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IF TODAY YOU SEE A HAT lying on the sidewalk, be cautious about kicking it. It may contain a brick. If you stoop to pick up a coin, imagining yourself richer by a quarter or half a dollar, you may be surprised to find that the coin is nailed fast, or startled to see it slide from under your fingers, drawn by an invisible wire. Also, you may "sweeten" your coffee with salt that has mysteriously taken the place of the sugar that ought to be in the bowl. You may receive a "telegram" that is nothing but a blank sheet of paper, or you may be sent on a fruitless errand by a fake telephone message. Any of these things will be possible because the day is the first of April, traditionally known as All Fools day.

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LIKE MANY THINGS OF much greater importance, the origin of April foolishness remains one of the mysteries of antiquity. Various explanations of the custom of playing practical jokes on this day have been offered. Several are plausible, and some may be more or less correct, but there is no conclusive evidence in support of any of them. Therefore one may choose whichever theory suits him, just as one may call himself a Democrat or a Republican, and nobody can prove that he is, or isn't.

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MANY OF THE POPULAR customs of Christian countries are based on events in sacred history, and one explanation—a rather fantastic one—of April Fools' day is that it was intended originally to commemorate the sending of Jesus from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod and from Herod back again to Pilate, the crucifixion having taken place about April 1.

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STUDENTS OF THE SUBJECT seem generally agreed that this peculiar observance of April 1 is in some way associated with the vernal equinox. Almost an exact counterpart of the April fools customs of the western world is found to have been the immemorial custom in India. The 1st of April appears to have been anciently observed in Britain as a general festival, but the custom of playing practical jokes on that day did not become general there until about the 18th century.

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A RATHER PLAUSIBLE SUGGESTION is that the custom of sending people on fruitless errands and playing similar tricks originated, so far as the western peoples are concerned, with the French, and was related to the adoption of the reformed calendar, which was first made effective in France. In 1564 it was decreed that the year should begin on January 1, and the making of New Year's calls and presentation of New Year's gifts was transferred to that date from April 1. There were those who disapproved of the change, and they were ridiculed by the moderns for their lack of progressiveness by the sending to them of mock gifts and foolish messages.

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COOLER WEATHER IS LIKE-ly to check the rapid progress of vegetation, and it is just as well. It would be too bad to have nature deck itself out in all its spring finery weeks in advance of the proper time and then have it all spoiled by a heavy freeze such as may be expected at any time in April. In one such year, perhaps 30 years ago, the trees were out in full leaf and were caught by a late frost, and on the first of June they were as bare as in January. Many of the trees had blossomed. The trees did not appear to be damaged, but flowering shrubs failed to blossom.

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MY EARLY TULIPS ARE ALL well budded. Darwins and Breeders, of course, will be later. I can't see my own tulips without going out of doors, but from my window I can see my next neighbor's, and they give promise of making gorgeous show. G. W. Crossman reports that his Scilla has been in bloom for some days, and his crocuses have full buds, just about ready to open.

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I ESTIMATED THE RECENT rainfall quite closely by observing the quantity of water in the bird bath, which had been empty before the rain. There are in town several bird baths of the same type as mine, and doubtless the measurements of others would correspond quite closely. By the use of a two-foot rule, a gallon measure and a little simple arithmetic I reached the conclusion several years ago that it takes almost exactly an inch of rain to fill the bird bath. That's for rain falling steadily and without much wind. Gusty winds impair the accuracy of the estimate. Check up on your bird bath and see how it works out.
AFTER WEEKS OF LAMB-like behavior, in which it seemed that nature was about to contradict one of our cherished traditions, March went out like a lion, after entering in all meekness and gentleness. The old proverb is reinstated in respect and ancient superstition has been justified. A literal application of the groundhog theory also clinches the reputation of that little animal as a weather prophet. The theory is that if the groundhog sees his shadow on February 2—Candlemas day—he will hurry back to shelter, for we shall have six weeks more of winter. But if he sees no shadow, spring is at hand. The groundhog in this locality didn’t see his shadow on February 2, for it was cloudy all day, and we had spring, lots of it. So much for that. The theory doesn’t go into what may happen after the six-weeks period is up, so even if we are having winter now, the groundhog is not responsible.

SOMEONE RECALLS THE ANCIENT custom of administering sulphur and molasses about this time of the year. The theory was that during the confinement of winter the blood became thick and sluggish and a few doses of sulphur and molasses were needed to reduce it to the proper consistency. A big tablespoon was the customary dose, taken before breakfast. Some children seemed to like the stuff and some didn’t. But like it or not, the dose had to be taken, and if the child’s nose were held, the stuff had to be swallowed.

SASSAFRASS AND SARSAPARILLA tea were also popular spring remedies. They also were supposed to thin the blood and tone up the system. Every garden had its little bed of tansy, from which an intensely bitter tea was brewed. It was believed to be a good tonic and appetized. My revered grandmother, at a neighbors family dinner, was invited to partake of tansy bitters, which she supposed to be tansy tea, but which was really straight whiskey strongly flavored with tansy. She helped herself liberally and downed the draught, the tansy disguising the taste of the liquor.

SHE WAS A QUIET, RETIRING body, with no head for stimulants, and before long the potent dose took perceptible effect. She had a glorious jag, and until she consented to lie down and sleep it off, she was the life of the party. That happened years before my time, but the neighbors never forgot it, and it was from their frequent repetition of it, to Grandmas’s great annoyance, that I became familiar with the story.

IN MANY A RURAL COMMUNITY there was an amateur doctor, sometimes a man, sometimes a woman, who gathered herbs industriously and from them concocted powders and decoctions which were considered specifics for most of humanity’s physical ills. And, if no specific remedy seemed to fit the case, there were general prescriptions, containing a little of everything, which only the nimblest disease could dodge.

ONE OLD LADY IN OUR vicinity made a specialty of a soothing syrup for babies. The formula was kept a profound secret, but the preparation was soothing, all right. It would put the cryingest baby to sleep in a short time, and the old lady did a lively business making and selling it. Some suspicious persons, basing their belief on the taste and odor of the preparation, said that it was merely sweetened and diluted laudanum, with a little other stuff thrown in for good measure. I wonder what effect it had on the infant mortality of the locality.

THE NEW YORK HERALD Tribune makes this contribution to the record of curious insurance claims:

A claimant at Mineola, New York, who sued his brother-in-law for $25,000 because of injuries suffered in an automobile accident, testified that he had warned his brother-in-law to keep on the road and advised him to get back on it. Instead, said the claimant, the brother-in-law drove into a telegraph pole. The plaintiff further testified that he and his brother-in-law were still good friends and that he had driven to court in the latter’s car. The jury returned after being out only twelve minutes.

“If the plaintiff,” announced the foreman, “has enough confidence in his brother-in-law to let him drive to court, we, the jury, don’t think he should get anything out of this case.”

The case was dismissed and the brother-in-law drove away in the erstwhile defendant’s car.
EARLY SEEDING BRINGS THE following letter from E. L. Moulton, of Thompson, who wrote under date March 30:

"I have been a subscriber to your paper for 32 years, and am always interested, especially, in the local news, and that pertaining to agriculture, as I have been farming in this township (Allendale) 40 years, and during those years I have seen many kinds of weather, but this spring has been the most perfect, so far, for farming, that I have ever seen.

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"THE NEWS, WHICH I THINK might interest your readers, is the fact, that I finished seeding my entire crop of small grains, consisting of wheat, oats and barley, today, the 30th of March. I have never seen the soil in such ideal condition, being mellow, and possibly just a bit dry, till this rain, which was just what we needed. The wheat which I seeded the 16th of this month, is well rooted with a strong healthy sprout, which is surely giving it an early start. Last year I began field work March 29th, and seeded my first wheat April 1, which, by the way, made a yield of 29 bushels per acre of 62-lb. wheat, which goes to show that the early seeding is nearly always the best.

PREPARATIONS ARE BEING made in New York for the annual opening of the Barnum and Bailey and Ringling Brothers circus in Madison Square garden. For the first time in many years publicity for the show is handled by another than the veteran Dexter W. Fellows, who passed from the scene months ago. Also, it is recalled, the last of the Ringling brothers is gone, John, who survived his brothers, having died within the year. Still, the show must go on. The property is still controlled by members of the Ringling family, who recently refinanced it through the issuance of a new bond issue running to seven figures.

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HEADLINED AS THIS YEARS' outstanding animal feature is a young gorilla, height 5½ feet, weight 450 pounds. The age of the animal is not specified, but he is just cutting his second teeth, and for that purpose he chews on an automobile tire, which he turns inside out like a glove with his powerful fingers.

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IN A DECISION UPHELD freedom of the press the supreme court declared unconstitutional a Georgia city's ordinance prohibiting distribution of handbills except by duly licensed purposes. I agree with the supreme court in principle, but I wish it had been a little more specific. The right to print whatever one wishes to say, and to distribute the printed material to all who wish to receive it is a right in defense of which all right-thinking persons would be ready to fight. But freedom of the press does not include the right to litter up people's lawns, and doorsteps and automobiles with odds and ends of paper which somebody else must gather up and dispose of. The court seems to have overlooked that point.

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REFERENCE TO "ODDS AND ends" recalls an incident. Unconsciously the expression was often used in a family in the presence of one of its young members, aged three or four. The child was observed going about the yard, apparently searching for something. Asked what she was looking for she replied "I'm looking for odds and ends." She failed to find them.

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TREES THAT ARE BEING removed from the city berms are being cut up into stove wood. Most of them are box elder, but in the lot are a few cottonwoods. Wood from those trees is better than no fuel at all, but both are pretty low in the scale of fuel value, with box elder at the very bottom of the list. I never struck any other wood that made as poor fuel as box elder.

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GREEN POPULAR IN WINTER weather is like chunks of ice, and about as easy to burn unless one has a good fire to start it. But a stove will filled with it, when it once gets under way, will send out a lot of heat. We used to think that poplar, even green, was pretty good fuel, but it didn't do to let the fire get low.
WHEN MRS. COWDREY ADDRESSED a meeting here of the Business and Professional Women and told the story of the making of the book "The Checkered Years," she read, among other selections from her grandmother's diary, a reference to "pounding clothes in a barrel." This reference, Mrs. Cowdrey said, she herself did not understand, as she had no personal experience in pioneer farm life.

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MANY OLDER PERSONS have pounded clothes in a barrel. The practice was once a familiar one, and it marked one step in the evolution of the modern washing machine. When our primitive ancestors wanted to wash clothes they went down to the river, soaked the clothes in the stream, and hung them on a bush to dry. Rivers were not always accessible to farm families who had established permanent habitations, and as a substitute, a tub or barrel was used. Instead of pounding the clothes on a rock the practice was to get into the barrel, barefooted, and dance.

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IN THE DAYS OF LONG skirts dancing on the clothes was more or less inconvenient, and a heavy club or pestle was used with which to pound them. Some inventor substituted for the club a piece of plank, to which was attached a long handle, something like the tamping tool used for packing down earth. Notches on the under side of the plank gave it greater friction and a certain degree of suction. Another inventor attached four short legs to the implement, with a cross-bar at the top, and thus evolved the "dolly, which has been the essential feature of many washing machines.

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EVOLUTION ALONG ANOTHER line produced the "cradle," or rocker type of machine, which grew naturally from the practice of rubbing clothes by hand on a washboard. The rocker type of machine was the first of such devices to be marketed. Its use contributed greatly to the development of shoulder and arm muscles, as many men who once were boys can testify. A salesman for a rocker washer exhibited his machine on one market square more than sixty years ago. It drew crowds of people, some of whom ridiculed it as a product of modern effeminacy. My grandfather bought one—price $7.00 —and for several years I supplied the motive power for it.

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AT THAT TIME THE SEWING machine was a novelty. A village tailor had the only one in our part of the country. It was clamped on a table and was operated by hand. It was some time before the foot-power machines made their appearance. There was a good deal of doubt as to whether machine sewing would be as serviceable as hand sewing, and, as a matter of fact, much of it wasn't, for the original machines were pretty crude and often slipped stitches or had the tension in the wrong place.

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IN ABOUT THE SAME PERIOD appeared the apple-paring machine, a little contraption with which an apple was impaled on a revolving fork and the apple was made to turn against a knife blade by turning a crank. The apple-parer immediately became popular in our section, for ours was an apple country and apples were dried in great quantities for use when other fruit could not be obtained. We had no refrigerator cars, such as those which now bring us fresh fruits from Florida or California at any season, and home canning was an undiscovered art. Instead of heat sterilization and hermetrical sealing fruits had to be preserved in heavy syrup, and sugar cost money.

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THE APPLE-PARING BEE was one of the social features of the community. The neighbors came with their paring machines. The machines whirred and the peeled apples were cut in quarters and cored. Sometimes they were threaded on cords with needles, to hang in great festoons from the kitchen rafters to dry. Sometimes they were spread on lath trays for the same purpose. Flies feasted on them, and if a tray were placed under the stove the cat might find it a convenient place for a nap. The apple bee wound up with a dance and a big supper.
"I HAVE JUST BEEN THINKING," said a friend, "how depend­ent we are, especially those of us who live in cities, on electricity for the doing of just the little chores around a house­hold. I have just filled up the hop­per of my stoker with coal. In this kind of weather it will last a week or more. A little electric mo­tor does all the rest of my shov­eling for me. In­stead of stokers many have oil burners, which also use electric motors. Instead of a broom, or the old-fashioned carpet sweeper, my wife uses the vacuum cleaner for getting rid of the dust, and it op­erates by means of an electric mo­tor. Instead of a broom, or the old-fashioned carpet sweeper, my wife uses the vacuum cleaner for getting rid of the dust, and it operates by means of an electric motor. Wash day brings into service another motor to operate the wash­ing machine, and there is still an­other motor to do the ironing. When a cake is to be made the electric mixer is brought into use, and to keep food from spoiling there is the motor that controls the temperature in the refrigerator. Another motor does the sewing for the family. And there are two or three fans around the premises, each with its separate little power plant."

MY FRIEND DIDN'T GO IN­to the subject of electricity with­out motors, but that is a large sub­ject in itself. He was thinking, only of electricity as a source of power. In the other field we have the electric cookstove, and even if the cooking is done by gas there is pretty sure to be an electric toaster somewhere around, and probably an electric waffle iron. And there is no end to the num­ber of electric chafing dishes and similar equipment.

WE HAVE BEEN USING electricity for light for a good many years. I suppose we pay more for it than we paid for kero­sene in the old days—or tallow candles. But we have more light. Usually one kerosene lamp pro­vided all the illumination for the average small family when father, mother and the youngsters settled down for a winter evening. And the light which it gave had a short ra­dius. The corners of the room were usually pretty dim. If one were bent on economy and were satisfied to get along with as lit­tle light as his grandparents had, probably the actual cost of cur­rent consumed would be less than was spent for kerosene.

IN STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, lives a man named A. Hitler, whose business is that of making adver­tising signs. Because of his name he finds himself embar­rassed in many ways, and when he gives his name to a stranger the stranger is quite likely to say "Glad to meet you. My name's Mussolini." In or­der to make it clear that his first name is Allan, and not Adolph, he has arranged a little dinner at which the guests will be two friends who suffer under like embar­rassment. He hopes that the papers will give him a break. The two friends are Harald Goering, merchant, and Tom Stalin, truck driver.

A FEW YEARS AGO THERE were many families of Trotzky's in Russia. There are not so many now. Their members have taken steps as rapidly as possible to have their names changed to something more popular with the heads of the state. It isn't safe to be called Trotzky in Russia just now.

FOLLOWING SLAVE DAYS IN the south former slaves took such names as suited them. Many took the names of the families whose property they had been. Others took the names of distinguished persons of whom they had heard. A stranger asked one of the relics of slavery his name and was told it was Washington. "Oh," was the comment. "Any relation to George Washington?" "Laws, Massa!" said the darkey. "I IS Gawge Wash-in-ton."

JUDGE TOURGEE, IN A BOOK "Bricks Without Straw," a story of reconstruction days, tells of a southern man named Smith who was elected justice of the peace and held that office for many years. He was proud of his job and took it and himself seriously. He read law books diligently, and while he didn't understand them, he became familiar with many of their Latin terms, with which, at every opportunity, he displayed his erudition. Wishing to transmit to his infant son some of the digni­ty which he had achieved, he call­ed the helpless infant Potestatem Dedimus, a mouth-filling term which he had found in one of his law books. The bow grew, prosper­ed and married a lady with social ambitions. She disapproved of the name Smith. So she had her hus­band's name worked over into Po­term Desmit, which had a decided­ly classy appearance.
MY FRIEND'S REMARK THE other day about our dependence on electricity in the home prompts me to remark on the precision and dependability of modern electronic equipment. Of these qualities a motor in my basement is an example. It operates the fan that sends air into the oil burner. My burner is of the continuous type. The size of the blaze is regulated by the thermostat upstairs, but always there is a little fire until it is turned out when the warm weather comes.

NECESSARILY, THE MOTOR runs day and night, week after week, and month after month. It has been doing that now for nine winters, its only periods of rest being during the short summers. According to the label that motor makes 1750 revolutions per minute. If you are interested in the number of revolutions it has made in nine years, figure it out for yourself. To me the interesting point is that in all that time the motor has never had a minute's attention from anyone except the application of a few drops of oil about once a week when I don't forget. It hasn't been cleaned, or tightened, or adjusted. No worn parts have been replaced. Even the original brushes are still doing duty. And so far as I can ascertain, its bearings are just as tight and its operation as true as on the day when it was installed.

OBVIOUSLY SUCH PERFORMANCE would be impossible without the use of construction material of exactly the right quality for the purpose intended and precision of workmanship approaching the miraculous. That kind of workmanship has been made possible by the use of machine tools, adjusted by human hands and directed by human intelligence, but far surpassing both in speed and accuracy anything of which unaided hands are capable. Precision of that kind, coupled with mass production, has made possible the building of our skyscrapers, the construction of our great dams, the manufacture of our millions of automobiles and the making of our scientific instruments.

WAR GAMES OUT WEST were interrupted by an epidemic of tonsilitis. Five hundred men, about one-third of the crew, of the aircraft carrier Lexington, were laid up with the same throat trouble at the same time, and the launching of bombing planes and other fliers had to be suspended. Perhaps in actual war the operations would have been continued, regardless of tonsilitis, but the infection is capable of laying a man up completely as any other ailment. There are places in the world where tonsilitis would be welcomed—if it attacked only the forces on the other side.

NEW YORK PAPERS TELL of the opening in the state of the trout season on April 2. Probably anglers equipped with the latest in flies, rods and all the rest of it, are whipping the pools and rapids in the most scientific manner. And they are not having a bit more fun than we youngsters had with the crudest tackle, using worms for bait.

USUALLY WHEN WE WENT fishing we just went to fish, and we were not discriminating in the invitations which we extended to the finny tribes. Bass and pike were preferred to suckers and mullet, but all were accepted. Catfish were despised, and if caught were thrown back as not fit for human consumption. Catfish are among the colored inhabitants of Whisky Hollow ate them, but white folks wouldn't touch them. In the early days along the Red river catfish were one of the great food staples, and here I have eaten them and found them excellent if well cooked.

ALSO WE CAUGHT EELS OCCASIONALLY. They looked too much like snakes to attract me. One of the neighbors cooked an eel once, and I tasted it. It tasted to me like sweetened pork. Maybe it was the way it was cooked. Eel pie is a favorite dish in many of the European countries.

IN THE RIVER THE FISHING was miscellaneous, but there were trout streams in which, sometimes, the trout would grab at anything that was offered. We cooked trout out of doors in a way that I have never known excelled. A good fire was built of odd bits of hardwood, of which there was abundance, and while it was burning the fish were cleaned and sharpened at each end were prepared. When the fire had burned down to red coals each fish was impaled on a twig and the other end of the stick was set into the ground so that the fish hung suspended in front of the fire—not over it. When partly done it was turned. During the process it was salted slightly and a dab of butter was applied to the upper end of each fish. Delectable!
NOW THAT THE LOCAL city election is over we may have a little breathing spell, at least until it is time for the June primary. While there was little room for doubt as to the result of Tuesday's election, at least so far as the selection of commissioners was concerned, there is always room for the unexpected in American elections. Almost anything may happen. Therefore at least some of our people went to the polls without any feeling of certainty as to what would happen.

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ON SUNDAY THERE WILL BE another election in whose result we are not greatly concerned. It will be in Germany and Austria. In those countries, which are now one, all element of doubt is eliminated from the situation. Everyone knows what the result will be. The Nazi policy, including the annexation of Austria, will be endorsed by a practically unanimous vote. All the plans to that effect have been made. Herr Hitler has seen to it. There will be an imperceptible sprinkling of "no" votes, and probably those will be allowed to stand as convincing evidence that the election was free and untrammeled. But the Germans know what is expected of them, and they will deliver the goods, as they have done on other similar occasions. For those inclined to take a little flyer on elections, a typical election has one drawback. Everyone knows in advance how it is going, and there is no such thing as getting a bet on it.

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ON APRIL 6 CHICAGO WAS having zero weather with the wind blowing 35 miles an hour and streets impassable with snow. Pity the poor people who have to live in Chicago!

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ONE OF THE EXHIBITS AT the Kiwanis Hobby show was a collection of glass bottles which the young owner had spent months in assembling. Donald Junior, son of Don Dow, aged about 6, visited the show with his mother. He gasped entranced at the glittering array of glassware in the bottle exhibit. Earnestly and regretfully he remarked: "I ought to have bought along my sling-shot." What visions of a grand smash must have passed through his mind!

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A CARD IS RECEIVED ANNOUNCING the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Karns of Bellingham, Wash., on April 18. It doesn't seem possible. My recollection of Scott Karns is of a lithe, active young man who, when not engaged in his duties as janitor at the Central school, was doing an excellent job of baseball or otherwise making himself useful in entertainment and other features of civic life. And now he and his wife are celebrating their golden wedding. How the years whirl by!

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SCOTT VISITED THE OLD town a few years ago. He was then living in Saskatchewan or Alberta, and he was the same genial enthusiast then that he had been years before. He and Mrs. Karns have since moved to Washington, and I know that, many of their old friends here will be glad to send them messages of good-will. May they live to celebrate many more anniversaries in prosperity and happiness.

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IF THE STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT has its way the traditional traffic cop, hard-boiled, coarse, slangy and insulting, will be conspicuous by his absence from the highways of the state. Lessons in proper deportment for patrolmen are given in a little pamphlet compiled by Walter J. Brophy, safety engineer and issued by the department under the title "North Dakota Patrol Courtesy." Some idea of the character of the contents may be gathered from the chapter headings, which are: Public Contact, On Duty, Official Courtesy, Conduct at the Desk, Personal Appearance, Voices and Fingers, Telephone Courtesy, Patriotic Courtesies, Meeting People, At the Table, and Courtesy Pays.

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UNDER THESE HEADINGS are discussed various phases of behavior appropriate to the patrolman. It is not intended that the book shall be cast aside and its contents ignored, for it is announced that hereafter each patrolman will be given two examinations each year on the discussions in the book, each examination including 50 questions. The point is that to be able to pass an examination the patrolman must be familiar with the contents of the book, and that this will induce him to apply the lessons taught. A glance over the pages leaves the impression that a study of it might not be a bad thing for the rest of us.
Forks Sunday Herald carries to the white inhabitants of Kotzebue, Alaska, the latest news that they receive of the goings of the great world from which they are separated by vast expanses of ocean and impassable mountains. This information comes to Mrs. J. Hunter, Crystal, whose daughter, Doris Ann, now Mrs. Delos Wesbrook, whose husband, is stationed at Kotzebue, doing missionary work among the Eskimos. Each week Mrs. Hunter sends her daughter the page from the Sunday Herald headed “The World This Week.”

IN A LETTER TO HER MOTHER Mrs. Wesbrook writes: “I want to tell you again how we appreciate those news sheets so faithfully send. They are fine, and it seems we get the news almost more quickly than anyone else, as all the other white folks get their news a week later or more, and that comes twice a month. Yours comes first every week if the mail comes. We always pass them on to Mr. Sams. We got such splendid weather to walk on this week that we found it over this remarkable warm weather—just around freezing for two weeks.

“YESTERDAY WAS QUITE AN eventful day for me. Mrs. Sams has some snowshoes, so I borrowed them and went walking on them for the first time; it is fun, but hard to walk naturally. They cost around a dollar and a half. I borrowed them from her because she will sell them to me. I used them chiefly for sport, and I suppose I could use them if ever on the trail. Delos said they were small and I thought them very small. Of course they did not have horns as they were being used on a sled. A homely animal!”

Delos Wesbrook, rector, with headquarters in Inianapolls. The company is growing and in size ranks among the first ten companies in the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Bangs have just returned from several weeks spent in the south. The trip was really very good and may have been in Florida just resting and enjoying the climate. Mr. and Mrs. Bangs expect to make their usual visit to Grand Forks for Memorial day, although this is not quite certain.

FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING a rather elaborate protest against invisible taxation students at Troy, N. Y., cornered all the pennies in town and disrupted business. Now they are paying 25 per cent of the price of every purchase in pennies in order to call attention to the fact, that of every dollar spent by one bank did not keep track of pennies. One explained because of the great warm water of the Pacific circle, away around the peninsula from Nome and beyond Bering strait. Its climate must be quite different from that of the Alaskan coast usually visited by tourists. All along that part of the coast which borders the Arctic climate is influenced by the warm water of the great Japan current, and the winter weather is milder than in most of the northern states. But beyond the strait there is no warm current to temper the air, and the full rigor of Arctic winter is felt.

THE PENNY CAMPAIGN was carefully organized. Students enlisted in the movement went about town picking up pennies in exchange, one explanation offered being that they wanted the pennies for their own use. Having thus cleaned up the town the boys went to the banks and exchanged bills for all the pennies they could get, the students keeping the change. They sold the pennies, one sort or another, for taxes of one sort or another.

THE PENNY IS A RATHER insignificant coin, but it has been a great deal of the retail business of the country it is necessary. Appearance of pennies from circulation hit Troy business hard.

I DID A LITTLE BUSINESS in pennies once upon a time. In the Brantford store where I worked I sold the big copper cent sometimes accumulated in such quantities at banks to be used in various enterprises. I remember the idea of buying them at a discount and selling them back at a premium when they were needed. One weight paid about two cents per pound. I then had only been enough pennies to handle, but there weren’t, and I didn’t.
ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN residents of Grand Forks county is E. E. Vietch of Emerado, whose farm is an outstanding example of good management. Mr. Vietch has recently returned from a winter vacation trip in the east, and he has prepared the following account of the journey for the entertainment of his friends:

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"WHEN THE winter was beginning to put on its golden hue, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Veitch, leaving Grand Forks, October 21st, accompanied by our daughter, Mrs. Gordon Stephenson of Emerado, we travelled through Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania to Madrid, New York, where we attended the celebration of the golden wedding of a brother, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar A. Veitch. In charge of the festivities were the four daughters of the honored couple. Many friends and relatives from both local and distant points came to attend the happy event.

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"WHILE IN NEW YORK, WE visited the old homestead of our grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Veitch. These thrifty Scotch pioneers settled on this farm in 1818 on their arrival from Scotland. The town is now known as Waddington, St. Lawrence county, New York. This farm has never been rented or mortgaged, and a grandson and great grandson are now living on the old place.

"My brother, Wallace, and I attended a fat stock show at Ottawa, Canada. The exhibits were wonderful talent and

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"AFTER SPENDING A MONTH visiting in several of the large cities of New York, we went on to Florida, and Mrs. Stephenson returned to her home at Emerado, N. D. On our way south, we travelled through Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, to Jacksonville, Florida; then to St. Petersburg, where we stayed for over three months. We had an exceptionally fine trip. Roads and weather were fine all the way. We met many tourists, forming acquaintances and associations which made our trip far more pleasant and interesting.

* * *

"AT TAMPA, ONE OF THE oldest cities in the United States, we attended Gasparilla day and the State fair. One of the most glamorous legends of the Southland is that of the daring pirate, Don Jose Gasparilla, who roamed the high seas and cached his treasure in Tampa territory. The story is told that his festive train rivalled in brilliance the European court. This legend is the inspiration for the Gasparilla carnival held each winter during the South Florida fair.

* * *

"THE FAIR, ITSELF, IS ONE of the largest held in the United States, and exhibitors attending come from many countries in South America and Europe. Tampa seems to make a special bid for the amusement and entertainment of the tourists. To this end, he is willing to spend time, money and effort in the way of attractions. The street parade, during the fair, was no exception. Nearly every city of any size in Florida was represented by a float. The beauty and magnificence of the individual numbers in this parade really have to be seen in order to be appreciated. The color schemes and the adaptability to the territory represented were very unique and showed wonderful talent and thought. Of the 50 floats represented in the parade, St. Petersburg seemed to have the one most pleasing to the judge's eye. School bands were in evidence everywhere. Each city having a float had its school band right there to proclaim its right to the prize. How these boys did play. While in Tampa, we helped celebrate Shrine day, a very jolly occasion, bringing back to us memories of 20 years long gone when, with Harry Gomez, we took part in the dedication of the Temple Egypt.

* * *

"ON MARCH 7TH, WE STARTED for home. Again, we were favored with fine roads and good weather. We made short stops at Atlanta, Chattanooga, Louisville, and Indianapolis. At Niles, Michigan, we visited our daughter, Mrs. William Neilson, for about a week. From Niles, we took the Lake Shore Drive through Chicago, and the Dells of Wisconsin, then over to the old Mississippi river to St. Paul. While this is a very beautiful drive, we think we have never seen anything as beautiful as the peach groves in Georgia. Grove after grove, farm after farm, all in bloom—so many blossoms that the aroma from them fills the air, and the tourist is almost intoxicated with the fragrance of the blooms and the beautiful setting of the same.

* * *

"ON THIS TRIP, WE TRAVELLED through 17 states, but through them all, saw nothing in the way of real soil and land that excelled good old North Dakota's Red River valley land."
A FEW WEEKS AGO I COM-
mented on what I considered an
inaccuracy in a story in the Sat-
urday Evening Post, "Free Land," by Rose Wilder
Lane. The story is of home-stead-
ing experiences in South Dakota, and it contains
a great quantity of detail indicat-
ing intimate personal famil-
arity with pioneer life on
the prairie or excellent sources of
information. I am informed
that the author thus inverted
spent her early
years in South Dakota and that
members of her family still live
there. Presumably much of her
material was gathered from des-
criptions of pioneer life by older
persons.

THE COMMENT WHICH I
made related to the writer's de-
scription of the back-breaking la-
or of steadying a breaking plow
while breaking prairie sod. Un-
less breaking sod in South Da-
kota was different from the work
as done here it was about the
easiest work for a man of any on
the farm. The breaking plow, pro-
perly adjusted, would just about
guide itself, and operating it was
about as laborious as steering an
automobile. The real job was in
walking 16 to 20 miles a day be-
hind it.

WITH NO DESIRE TO BE
captious I am prompted to com-
ment on another series of state-
ments in the same story which
are incomprehensible to me. Re-
peatedly the writer tells of break-
sing sod in the fall, as late as
October or November. In some
years of experience in the Red
river valley when it was new, I
never saw sod broken in the fall
and never heard of it being done.
Breaking was always done in the
early summer.

* * *
THINKING THAT THE CON-
ditions in southern South Dakota
may have been different from
those farther north, I asked as to make
fall breaking desirable. I have ask-
ed some former South Dakota
people what they know about the
subject, and without exception
they have never known of break-
ing being done in the fall. I won-
der who is mistaken.

* * *
THERE IS LITTLE VIRGIN
sod being broken now. Most of
the land suitable for cultivation
was plowed years ago, and to
speak of breaking to many of our
younger people is like speaking an
unknown language. But the break-
ing of sod was a task to which
the pioneer settler addressed him-
self in the early weeks of his
homesteading.

* * *
THE SOD WAS TOUGH AND
full of grass roots which were ten-
acious of life. Unless they were
conquered they would grow and
choke out whatever crop was
planted. The accepted practice,
and the most effective one, was to
plow the land twice in the same
season, first "breaking," and then
"backsetting" it.

* * *
THE FIRST PROCESS WAS
to plow a wide, shallow furrow,
about two inches deep, as soon as
growth was well started. In a
favorable season much of the sod
thus inverted would rot in about
a month. Some of the remaining
roots would send out new shoots,
and when this growth was well
under way it was plowed again,
the furrows running always in the
same direction and the plow be-
ing set to take up an inch or so
of new earth. Lying over winter
land so treated would be thorough-
lv mellowed by spring. In emer-
gency land was sometimes given
but one plowing in the first sea-
son. In such cases it was plowed
sooner, at later and a little more
deeper, but the results were seldom
as satisfactory as with the double
plowing.

* * *
WITH RECOLLECTIONS
fresh in my mind of the singing
of John Charles Thomas in the
closing number of the local At-
tists' course, I was interested in
a headline in an eastern paper tell-
ing of the death of John Henry
Thomas, described as a "tenor and
executive." I wondered if he
might be of the same Thomas family.
Apparently he was not, although
he was born in Cardigan, Wales,
and John Charles is of a Welsh
family.

* * *
JOHN HENRY THOMAS HAD
the unusual experience of attain-
ing a high position in the musical
world, then abandoning music as
a profession and becoming a cap-
tain of industry. Born in 1869, he
sang with the San Carlos Opera
company in London at the age
of 16. Later he came to the Unit-
ed States, returned to England to
make a command performance be-
fore Queen Victoria, then played
leading parts with the Chicago
opera company. In 1910 he began
his business career, in which he be-
came president of several impor-
tant manufacturing concerns. He
died at his home in East Orange,
N. J.

* * *
USUALLY WE DO NOT THINK
of the professional singer as pos-
sessing the qualities necessary for
success in such a business field as
that of manufacturing, but John
Henry Thomas seems to have been
an exception to the rule.
ONE OF THE LARGEST spring flights of wild geese seen in years went north on Sunday. The major flight seems to have gone through Cavalier county. Persons driving in that part of the state say that practically all day there could be seen in almost any part of the sky the familiar V-shaped formations of the migrating birds, individual flocks sometimes numbering a dozen or so and often hundreds. During most of the night the honking of the geese overhead could be heard in Grand Forks. Whether those were following a northwestern course that would take them through Cavalier county or were following a path of their own along the river does not appear. So far as I have heard no geese were seen flying over Grand Forks in the daytime.

* * *

THERE IS SOME CURIOSITY as to what detained so many of the geese in the south when many of the song birds arrived weeks before their usual time. One suggestion is that snow in the south retarded the migration of water fowl, but this does not appear to have affected the smaller birds.

* * *

WARMER WEATHER DURING the past few days has caused vegetation to make a new, start after marking time for a week or more. Buds on a box elder visible from my window seem to have expanded perceptibly every time I glance at the tree. Elms are in blossom and the leaves will soon follow. Buds on the bush roses are swelling, and the lilac buds are showing tints of green. Some of my tulips have been in blossom nearly a week and Mrs. Gillette reports her hepatica in full bloom.

* * *

I AM WATCHING A THORN apple tree with interest. I had a small one planted eight years ago, realizing that it was a slow-growing species. But I wanted one, anyway, for the beauty of the massed blossoms in spring and the red berries in the fall. It has grown slowly, as was expected, and I have awaited its blossoming with some impatience. Last year it produced three or four blossoms, but no fruit. I'm hoping that it is now sufficiently mature to yield a full crop.

* * *

ABOUT EVERY SO OFTEN I get a questionnaire from some automobile company asking my advice about the building of an automobile. Giving advice is my long suit, and I offer it freely to the automobile people. And much good it does! They don't seem to pay a bit of attention.

* * *

I HAVE PERSISTENTLY urged three improvements on cars for use in these northern states. First, there should be a generator with a higher charging rate than those commonly in use. Second, batteries should be larger, with greater "storage" capacity.

Third, the generator cut-out should be governed by the strength of the charge in the battery rather than by the speed of the engine.

* * *

PROBABLY THESE THINGS are not necessary for cars that are used often on the highways. But most of our family cars do most of their traveling in town during the winter and the frequent starting under cold-weather conditions run batteries down rapidly. And when a battery is low it doesn't help much to make a long drive, for the maximum charge of the generator is at about 25 miles an hour and at ordinary road speed the battery is scarcely being charged at all. But I can't seem to get my ideas over to the automobile men.

* * *

EATING A COCKLEBURR IN spinach was the basis of a claim for stomach disability filed with an insurance company. The same company received an application for insurance from the owner of an embalmed whale on tour. The owner wanted to be insured against "oderiferous deterioration" of the cadaver. And a Kansas man who had undertaken to catch 7,500 live rabbits for shipment wanted an insurance policy to protect him against inability to fulfill his contract.
ON A VISIT EAST LAST YEAR
W. R. Vanderhoef obtained a number of old books which had been in the possession of his family for years, among them a two-volume set of "Arabian Nights," published in 1827, and in excellent condition. Those and the other volumes are bound in leather which bears evidence of frequent use, but after more than a century the workmanship shows proof of its excellence.

Two other volumes are by Lindley Murray, the famous grammarian who for many years was accepted as the leading authority on English. One of these, published in 1808, carries this rather elaborate description on its title page: "The power of religion on the mind in retirement affliction and at the approach of death, exemplified in the testimonies and experience of persons, distinguished by their greatness, learning or virtue." The contents consist of a series of essays on the lives of eminent persons whose example is deemed worthy to be followed.

* * *

THE OTHER LINDLEY MURRAY book, published in 1817, is a reader, evidently intended for use in schools. Many of the selections were later incorporated in the famous McGuffey readers, but McGuffey had a lighter touch than Murray. While his readers were intended to teach moral lessons, many selections were included which were obviously intended to be entertaining.

* * *

DR. MURRAY SEEMED TO consider that improvement of morals left no room for mere entertainment, and everything was excluded from his book which might conceivably provoke a smile. For Dr. Murray life was serious business, and if the young people of his time ever kicked up their heels and laughed it wasn't his fault.

* * *

STILL ANOTHER BOOK, PUBLISHED IN 1820 is described as a copy of the secret journals of acts and proceedings of the Continental congress during the years of the Revolutionary war. Much of the material relates to correspondence between the congress and its representatives abroad. There are copies of many letters to Benjamin Franklin, then in France. One of the documents tells of the financial difficulties experienced by the colonists. Several paragraphs, dealing with the subject of inflation make rather interesting reading now and rather tend to support the theory that the human race travels around in circles. In the emergency of war and scarcity of specie the congress issued quantities of paper money, for the redemption of which the public faith was pledged. The record says:

* * *

"AS THESE WERE TO CIRCULATE from hand to hand, there was no great individual risk, unless from holding them too long; and no man refused to receive them for one commodity while they would purchase every other."

* * *

THIS CONDITION DID NOT last long, however, doubt being cast on the redemption of the currency, "he could not relieve his wants with our paper and would not part with his property to procure it." Laws were passed making the paper legal tender, the effect of which, it is said, was to produce monopoly.

* * *

THEN Follows this description:

"The laws devised to remedy this evil (of depreciation) either increased or were followed by an increase of it.

"This demanded more plentiful emissions, thereby increasing the circulating medium to such a degree as not only to exclude all other, but, from its superabundant quantity, again to increase the depreciation.

"THE ISSUES FROM THIS moment became enormous, and consequently increased the disease from which they arose, and which must soon have become fatal had not the success of America and the alliance with France kept it from sinking entirely. The certainty of its redemption being now evident, we only suffer from the quantity.

* * *

"THIS, HOWEVER, NOT ONLY impairs the value simply in itself, but, as it calls for continuous large emissions, so the certainty that everything will be dearer than it is renders everything dearer than it otherwise would be, and vice versa. Could we possibly absorb a part of the inundation that overwhelms us, everything would be cheaper, from the certainty that it would be cheaper."
SEASONS OF SIGNIFICANCE

in church history have long been marked by efforts to trace religious symbolism in the appearance or grouping of the celestial bodies. This search has been long for a star which would correspond to the star of Bethlehem which is made a feature of every Christmas observance. H. G. Dokken, 413 Second street, East Grand Forks, sends the following description of the Easter cross, the form of which may be traced in the sky on a starry night:

"THE EASTER CROSS constellation which is shown in all its glory at this time is composed of 33 stars and this constellation takes in the seven stars of the Dipper, seven stars at the Cross, seven stars of the Pleiades, nine stars of the Orion and three in the large triangle at the left of the cross.

"As the two Pointer stars of the Dipper always points to the North Star, so the two top stars of the Dipper point to the left hand bar of the Cross while the bottom stars of the Dipper point to the top of the Cross where the Super-inscription was.

"The Easter Cross has three bright stars at the top and one dim star at the bottom, and three small dim stars form a triangle at the right hand bar of the cross.

"At the left of the Cross are three bright stars forming a large triangle which is shown on the sidewalk.

"The triangle on the right hand bar of the Cross and the large triangle are always in line with the North Star.

"The three very bright stars and three dim stars forms the head of the arrow or the foot of the Cross which is in a horizontal or vertical position which is changed every 24 hours.

"The star at the Right Hand Bar of the Cross and the star at the foot of the Cross are in line with the Pleiades.

"During the early fall this constellation is shown in the East, at Christmas time at the highest point of Heaven or Easter in a Northwest direction.

"Any star light night at this time shows this constellation very plainly."

"SOMEONE HAS RECALLED that on April 22, 1868, Charles Dickens sailed from New York for home after his second and triumphant tour of the United States. His satirical references to crudities which he had found in the United States during his earlier visit, and which had given great offense in this country, were forgiven and for the time being he was a popular hero.

"WORSHIP OF CELEBRITIES is by no means a new thing. On his lecture tour in this country Dickens was followed by crowds and at times almost mobbed. It is recorded that at a hotel where the novelist made a one-night stop, a local woman admirer collected from the hotel breakfast table the shell from which the great man had eaten his morning egg, a possession which she showed proudly to admiring friends.

"HOWEVER, IT APPEARS that during his temporary residence in New York Dickens was permitted to live the life of an ordinary human being, and in his hotel he was conceded the same privacy that would have been accorded to a visiting banker or statesman. It might not have been so in these days. Persons of much less importance than Dickens are daily being mobbed almost to death, and a lot of them seem to like it.

AGAIN THE DROUTH IS broken. It rained Wednesday. For the time being the farmhands work steadily — very steadily — and in half an hour there wasn't a dry spot on the sidewalk.

MY COMMENT ON ROSE Wilder Lane's description of the difficulty of breaking sod in homesteading days has brought me some information that I did not possess being of rather experience. Breaking has been confined to this section of the Red river valley and to observation of the work in the northern James river valley. In those sections breaking was easy work for a man, and the work was always done in the early summer. This accords with the experience of South Dakota friends with whom I have talked—all but one.

I AM NOW INFORMED THAT in the buffalo grass regions of South Dakota, in part of which the scene of Mrs. Lane's story is laid, the sod is of entirely different character. There, it appears, the roots of the buffalo grass form compact balls, which in the early days were called "nigger wool" and which were literally as hard as rocks. Plowing in soil filled with those balls of roots was much like plowing in a field full of boulders, a job not only tiring to the team but crushing to the plowman. We live and learn.
GEESE AND DUCKS IN boyhood experience of Theodore Thompson. I didn't hear him tell it myself, but I have it on good authority that he tells it and sticks to it. When a small boy Thompson lived on a farm near Buxton. In those days ducks and geese settled in great numbers in the spring wherever there was water, which was pretty much everywhere. Wheat was sown broadcast, to be harrowed in later and great flocks of geese invaded newly sown fields and gathered up the seed. They became so bold that they would scarcely move out of the way of a team and would even tug at sacks of seed wheat left standing in the field until they had ripped the sacks or upset them and would then devour the spilled wheat.

Davies.

There a game re-serve of several thousand acres has been established on the banks of the big coulee which drains that area, and a low dam has created a broad, shallow lake which follows the meandering of the coulee. Tall grass and reeds along the banks and in islets through the lake provide excellent shelter, and in the shallows the birds find much of their natural food.

FOR SOME DAYS THE LAKE has been covered with wild fowl, thousands of the birds alighting there on their northern flight to rest and feed. The geese have discovered that on adjoining fields early-sown wheat is sprouting, and they are especially fond of this sort of succulent food. Some of the neighboring farmers are speculating on whether or not any seed will be left to grow after the geese have continued their flight. It is not expected that many of them will remain to nest, although here and there as in past years a few geese have reared their broods in sheltered spots in this vicinity.

BUD ABRAHAMSON TELLS me that the ducks which are now seen in such numbers are blue bills, known in the east as broad bills, small, plump birds which make excellent eating when the fall shooting is on. Few of them nest here, he says. These birds are usually about the last to make the northern flight, and their favorite nesting territory is among the lakes and swamps of far northern Canada. At the Ardoch lake there are also many ducks and geese, but the water there is deeper than at Kellys and there is less shelter. The birds seem to prefer the shallows at Kellys.

THE PRIZE WILD GOOSE story, so far as I know, is of the

boyhood experience of Theodore Thompson. I didn't hear him tell it myself, but I have it on good authority that he tells it and sticks to it. When a small boy Thompson lived on a farm near Buxton. In those days ducks and geese settled in great numbers in the spring wherever there was water, which was pretty much everywhere. Wheat was sown broadcast, to be harrowed in later and great flocks of geese invaded newly sown fields and gathered up the seed. They became so bold that they would scarcely move out of the way of a team and would even tug at sacks of seed wheat left standing in the field until they had ripped the sacks or upset them and would then devour the spilled wheat.

THEODORE'S JOB WAS TO drive the geese off and for this purpose he carried a long binder whip with which to slash at them. In those spring weeks wild goose was the standard food on every farm table in that vicinity. To get them it was not necessary to use a gun. A man could sneak up behind a team to where a lot of geese were feeding, get within a few feet of them, and if his control were good he could easily bring down a goose with a monkey wrench. That is the substance of Theodore's story, and he is regarded as a truthful man.

I DIDN'T SUPPOSE THAT geese ever settled in considerable numbers on the Red river, but Bud Abrahamson tells me that last year, a few days before the open season began in the fall, he saw hundreds of geese on the river some distance north of Grand Forks. Screened by a thicket of willows growing close to the water he and some friends watched the geese frolicking in the water after what had evidently been a long flight, many of them being within only a few feet of the observers. While they were watching there was a commotion among the geese, and Bud and his friends thought the geese had seen them. But it was another big flock overhead that had attracted the attention of the birds. The newcomers joined the birds in the water, and the noise made by their honking and the splatter of their bathing was deafening.
A LETTER RECEIVED BY
John Hesketh from his mother,
Mrs. Anna Hesketh, inclosed a pro-
gram of the exercises held at
Young street
United church, Win-
nipeg on March 13 in cele-
bration of the 47th anniversary of
the church. Decorating one
page of the program is a por-
trait of Dr. The-
odore H. Leonard,
now of St. Paul,
former pastor of
the Methodist
crurch of Grand
Forks, who was
guest speaker on
that occasion. Consolidation of the
Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches of Canada
into the United church, effected
several years ago, appears to have
been generally successful. To unite
two or more religious bodies
seems a fairly simple task, on pa-
er, provided most of the members
are willing, but the union of those
three Canadian churches required
years of negotiation. There were
points of doctrine to be ironed out
in order to determine what things
were considered essential and what
might properly be waived. Forms
government had to be adjusted,
so as not to do too great violence
to the episcopal form as observed
by the Methodists, what may be
called the federal form as repre-
sented by the Presbyterians, and
the independent form of the Con-
gregationalists.

EACH OF THE THREE
churches had large investment in
church property and funds. Provi-
sion for the orderly transfer of
title to this property was made by
a special act of parliament, the
preparation of which alone re-
quired much time and the services
of many expert authorities. Under
the act each organized congrega-
tion voted on whether to join the
new United Church or retain its
former affiliation and title. So far
as I know all the Methodist and Congregational bodies became
members of the new organization,
but about one-third of the Presby-
terian churches decided to retain
their former organization and title.

* * *

THIS DECISION PREVENTED
the complete consolidation that
was hoped for, and there still re-
main in some communities two
Protestant churches where one
would better serve the needs of
the community. It is easy, however,
to understand and appreciate the
sentiment of many of those Pres-
byterians who rejected the union
plan. Many of them were of Scot-
tish birth or origin, descendants
of those Covenanters who had
clung to their faith and form of
worship through bitter persecu-
tion, to whom their particular
church organization represented
sacred traditions which had be-
come part of their very being.
While many found reason to re-
gret the decision made by those
loyal souls, they had to respect the
sentiments which prompted it.

* * *

THE FOLLOWING LETTER
from Miss Flora Cameron Burr
of Bottineau, introducing the attach-
ed Easter poem, is self-explana-
tory:

* * *

"IN, THAT REMINDS ME, YOU
from time to time make mention
of the simple, yet priceless things
of life, past and present that en-
dears your column to the hearts
of your many readers.
"To me the Easter season seems
a time especially sacred to the
memory of community singers,
who while they were with us gave
ungrudgingly of their talent to
gladden and comfort the folk
amongst whom they dwelt. Being
dead they yet speak.

* * *

"SUCH A ONE WAS YOUNG
Kenneth McKenzie, lost in the wa-
ters of Lake Metigoshee, three
years ago coming July, on the eve
of the dedication of a cairn to the
first homebuilders of Bottineau
county, Bruce Sinclair and Maria
McBain Sinclair, at which he was
to have sung.

"Kenneth had a golden voice. He
came of a musical family but had
also a native sense of song that
he used appropriately and freely
on occasions—oraliorio, folk song
or glee. The following lines are to
his memory:"

[Poem begins here]

CADENCE OF MEMORY.

To the memory of Kenneth Mc-
Kenzie, a sweet singer of fine
songs.

The voice whispered low to a lad-
die at play,
(Merry he was and strong):
"The world's grown weary of war
and strife,
Come, Kenneth and give it a
song!"

He echoed the strains of the
storm and stream;
The birds of a dewy morn.
The 'schoolman's glee; the joys
and griefs
Of the ones where he was born.

Cadence and chords of a gracious
home;
A kindly father's care.
Comrades around a friendly door;
A gentle mother's prayer.

The stirring songs of a stirring
world;
Of silvery mystic spells.
The far-off dip of a boatman's
ears
And sweet cathedral bells.

East to West where his feet were
bent,
(Short be the stay or long),
Ever the Voice to his manhood
called:
"Come give to the world a song!"

Gladly and freely he strewed the
gift,
Owning it not his own
'Till he followed the unseen path
where each
Goes out from the sight alone.

Call it not death when you think
of him,
Tho the eye with sorrow fills;
His voice yet rings on the city
street;
On fragrant summer hills.

The Giver giveth the gift for aye
When used to His delight—
Sweeter the song of the singer rolls
Through endless years of light.

Cadence and chords of memories;
Of silvery mystic spells;
The far-off dip of The Boatman's
ears
And sweet cathedral bells.

—Flora Cameron Burr.
THE NEW YORK TIMES published a picture of the temple of music which is to be one of the architectural features at the world's fair in New York next year. The building is in the form of half of a gigantic cylinder, laid flat side down, with a big square box at one end for stage and scenery. An editorial writer compares the building to a giant rolling mill, or an airplane hangar, or an old-style train shed with the roof curving down to the ground, or a skating rink, or a North river covered pier—he isn't quite sure which.

ANY OF THE COMPARISONS made would seem to fit quite well, but as a matter of fact, the building is almost an exact replica, in form, of the winter sports building at the University of North Dakota. Our building here is excellent in design and structure for the purpose for which it was intended. Many visitors have examined it with a view to copying its style, but to use that design for a music temple is something new.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT a hullabaloo there was over the new types of architecture displayed at the Century of Progress exhibition in Chicago? Domestic and business architecture were to be revolutionized, following the styles displayed at the fair. But they haven't been. Styles of architecture are changing, but they are not following the fantastic lines which are often conspicuous at big fairs. Fair architecture is in a class by itself. It needs to be different. It must have striking features in order to attract attention, and with the unusual in design there go the loudest colors that the paint men can manufacture. The combination serves its purpose quite well, but the man who goes home from the fair, having had the time of his life, isn't likely to copy its buildings for his own use any more than he is likely to copy the screaming stolidities of Coney Island.

CONEY ISLAND, BY THE way, is to be tamed down this summer. Orders have been issued that there are to be no more barkers in front of the games and other entertainment features along the Boardwalk. This is in response to the demand of local business people in the town proper, who want their town to present a little more dignity than it has done in the past. Coney Island dignified!

A WAVE OF REFORM IS also engulfing New York City proper. People are being prosecuted for displaying misleading advertising cards in their show windows. Most of those affected are dyers and cleaners. One cleaner had displayed a card announcing in big black letters that dresses would be cleaned for 19 cents, but in almost invisible small type there were excepted from this price "pleated, velvet, chiffon and two-piece gowns." Another place advertised in big letters that suits and coats would be pressed for 29 cents, but in inconspicuous letters the word "children's" was inserted. Fines of $25 each were assessed against several places displaying such misleading signs.

WHILE SATURDAY'S RAIN didn't quite meet the requirements, at least in its steadiness and quietness it suggested Mrs. Southey's poem beginning:

"All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered fullness down,
Which strikes me as the best twoline description ever written of a warm, steady, quiet spring rain ever written.

THEY TELL ME THAT THE geese are all gone from the lake at Kelly's. Evidently the big flocks had merely dropped down to break their long flight with a little rest and food. Presumably these are about the last of the spring flights. There are so many kinds of geese and ducks that long ago I gave up trying to sort them out, and to me a goose is just a goose and a duck a duck. But to those who are familiar with their markings and habits they must provide material for interesting study. Until recently nobody knew where the blue goose nested. Other geese nested over a wide area in the Canadian north, and the summer homes of most of them were identified. But the blue goose was elusive. Finally exploring naturalists traced the bird to an area in Baffin land, away northeast of Hudson's bay, and within the Arctic circle. Why should one family of geese be so exclusive?
RUMANIA'S GOVERNMENT has ordered closed Buchar-
est's largest hotel for ten years "for sanitary reasons." The hotel has been used not only for the accommodation of the general run of hotel guests, but as headquarters of a committee representing a political organization opposed to the existing administration. Orders to cease political conversations in the hotel were disobeyed, hence the decision that it was not conducive to the public health to permit the hotel to remain open. We have thought that some skill had been shown by our own people in inventing political devices, but if they had been resourceful as our Rumanian friends, think what might have happened to the Patterson hotel in Bismarck, or the Grand Pacific under one administration or another. And if there were a like regard for sanitation, what a closing of hotels there would be in Washington!

WHEN VICE PRESIDENT Garner sold his government bonds and bought 23,000 acres of Texas land with the proceeds, did he show distrust in the future of government securities or unshakable faith in land values There's a lot of good land in North Dakota still to be had at moderate prices.

THE PRESIDENT HAS FOLLOWED the Herald's recommendation, in which a great many others concurred, that he pardon Dr. Townsend. Now that it is all over, and the doctor has neither to serve a jail term nor pay a fine, one may observe that even if the sentence had been carried out, it would have involved no great physical suffering. In connection with the imprisonment there have been no hard labor such as is associated with a penitentiary sentence.

IMPRISONMENT IN THESE days is a very different thing from imprisonment long ago when the condemned man was not only deprived of his liberty but was apt to be subjected to torture. There are still damp, dark dungeons underground into which the light of day never penetrates, with rusted chains still hanging to the walls. Those chains once restricted the movements of captives to a radius of a few feet, and often the shackles which attached them to the prisoner's ankles were removed only when his body had become cold in death.

IF DR. TOWNSEND HAD served his sentence, to all intents he would have enjoyed for 30 days the conveniences of a comfortable hotel. He would have had a comfortable bed and good food. His friends would have called to see him. His time would have been his own, to use pretty much as he pleased, except that he would not have been at liberty to leave the premises. His jailors would have been courteous and attentive, and in anticipation of incarceration he took his typewriter along, and with that he would have carried on correspondence with reference to the dream which he hoped to make a reality. There are lots much less comfortable places than jails for those whose offenses are tinged with political color.

TO MANY CITY-BRED PERSONS the term "pump-priming" has only a vague meaning. Some years ago I met in Detroit a housewife, a young woman in her twenties, who had spent her entire life in that city up to that time. She had been accustomed to all the conveniences of the city. She spoke the hard lot of those who live on farms. "Why," she said, with an air of wonder, "I understand they have to get their water out of wells." She couldn't understand how life could be endured where water had to be taken from a hole in the ground. All her life when she wanted water she has merely turned a faucet and the water came. I don't suppose she had ever seen a pump, much less a sweep with a bucket attached to one end of it.

A PUMP THAT IS IN GOOD order needs no priming. But sometimes the valves are loose and permit the passage of air. In such case a little water poured in at the top will serve to hold the valves in place and there is sufficient suction to draw water from the bottom. When the pump is permitted to remain out of repair for a long time priming became a regular stunt, to be performed every time water was drawn. Sometimes even priming wouldn't serve the purpose, and then there had to be a repair job. Then there was the problem of the frozen pump, which was called for the administration of a kettle of boiling water, and worked beside the farmer if that didn't work, for that meant that the fresh water poured in would freeze and burst the pump log and put it completely out of commission.
THE MINNESOTA UNIVERSITY Press has just issued a garden book which publishers say is a book to be written especially for the northern states. Whether or not that statement is strictly accurate, the fact remains that most of the garden articles appearing in the magazines are prepared for territory much farther south than ours, and much of their material is useless, or worse than useless, for northern gardeners. Planting seasons are dated too early and plants are recommended which are too tender for our latitude.

HER BOOK IS INTENDED for sections of the country which have hard winters and dry summers. The publishers say of it: "While it covers all the usual topics of a garden book, this volume pays particular attention to those plants which will grow in the northern climate without too much care. It gives such information as what types of shrubbery and evergreens will survive the hard winters and dry summers, how to treat the hollyhock (which is usually short-lived in this section), what watering and fertilizing methods to use to make your lawn stay green during the dry seasons, when to divide and transplant, how to put a northern garden to bed for the winter. An appendix, containing lists of hardy evergreens for the northern garden, dilution tables for sprays, and growing tables for annuals and low-growing perennials."

MODERN CONDITIONS HAVE of help in the home. The trend is to restrict the employment of housewives, and less time is spent in them than formerly. Labor-saving devices have facilitated housework and the stores are full of prepared foods. For city people the golf courses and the automobile may take the housewife from home, but her work can be done with a fraction of the effort once required. There are still maids, but the hired girl of tradition has gone or is on her way.

ACCORDING TO A DEPARTMENT of agriculture bulletin the old fashioned "hired girl" is disappearing, if she has not already passed out of existence. Once she was an important, if inconspicuous member of society. The typical "hired girl" of the old days was apt to be a fixture, She lived with and worked for the same family year after year, and there was nothing in the household economy with which she was not familiar. She cooked, washed, baked, swept, dusted and minded the children. She was trusty and trusted, and in every sense a member of the establishment.

THE AUTHOR OF THIS GARDEN book, Mrs. Daisy Thomson Abbott is a St. Paul newspaper woman and wife of a member of the University of Minnesota faculty. Of English birth she came to the United States 19 years ago as the bride of Dr. Abbott, who served in the medical corps of the British expeditionary forces during the World war. When she came to this country she found that her knowledge of English gardening was of little use to her because of the short growing season. She took a course in horticulture at the university, and with this as a basis, plus her own experience, she has become a recognized authority on northern gardening.

THE ANNUAL MIGRATION of birds is one of the mysteries of nature. Science has discovered much about it, but some of its features still border on the miraculous. Those who observe it, will appreciate this fine description of a spring flight by Louis J. Halle Jr., in his book "Birds Against Men."
A COPY OF THE HERALD containing references to the early activities of the late W. C. Nash, first settler in East Grand Forks, was forwarded by a friend to Mrs. Nash, now living in Los Angeles, who has been prompted to draw on her own recollections of those early days. Her observations are given in the following interesting and welcome letter:

“Our home was always on the site that Mr. Ashley now lives on. I understand that Mr. Ashley has torn down all but the main part of the house which was originally built of hewn logs for the store of Deering & Nash and was used for that purpose until 1874. Mr. Nash afterward finished it as part of our home.

**"MR. NASH WAS NOT A CIVIL war veteran and he never drove a stage coach. He came to the Red river valley in 1863 with his brother, Captain C. W. Nash, who was at that time quarter master of Hatch’s battalion. Our government sent Major Hatch up to build the first Fort Pembina at Pembina and, if possible, to capture Little Crow with some other Sioux chiefs who had fled over the border into Canada after the Sioux massacre of 1862 in Minnesota.**

**"MR. NASH WAS SUTLER AT Fort Abercrombie in 1864. He also had a contract for carrying the United States mail from Fort Abercrombie to Fort Garry (Winnipeg). He liked the land which afterward became our home. The land at that time was unsurveyed, and a halfbreed had built a cabin on the site of the present East Grand Forks waterworks and claimed a squatter’s rights. My husband bought him out, paying him $250 for it, put up a log stable to house a relay of horses for mail carrying and hired a man to care for the animals.**

**"TO GO ON WITH THE HISTORY lesson.**

“The first postoffice was in our house. Mr. Nash was enabled to get a mail route established between Crookston and the West Side. There were no settlers at that time located anywhere but along the Red Lake river and the Red river, so he suggested the postoffice be named Nashville in his application, and it was so named. When the village grew he was instrumental in having the name changed to East Grand Forks.

**"THE FIRST TERM OF school was held in our home, a three-months term. Miss Carrie Griggs, daughter of Captain and Mrs. John Griggs, was the teacher. I think Miss Griggs felt ‘passing rich’ on 12 dollars a month. The first postmaster was Archie McCrea. For four summers the half-breed’s cabin on our place was used for a schoolhouse. Then the first school was built on Traill’s addition to East Grand Forks, a two-story building of four rooms. The building was afterward sold to M. Graham, who moved it down to DeMers avenue and used it for his men’s clothing store.**

**"IN THE LATE SEVENTIES and early eighties the passenger pigeons had their breeding grounds four miles north on the east bank of the Red river. They used to fly over our farm every day at 10 o’clock in the breeding season and at 4 in the afternoon they flew back from their feeding grounds on Minnesota point to their roosts. Then came a summer when they did not return. They are extinct. What happened to them is still a mystery unsolved. All sorts of theories have been advanced, but I do not think the cause of their disappearance has been found.**

**"DEMERS AVENUE WAS named for Frank DeMers who was for a time living at Fisher’s Landing in charge of the Red River Transportation Co. His home was in St. Paul. Until North Dakota became a prohibition state there were no saloons on the East Side.**

**"THE FIRST GREAT NORTHERN railway station was located on our farm. As the town grew it was moved to a more central location, where it is still.**

**"IN THE SPRING OF 1875 MR. Nash finished seeding in March and our garden was all in by the twentieth of the month. There was no frost in the ground. I remember we had fine crops that year. The first white wedding was the marriage of my sister, Miss Slaughter, to General G. B. Dandy, of the regular army, at our home. Chaplain Woart of Fort Abercrombie came up to perform the ceremony in February, 1873.”**
NEW YORK'S LAW REQUIRING world's fair advertising to be stamped on automobile license plates brought thousands of protests from automobile owners who objected to being required to have their cars used as billboards to advertise anything whatever without their being consulted about it. Now comes a suggestion to the governor that in consideration of the advertising one pass to the fair be given to each automobile owner. The letter conveying the recommendation calls attention to the fact that circuses give passes in exchange for the use of advertising space on barns and fences, and it is urged that the fair management should follow this time-honored practice.

The writer of the letter to the governor is Laurens M. Hamilton, a great-great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton and nephew of J. P. Morgan.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN the photographer, after posing his subject, and just before squeezing the bulb, said "Smile, please." After viewing thousands of modern pictures of statesmen, movie actors and actresses and celebrities of all kinds, one concludes that the current command must be "Now grin, durn you."

A LETTER FROM DR. J. M. Gillette, head of the University department of sociology and anthropology, says:

"In your column in The Herald I think I have read at times remarks by you concerning deaths from auto accidents in the United States. Here is something which I think will interest you.

"I get weekly reports from the Bureau of Census on deaths from motor vehicle accidents in 130 large cities of the United States. Some time ago I was struck with the fact that there has been a great reduction in the number of deaths reported this year as compared with the same date last year."

"THUS, THE LAST REPORT for the first 14 weeks ending April 9, 1938 and April 10, 1937 shows 2,075 deaths for last year as against 1,607 for this year. This is a reduction of 22.8 per cent over last year, which seems to me a rather remarkable fact."

"I do not know the exact explanation, but entertain the opinion that the campaign going on throughout the nation for greater care in auto driving and on the part of pedestrians has had much to do with the decrease."

CERTAINLY IT IS TO BE hoped that the highway safety campaign is having some effect, and it seems scarcely possible that a campaign so extensive as this, conducted through every possible avenue of publicity, could fail to bring about some improvement. The figures cited by Dr. Gillette seem to indicate that the campaign is taking hold.

THE FACT MUST NOT BE overlooked, however, that automobile accidents do not lend themselves readily to exact statistical analysis because associated with them are so many unknown factors which it is impossible to tabulate. Weather is one of these. Bad weather may make roads slippery and treacherous and increase the number of accidents or it may be so bad as to cause suspension of traffic for a time and thus tend to prevent accidents. While over a long time and in a great area there will probably be a fair degree of uniformity in classes of casualties, the figures covering a given locality for a brief period are subject to wide fluctuations for no cause that can be assigned. Thus in one week there may be no serious accidents in the Grand Forks vicinity while in the following week a dozen cars may crash in the same area and several persons may be badly injured. All this is possible without any change in the public attitude toward safety and with no change in the conduct of drivers or pedestrians. However, a drop of 25 per cent in the number of automobile deaths during the first 14 weeks of this year as compared with the similar period last year for the whole United States seems significant and hopeful.
THE DAY AFTER THE
city election I dropped in to see
Earl McFadden to congratulate him
and offer some advice on his new
position. He was, it seemed, very
time, he had
received advice enough to last
the entire com-
mission for a
long time.
Keeping
the
rest of my ad-
visory, I suggested
just
now that the
commission take
steps as early as possible to de-
velop a plan for a
works construction with a view
to having it financed by means
of the funds which the federal
covernment is
able to
out.
When the time comes for
action, if we don't like the gov-
ernment's terms, we can try
ourselves. But if this plan is
executed, we must pay our share of the
taxes, and if there are any benefits we
may as well be in line for them.

ANOTHER SUIT IS BEING
started to enable Pupa Dionne to
gain control of the quintuplets.
In a controversy over control
of the quintuplets, the parties
are entirely with Dr. Dafos and
those who are acting with him
as guardians.

One fact that the children are
alive now is due to the intell-
gent care given them in spite of
the opposition of the parents. If
any of these parents had all lived,
for a few months, they would
have been exhibited as side-shows
freaks along with the tattooed
women; and whatever income there
was would have been frittered away,
with managers and other leeches
getting the
lion's share of it.

JAPAN IS PLAYING A
shrewd trick in naming certain of
its trade marks "Sweden" or "U. S. A.",
and then having its products stamped "Made in
Sweden, Japan."
"Made in
"Japan" in every small letter. For
the American trade the pur-
pose is to cause Americans to be
unwary, and to make crooks who
made their marks in the United States and thus
avoid the effects of a boycott
which has assumed considerable
proportions.

As a general rule, I do not think
much of boycotts, but if
Japanese goods cannot be sold in
the United States on their own
merits, they will be
not to be sold at
all.
The Federal Trade
commission would have something
to say about a trick like that if
American marksmen were in
a position to
file for protection.

ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE
of the 1938 Home and Garden
contest sponsored by the Pork
commission and the Grand Forks
Herald. These contests are for
people who are interested, and the
friendly rivalry developed has
done much to en-
brand the
goods of both
kind. The
jury is
injudging those contests,
and while the task has been by
no means an easy one, it has
provided a vast amount of labor
that has brought to my attention the
beauty of the worker. I have
seen otherwise.

I hope there will be a large registration
this year. The prizes offered are
of a kind which will
in the consciousness of hav-
ing participated in a movement
calculated to make Grand Forks
a better home city.

ONE GROUP IN CONGRESS
is determined to prevent, if pos-
sible, the construction of naval
vessels for the navy to be built from
our own shores. I have
such a hatred of war that if we
ever become involved in one I
would rather have our shores as possible. If one has to
fight at all the important thing is
to hit the other fellow where
it--

AMERICAN POLICY IS DEF-
itively opposed to recognition of
the new Ethiopian state achieved by force. That policy
was enunciated by President Wil-
son in the case of Mexico. It was
stated in definite terms by Sec-
ator Hull and other Senators in
Manchuria. The present admin-
istration has declared its ad-
herence to that policy. It is part
of the new American policy in
western republics with reference
to relations in this hemisphere.
Perhaps it may be necessary to
prove it in Italy's conquest of Ethiopia,
but that conquest is an accom-
plished fact. The former Ethiopian
state is no more, and one knows that it will never be
reinstituted. Sometimes facts
must be accepted, no matter how
unpalatable they may be.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB,
one of the world's richest men,
looking out from his observation
tower on the Hudson River, said
years which were so eventful for
him, thinks that times have not
changed that there is little
chance now for a boy as poor as
he was ever to reach the
original position as he was able to
do. He may be right, but I
wonder if, when he was a boy,
he had people in the family, or
their own careers, were not say-
ing the same thing.

At no period has it been pos-
sible to bring American
millions and become multimillions. A few
have achieved it. And most of
us could name a young man or
woman who has been making
advantages and now seem to be
well on their way. But always
there have been more hewers of
wood and drawers of water than
the other kind.

PICKETS OF THE U.A.W.A.--
the Lewis organization--pre-
vented the entrance of
Michigan, automobile plants by
workers who could not show rec-
teps for union dues. So many
men were kept from work that
the manufacturers clamped the
both were closed until the pick-
ets were withdrawn by order of
 Homer Martin, president of the
union. Mr. Martin said that
plants were closed, not because of
picketing activities, but be-
cause of lack of orders. Work
orders to shipped plants were
also withdrawn, which seems
to discredit Mr. Martin's state-
ment. But aside from that, how
long is any plant likely to stay
closed?
A SPECIAL EDITION OF THE Honolulu Advertiser was issued April 11 as a gesture of welcome to the American fleet which had arrived for a stopover.

Among other things there was a complete list of the fleet's official personnel, including 34 commissioned officers of every grade, some of the principal officers are also given.

The Grand Forks Herald. His brother Jim, then a young man in the Naval academy, or recently graduated from it, visited Grand Forks and became acquainted with him then. In 1924 when I was one of a party of newspaper men en route to Pearl harbor, I met Jim at the Culebra anchorage at Culebra island in the Caribbean. He had just been elected Grand Forks and was in charge of a big tender. He escorted me to the seaplane in which I was to take my first air trip and gave me a hand up as I climbed the steps to my seat in the open plane. He now wears four stripes on his sleeve instead of three and evidently holds a position of great responsibility.

CAPTAIN WILLSON is a brother of Harry L. Wilson of St. Paul, for many years business manager of The Grand Forks Herald. Young Willson was a young officer in the Naval academy, or recently graduated from it, visited Grand Forks and was in charge of a big tender. He escorted me to the seaplane in which I was to take my first air trip and gave me a hand up as I climbed the steps to my seat in the open plane. He now wears four stripes on his sleeve instead of three and evidently holds a position of great responsibility.

ON THAT TRIP I MET MANY of the naval officers and became acquainted with them. I scanned the list in the Honolulu paper to see if any of my old friends were there, but not a familiar face did I find. They had not become need is.

The Grand Forks Herald. His brother Jim, then a young officer in the Naval academy, or recently graduated from it, visited Grand Forks and was in charge of a big tender. He escorted me to the seaplane in which I was to take my first air trip and gave me a hand up as I climbed the steps to my seat in the open plane. He now wears four stripes on his sleeve instead of three and evidently holds a position of great responsibility.

ARE WOMEN MORE OR LESS conservative than men in the handling of finances? They are debated to be grown. I'm the lowly potato, just a spud, just a spud, just a potato.

In 1929, when stock prices were reaching dizzy heights and there was not large-she earned a dinner table, and ham that's hot and cold. I'm the lowly potato, just a spud, just a potato.

I KNEW MY FRIEND'S income was not large-she earned a modest living. She was strongly to keep away from speculative stocks. I suggested that she consult her banker for information as to sound stocks yielding a moderate return. That wasn't what she wanted, she said. She wanted to make a little profit and she was getting rich buying stocks and selling them at enormously increased prices, and she wanted to get into the game with the few hundred dollars that she had saved. She had consulted her banker and he said that she could not just buy and sell stocks at her own discretion. She had to place her money with a broker to be invested, and she had to keep her money or invest it in bonds. Bonds, at 5 percent.

Probably she bought stocks and lost her money. I don't know.

The Red River Valley grows potatoes which are not excellent and rarely equaled anywhere. I'm the lowly potato, just a spud, just a potato.

“HELLO WORLD,”

"Out of the once comes the eagle. In this poem my grandmother gave to me: God gave us but one tongue And twice as many ears, In order to repeat.

But half of one hears. "Something more was said of eye, but you are mis- exercising. I won't turn black and blue, but I'm laughing a little at you. I'll only contribute to your health. Someone has told me that it was made on purpose to sound stocks yielding a moderate return.

I scanned the list in the Honolulu paper to see if any of my old friends were there, but not a familiar face did I find. They had not become need is.

"And if you put me up against you are more or less conservative than men in the handling of finances? They are debated to be grown. I'm the lowly potato, just a spud, just a potato."
T. A. SWIGGUM, RECENTLY returned from a visit to his old home in Norway, was greatly impressed during his travels by the evidences of prosperity and contentment which he found among the people of the Scandinavian countries. In those countries, he says, there is no unemployment, no poverty and no public relief. Everyone is at work and the returns from his labor provide him with the means for comfortable living. Old age pensions, which are a part of the general system, give assurance of comfort in old age, and there is evidence everywhere of a sense of security and satisfaction. The economic conditions make for political stability, and the countries are free from violent political agitation.

Mr. Swiggum's Former Home is in the interior, some distance from Bergen. The temperature is mild, seldom going much below freezing, and the district is agricultural. Wheat is grown under a system of government bonuses, and dairying is one of the important industries. One fact which Mr. Swiggum found surprising was the large quantity of Canadian flour which is imported into Norway, despite the high price of wheat in Canada.

Some days ago Mr. Swiggum visited his old home in the state of New York, and while there he saw still standing evidences of the effects of the blight which destroyed most of the chestnut trees in the country years ago. The destruction was almost complete, and Mr. Goodman found standing the bare weathered trunks of what had been magnificent chestnut trees, many of them several feet in diameter. There are whole groves of such trees which have not been removed because they are not needed for fuel or other purposes.

While there is no tree indigenous to this locality that compares with the elm in general serviceability, there are other trees that are exceedingly useful and desirable. One of these is the ash, which is easy to start and a persistent and rapid grower. It grows readily from seed, and each year I have some ash seedlings which start up in my garden from seed scattered by my single ash. I have a northwestern poplar which, little more than a twig eight years ago is 30 feet or more in height, with a trunk nearly a foot in diameter. The basswood, or Linden, is a rapid grower and produces beautiful wood, while the black walnut seems to have great possibilities for this territory. It is not native here, but there are many fine walnut trees in this territory which, grown from seed, have become excellent specimens in a few years.

NOT ONLY IS THE DOMESTIC political situation in the Scandinavian countries quiet, but Mr. Swiggum found no evidence of great interest in developments in Germany or other parts of Europe. Norway and Sweden have extensive commerce with both Germany and Great Britain, and their relations with both countries are friendly. There is no evidence of fear of German aggression, partly because of the knowledge that British interests are concerned with the maintenance of Scandinavian independence. Just before sailing for home Mr. Swiggum learned of one effect of the German annexation of Austria in the departure for the United States of a large group of Jewish refugees from Austria.

Several comments have been made in this column on the devastation wrought by the Dutch elm tree disease and the efforts being made by forestry workers, public and private, to check the ravages of the disease. Last summer I visited Mr. Fred L. Goodman, who visited his old home in the state of New York, and while there he saw still standing evidences of the effects of the blight which destroyed most of the chestnut trees in the country years ago. The destruction was almost complete, and Mr. Goodman found standing the bare wind weathered trunks of what had been magnificent chestnut trees, many of them several feet in diameter. There are whole groves of such trees which have not been removed because they are not needed for fuel or other purposes.

The economic conditions make for political stability, and the countries are free from violent political agitation.

Mr. Swiggum found European cities differing little in general appearance from those in America, but prices as a rule are higher than here. Food in Oslo hotels costs more than in New York hotels of similar class. Farm prices generally are high as compared with those in the United States. The value of a good horse on a Norwegian farm is approximately $300.

The thing that impressed Mr. Goodman was the possibility that the elms of North America are doomed to go the way of the chestnuts. Valiant efforts are being made to save them, and good progress has been made in localities where the work has been undertaken seriously. But elms are so abundant, not only as planted trees, but in the wild state, that it is difficult, that the effective checking of the disease seems almost impossible. Mr. Goodman read news his suggestion that now, when tree planting is general, attention be given to this possibility, and that at least a part of the plantings be of other trees.

While there is no tree indigenous to this locality that compares with the elm in general serviceability, there are other trees that are exceedingly useful and desirable. One of these is the ash, which is easy to start and a persistent and rapid grower. It grows readily from seed, and each year I have some ash seedlings which start up in my garden from seed scattered by my single ash. I have a northwestern poplar which, little more than a twig eight years ago is 30 feet or more in height, with a trunk nearly a foot in diameter. The basswood, or Linden, is a rapid grower and produces beautiful wood, while the black walnut seems to have great possibilities for this territory. It is not native here, but there are many fine walnut trees in this territory which, grown from seed, have become excellent specimens in a few years.
IT IS AN OPEN QUESTION whether the noise heard overhead on Monday night was caused by millions of wild geese passing over the city on their way north or by just a few flocks that had lost their bearings in the murk of the cloudy and showery night and were attracted by the lights of the city. At any rate they made noise enough for millions and the flight lasted all night. Various reports have come from persons who heard, and sometimes saw the geese. The earliest hour at which my informants heard the birds was about 9 P.M., and one friend reports having heard them just as day was breaking.

* * *

THE GENERAL IMPRESSION seems to be that there was an all-night movement of the birds in many individual flocks which passed at intervals of a few minutes. However, it is clear that at least some of them were circling the city, as they were seen going south. With the sky overcast and rain falling much of the time it was not easy to see the migrating fowl, but occasional glimpses of them were possible as the light struck their white wings. Then the long V-shaped formation was clearly distinguishable.

* * *

WHETHER OR NOT THOSE geese had temporarily lost their way, all accounts agree that wild waterfowl, both ducks and geese, have been more numerous in this territory this year than for many years past. Many flocks have passed over or near Grand Forks, Devils Lake, Church's Ferry and other points. Many of the local flocks have stopped off at Arvilla or Kellys to rest and feed and have then moved on. And still the flights continue. Somewhere in the far north the birds will nest and rear their young, to return in the fall to their winter feeding grounds in the south. Each year the flight of the birds brings to mind Bryant's familiar poem:

* * *

TO A WATERFOWL.

By William Cullen Bryant.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths,
dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the flashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Of where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.
BEAUTIFUL AND IMPRES-
sive was the ceremony on Tues-
day afternoon at which the Bells
of St. Mary and the organ, both
given to St. Mary's Catholic
church by devoted members of
the parish, were dedi-
cated and con-
secrated to di-
vine worship. As
has been stated
in the news stor-
ies, the bells were
given to the
church by Mrs.
Margaret Mul-
ligan in memory
of her husband,
the late Dr.
Thomas Mulli-
gan, and the organ by Mrs. Susie
Bork in memory of her husband,
John Bork.

* * *

FAVORABLE WEATHER CON-
tributed materially to the success
of the ceremonial, the major part
of which was conducted out of
doors, with the bishop of the dio-
ce, officiating priests and a large
company of friends grouped around
the three large bells which were
soon to be elevated to the church
tower. Showers, which had been
 intermittent for many hours, were
suspended during the period of
the service and the still air was laden
with the breath of spring. So quiet
was the air that the flames of the
 candles used in the service seldom
even flickered.

* * *

THE TEXT OF THE DEDICA-
tory service was read by Bishop
Muench, who also gave an infor-
mative and impressive address in
which he explained the meaning
and purpose of such services, all
of which are symbolic of the set-
ing apart for divine worship the
material things which are used in
the exercises of the church. The
custom is of long standing in the
church, and for many centuries
bells have been thus set apart.

* * *

IT WAS NOT MY FORTUNE
to have more than casual acquain-
tance with Mr. Bork, but I know
that he was held in high esteem by
those who knew him well. Because
of my long acquaintance with Dr.
Mulligan the exercises as applied
to the bells had for me peculiar in-
terest and significance. Though Dr.
Mulligan was much younger than


I, our common Ontario background
formed a basis for much that was
of mutual interest, and intimate
association here created and
strengthened bonds of friendship.

* * *

OF NECESSITY THE PHYSI-
cian enters intimately into the
lives of his patients. To treat their
physical maladies successfully he
must know their family life and
their mental attitude, and the fam-
ily physician becomes also the
family's counsellor and friend. Dr.
Mulligan's warm, sympathetic na-
ture and his conscientious devo-
tion to duty fitted him well for
such service, and among those as-
sembled at the dedicatory services
included not alone those who had
come to witness an unusual cere-
monial, but a great number of
those who wished to pay tribute
to the memory of one who had
ministered to their needs and
brought comfort and consolation
in times of dire distress. Among
them were friends and former pa-
tients from many distant parts of
the northwest.

* * *

ONE OF MY MOST PLEASING
recollections from childhood and
youth is of the sound of church
bells as the sound of them reached
my ears in quiet Sunday mornings
across a beautiful valley two or
three miles wide. I had slight con-
ception of the meaning of the mes-
gage carried by the tones of
the bells, but their harmonious
music, sweet and solemn, seemed
to tell of peace. And after these
many years the thought of them is
still cherished, and while the rec-
collection of many things in this
turbulent world has vanished the
sound of the bells remains with
me. And so I am led to hope that
after the things that are sad and
sordid have passed away there will
remain to us the grand harmonies
of love.

* * *

THOSE NEW BELLS OF ST.
Mary's will send their message
across the prairies for many
years. Children who attended
Tuesday's exercises will hear them
in youth, maturity and old age. As
the years pass their voices will
take on new meaning, contributing
to the richness of life. This gift by
Mrs. Mulligan is the fourth set of
bells given to churches of their
faith by herself and her ancestors
in three preceding generations. To
how many thousands they have spoken!
IT APPEARS THAN ALL DOUBT AS TO WHETHER HILLABORO OR PARK RIVER HAS THE BIGGEST TREE HAS BEEN SETTLED IN FAVOR OF HILLA BORO. BUT THE PIGEONS OF WHICH PARK RIVER STILL HAS ANOTHER CLAIM TO MAKE.

THE PARK RIVER WAS OUT IN THE FIELD BARROWING WITH A FOUR-HORSE OUTFIT AFTERNOON, AND SEVERAL TIMES I HAD TO GO OUT IN FRONT AND DRIVE SOME OF THE BIRDS AWAY FROM BEING TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT. IN FACT, I COULD HAVE DISPATCHED A GOOD MANY OF THE BIRDS WITH MY WHI SETUP HAD I BEEN SO INCLINED. AS SUCH, I REGARD IT AS AN EMERGENCY TO MY DUTIFUL TO DO ANYTHING THAT WOULD PROVE HARMFUL TO THE BIRDS, EVEN WITH MERELY A MONKEY WRENCH AS PROJECTILE. HOWEVER, TOWARDS SUNSET, WHEN THE WIND HAD ABATED THIS FLIGHT I HAVE DESCRIBED. AFTER REST, I SEW TO THEIR NATURAL TRENDS TOWARDS THEIR NORTHERN NESTING GROUNDS. IT WAS THE LAST STACK OF MIGRATORY GAME BIRDS OBSERVED BY ME.


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