across the valley about a half a mile. The dam, according to preliminary plans, is to be of earth, with a steel and concrete core, 40 feet wide at the top, with sloping sides, and with controlled concrete tunnels to regulate the flow of water from the lake. The lake thus created will be about 17 miles long, with an average width of one mile, and at certain points two or three miles wide.

AN IMPORTANT PART OF the state's water conservation program, the Walhalla project has possibilities which make it unique among northwestern conservation projects. Walhalla, originally St. Joseph, is one of the oldest settlements in North Dakota. Long before the first homesteads in the state were taken it was an important trading point and the scene of early missionary service. The bodies of faithful missionaries who were killed by Indians lie in the little cemetery on the mountainside. From the top of the elevation can be seen one of the most beautiful views in the northwest, with the rugged hills stretching far to the south, and to the east the level plain of the Red River valley. That spectacle alone is well worth a visit to this northern "home of the blessed."

* * *

THROUGH A LONG, IRREGULAR gorge, worn by the flowing waters of many centuries the Pembina river flows from the west, and its tributary, the Little Pembina, enters the main stream a few miles above the city. Innumerable smaller streams lead down from smaller draws and gorges, and in summer, when the slopes and crests of the hills are green with grass and timber foliage, the scene is one of indescribable beauty.

ONE GRAND FORKS PARTY conceived the interesting theory that Walhalla ought to be on the road that runs directly north from Cavalier, and proceeded to test that theory. After wallowing through snow and slush for fifteen miles the party brought up at a neat little town which proved to be Neche instead of Walhalla and the course to Cavalier had to be retraced.

SURVEYS HAVE BEEN MADE establishing these facts, and the project has been incorporated in the general conservation program which awaits official approval in Washington. The lake to be created will be one of the most beautiful in the country, and its desirability is beyond question from every standpoint from which the control of water is urged. The cost of acquiring property rights would be negligible. It is said by informed persons that in the entire area to be flooded there is not more than 600 acres of privately owned agricultural land. Most of the area is now owned either by the state or the county.

ONE OF THE ENTHUSIASTIC participants in the meeting was C. E. Danielson of Minot, president of the Greater North Dakota association. On the way from Grand Forks to Walhalla Carl's car became temperamental. It is a perfectly good car, and until that trip its behavior had been perfect. The trouble, it developed, was that having been owned by Danielson only two years, it had not become accustomed to water. It resembled the pet frog owned by a fellow in the Arizona desert which, at the age of seven years, had never learned to swim. Danielson's car was quickly taught how to swim, and its behavior thereafter was admirable.

TRIPS LIKE THOSE QUICKLY convince travelers that while a gravel road is far ahead of an earth road, it is not a good substitute for the gravel involves perpetual maintenance cost, and there are times when it is impossible to keep it up to par.
THE SEARCH FOR WORDS ending in "dous" seems to have ended, with the list standing at ten. One correspondent, however, Mrs. J. F. Stewart of Gilby, submits an eleventh, "hazardous." The word sounds all right, and it is a variation, of course, of "hazardous," one of the ten recognized by the authorities. Of the entire list of ten, three, "tremendous," "stupendous," and "hazardous," are in general use; two of the others, "jeopardous" and "horrendous," are used rarely, and probably not one person in a million ever heard of any of the other five.

AT WALNLALLA THE OTHER day, with the earth blanketed in snow, flocks of geese were seen flying south. They had been doing that during the night, before the snow came, and at Cavalier many of them circled the electric light plant, confused, apparently, by the light, and several lit on the earth near by.

THE BEHAVIOR OF THE geese illustrates the error in the belief frequently expressed that wild fowl have powers of prophecy concerning weather. A few days earlier the birds had flown north, not because they knew it was going to be warm in Canada, but because it was warm in the south, where they were, and they supposed it was time for them to move. In Canada they found snow and turned back, outdistancing the storm. There is not the slightest evidence that either geese or other birds or animals have prophetic powers. They recognize the conditions existing at the moment and make a guess, and quite often they guess wrong.

* * *

FISHERMEN WILL SOON BE arguing about what fish are pike and what are pickerel, and why, and the Biological survey finds that there is similar lack of unanimity concerning the names of birds. Thus the same bird that is called a black duck in some sections is a blue wing in Nova Scotia, a black-jack in Kentucky, a brown duck in New Jersey, a velvet duck in Wisconsin and a nigger duck in Connecticut.

* * *

IN MANITOBA, THE SURVEY finds, there is a wavy black goose which elsewhere is a blue goose. Blue jays are whisky jacks in Wisconsin. The blue heron is a cranky in North Carolina, a long Tom in Texas and a wop in Maryland, in some other place not named it is a highboy, and in one section it is a fly-up-the-creek. The cuckoo is known as a chow-chow and a kow-bird, and sometimes a rain-herald because he is particularly noisy on the approach of rain. Screech owls are sometimes kittenheads, and buffle-headed ducks are also bumble-bee dippers, didappers and butterbowls. The Hutchins goose is also a crybaby and the coot is a fool-hen in Alabama.

* * *

JOHN M. HORAN, AGED 99, who has worked 82 years for the Milwaukee railroad, and is still working, began his railway service at the age of 17 loading wood onto the wood-burning locomotives which were in use about the middle of the last century. At that time wood was piled in quarter-cord, half-cord and full-cord piles in the yards, and receipt for a quantity of wood was acknowledged by the engineer, who have a metal token in exchange for it. The quantity of wood used by each engine was thus checked.

* * *

THAT SYSTEM IS NEW TO me, although I was familiar with the wood-burning locomotive. Along the Wellington, Grey and Bruce road in Ontario, maple cordwood was hauled to the railway stations by farmers and accumulated in vast piles, to be cut into short lengths by crews with little steam sawing outfits. One crew which I watched often was composed of young negroes who moved from station to station with their machine. As I recall it the sawn wood was thrown into promiscuous piles and was not measured when loaded into the engine tenders. In that country, where wood was once so plentiful that it was logged up and burned to get it out of the way, the people are burning coal from Pennsylvania, and paying a stiff price for it.
DURING THE NEXT TWO OR three days this column will be biographical in a sort of reminiscent way, the subject being the experiences of £al Foster, oldest settler and pioneer of Lakota and the Lake region. Mr. Foster came to North Dakota in 1879, and in the early years spent at Grand Forks and in Nelson county he came in contact with most of the men who were prominent in the early history of this section. Some of the men who figured in the experiences which he recounts are still living, but most of them are gone. But most of the names which he mentions will be familiar to many readers, and his story may stir the memory of others.

“I WAS BORN IN LONDON, England,” writes Mr. Foster, “and as a lad I took great pleasure in stealing away to the attic, to peruse those blood curdling books, in which those relating to Indian war- fare, in North America, were my favorites. Sometime later my father died, which placed us in a very precarious position, there being six of us children to provide for, and no providers. I had finished school, and gone partly through college, when I obtained a good position with Powls, Bale & Co., civil engineers. However this did not satisfy the craving I had for adventure, which was accelerated by our receiving pamphlets describing the wonderful future for homeseekers who would come to the United States. I finally succeeded in persuading mother and the family to make the trip. At this time we were living on the Isle of Wight, which is claimed to be the most picturesque island in the world.

“FROM LIVERPOOL WE TOOK passage on the Nova-Scotian of the Allan line, a steam and sail vessel. We put in to Loch Foyle, Ireland for the mail. However, before arriving at that port we had all our money and tickets stolen. Two of the men passengers informed the captain that they had changed their mind, about going through to the United States and asked to be put ashore. The captain at once suspected them of taking our money and had them searched from the hideout. Nothing was found but he insisted that as they were booked for the United States, that was where he would deliver them.

“IMAGINE THE PREDICAMENT we were in. Mother, six children, no money, or tickets, and not acquainted with anyone in the United States. Never will I forget that terrible trip across the Atlantic. Twice we were called into the saloon to pray for the safety of the vessel. Later I understood the captain did not expect the vessel would outride the storm. The stanchions were all sprung on the main deck, cabins torn off, on the upper deck, and three lifeboats washed away.

“We were three weeks in making passage from Liverpool to Halifax. One of the stokers became a raving maniac, a woman died and was sewed up in sailcloth and dumped overboard. On entering Halifax harbor we had to plow through ice of several inches in thickness. I went ashore. It was the coldest place I ever was in, and was glad when they completed refitting the vessel and sailed for Baltimore.

“The captain took up a collection from the passengers for guns we and also had the cook put us up a box of eatables, furthermore he explained the situation we were in, to the president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, who gave us passes for the remainder of our trip. The captain also gave us a letter of introduction to an old friend of his, a Captain Stevens who resided on the Turtle river. We took the train at Baltimore and after a few days arrived at Fishe Lake landing, Minn, as the railroad did not extend into Grand Forks. We hired a man by the name of Ed Coss to drive us out to Cap Stevens place, where we arrived the same day. The captain with his wife and several children, lived in a log cabin in the river bottom. I cannot say that they were overjoyed at the surprise party, and do not blame them, but will always appreciate their kindness, as they had not received any word to expect us. However, we were not there very long until some of the neighbors came to the rescue. Newel Morgan, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Williams.

“I remained at Stevens ranch, and pulled a cross cut saw, sawing oak logs, for my board with Tom Gardiner. This was rather strenuous work for a civil engineer’s clerk. Finally I obtained work from Dr. Lancaster at $6.00 per month. My first job was to bury their baby, who had died sometime during the winter. It appears they waited until the ground thawed out before this could be done. In the meantime the body was kept just outside the kitchen window in an oak coffin which Bob Raprager had hewed out of an ak log.

“MY WORK WAS TO DRIVE A yoke of oxen on a breaking plow, by the ‘Gee and Haw’ system. I had rather a fierce time of it with these oxen, as whenever they took the notion they would run away and the only way I could stop them, was by letting the plow deep into the sod.

“BOB RAPRAGER WHO worked here, asked me if I would like to make a trip to the Devils Lake Indian Reservation, as this appeared to be the big chance I had been looking for. I readily accepted and getting the doctor’s permission, we set forth driving a team of broncos hitched to a buckboard. I asked Bob where he had the guns. He stated he had all the guns he wanted under the blankets. Upon our arrival the Indians flocked around us, and entered into a big pow-wow with Bob, who seemed to understand their lingo. About this time I was getting the jitters, as I had nothing to defend myself with. Bob and I started to unpack the supplies. The guns turned out to be three 3-gallon jugs of whiskey, or firewater as the bucks called it. Now the big pow-wow started again, and finally resulted in Bob obtaining 5 buffalo robes, and an Indian pony, in exchange for the whiskey. Bob told me it was time to leave as the bucks were starting to ‘whoop her up.’ I thought so too. Poor Bob died some years ago, otherwise I would not tell this as I understand it is a federal offense to convey intoxicants into the reservation, which I did not know at that time.”

“In the next installment Mr. Foster tells of his homestead on the Turtle river, of the fierce storm which struck before he could get a cabin built, and of adventures in getting food and fuel.
CONTINUING THE STORY OF his early experiences in North Dakota, Samuel Foster, of Lakota, tells of incidents during his first residence near and in Grand Forks, beginning with the taking up of a claim near Turtle river by his mother and the family. This installment closes with an account of the lynching of the negro, Thurber, in which Mr. Foster says he participated. I have talked with several persons who witnessed that episode, but have never before met anyone who said that he actually took part in the hanging. Mr. Foster continues his story:

"WE OBTAINED THE USE OF a tent until we could build a shanty. I will never forget the storm that struck us that night, the wind was a tornado, with a continual flare of lightning and a deluge of rain. I held up the ridge pole of that tent, until I thought my arms would give way while the rest of the family held down the edges. Such storms do not seem to occur now, as they did in those years. Finally we got the shanty built, and dug it down into the side of a ridge, bracing the front corners with heavy poles so it could not blow away. The neighbors also assisted in building a sod barn. There was times when I would have to drag firewood with a rope from Turtle river. We had to obtain our food and supplies from Grand Forks, distant 22 miles. Our neighbors would haul these out for us whenever they went in. However, there was times that we would have to make the trip afoot, and carry what I could in a sack. On one particular occasion, in order to avoid the trip, I walked over to Herb Thatcher's shanty and asked him if I could borrow a few groceries, until we could get some hauled. He stated that all he had was a herring and he was just starting to eat that, but he said I'll divy with you, which he did. That is something else I will never forget.

"WELL I CONTINUED MY hike to Grand Forks and coming up over a ridge I came face to face with a band of Indians, coming in single file along the old Red river cart trail. To say I was scared would not express it. I figured my time had come. I noticed some carrying tomahawks as I recollected it would be useless to run. Gone were all my ideas of fighting Indians; all I could do was to face the music, and take my medicine. I took the one trail that they were not on, as I passed them they would grunt, and so would I. One buck said 'tobac' I had a plug in my pocket which I gave him and did not wait for him to return it, but kept going. Later I found that I had nothing to fear, as some of them were Indian police.

"ON THIS TRIP TO GRAND Forks I became acquainted with a Mr. Calvert, who had a small grocery store on DeMers avenue. He informed me he had located on timber land adjoining Stump lake. He invited me to accompany him out there, as I was anxious to obtain land, I accepted his offer. On my arrival I found all the timber land had been squatted on, so I had to squat on land one mile from the lake, on which I built my shanty. This land, which now constitutes part of my farm, was not surveyed at that time. Later, winter coming on, I decided to spend a few months in Grand Forks as I would probably have the opportunity of obtaining some work with my team, which I did by hauling water to the residents. In fact I was the Grand Forks water works at that time, using three barrels and a sled and filling them from a hole in the ice cut on the Red river.

"WE HAD A GOOD TIME that winter. My folks erected a house on South Fourth street, with money realized from some property sold in England and I lived with them. I forgot to mention that mother died during our stay on Turtle river and is buried in a Grand Forks cemetery. The folks bought groceries and supplies from Smith and Wisner on South Third street. Not being able to meet payments they were compelled to mortgage the house, which later was foreclosed on.

"I BECAME A MEMBER OF the Grand Forks Social club, and we put on a dance once a week. Johnny Bray and Miss Ophelia Fladeland were reckoned to be the best dancers, and that big Darkey Durant was one of the musicians and singers. My elder sister was married to Harry Budge who supervised and worked on Wm. Budge's farm, which I believe is the ground that the University of North Dakota now stands on. Harry was taken sick, and I took his place for a few days. He finally died.

"THERE ARE A FEW THINGS that I can remember while in Grand Forks at different times. Standing on the railroad bridge while the water of the Red river was swollen; I was so frightened and ran away. I remember seeing the skeleton of the bank robber that he shot in Northfield. I remember showing me the skeleton hanging in the closet with a rib wired together where the bullet got him.

"FIRE IN THE BLOCK ON South Third street, where Dr. Wheeler had his office, was another incident. Doc told me that the greatest loss he took in that fire was the skeleton of the bank robber, that he shot in Northfield. I remember his showing me the skeleton hanging in the closet with a rib wired together where the bullet got him.

"HANGING OF THE NEGRO Thurber on the railroad bridge is also recalled. It seemed that two separate parties organized to Lynch him. The party I was with went to the jail with a long rope, and demanded the man, but Dick Fadden refused to give him up. He stood at the door of the jail, with a buggy whip in his hand, and threatened to cut any one to pieces, that came near that door. However, the boys cut down a telegraph pole, and used it as a battering ram. The second drive smashed the door open, and we dragged the prisoner out, putting the rope around him. At this time the other gang arrived and put their rope on him. We started dragging him to the railroad bridge. The other party did the same thing only by a different route. It was a good thing that this was discovered in time, as otherwise lynching would have been unnecessary, as he would have been pulled apart. He was dragged to the railroad bridge, a noose placed around his neck and pushed off. He must have been dead before the rope straightened out, as he was shot at several times in the fall. Some wise guy obtained the rope and cut it up in pieces about 3 inches long and sold them for souvenirs at 50 cents each."
CONTINUING HIS REMINISCENCES, Samuel Foster tells of the first shipment of top hats ever received in Grand Forks and what happened to them, of helping a sheriff to steal plums, of adventures and tragedies at Stump Lake and of other incidents characteristic of pioneer life. The final installment of the series will be published tomorrow:

* * *

AFTER incident was a meeting of the men at the Headquarters saloon. It was decided in order to give Grand Forks more of a metropolitan appearance that an order be placed for one dozen silk stovepipe hats. The hats were ordered, and later arrived and were distributed at the saloon the same evening. I remember a few of the wearers. Tom Tallant, Walter Tallant, Major Hamilton, Bill Budge, Ed Cram, Henry Gotzian, George Budge, and others. Then of course this event had to be celebrated, someone smashed one of these toppers, and when we got through celebrating there was not a hat left.

* * *

IT WAS RATHER AN ODD request that Sheriff Jenks made to me, that we drive out to Nic Hoffman’s farm up the Red river, and swipe some plums. On arriving we drove the team into the brush and got busy picking. I heard a noise and looking up espied Mrs. Nic coming on a run. Jenks saw her too. Away we went, Jenks in the lead. I was badly handicapped in this race, as Mrs. Nic was a half-breed and Jenks had the longest legs of any man in Grand Forks, he being the only man that could wade the Red river and keep his nose out of the water. We made our getaway.

* * *

THERE WERE QUITE A FEW bears in the timber along the river, and you could purchase bear meat any time at the butcher shop. A couple of us lads decided on trying to get a bear, so we started hiking up the Red Lake river. Finally we struck the track of one, which we followed for a long distance, as it was now commencing to get dark, and the tracks were getting altogether too fresh we decided to give it up.

* * *

THERE WERE PLENTY OF fish in the river. I used to go out in a canoe with Link Fadden, paddle up to Dobmeiers brewery, get a can of beer, and anchor our canoe on the other side, and generally catch all the catfish and sheephead we needed. In order to obtain our bait, crawfish, we had to go out to the English coulee. This coulee was so named because a band of Englishmen were ambushed and killed there by Indians.

* * *

I STAYED AT MY SHACK for sometime, but finally run out of funds but obtained work helping to build grade of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba railway, now the Great Northern, at Moore’s Crossing, west of Stickeny, now named Ojata. This was the end of the railroad at that time. This was a tough life, handling a slusher all day, and scratching all night as everyone was lousy, so as soon as possible I drew my pay and went home to my shack, but not for long, as I received a letter from a Mr. Whitmore, south of Emerado, to drive three oxen on a breaking plow, which I did for a month.

* * *

MY NEXT JOB WAS HAULING lumber for the Wamduaska hotel on Stump lake. There was three of us hauling, Mr. Carver, Bill Farrel and myself. We had a very strenuous time, getting stuck in the mud and on one occasion having to swim our horses across the head of the Goose river. This is now dry and has been for years. I will mention another trip I made with my oxen hitched to a stoneboat, on this trip I came to the Salt coulee, which was full of water and several feet deep. Now I had to decide whether to try and get my oxen to swim across, or drive them over the railroad bridge. I was afraid they would not have sense enough to step from one tie to another, so decided on the water route. They took to the water O.K. but when about half way across, I reached for my gun which was slipping and in so doing overbalanced the stoneboat, and in I went. I was wearing rubber boots which filled with water and dragged me down. However, I finally made the other bank but was utterly exhausted. The oxen, Oh, yes, they crossed further rods down.

* * *

FRED NASH (OF THE FIRM of Nash Bros.) with Maynard took up land within one and a half miles from my place, and were breaking up the sod with oxen. I remember asking them over to eat dinner with me on Sunday, telling them I had prune pie. None of us will forget that pie. The crust must have been an inch thick. Later on the Clifford boys of Grand Forks settled out here. Theye were not here long, until they procured a yacht to sail on Stump lake. On one of their trips, they were overtaken by a storm. The boom pole swung around knocking Clifford overboard. They claim he never came to the surface. A cannon was obtained from Fort Totten, and was fired over the place where he was drowned and as I remember the body was raised.

* * *

ANOTHER VICTIM WAS MR. Inkstrom who owned the timber land, which now is, the old settlers park. He lived south just across the lake. Hearing some one cutting his timber on this side, he and another man came across the ice. Leaving his man there, he started back, and went but a short distance, when he fell through the ice. The man was unable to save him. At my farm two miles distant I heard his screams. They recovered his body, which was put in the wood shed, and buried the following spring.”
FOLLOWING IS THE FINAL installment of recollections by Samuel Foster, of Lakota, in which are described incidents which occurred during the settlement of Nelson county, with accounts of some of the interesting characters of that period. Wamaduska, which was expected to be the metropolis of that region, is now a farmstead, miles from a railroad, and Stump lake has shrunk to a mere fraction of its former proportions. Mr. Foster writes:

"THERE WERE OTHER ACCIDENTS, in which parties narrowly escaped with their lives. One of which I can vividly recall. This was at Wamaduska. We were trying to celebrate the Fourth of July, and not having very much to celebrate with, someone suggested that we go across the lake to Wishart's, and play baseball. We piled into a couple of boats, and rowed over. To our consternation no bats could be found, but someone produced two Indian thigh bones, which we used. The game had been in progress for sometime, when somebody yelled that the whitecaps were rolling on the lake. Everyone made for the boats. Being a good runner, I got in the bow of the first one to take off. Everyone but the rowers were bailing out water as the waves broke over us. I think the boat was about ready to sink when we landed. The other boat had capsized, and the men were hanging to it. Among these was a Mr. Marceley and Geo. Conkling. Mr. Marceley was an old man, but George kept climbing on him to save his life. Marceley finally broke away, and started swimming to shore. Bob Raprager put off in a small boat, and rescued him, just in time, as he was exhausted, while other parties rescued the crew from the overturned boat. The lake is perfectly dry now, where this occurred."

"IF EVER THERE WAS A hunter's paradise, it surely was here in those days. Grous, sand hill cranes, swan, geese and brant, the geese and brant by the hundreds of thousands. Parties used to arrive from Grand Forks and other points, putting up at the Wamaduska hotel. There used to be great rivalry, to see who could get the most birds—as between Cap Griggs and his party, and Bill Budge and his party.

"IN ONE CONTEST THE Griggs party had obtained a big lead in number of birds, and displayed them by hanging them up on the hotel porch. The Budge party decided that something had to be done, so they obtained a cannon from Fort Totten and swiped a headlight from a locomotive, fastened the cannon to the bow of the boat, loaded it with scrap iron from the blacksmith shop, adjusted the headlight, and equipped it with a shutter, and rowed out to the islands, where thousands of geese stayed during the night. Upon arriving at the right distance, the shutter was raised on the headlight, the cannon fired and a boatload of birds brought in. This gave the Budge party the championship.

"THERE WAS THOUSANDS of birds shot, and left to rot in those days. I have seen them piled up in heaps on the prairie. I joined a party from the Wamaduska hotel with Ed Barnum, proprietor, for a goose shoot. We were not having very good success, so Ed said 'I am going over there and get on that straw stack, where the geese are flying.' After he had, hidden on top, we heard him shoot and saw a goose drop. Seeing other flocks flying over the top and no report, we went over to see what the trouble was and found Ed unconscious. The goose he had shot had struck him on the head.

"CRIS MACAFFEE, A DARKEY living at Lakota, was quite a character. He used to get so drunk that he would go into a stupor, and on one of these occasions, we laid him out on the pool table in Frank Roll's saloon and covered him with a sheet, sending word to Tom Baker, who was an old wheelwright, that Cris was dead. Baker thought more of Cris than anyone in town. He came over at once, raised the sheet, took one look and completely broke down. We then started to make arrangements for the burial. Baker insisted on making the coffin, and let him go ahead. In the meantime Cris started to come to, so we had to lock him up in a room. The next day we thought things had gone far enough. Cris had sobered up and Baker was working away at the coffin, so we sent Cris over to Baker's shop to borrow a chisel. I leave it to your imagination as to what happened when Cris opened the door and Baker saw him. Baker was the deadest man I ever met. He had a windmill on a wooden tower erected over his shop with which he used to grind feed. On this occasion he was busy in his shop, working on a wagon wheel. Outside the wind was blowing a perfect gale, blowing the windmill off the tower and sent crashing on to the roof of the shop. Baker spoke up and said 'come in.'"

"SEVERAL ATTEMPTS WERE made to cure Cris of his drunken habits. During one of his drunken stupors the boys carted him out to the cemetery, laid him on a grave, and placed a bunch of flowers on his chest, and left him to come to, which he did some hours later, racing up town, a few shades paler than usual. It seemed to have the desired effect, as I never saw him drunk after that."

"ONE NIGHT I ARRIVED home late. Cris stood at my shanty door with a flour sack pinned on for an apron. He shouted, 'Supper am now ready in the dining car.' I put up my team, and went in. Cris had two hens roasted. I asked him where he had made the big find. 'Why out in your coop, of course.' There were two thoroughbreds I had just purchased."

"LATER THERE WAS A WARRANT issued for his arrest, for some depredation he had committed, and Sheriff Pierce was out after him. He was found sitting up on top of the hill, that the Lakota high school is now built on, with a Colt's navy revolver in his hand. Joe Pierce started up the hill to get him, but Cris cried out, 'I like you Mr. Pierce, but don't you come any furder up this hill.' Joe finally talked him into coming down.

"IN THOSE DAYS LAKOTA had a large territory for trade to draw from, extending from the Sheyenne river, south, to the Canadian line, north. I hauled the first load of wheat into Lakota, and the first load of lumber out. There was one year that the elevator could not hold all the wheat, but it was sold and piled up on the ground, several thousand bushels."
A local lady asks if woodpeckers come in flocks. She has noticed these birds in unusual number around her premises. I have never heard of woodpeckers congregating in flocks after the fashion of ducks and geese, but I suppose that the same urge to move affects many of them at about the same time, so that when a few arrive from the south we may expect many of the same species to appear at the same time. This is true of most of our familiar birds. Of course many woodpeckers remain in our wooded shelters all winter.

* * *

Robins have been plentiful for some time and are busy building nests. Most of the literary references to the robin have reference to the English robin, which is distinct from ours. The bird which we call a robin is in reality a variety of thrush, and was given its familiar name by early New Englanders because of its similarity in general appearance to the English bird. Much has been written of the song of the robin, but I should not call our robin a songster. It delivers a series of pleasing and cheerful chirps which can scarcely be called song. I wonder if the English robin actually sings.

* * *

John Horan, mentioned above, developed a process of washing locomotive boilers with a solution of soda ash, from which he was given his nickname “Soda Ash.” That reminds me of an industry now, I suppose, practically extinct—that of the manufacture of potash from wood ashes. In the early days of the settlement of Ontario many men made a living by burning hardwood for the sake of the ashes, from which potash was recovered, to be marketed commercially. With wood as scarce as it has become, such a process seems wasteful, but from the standpoint of the settlers it was not. The trees were in the way. The land must be cleared for crops. The usual practice was to make immense piles of the logs and burn them, in which case the ashes were wasted. The potash man was more economical for he saved something from the wreck.

The little soap factory was also a feature of the backwoods. Soft soap was made by the barrel in almost every farm home, but here and there could be found little soap plants where hard soap was made from hardwood ashes collected from surrounding farms in exchange for yellow bar soap. The bar soap was made from lye, fat and rosin or other ingredients concerning which I am not informed. Some housewives made their own hard soap from soft soap to which other ingredients were added.

* * *

SOMEBODY HAS STARTED A project to house the Dionne quintuplets in the Castle Loma in Toronto with the idea of making that point the center of a vast tourist traffic. The building was erected years ago by a man who was temporarily a millionaire and was acquired by the city for taxes. As it stands it is a white elephant. The idea proposed is to house the children in it in palatial style and turn the “castle” into a valuable source of revenue.

THE FACT THAT THOSE children happened to be born all in a bunch and have lived thus far has brought them much publicity, and a mint of money. The publicity that they have had thus far has probably done them no harm. But presently they must be regarded as human beings, and not freaks, and if they are to live the normal lives that they are entitled to live somebody is going to have a difficult task warding off sensation mongers. They ought not to be put on parade just to swell the revenues of the city of Toronto.
PREPARATIONS ARE BEING made with minute attention to detail for the coronation of King George VI as monarch of the British dominions, and public dignitaries and private tourists are pouring in from all parts of the world to witness the gorgeous spectacle. There are many who believe that monarchy has outgrown its usefulness, and that the crowning of a king is merely an empty show. But there are also those, who cannot be suspected of republican sympathies, who believe that the man now serving as king has no right to be crowned because he is usurping the place which rightfully belongs to another. After the lapse of 200 years they cling with undiminished loyalty to the cause of the fallen Stuarts, one of whom was beheaded and another exiled. From far-off New Zealand comes to the Herald an expression of that loyalty in the form of the following declaration:

**THE RIGHTFUL KING OF GREAT BRITAIN**

“WHEREAS BY THE DEATH OF our sovereign queen Mary IV and III, on the 3d of February, 1919, the crown of Great Britain did by just lineal succession descend to her son and heir, Rupert of Bavaria, (Robert I and IV), as the representative of the royal houses of Stuart and Plantagenet;”

“By the revolution of 1688, and the Act of Unsettlement of 1701, (known in history as the Act of Settlement, awarding the crown to the present Hanover line,—Editor) an illegal convention calling itself a parliament, unlawfully altered the law of succession to the throne, and ever since then an unbroken succession of loyal men and women have looked, first to France, then to Italy, and since 1875 to Bavaria, as the exiles home of their rightful line of kings;

“It is now frankly admitted in educated circles that the Stuarts understood their office, that is in keeping the balance between the various orders of society (See “The English Review of Feb. 1936). “Reparation for past wrongs and as a guarantee for the stability of society the future demand the immediate restoration of the exiled heir of the House of Stuart.”

(Signed) The Legitimate Jacobite League,

C. C. Bagnall,
Wellington, New Zealand.

**EVEN CURSORY STUDENTS of history know that James II, Stuart king of Great Britain, was banished from the country in 1688, to be succeeded by his daughter, Mary and her husband. William of Orange, and then by his other daughter, Anne, and that in anticipation of the death of Anne, who was old and childless, and parliament designated Sophia of Hanover, granddaughter of James I, and her descendants, lawful heirs to the British throne. It is upon that act that the title of the present British royal family rests.**

**IT IS ALSO A FAMILIAR FACT that supporters of the exiled Stuarts continued for some time to agitate for the restoration of the family, and that their efforts assumed quite threatening proportions in the rebellion of 1715 to place on the throne James, son of James II, and known as the Pretender, and in 1745 on behalf of his son, Charles Edward, known as the Young Pretender. Participants in those movements were known as Jacobites.**

**IN THE HISTORY OF THE JACOBITE movement there is much that is colorful and romantic. While it had supporters in every section of Great Britain, its membership was most numerous in Scotland, especially among the Highland clans. The flight of young Charles Edward, “Bonnie Prince Charlie,” through the mountains of Scotland, accompanied by beautiful Flora Macdonald as guide, has been the theme of many a story.**

WHILE THE MAN WHOM they regarded as king was a refugee on the continent, its faithful supporters in Britain were in the habit of drinking toasts to the king “over the water.” As it was dangerous to be known as a Jacobite sympathizer, Jacobites would sometimes at public gatherings drink the usual toast to the king but would indicate privately their mental reservations by passing the glass over a bowl of water. For this reason the use of finger bowls at official banquets was for some time prohibited.

ONE OF THE CEREMONIES of the coronation is the issuance of a challenge by an armed champion to do battle to the death with any who dispute the lawful right of the man about to be crowned. There is a legend that at the coronation of George II a Jacobite girl was stationed by prearrangement near where the champion was to issue his challenge. As he did so and threw his gauntlet on the floor she darted forward, picked up the glove, left in its stead a written acceptance of the challenge, and disappeared among her friends. That incident, real or fictitious, is made the basis of an interesting bit in Scott’s novel, Redgauntlet. What a sensation there would be if some girl from New Zealand should essay a similar trick at the coronation next month!

PLAYING ON THE TITLE “DEFENDER of the Faith” conferred on British monarchs, some wit inscribed on a punch-bowl in the 18th century these lines:

“God bless the king, our noble faith’s defender; God bless—there is no harm in blessing—the Pretender Who that pretends is, and who that king, God bless my soul! is quite another thing.”
EIVIND AAKHUS, WHO DIED on Thursday at the Home for the Aged in Grand Forks at the ripe age of 82, was a born musician, to whom the violin was a companion to be loved and cherished, a friend whose voice was eloquent in joy or sorrow, whose tones were capable of interpreting the majesty of the ocean, the beauty of the landscape and the varying moods of the common people. Much of his life was spent in the modest labor of the farm, but it was in the music of the violin that his spirit found expression.

* * *

BORN IN NORWAY, MR. AAKHUS came to Minnesota in 1874, farmed near Fisher, and spent several of his later years on a little farm along the Red river just south of Grand Forks. Largely self-taught, he was familiar with the violin from childhood, and under his skillful fingers it sang for him the folk-songs of his native country. During intervals of farm work he studied, practiced and traveled, until he became an accomplished musician. Six times he returned to Norway to tour sections of that country with his violin, and each time he was greeted with enthusiasm. In the United States he played many engagements, and more than 40 years ago he played a series of concerts with Alexander Bull, son of the famous violinist, Ole Bull.

* * *

OF THE FOUR SONS AND three daughters who survive Mr. Aakhus, one son, Evind, and a daughter, Clara, have devoted themselves to music. The son has used for years a violin which was the prized possession of his father. It was owned originally by a Norwegian villager, and when Mr. Aakhus heard it he was charmed by its tone and wished to buy it. The owner did not wish to sell, but after repeated visits and much urging consented to do so. In telling of the purchase of that instrument Mr. Aakhus said that he was so delighted with his success in obtaining it that he spent all night walking among the mountains and rejoicing. Many years ago I heard him in a concert with Alexander Bull, and I am sure that his performance was much the more satisfactory of the two.

* * *

SINCE WRITING OF THE JA-cobite cause and movement for Sunday's column I have recalled that the movement brought out the canni-nness which is by no means the exclusive possession of Scots, but was shared by many English families. During the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745 there was doubt as to which side might be successful, and if a wealthy land-holding family happened to choose the wrong side its title to its estates might be forfeited. A practice not at all uncommon was for a family to hedge by sending one of its members to join the rebels while the rest remained loyal to the established monarch. Thus, whatever the political result, there was a chance that the estates might be saved. Stevenson works this practice into his novel "The Master of Ballantrae."

* * *

TWO MORE WORDS ENDING in "dous" have been submitted, and, as Alice said, they get "cour-iouer and curiouer." One, submitted by Warren Borgeson, of Park River, is "aconthropodous," which is both a geological and a zoologic term, meaning "having spines." The other, submitted by Mary E. Houx, of St. John, is "gasteropous," which means belonging to the gasteropoda, a division which includes snails and slugs. Twelve words have now been reported in this list, and perhaps the search is still going on.

* * *

NOT MANY RESIDENTS OF the northwest were born on the Isle of Wight, which is famed for its beauty and its salubrious climate. Samual Foster of Lakota, was born there, and his mention of that fact in his reminiscences published in this column last week brings from Mrs. R. Guille of Red Lake Falls, a note saying that she, too, is a native of that famous island. Agreeing with the verdict that the island is the most picturesque in the world, Mrs. Guille writes:

"I WAS BORN THERE AND lived there for 25 years, when we left and came to Canada, and I have traveled quite a bit both in Canada and the States. We came over here in 1901. I was in England and the Isle of Wight in 1927 for a short visit, and it was just as beautiful as ever. I am hoping to make another visit in the near future, for I have four brothers and one sister still living on the Isle of Wight with their families."
IT MAY BE SAFE NOW TO
observe that, so far as the Red ri-
er valley is concerned, the drouth
is broken. The storm of rain and
snow which spread from two
to three inches of water all over
the district, was the first "old-time"
storm that has visited this sec-
tion in several years. Its out-
standing feature was not the quan-
tity of water that fell, though that
was abundant, but the character
and duration of the storm. For
several years our rains have been
in the nature of local showers or of
faint drizzles which left scarcely a
trace. We have had a few thunder
showers which deposited plenty of
water on the space covered, but
their area was small, and while
quite often the appearance of the
sky has prompted the belief that
"a real rain was setting in," that
expectation was not realized. Back
in the early days we were accust-
omed to rain storms that moved
up slowly from the eastward and
for two or three days at a time
drenched the earth with intermit-
tent showers. In late years we have
had nothing of the sort.

SOMEONE HAS ASKED ME
what is the latest spring snow
that I can remember. The outstand-
ing spring snow storm in my recol-
elction is that of May 20, 1882. That
storm, like the recent one, started
with a cold rain which turned to
snow and lasted for about three
days. And how it did snow! Out on
the Pipestem creek, at the present
site of Sykeston, where our survey-
ning crew weathered the storm in a
tent, with no means of warming it,
there was about as much snow, I
should say, as fell at Grand Forks.

Davies.

THE STORM THAT SET IN
last Friday was typical of old
times. Whether the downfall took
the form of rain or snow is imma-
terial. It was wet, and it lasted.
For three days and nights, with
occasional intermissions, the wa-
ter came down in the good old way,
and while the subsoil can still
drink up much more moisture, the
water has penetrated to a depth
which insures plenty of water for
the crops for some time to come.

EVEN THE SMALLER BIRDS
seem to have been confused, and birds
that usually remain in the timbered
sections were seen in the open, appar-
ently mystified by the unseason-
able weather.

EVERYONE HAS READ STOR-
ies of the recovery of kernels of
wheat from Egyptian tombs after
being buried for thousands of
years, and of its growing and pro-
ducing seed after all those centur-
ies. Here and there may be a per-
son who at some time has paid a
fancy price for a small quantity of
that alleged Egyptian wheat on
the representation that it would
produce wonderful crops. There is
no authentic record of the germ-
ination of wheat taken from Egyp-
tian tombs, and plant specialists
say that the power of wheat to ger-
minate is limited to 15 or 20 years.
"Egyptian" wheat, such as has
been described, is a fake.

EVERYONE HAS HEARD OF
the carrying of the message to
Garcia. Most persons, with a little
effort, can recall that Elbert Hub-
bard wrote the essay that made
the incident famous. But there are
few persons who can remember
who it was that carried the mes-
 sage. The man who did that job is
Colonel Andrew S. Rowan, who ob-
erved his eightieth birthday last
week. At his home in San Francis-
co he is as obedient to the orders
of his physician as he was to the
instructions of his superiors nearly
40 years ago. He observed his
birthday in bed because of illness.

ROWAN WOULD HAVE RE-
ained unknown to fame had not
Hubbard immortalized his exploit
with his pen. It was during the
Spanish-American war that he un-
dertook to deliver a letter from
President McKinley to General
Garcia, leader of the embattled Cu-
bans. He landed in an open boat
near Turquino, on the Cuban coast,
plunged into the jungle, found
Garcia, and delivered to him the
message which is credited with
playing an important part in the
subsequent American victory over
the Spanish forces. He exhibited
extraordinary capacity and re-
sourcefulness, but the feature that
attracted the attention of Hub-
bard was that when told to "carry
a message to Garcia" he just went
and did it, without asking any fool
questions. A generation earlier
Henry M. Stanley, newspaper cor-
respondent, was ordered by James
Gordon Bennett, owner of The
New York Herald, to "go and find
Livingstone," and he, too, accepted
with equal simplicity, the assign-
ment which took him into the
depths of darkest Africa.
FIRST AMONG THE LARGER papers with a coronation edition comes the Christian Science Monitor with a number which it will be found hard to excel in completeness and artistic merit. The most striking feature of the number is the color section of eight pages, printed in colors on parchment-style paper, brilliant with the striking tones of gold and the now familiar coronation colors. The work on this section is a triumph of the printer's art, having all the appearance of hand-illuminated text.

* * *

IN ADDITION TO THE COLOR section the number contains two sections, full newspaper size, of 14 pages each, devoted to the approaching coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, other material relating to the royal family, accounts of former coronations and descriptions of many of the traditions which surround the event and of customs which date back for centuries. The material has been prepared by special writers, and the result is a publication invaluable for current reading and for reference.

* * *

MANY FACTS, ALL INTERESTING and some amusing, are given concerning former coronations. Thus we are told that at his coronation in 1831 William IV, uncle and predecessor of Queen Victoria, almost wrecked the ceremony by refusing to permit the archbishop of Canterbury to bestow on him the traditional kiss of homage. He was a bluff sailor and wasn't going to be kissed by any man. The archbishop was equally determined to perform his duty, and something resembling a mutual sit-down strike occurred. The king, however, was finally persuaded to yield, on the ground that he would not be a true king without being kissed. That may be considered a triumph of church over state.

* * *

AN ILL Omen ATTENDED the coronation of James II. When the king's champion came into the hall to deliver his customary challenge to all the king's enemies he stumbled and fell to the floor. The queen remarked to her husband, 'See what a weak champion you have!' And a few years later James crossed the channel, a fugitive from his country.

* * *

KING EDWARD WAS DECORATED with the crown wrong side foremost. In handling that piece of head-gear the archbishop fumbled it and almost let it drop, and in his embarrassment he placed it on the royal head in reverse. That might have been interpreted as an omen of ill-luck, but things didn't turn out that way, for Edward's reign was a prosperous and happy one. The reversing of the crown, however, must have given him acute pain, for he was a stickler for exactness in all ceremonials, and the courtier who approached him wearing the wrong ribbon or the wrong shoe-laces was likely to hear about it.

* * *

DURING THE CORONATION of George III the earl marshal forgot to bring the sword of state to the Abbey, and one had to be borrowed from the lord mayor. On being reproved by the king the marshal's deputy admitted his error, but tried to mend matters by saying 'I have taken care that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible.' At that coronation one of the principal jewels fell out of the crown, which was afterward interpreted as presaging the loss of the American colonies.

* * *

AFTER HIS DEFEAT OF Harold at the battle of Hastings William the Conqueror was crowned at Westminster. A stranger and invader, he wished to fortify his position by means of all the forms available. A great concourse had gathered outside the church, and when the people gave a shout of loyalty the Norman soldiers thought they were preparing to attack the new king. They rushed from the church and fell upon the natives, and the king was crowned in the presence of only a few priests. William took charge and put an end to the affray.

* * *

FOR GENERATIONS THERE was rivalry between the archbishops of Canterbury and York as to whose function it was to crown the new king. Canterbury won, but not without incidents involving York and other bishops. Henry I permitted the bishop of Salisbury, a personal friend, to crown him, but when the archbishop of Canterbury heard of it he insisted on doing it over again, so Henry was doubly crowned.

* * *

PREPARING FOR THE CORONATION of George III Lord Talbot trained his horse to walk backward so that he might leave the royal presence without turning his back. The horse learned his lesson too well, and insisted on entering backward, so that the king obtained only a rear view of horse and rider.

* * *

MOUNTED IN THE CORONATION chair is the "Stone of Scone," upon which many of the ancient kings of Scotland were crowned. The stone was taken to England by Edward I and mounted in the royal chair, where it has been used at all subsequent coronations. Tradition says that the stone is the one on which Jacob pillowed his head at Bethel, and has traced its course westward through the continent and through Ireland to Scotland. Geologists say that the stone was quarried in the hills between Argyll and Forth, but tradition pays little attention to geology.
THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF engraving and printing asks for bids on 2,076,000 pounds of postage stamp paper and 3,860,000 pounds of internal revenue stamp paper. How many stamps will all that paper make? That's easy. Take a stamp and weigh it, after licking off all the gum. Then by the sum that remains divide the number of million pounds of paper, and you will have it exactly.

* * *

THEY DO SOME FUNNY things with pictures. In one of the great national magazines appears the advertisement of a great national corporation. A picture of a grain field, with man, team and harvester at work, occupies two-thirds of the page. Most of the grain, which is obviously wheat, is already cut and standing in the shock. The rest is uncut. The shocks stand so thick that it would be impossible to drive a team through them in any direction. From the appearance of the shocks one would estimate the crop at about 500 bushels per acre.

* * *

THE HARVESTER IS DRAWN by two horses, which is unusual, and instead of moving parallel with the line of uncut grain the horses are headed straight for the middle of the shocked field, one pulling "gee" and the other "haw." From all the positions indicated it appears that the driver is about to cut the rest of the grain by backing the harvester into it.

* * *

OUR HERALD CARTOONIST the other day had a picture of a man being kicked over by a cow after a futile attempt to milk. Clearly he had it coming, for he had been attempting to milk sitting at the left side of the animal, something which no self-respecting cow would permit.

* * *

SPEAKING OF COWS, HOW many upper front teeth has a cow. And somebody wrote the other day that experts tell the age of a horse by the number of its teeth. That is only partly true. After a horse gets its full complement of teeth its age is determined by the changing shape of its mouth and the dark indentations, or cups, in the worn edges of the teeth. By the skillful use of a file and a hot iron many a horse has been changed in a few minutes from a 12-year-old to a 6-year-old. Every old horseman is familiar with that trick.

* * *

ON THE MENU A FEW DAYS ago was strawberry shortcake, and I was reminded that shortcake is not what it used to be. For one thing, it can be had at any time of the year, which rather takes the edge off. The proper time for strawberry shortcake is June, when there have been no strawberries since last June and there will be no more until next June. That gives one something to live for.

* * *

FURTHERMORE, SHORTCAKE should be made with wild strawberries, picked, preferably, where they grow in the long grass or in the partial shade of small trees. Then the stems will be long and the berries full and plump. As to flavor, no berry ever cultivated can compare with them.

* * *

AS TO THE CAKE ITSELF, IT should not be cake at all, but light, flaky biscuit, made, if you please, with sour cream and soda—although baking powder will do—and without sugar or eggs. Baked just right your cake is split carefully while it's hot, and both halves liberally treated with butter, filled with sugared berries between and covered with them on top. A section of that, swimming in rich, fresh cream, is real shortcake, totally unlike the spoonful of berries piled on a cut of cake which often masquerades under that name.

* * *

LATE JUNE IS ABOUT THE best time for wild strawberries, though the time varies with the season and locality. I have picked them as early as the last week in April, and sometimes they may be found in August. Once they were abundant on the native prairie sod, but the breaking up of the prairie has changed all that, and I suppose dry weather has had its effect even where the sod is unbroken. I have seen wagon wheels dripping with strawberry juice on the early trails in the upper James river valley, and I have found them growing in abundance on cut-over land near Bemidji. Back east the fence corners were favorite places to hunt for them. Some philosopher remarked "Doubtless God could have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did." But to have the strawberry at its best you need to catch it wild. Civilization impairs its flavor.