April 1939

William Preston Davies
We know our readers will join us in welcoming back Mr. Davies’ daily column, which was suspended during his recent illness.

WHEN THE CALENDAR INDICATED that winter should be drawing to a close, but while all the landscape was still buried beneath its thick blanket of white, it was suggested that the time would be appropriate for me to take a trip. The precise destination was unimportant. There were southern California, Texas, Florida, all warm and sunny, with flowers blooming and mild breezes blowing, and no hint of the cold winter of the north. There, in sub-tropical surroundings, I could escape the raw winds and the slush of melting snow, and after two or three weeks of bliss I could return to find that spring had actually arrived and I had avoided all the variableness attending the transition.

IT WAS A PLEASING SUGGESTION, and I gave it due consideration. I actually took a trip, though not in any of the directions that had been suggested. One day I experienced a violent disturbance in what Charlie McCarthy would call my “abominable region.” Somewhere I have read that the capacity of the human stomach is about a pint. That may be so, but, if so, the rated capacity may be amplified until it is measured in gallons rather than pints. That was my experience, and it hurt like the mischief. In order to create the illusion of comfort they pumped into me some of the stuff that they use in those little squirt-guns, and the subsequent proceedings had little further interest for me.

SOMETIMES DURING THE night strange men appeared mysteriously from nowhere, rolled me in a blanket, and took me for a ride. I didn’t understand why.

Later, when I began to take notice of my surroundings, I found myself in a strange place which clearly, was neither Texas nor California nor Florida. There were girls around me, wearing white uniforms, whom I discovered to be nurses, and I learned that I was in a hospital, though what hospital, or in what town, I couldn’t figure out. Upon inquiry, I learned that I was in a hospital in the old home town, and my spring trip had taken me only a mile from home.

IT WAS A REAL TRIP, JUST the same. When it began the weather was that of mid-winter, with snow piled in enormous masses all around. During my period of retirement the snow disappeared as if by magic, the river rose, lawns showed decided tints of green, the chirp of returning robins was heard, and I escaped the raw, inclement spring winds as completely as if I had been in the tropics. I experienced none of the discomforts of travel, nor did I have to worry a moment about what to do next. That was all arranged for me.

I REMEMBER THAT ON ANOTHER OCCASION I wrote something about the pleasing irresponsibility of residence in a hospital. The patient has no problems to solve, no tasks to perform. His affairs are in other and perfectly competent hands, and he need not fear that the world is going to wreck during his retirement. The world is continually surviving such shocks.

OF COURSE, ONE IS ALWAYS glad to be home again after a trip, even though the causes that impelled the journey leave one somewhat wobbly and uncertain. But there is at least the promise of warm days, an occasional glimpse of tulips ready to bud, the suggestion of swelling buds on trees and shrubs, the consciousness that life is surging around one, and that soon the soil will be ready for spade and rake and seed. And there lingers the memory of kindly and thoughtful ministrations, and of messages from friends so many that personal acknowledgment is beyond my strength, and for which I can only return a heartfelt “Thank You.”
FROM OUR PAGAN ANCESTORS we have inherited customs and attitudes, some of which might well be abandoned, while others are of continued value, because of their symbolism and their beauty. Among the most persistent of the latter is our interest in the cyclings of nature, the changings and seasonings, and our retention, in the form of observings and celebrating the latter. No longer do we ascribe separate personhood and beneficial or malign purpose to sunshine and rain, the flashing of lightning and pealing of thunder and the growth of plants, but we retain many of the customs of our ancestors with reference to them, though our observances may have changed from the literal to the symbolic.

** OUR DISTANT PROGENIORS observed with elaborate ceremonial the completion of the harvest, the beginning of the sun's return from the distant south, and especially the advent of spring. No festivals of theirs were more joyous and full of meaning than those associated with the springing of nature's life. Science has pealed back the long sleep of winter. The season was one of hope and expectation, because the earth was being prepared for seeding, and all nature held forth its promises of renewed abundance in all that was needed for the sustenance and comfort of man.

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IT WAS, TOO, A SEASON OF BEAUTY AND TO CELEBRATE IT THERE WAS PAGANISTRY WHICH DREW UPON ALL THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE, THE CHANGINGS AND SEASONINGS, AND THE BEAUTY OF MAN.

IT IS AT THIS SEASON THAT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH THROUGHOUT THE WORLD CELEBRATES THE MIRACLE OF THE RESURRECTION, AND NO OTHER TIME COULD BE SO APPROPRIATE FOR IT. AND IN THE FACT THAT MANY OF THE CUSTOMS OF OUR ANCESTORS, THE PAGANS, ARE OF INHERITED CUSTOMS WHICH HAVE COME DOWN TO US, WE SEE A MIRACLE OF THE GOSPEL OF WHICH THOSE FORFENDS MAY BE ABANDONED, WHILE OTHERS HAVE BECOME AN INTEGRAL PART OF OUR CHRISTIANITY.

** OUR EASTER PSALM.**

God, in Thy gracious mercy invite,
Twixt man and man, and bid them see Thy sovereignty that in our land;
Silence the battle's din, the cannon's roar,
From blood-sodden turf command to spring An atmosphere of love immaculate.

Oh, sheath the sword, and by Thy lawful might Silence the battle's din, the cannon's roar,
Transform this world of darkness into light,
That shot and shell shall rend the air no more.

And bring to breaking hearts this Resurrection morn
The blissful message of the empty tomb—
Of sweet reunion, life eternal, hope,
Respite of the stricken world to awake, the stricken world to awake.

To every nation, God, thy power proclaim, And bring us ever nearer to thy peace. Seekin in fear and reverence of Thy name
The haven of repose, the soul's retreat,
Without the war, the strife by direful hate, fed by direful hate, fed by direful hate.
And from blood-sodden turf command to spring An atmosphere of love immaculate.

Oh, sheath the sword, and by Thy awful might Silence the battle's din, the cannon's roar,
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THE WISE AND WITTY TOM MARSHALL, while governor of Indiana, made the historic remark that what this country needs is a good five cent cigar. I agree in principle, although personally I stick to the pipe. But there are other things needed to make life perfect, and I submit that one of them is a regular course in hospitalization.

We have courses in almost everything, with degrees representing work performed in those courses. Columbia, I understand, has regular courses in base-running and fly-casting, with credits given for proficiency attained in the theory and practice of those subjects. I have not heard that any college has yet established a course in goldfish-swallowing, but that seems to be on the way. But hospitalization has been strangely neglected.

* * *

I AM NOT REFERRING HERE to those whose duty it is to give service in the hospitals. The doctors have their guilds and associations, and the nurses their grades and degrees, representing their years of service and the proficiency which they attained in their several departments. But there is no corresponding provision for their patients, who certainly are entitled to some recognition.

I AM PROPOSING, THEREFORE, that there be established regular courses in hospitalization in which suitable credits shall be given for various types of hospital experience, with degrees to be conferred upon accumulation of sufficient credits. Thus, after a few trips to the hospital for treatment of the milder maladies, colds, indigestion, and so forth, one might be awarded a bachelor’s degree, moderately dignified, but not especially impressive. Postgraduate courses in severer ailments might be rewarded with a master’s degree, while one might win a Ph D. by specializing in brain tumors or automobile collisions.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SUCH a plan would be numerous. Official recognition would be given to actual experience on a standardized basis. Present chaotic conditions invite exaggeration in the recital of hospital experiences. An unworthy person may pose as a hero by over-emphasizing the swabbing of a throat or the administration of a capsule. The talkative person who boasts of a sprained ankle may deprive the subject of a major operation of the attention to which he is entitled.

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ALL THIS COULD BE CORRECTED by proper classification, the conferring of degrees and the presentation of diplomas. Diplomas, suitably framed, could adorn walls of one’s office or living room, embellished on certain occasions by X-rays showing the precise position and condition of the organs affected in a given case. Lapel buttons could be used to identify the wearers as members of a distinguished branch of a great and growing company.

EASTER THIS YEAR CAME on April 9. If the new world calendar had gone into effect this year, as its promoters hoped, Easter would have been on April 8, and it would have continued to be observed on that date for all time to come. That might have been a good way to stabilize the seasons, for one of the familiar beliefs is that an early Easter means an early spring and a late Easter a late spring. It seems odd that the idea that juggling the calendar could affect the weather or the climate could ever have been entertained, but we believe a lot of foolish things, some of which do no harm.

I HAVE NOTICED THAT RADIO announcements from Fargo have often given the river level there as so many feet above sea level. Few persons keep sea-level figures in mind, and while that method is quite accurate it is less intelligible to most listeners than the more familiar method of comparing present and past levels with some arbitrary “zero” mark established years ago by the engineers. The zero mark at any given point was fixed at the then lowest recorded water level at that point. In most cases water levels have since gone lower, so that zero marks have been shifted downward. At Grand Forks the flood of 1897 reached 47 feet 6 inches above the zero mark then established. I understand that since then the zero mark has been shifted about 2½ feet downward, hence the flood stage of 1897 was approximately 50 feet above the present zero mark.
WRITING FROM HER HOME
at Pekin, N. D., Mrs. Oscar Stromme says that robins have not yet appeared in her vicinity, although there are plenty of crows, blackbirds, ducks, geese and gophers. Meadowlarks have also made their appearance. Mrs. Stromme also endorses two short poems, both based on the ancient legend, which has taken root in many countries. That the robin's breast became dyed red with the Savior's blood when the little bird in pity plucked the thorns from the head of Jesus. The first of these, by Hoskyns-Abrahall, published in English Lyrics, is an adaptation of a Breton legend:

THE REDBREAST.

Bearing His cross, while Christ passed forth forlorn,
His God-like forehead by the mock crown torn,
A little bird took from that crown one thorn,
To soothe the dear Redeemer's throbbing head.
That bird did what she could; His blood 'tis said,
Down dropping, dyed her tender bosom red.
Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest;
Weasel nor wild-cat will her young molest.
All sacred deem the bird with ruddy breast.

THE OTHER SELECTION is by Della W. Norton, a writer of lyrics:

TO THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

On fair Britannia's isle, bright bird,
A legend strange is told of thee,
Tis said thy blithesome song was hushed
While Christ toiled up Mount Calvary.
Bowed 'neath the sins of all mankind;
And humbled to the very dust
By the vile cross, while viler man be, but who is there who would

And crimsoned with the Saviour's blood
The sober brownness of thy breast?
Since which proud hour for thee and thine
God pours like sacramental wine
Red signs of favor o'er thy race.

I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT thousands of residents of our own state, as well as visitors from elsewhere, have found in the meandering lines and timbered borders of the Burtness Scenic highway south of Devils Lake one of the most beautiful of all that are in the state, and a credit to our city. Mrs. Stromme adds: "Last year," writes Mr. Samuelson, "I was told that this highway was going to be raised, widened, and that some fine thing, with not much expense and without spoiling the scenic beauty. Everyone knows that we have enough speed ways through our state. It is mostly a prairie state. We must plant trees to check the fury of the gales. And to gratify a mania for speed, and to make an indignant letter published in the Devils Lake Journal, A. Samuelson protests against operations now in progress for the 'streamlining' of this bit of picturesque highway, work which he is informed calls for the removal of some three thousand trees, many of which have already been cut down.

I HAVE NOT DRIVEN OVER the Burtness highway for several years, but I recall it as a road of unusual beauty and variety, winding pleasantly through stretches of natural forest such as are altogether too rare in North Dakota. It is not as fast as a straight road would be, but who is there who would not willingly spend a few extra minutes in order to enjoy beauty which the art of man can never duplicate?

AT ENORMOUS EXPENSE we establish parks in order that their beauty may be enjoyed by our own people and those who come to spend a few days among us. We plant trees to check the fury of the winds and to break the monotony of an unbroken landscape. And to gratify a mania for speed, we deliberately destroy beauty which nature itself has provided, and which is ours without money and without price. It doesn't make sense.
MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH the late W. L. Straub began more than 40 years ago when for two or three summers we worked together on the Herald, he as managing editor and I as reporter and general factotum. Straub walked with a crutch, one leg having been rendered useless by an infantile malady. With an eye for rapidity and without difficulty, his defective member was sensitive to cold, and for several years he spent his winters at what was then the village of St. Petersburg, where he could enjoy the warm weather and the opportunities for fishing, which he was passionately fond of. About 1898 he made his home in St. Petersburg, where he spent the rest of his life.

ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO I recorded in this column the fact that one of St. Petersburg's city parks had been named in his honor, and that a bronze bust of him was to be placed in the park in recognition of his public services. It was due largely to his effort that the city's magnificent water front was preserved for public use, and the recognition given him was well merited. It is pleasant to know that it came before his death.

I LAST MET STRAUB AT ST. Petersburg in 1926. He had just finished a game of outdoors bowling, had gained many pounds in weight, and was the picture of health and vigor. He had lost none of the sense of humor which had characterized him in earlier years, and his command of words and figures was spiced, as always, with flashes of wit and picturesque forms of expression. His life was a useful and successful one, and I have no doubts that he had extracted from the years as they passed their full measure of enjoyment.

SIR REGINALD J. T. HIL- yard, governor and commander-in-chief of Bermuda, has tendered his resignation and it was accepted from the years which, consists of 100 men. This action, however, provided only for a few motor trucks—no passenger or three summers we worked together on the Herald, he as managing editor and I as reporter and general factotum. Straub walked with a crutch, one leg having been rendered useless by an infantile malady. With an eye for rapidity and without difficulty, his defective member was sensitive to cold, and for several years he spent his winters at what was then the village of St. Petersburg, where he could enjoy the warm weather and the opportunities for fishing, which he was passionately fond of. About 1898 he made his home in St. Petersburg, where he spent the rest of his life.

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his predecessor had done without effect, that he be provided an automobile to facilitate his visits to various parts of his domain, the governor and commander-in-chief of which is an island some 20 miles long and about a mile wide. The request was refused. Thereupon Sir Reginald changed the form of his request and asked that he be given an automobile, not as governor, but as commander-in-chief of the colonies armed forces. That request also was refused, the assembly being unable to provide even the read-its for an force of the king's age. But we are not alone in enjoying unseasonable weather. Here's what the New York Times had to say about the weather the day before Easter:

"NO RUBBER WAS MORE frequent this week, in casual conservation, than depreciatory comment on the kind of Spring we were having. The bare bushes bending under pitiless northeast wind, the low and un-springlike temperature even on occasional days of sunshine, the overcoats buttoned to the chin, presented a picture so much more appropriate to December than to April. But the disappointment must in fairness be ascribed to quite mistaken tradition regarding this particular time of year. A year ago the first week of April was distinguished by snow and freezing temperatures, and the testimony of many other Aprihs has been similar."

THE ARTICLE GOES ON TO say that in our northern states spring is an uncertain quantity, anyway, some having gone so far as to say that there is no such season, as we are apt to be plunged from winter right into midsummer, without warning. An English guest residents who go from place to place must do so by boat, on foot, on bicycles or by horse and buggy. In a moment of absent mindedness, apparently, the assembly voted to motorize the colonial army, which consists of 100 men. This action, however, provided only for a few motor trucks—no passenger
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PREMIER CHAMBERLAIN'S umbrella has become a symbol almost as familiar and quite as distinctive as was the famous' big stick of Theodore Roosevelt. How long the British premier has been addicted to the umbrella habit is not revealed but we are told that the present instrument of appeasement which he carries was the gift of his wife some 12 or 15 years ago. It came from an old London shop where Queen Mary and Lord Baldwin also buy their umbrellas, and it cost 10 dollars. It is of the finest silk, and periodically it is returned to the shop for recovering. The umbrella maker says that it has never been unfurled.

** IN ITS HEYDAY THE UMBRELLA was used both as a protection against rain and as an article of dress. The umbrella of utility was likely to be a clumsy, baggy affair, covered with cotton. Its handle and ribs were heavy and strong to prevent its being turned inside out by erratic winds. It was distinctly not graceful or ornamental. The dress umbrella was different. With slim handle and slender ribs, it was covered with fine silk, and with patience it could be rolled without a wrinkle into small case.

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MANY YEARS AGO AN ENGLISH artist crossed over to France for a vacation. It was his first visit, and he knew nothing of the language. Seated in a Paris restaurant he recalled that the French were famous for their mushrooms and he decided to have some. His order, delivered in his own language, brought only a blank stare.

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FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL there has been complaint of what was considered exorbitant or unjust taxation, of which enforced labor was but one form. In the days of Moses the Children of Israel groaned under the burdens imposed on them by Pharaoh, and, failing relief, they escaped from the land of Egypt. Their descendants, led of young King Rehooboam against the oppressions which they had suffered at the hands of his father, King Solomon. The young king replied, "My father chastized you with whips but I will chastize you with scorpions." And the kingdom was divided.

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KING CHARLES IMPOSED UNJUST TAXES on the English people. John Hampden refused to pay a tax of a few shillings, and as a result of the ensuing war, Charles lost his head. King George insisted on the collection of inequitable taxes from the American colonies, and England lost her colonies. The Hudson's Bay company, once monarch of the great northwest, was compelled to surrender its sovereign rights, but for certain privileges which it retained, it was and still is required to pay to the British king certain Elk and other big game animals. If the visit of King George VI to Canada is not prevented by wars and rumors of wars, the king will receive that tribute on his stop at Winnipeg next month, though mounted heads will be received in lieu of the live animals.

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IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR one of his knights, living at Chetwode, killed a man-eating boar. For that feat of prowess he and his heirs were privileged to collect a tax on all cattle passing through the town between October 30 and November 7 of each year, and the tax is still collected.

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UNDER CHARLES II OF ENGLAND taxes were levied on hearthstones and stoves, and to escape the tax many of the English peasantry shivered in the cold. A tax was imposed on English windows on the theory that the wealthy, who lived in large houses, would be required to pay the bulk of the tax. But the poor, who had only small houses, often got along without any windows at all, a fact which contributed to ill health and a high death rate. Between 1821 and 1831 such high taxes were placed on soap that 70 per cent of the English manufacturers were forced out of business. The people just quit using soap. One lesson to be learned from the history of taxation is that exhorbitant taxation tends to defeat its own purpose, but it takes time and experience for the lesson to sink in to each generation.
TODAY'S COLUMN IS BEING turned over to J. W. Foley, poet laureate of North Dakota and for many years columnnist on the staff of the Bismarck Tribune. I am informed that he is seriously ill in the hospital. I have written him to the editor of the weekly paper in which, among other things, he refers to the disposition to be made of the collection of photographs which adorn the walls of his office. Foley tells of long years of newspaper activity Foley has come into contact with many persons who have made history, and from many of them he has obtained the autographed portraits which now constitute a priceless collection. Because several of the pictures are of persons or scenes intimately associated with the history of the country, I have written to the Standing Rock agency. It is a noteworthy thing that this collection of a third of a century old should now be sent me by some of those who were in it as a testimonial of their loyalty to the government of which they were a part. At a time when the government had it in its mind to punish them, but was not muti- lated. The Indians seem to have recognized him as a non-combatant.

"THE PRESIDENT WAS prompt to acknowledge this gift of the Indians. His letter is also framed here, alongside of his Pirie Macdonald photograph and that of the Indian chiefs. The letter is dated October 31, 1904:

"I wish to thank you most cordially for having forwarded me the buffalo robe, the gift of the Indian chiefs of the Sioux tribe at the Standing Rock agency. It is a very noteworthy thing that this robe, which seems to have been a present from the chiefs of a tribe from a third of a century old should now be sent me by some of those who were in it as a testimonial of their loyalty to the government of which they were a part. At a time when the government had it in its mind to punish them, but was not muti- lated. The Indians seem to have recognized him as a non-combatant.

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"THE INDIAN CHIEFTAINS did not ever talk much about the Custer fight. Possibly they feared the government and it in mind to punish them. But many years later a group of Indians brought me a buffalo robe, beautifully tanned, and bearing a picture writing of the battle of the Little Big Horn. And they asked me to send it to the Great White Father—the president at Washing-
TWO NORTH DAKOTA MEN, Charles Bryant, of St. John, and the late Dr. Bacon, of Grand Forks, were induced Thursday evening by having their portraits painted in the Hall of Fame of the Agricultural college at Fargo. Mr. Bryant only by reputation, but he has long been known as an out-and-ordinary citizen, devoted to the work of horticulture. I feel sure that he merits fully the recognition given him. Long and close association with Mr. Bacon implants this feeling in me. I am glad to have this opportunity to speak of him with peculiar interest for me. He spent years in the promotion of a soundly diversified agriculture for North Dakota, and his Like Hill Farm was at once a show place, an experiment station, and a demonstration plant. His activities in this and grain growing, stock raising, dairying and gardening, and in each of these departments, he made valuable contributions to agriculture. * * *

BETWEEN HIM AND ME there developed a friendly rivalry in gardening. He made frequent trips of inspection to my little back yard to see how my garden products compared with his. No word, however, could get him to hold a high direction superiority happened to lie. He always would be animated discussion of types and methods of treatments. He had a way about him that was good might be made still better. The enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to agriculture was carried into everything that he touched. His convictions were positive, and they were declared with vigor and uncompromisingly, and under all circumstances his pleadings were the more weighty. To pay tribute to the memory of him, I am compelled to demonstrate that the eternal verities still have their place in human life.

* * *

A METHOD EMPLOYED BY some participants in the discussion of certain games of chance is to double the stake after each loss. Soon or later the winning number or color must appear, and the winnings will recoup all losses and leave the stake at the original amount of his original bet. It's just a matter of simple arithme-
tic, but the success of the plan depends on the constant power of the player and on whether or not the banker imposes a limit on the rise of bets. For the purpose of restoring any money the government has been spending money right and left, donating here, sub-
sidizing there, but the winning number has not turned up. Each subsidy calls for another and greater one, until the process becomes not unlike that of doubl-
ing the half and double game. Thus far there is no fixed limit in sight, and the question is how long the taxing powers of the people can be absorbed and increased. The player at the wheel of fortune quits, dead broke, if his cash is exhausted before he 2

FOR SEVERAL YEARS there has been in progress a ten-

ative movement for the co-ordi-
nation of the work of the prin-
cipal civic and commercial bodies in the city, which will involve a greater mea-
sure of unity and efficiency. That the advantages of such a group is assumed con-
crete form. Representatives of the several organizations have been at work on the preparation of a constitution and before long that plan will be submitted to the different units for their approval or for such further sug-
gestions as may seem appropriate.

THE NEED FOR SOME FORM of civic organization long has been apparent. Each organization has its special field, but each is a member of the community, and the activities of the one through the other are paramount. Operating sepa-

ately each group lacks that con-
tact with the others which is es-
cessary, especially in the com-
munity problems on the broad basis of community interest, and conflicting attitudes are apt to be substituted for a united front. It goes without saying that if reor-
ganization is to be made effective concessions must be made by each group, but the organization is to speak and act for the community as a whole, means must be provided for the examination of each group of business matters by each other. The special group can render valuable assistance by means of its experience and the constructive study in which it has been able to make in relation to sub-
jects within its particular field. But the community, through the joint body, should be able to speak with one voice. Under these circumstances its expressions will carry weight.

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THE CITY PARK COMMISSION has recently adopted an or-
classification of plante and care-

lations for the planting and care of trees on the city bents. It is not as fully understood as it should be that the streets, outside the private property line, are the property of the city, and not of the private owner, whatever authority they stand. The Park commission has complete authority over all such plantings, both as to the species of trees to be used and as to the subsequent cars. In the adoption of the recent ordinances the board merely makes provision for the efficiency of the committee, and the authority which the law invests it with authority and charges it with re-

responsibility.

BEFORE ANY OF the streets were paved the space be-

tween the sidewalk and the gut-

er was more than three cars or four feet, and those who plant-
tred trees had no choice other than to plant them close to the walk. That accounts for the present appearance of many of the older trees. The need which once existed has disappeared, and the modern proc-

ed to plant down threes on the sides of the berm. That is a require-

ment to be followed in the future. In the designation of trees which may be planted, there is a sufficient choice to insure variety, but trees which experience has shown to be unattractive or else prohibited. The park superintendent will be glad to furnish information to prospective planters.
FROM R. D. HOSKINS OF Bismarck, I have received a copy of the St. Peterburg, Florida, Times, containing several columns relating to the career and character of W. L. Straub, editor and part owner of the paper for nearly forty years, who died a week ago. Expressions of appreciation by newspaper associates and by men influential in the city indicate something of the place Straub occupied in the life of the city and of the regard in which he was held by its citizens. An editorial tribute in the Times closes with these words:

"BILL STRAUB WAS MORE OF a parallel to a great provincial editor like William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, than a national thunderer like Joseph Pulitzer or Henry Watterson. He wanted to see his community grow and to see its government kept clean. He realized that democracy will work on a national scale only when it works successfully on a local scale and he helped to make it work by leaving a county, a progressive and beautiful city as tangible evidence that democracy can work here."

IN THE EDITORIAL FROM which the above is taken it is said that Straub wrote always with a pencil, never having acquired the typewriter habit. A statement surprised me, for during my association with him on the Herald he gave evidence of leanings toward the typewriter, which was then just coming into use. The Herald owned a secondhand typewriter, bought for the use of the business office, which was operated chiefly by a young fellow in the advertising department named Joe Scanlan, now owner of the Miles City, Montana Star. Occasionally Straub would borrow the machine on which to write a letter. I don't think he ever did any other writing on it. He picked up the letters, which he didn't need, but which were indispensable to Straub, who went back to pen and pencil. I HAVE JUST BEEN WATCHING a man of John Westlund's street force picking up papers from the berms and lawns of the neighborhood. In a single block he gathered many and useful. That is a bit of work which must be done periodically by someone if the city is to be kept neat and tidy. The material gathered consists principally of circulars and handbills which are habitually thrown right and left, and which accumulate during a winter in astonishing quantity. At any season they are unsightly and constitute a general nuisance. The ordinances against the reckless scattering of such stuff are not easy to enforce, but a few salutary lessons might have a salutary influence on those who are addicted to the practice.

BOB HOSKINS, TO WHOM I am indebted for a copy of the paper containing material with reference to W. L. Straub, was about to leave Florida for his Bismarck home on the 14th stopping en route at Kingsport, Tennessee, to visit a grandson. The young man is a graduate of the University of North Dakota. After graduating here he took a master's degree at the Virginia Polytechnic, and he has since been employed at Kingsport as a chemist for the Tennessee Eastman company, a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak.

FROM JAMES W. MOORHEAD comes a queer little paper which purports to be a regular newspaper, the Bucksport Hen, "published twice a week" at Bucksport, Maine. The issue is dated December 11, 1877, but on inspection I find that it was copyrighted in 1894 by Richard Golden, of New York, and that it is devoted to featuring the down east play, "Old Ted Prouty," and its star, Golden, who appears to have been a native of Bucksport. It is an unusual clever bit of advertising, with local "news" items such as were often to be found in obscure weekly papers of half a century ago.

GOLDEN BROUGHT "OLD Jed Prouty" to Grand Forks in 1900. The play followed somewhat the pattern of "Shore Acres" and "The Old Homestead," but contained more of the burlesque, and Golden gave a competent imitation of the old New England tavern keeper and village oracle. Golden failed to keep himself in trim for stage work and the play went into cold storage in California.
A LOADED TRUCK AND A sedan collided on a highway in Lancashire, England. Each driver accused the other of responsibility for the accident, and the argument followed much the usual course. The drivers looked around for an eye-witness. They found that there had been only one, a Mrs. Smith, and she had fainted. While they were considering what to do about it another car came along and took the lady away. Further examination showed that little damage had been done; an amicable adjustment was made, and the two men parted on excellent terms. Within a few days each was served with a summons to appear in court and answer to the complaint of Mrs. Smith, who demanded $25,000 as compensation for the shock which she had received in witnessing the accident. The court awarded the lady $12,500. Here appears an entirely new source of revenue. If one can contrive to be near the scene of an automobile accident, and to be sufficiently shocked by the spectacle, he may profit richly from the experience, provided the precedent set by the English court is followed.

WE THINK OF WILLIAM E. Gladstone as the serious-minded statesman whom Queen Victoria did not like because he always addressed her as if she were a public meeting. Not many would credit him with a sense of humor. But Gladstone, at least in his younger days, had a strain of frivolity. His college friend, Robert Lowe, wrote for himself an epitaph, which he wrote originally in English and then translated into both Latin and Green. Gladstone didn't like his friend's Latin and made his own translation in that language. The original English version, which Gladstone thought it worth while to translate, reads as follows:

Here lies the bones of Robert Lowe. Where he's gone I do not know. If to the realms of peace and love, Farewell to happiness above. If to a place of lower level, I can't congratulate the devil.

THE BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN fleet has been concentrated in the vicinity of Malta. That part of the American fleet which belongs in the Pacific, but which has been in Atlantic waters for maneuvers, has been ordered back to the Pacific. That will be bad news for the New York world's fair, for the entrance of the fleet into New York's harbor was to have been one of the great spectacles associated with the opening of the fair. How do they keep track of all those ships and know where they are from time to time?

SOME YEARS AGO I SAT IN an office in the navy department at Washington, chatting with the lieutenant in charge of that particular section. The telephone rang and the officer responded to the call. "Just a moment," he said, "and I'll see." He consulted a loose-leaf book on his desk and then spoke into the phone. "No," he said. "We have nothing at Constantinople now, but the Blank will be leaving Malta for Constantinople tomorrow. She should arrive on such a day."

I ASKED IF HE WAS SUPPOSED to know where all the ships were. He replied "We keep in touch with them and have a record of the movements of each. That call was from another department office. Probably they want to send something or somebody by one of our ships from Constantinople, and in this office we have pretty definite information of the position of every government ship, no matter in what part of the world it may be.

SAMUEL PEPSY, WHO PRACTICALLY founded the British navy, had not that sort of information. Neither did Nelson, who won the battle of Trafalgar. In the war of 1812, and in our own Civil war the authorities had to guess where their ships were and even as late as our war with Spain it might be days before a ship could report at the nearest cable office. Meanwhile, much might have happened. It was not until Marconi discovered how to send a tiny electric spark across an ocean or a continent that a government was able to know at any moment the position of any one of its ships, and to transmit instantly to that ship orders for its next move. One wonders what effect that change has had on the responsibility and initiative of naval commanders at sea.
THE INCIDENT IN WHICH

the Clark sisters who "gave their

show" at the Dakota theater Sat­

urday in spite of the receipt of a

telegram telling of the death of

their sister in Los Angeles, re­
calls to some old theater goers the
reason Al G. Fields quit sing­
ning one of his hit songs, "She Was
All the World to Me."

The story that Fields, an old
minstrel, told was that he was play­
ing with his own minstrel show in the McVicker theater in Chicago in the late nine­ties. Just before he started the show, he received a telegram that his youngest daughter had died in New York.

Fields found out that he could reach New York almost as soon by taking a late fast train that left shortly before the end of the perfor­mance, so he decided to go ahead with the performance.

His big song was "She Was All the World to Me." He sang the first verse and chorus, but when he came to the title lines in the second chorus, his voice choked for a time. The gallery hissed. It was the last time he sang that song.

FORTY-ODD YEARS AGO,

when I began work on the Herald, the firm of Elford & McManus was in charge of the New York Life Insurance agency at Grand Forks. Later A. S. Elford moved to Port­land, Ore., where for many years he was one of the top-notchers in the insurance business. C. H. McManus became local manager for the International Harvester company and died several years ago.

ONE DAY ELFORD, WHOM I

had known for some time, dropped
into the office for a chat. In the course of our conversation he said:

"Some time, when you're not busy, I'd like to tell you about some of the features in our new contracts."

Like most others I needed insur­ance, and, like most others I had postponed taking any on. If Elford had then tried to sell me insurance he would have met stiff resistance, and I would have had numerous reasons for not entering into a contract just then. But there was no effort to make a sale, merely a pleasant suggestion that at some indefinite future time I look over what was being done in that field.

IN COURTESY I COULDN'T
refuse, and I agreed that "some­time" we would get together and talk it over. Thus I committed my­self to a conversation.

"How about tomorrow night?" asked Elford. "Will you be busy then." I didn't expect to be more busy than usual, and said so. "All right," said Elford, "suppose I drop in, say, at 8 o'clock. Again I couldn't very well refuse, and it was so arranged.

TOMORROW NIGHT CAME,

and so did Elford. I had agreed to the meeting for a specific purpose. I couldn't dismiss him, saying that I wasn't interested. I had already displayed interest and had assum­ed a share of responsibility for the meeting. Before the evening was over I had signed a contract, which I never regretted.

MY OWN EXPERIENCE IN
salesmanship was limited to a few years in my teens spent in clerk­ing in stories, and I emerged from that experience ignorant of the existence of any such thing as a science of salesmanship. But one incident in which I was at the receiving rather than the delivering end has seemed to me to contain an important lesson in sales psy­chology.

THERE ARE NUMEROUS
schools and systems of sales­manship, and from time to time "dis­coveries" in the art are announc­ed. I am inclined to doubt the ori­ginalities of such discoveries. I am inclined to believe that all of the principles underlying sales­manship have been put into prac­tice here and there for a long time. Modern students of the subject have classified and systematized what was already being done, often without recognition of its under­lying philosophy.

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**THE QUEEN ANNE BIBLE**

A set of communion plate, presented in 1712, was used by Christian Indians and by early English settlers, including such notables as Sir William Johnson. The Bible was heavily bound in leather, and adorned with silver clasps, and the communion plate, engraved with the queen's coat-of-arms, and the inscription of presentation, was jealously guarded by Chief Bartram, chief of the Mohawks, 60 years after their presentation. Along with a finely embroidered altar cloth and napkins of fine damask, they were kept in a large wooden box which Brant had the only key to.

**FOR YEARS THE TREASURES WERE GUARDED IN A LITTLE CHAPEL SURROUNDED BY THE WALLS OF FORT HUNTER, IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY OF WHAT IS NOW NEW YORK STATE. THEN CAME THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR AND THE INDIANS WENT ON THE SIDE OF THE LOYAL ENGLISHMEN. FORT HUNTER AND THE MOHAWK CHAPEL WERE DESERTED. BEFORE LEAVING, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, JOSEPH BRANT AND CHIEF DESERONTYOU, ANOTHER CHRISTIAN BRAVE OF THE MOHAWKS, BURIED THE BIBLE, COMMUNION PLATE AND ALTAR CLOTH. FOR EIGHT YEARS THEY LAY BURIED, THEN WERE UNBURIED AND Brought TO BRANTFORD.**

**CHIEF DESERONTYOU**

Brought the precious possessions across Lake Ontario to land at the bay of Quinte, where the town of Deseronto was established, an Indian reservation which now, on the Lake, he opened the box and, placing the communion service on the bottom of an upturned canoe, conducted the first Christian service held by Mohawks on Canadian soil.

**CHIEF BRANT AND OTHER INDIANS JOINED DESERONTYOU THERE. WHEN BRANT DECIDED TO MOVE TO THE VALLEY OF THE GRAND, NEAR BRANTFORD, WHERE A GRANT OF LAND HAD BEEN SET ASIDE FOR HIS TRIBESMEN, DESERONTYOU OBJECTED. HE SAID IT WAS TOO NEAR THE UNITED STATES. A SPLIT RESULTED, AND EVEN NOW ALL THE ILL FEELING BETWEEN THE INDIANS OF THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY AND THOSE OF DESERONTYOU HAS NOT DIED AWAY.**

**THE COMMUNION PLATE**

Consisted originally of eight pieces. Half of it was taken, with the Bible, to the Brantford reservation, to remain in what is now known as "St. Paul's, His Majesty's chapel of the Mohawks," erected at the old Indian chapel. The other half, a good presentation, the pieces are now jealously guarded by the Mohawk institute near the church.

**THE COMMUNION SERVICE**

Has the inscription "The gift of her majesty Anne, by the Grace of God of Great Britain and Ireland and her plantations in North America, queen, to her Indian chapel of the Mohawks, 1712." Panels above the altar in the chapel, written in the Mohawk language, include the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Commandments. Above the door are the royal arms of George III. The old church bell, made by James Warner, Fleet street, London, hangs under a canopy under the church entrance.

**DURING LAST MAY THE HISTORIC BIBLE AND COMMUNION PLATE RETURNED FOR TWO DAYS TO THE UNITED STATES, TO BE EXHIBITED IN THE BUFFALO MUSEUM AS PART OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE EPISCOPAL DIocese OF WESTERN NEW YORK. THEY WERE CLOSELY GUARDED BY MOUNTED POLICE FROM THE CHURCH TO THE PEACE BRIDGE, THEN PLACED IN AN ARMORED CAR GUARDED BY MOUNTED POLICE TO BUFFALO. OVERNIGHT THEY WERE LOCKED IN A TRUST COMPANY'S VAULT, AND A $50,000 BOND GUARANTEED THEIR SAFE RETURN.**

**ON THE FLY LEAVES OF THE BIBLE ARE INSCRIBED THE SIGNATURES OF GOVERNORS GENERAL, PREMIERS AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED PERSONS WHO HAVE VISITED THE MOHAWK INSTITUTE. ON ONE PAGE APPEARS THE NAME OF EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, AFTERWARD KING EDWARD VII, AND A $50,000 BOND GUARANTEED THEIR SAFE RETURN.**

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AFTER TAKING 150 YEARS to think it over the state of Connecticut has given its approval to the Bill of Rights, the first 10 amendments to the federal constitution. After similar delay Massachusetts and Georgia have taken similar action. For some reason not explained the three states failed to join the other 10 in ratifying the first 10 amendments which had been submitted by the first congress, which convened in New York just 150 years ago. As the amendments were approved by the necessary number of other states they became binding on all without the action of the other three, but at long last, in this anniversary year, approval has been made unanimous.

* * *

THE FIRST 10 AMENDMENTS, known as the Bill of Rights, create no new rights for the American people. Instead, they guarantee to the people rights regarded as inherent, and it was because they were considered inherent that they were not specifically enumerated in the constitution as originally written. Such enumeration, however, was considered important, and it was upon the understanding that amendments defining them be submitted forthwith that the original constitution was approved.

* * *

WHILE CONNECTICUT, GEORGIA and Massachusetts neglected to ratify the amendments as presented, each of those states has had in its own constitution guarantees similar to those included in the federal document as to freedom of the person, freedom of speech, of the press, and of assembly, and freedom of religion. A rather curious fact is that while Georgia has only just now given its formal assent, in 1861 that state voted to ratify the Confederate constitution, which contained the same guarantees of freedom in the identical language used in the United States constitution.

* * *

A NEWS DISPATCH FROM Washington says that Richard B. Black, formerly of Grand Forks, is one of those being considered for leadership of an expedition to the Antarctic. Dick spent two years in that region as a member of Admiral Byrd’s expedition. More recently he has been in charge of the Interior department’s work in the mid-Pacific, thus alternating between polar and tropical regions. His work has recently taken him to Washington, D.C., and in a personal note from the capital he says that he may be able to visit Grand Forks this summer.

* * *

PIONEERS HAVE BEEN CHOSEN to represent the several commissioners’ districts of Grand Forks county at the Minot fair, which will be held June 19-24. Other counties will be similarly represented. Also, the fair management is anxious to get in touch with oldtimers still living who were members of the Red River Valley Old Settlers association, which was organized at Grand Forks December 27, 1879. Its membership was limited to those who had settled in the Red river valley prior to December 31, 1875. The secretary will be glad to hear from any survivors of that organization, of which there can be only a few left.

* * *

MINOT IS MAKING ELABORATE preparations for a fine week’s entertainment at the fair. In addition to a long list of standard fair features, there will be presented a pageant representing “The Progress of North Dakota,” appropriately recognizing the sixtieth anniversary of North Dakota statehood. Over 500 persons will participate in the pageant, which will include a parade of presidents from Washington to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Present and former governors of the state will be present, and official guests will attend from the surrounding states and the neighboring Canadian provinces.
MANY BOOKS HAVE BEEN dramatized for stage or screen purposes, but there have been few dramatizations, if any, which have completely satisfied those who have read the books, the original authors, the original playwrights, or the original audiences.

The reason is obvious. The material in a book is never as understandable as the original, the original style, the original themes, the original intentions. The dramatizer can only attempt to reproduce with the same successful dramatizations in the days of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" in which Mrs. Fiske appeared in the character of Becky Sharpe. The only a faint conception of it from condensed without leaving some- of the book would be conveyed to those who had not read the book, and similar experiences, convinced me that the best way to get the real spirit of a book is first to read the book itself. Dramatization may fit in well enough later.

THE PROGRAM WHICH INCLUDED the dramatization of "The Patriot" closed with a brief talk by the author in which he spoke of the change which was wrought in him by the Japanese invasion. The Japanese, said Mrs. Buck, occupy the principal Chinese seaports and the territory for some distance into the interior. That is the China which the western world knows and which has been influenced by contact with it. But in the interior is another China, a vast terri- tory inhabited by millions who are practically untouched by western influence and who live and think as their fathers did many centuries ago. Into that territory the Japanese have swept, and east have been moving themselves in their possessions and their industries as rapidly as possible. New roads are being built westward, and new contacts with the west are being established. As a result of the invasion, said Mrs. Buck, China may be said to be returning to its ancestors. She has done so many times before, and in doing so has outlived and outworn many of those nations to say "yes."
THEY HAD A RUNAWAY swinging the truck from side to side of the street, and wheels were thus taken off two or three vehicles.

HORSES, TRUCK AND CHILD disappeared from sight down south Third street, and we were left in doubt whether the horses would try to swing onto the bridge and wind up in a wreck there or keep straight ahead and plunge over the river bank. They did neither. They kept on until they reached the ground of the old brewery property, which had been cultivated and was loose and mellow. Their feet sank deep into the soil, as did the wheels of the heavy truck, and the horses, already winded by their unaccustomed run, found the going too heavy to suit them, slowed down and stopped, with little Echo still on the high seat unharmed.

THE MOST THRILLING RUN-away that I ever saw occurred away back when Art Turner was in the building business. Turner did his own trucking with heavy horses and equally heavy drays. He had one pair of splendid animals that must have weighed well on to a ton apiece, and the loads that they hauled were enormous. With the windows open one summer day we in the old Herald office were startled by a sound from up north as if an avalanche had broken loose, and immediately there were loud cries of "Runaway!" Down the middle of Third street came galloping Turner's big team, with dray attached, and on the high spring seat almost over the horses, perched Turner's little daughter, Echo, who was probably four or five years old.

THE ORDER WAS FOR TICK-ets being provided the inmates of an orphanage by a local philanthropist, and it had been lost by the messenger who had been sent for the tickets. At first the finders devoted themselves to the problem of distributing the tickets among themselves on the basis of age, size and merit, and all had visions of wealth. But they had learned in some way that the tickets were intended for orphans. That made it different. One boy said, "Why should we keep them on orphans?" The other eleven said it couldn't be done. So they marched back and returned the tickets so that the orphans might not be deprived of their day at the circus. There were conversations, small donations, and the youngsters went home, happy in the knowledge that the orphans were to have their treat, and that their own turn would come within a few days.
A CORRESPONDENT WHO wishes to remain anonymous for the present sends an outline of a plan for promoting safety on the highways with a request for comment. The plan, as I understand it, is for the creation of an organization, county by county which shall brand as "unsafe" those drivers who have been negligent or reckless in the handling of their cars, and by publishing the names of delinquent drivers, will shame them into better behavior. It is hoped that in this way accidents will be prevented which, of course, is much better than fixing the blame after accidents have occurred.

I AM SURE THAT THE PLAN is well intended, but I question its workability. The proposed organization would be purely voluntary, without legal standing or authority. It would have no authority to call before it persons charged with improper driving, and persons publicly designated as unsafe might proceed against the society for libel or slander. The proceeding would be quite different from that of the court, which may suspend a driver's license for reckless driving. The court is an official body, with power to compel the attendance of witnesses and it must grant the defendant the right to be heard before sentence can be pronounced against him. The proposed society would have no powers of any kind, and with a promiscuous membership it could easily be misled by mischief makers seeking notoriety or acting through malice.

THERE IS IN OPERATION, I have forgotten where, a system of quiet espionage and report by unofficial observers selected by the chief enforcement officer to assist him in his work. That official selects from different localities persons known to him to be trustworthy and of sound judgment and able to keep their own counsel. When one of those assistants, all of whom serve without pay, witnesses a case of dangerous infraction of highway regulations he reports to his chief, describing the facts, giving the number of the car and the name of the driver, if known to him. A little later the car owner or driver receives a polite note from headquarters calling his attention to his error, giving place and date, and urging him to be more careful in the future. A second offense by the same person brings a stern rebuke, and after a third the offender is persistently trailed by regular enforcement officials and is likely soon to find himself in court. Those voluntary observers are not known as such to the public or to each other. The system is said to work well. Obviously its success must depend on the care with which the observers are selected and on the good judgment and secrecy with which their work is performed.

COMPLAINT OF THE BACKWARDNESS of this spring is general, but it is difficult to determine just how backward the spring is. I have an idea that much of the trouble is psychological. Here we are in the last week in April, with farm seeding well under way, and much of it done, whereas it is not unusual for the beginning of seeding to be delayed until May.

THE PRESENT SPRING IN this locality has differed from many others in that it has been marked by no great extremes of heat and cold. The snow disappeared fairly early, and immediately we began to look for leaves and green grass. But nature seemed to have declared a sit-down strike, and moved scarcely at all in either direction. In the comparative warmth of the past few days each day has brought visible changes. Elms, lilacs and other trees and shrubs present a different appearance each morning. Tulips that were scarcely budded a week ago are in full bloom. Perhaps by the middle of May we shall have forgotten that this was a backward spring.
AMERICAN SCHOOL CHILDREN in certain grades are—or were—taught the system of numbering the sections of a township of government land. Perhaps some of them have wondered, as I have often done, why that peculiar system of numbering was adopted. I never could see any reason for it. Those who read English, or any other of the western languages, begin at the upper left-hand corner of the page and read toward the right.

FOR SOME MYSTERIOUS reason sections of land are numbered differently. We begin at the upper right-hand corner and work backward to 6. Then we drop down one square and read to the right, zig-zagging all the way down. I suppose there is a reason for that peculiar method, which has seemed to me to be clumsy and wrong end to. In the Canadian prairie provinces the numbering begins at a different point, but there, also, is followed the plan of working back and forth instead of reading always in one direction.

OUR SECTION LINES ARE A mile apart, except for meridian corrections. But the owner of a section does not have the use of a square mile of land. The public appropriates for highway purposes two rods on each of the four sides of the square, a total of about 16 acres per section. In this matter also the Canadian system is different. Space for Canadian highways is not deducted from the sections, but is surveyed independently, leaving the section acreage intact. The unoccupied strip of land adjoining much of the international boundary is not, as is often supposed, neutral territory, owned jointly by the United States and Canada, but is a strip of Canadian territory, reserved, as usual, for highway purposes.

A LITTLE GIRL EIGHT YEARS old, a refugee from Nazi persecutions, was placed in a New York school. She was a bright child and acquired English rapidly. Asked how she and her little brother liked America she replied: “We like it much. When we walk on the streets people don’t throw stones at us.” There is a whole volume in that.

LAST SUMMER A BIG ELEPHANT in a New York zoo pushed his mate into the concrete moat, 12 feet deep, which surrounds the enclosure in which the animals are kept. The fall injured the victim of the assault so that it was necessary to kill her. The other day the belligerent elephant fell into the moat himself and had to be hoisted out with a derrick. His injuries are not believed to be serious. It seems strange that they should have a moat into which valuable animals may fall, but I suppose they know their business.

EARLY IN LIFE I BECAME addicted to circus-going, and I have never got over it. My first circus, Barnum’s, had only one ring, and, as I recall it now, only one clown, whose entertainment was one of the standard features of the show. Nowadays they have whole armies of clowns, for what reason I never could quite figure out. The larger circuses put in two rings, then three, then added several stages, so that half-a-dozen acts would be in progress at the same time. The result was confusion. The Barnum-Ringling show now in New York has gone back this year to three rings, leaving out the stages, which seems to me an improvement.

AMONG CIRCUS FEATURES I have enjoyed only a few types of animal acts, and I have never had any use for the “cat” acts in which lions, tigers and leopards are put through their paces to the crack of a whip or the firing of a pistol. Those acts always convey the impression that the animals are performing under fear of punishment, and I don’t like them.
ONE INCOME TAXPAYER
who has a passion for the races
won many thousand dollars on the
ponies, and lost about half that
sum. Deducting his losses from
his gains he tendered to the re-
venue department the tax which
would be due on the difference.
He learned that while the gov-
ernment collects taxes on all such
losses, it allows no deduction for
profits. That settles it with me.
I'm off horseracing at least until
the tax laws are changed. The
present arrangement is too one-
sided.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, A NEW
Yorker stepped on a piece of soap
while getting out of his bath, skid-
ed out of the bathroom, through
the kitchen, crashed through a win-
don and fell five stories to his
death. The moral there seems to
be to shut the door while bathing,
or use a different kind of soap.

THROUGHOUT THE COUN-
try, from time to time, there have
been co-ordinated efforts in various
cities to stimulate sales through-
out a specified period, because
when buying begins people are put
to work. In short, sales means
jobs. This sequence is explained in
the words of one W. G. Fern, who
said:

"When someone stops buying,
Someone stops selling;
When someone stops selling,
Someone stops making;
When someone stops making,
Someone stops working;
When someone stops working,
Someone stops earning;
When someone stops earning,
Someone stops buying!"

Reverse the entire process by
substituting the words "starts" for
"stops" in the above quotation and
we have the ascending spiral which
puts business again on its feet.

I STRUCK A NEW ANGLE IN
conservation the other day. A
young friend expressed himself as
opposed to the rabbit drives
which result in the killing of dray
loads of rabbits in a single day.
He said: "If they wouldn't slaught-
er the rabbits wholesale that way
a fellow could go out and get a
rabbit once in a while without
much trouble and the foxes would
have something to eat, so we could
have some fun hunting foxes. But
with the rabbits all killed off the
foxes take after the chickens and
partridges and kill them, and fall
hunting is spoiled." There may be
something in that.

EVERY SPRING I SEE MEN
and boys fishing, several below the
dam and some around Minnesota
Point. I don't know what they
match, but years ago the river was
full of catfish. In the very early
days sturgeon were plentiful, but
now they are rare. Goldeyes also
were abundant, though at the Hud-
son's Bay store in Winnipeg they
will tell you that goldeyes are
found only in the Red river near
Winnipeg, and the company spe-
cializes in smoked goldeyes. But
oldtimers here know better, for
goldeyes were once taken from the
Red river hear by the ton.

I DO NOT RECALL HAVING
heard of eels being found in the
Red river, although there may have
been many of them. In my boy-
hood we often found eels in On-
tario streams, but how they got
there is a mystery. We are told
that eels hatch in the Sargasso sea
in mid-Atlantic and make their
way thence to fresh water, going
great distances upstream. But our
river emptied into Lake Erie,
which is above Niagara Falls, and
I can't imagine any eel swimming
up those falls. Many persons re-
fuse to eat eels because they look
so much like snakes, but I am told
that an eel pie, known in England
as a jack pie, is a delectable dish.

SWEET PEAS SHOULD BE
planted as early as the soil can be
brought into shape. Years ago Grand
Forks had as fine sweet peas as
could be produced anywhere, but
of late there has been general com-
plaint of scant growth, poor blos-
soms and early browning of stalks.
Excessive heat may have had
something to do with it, for sweet
peas thrive best in cool, moist
weather. The books recommend
planting in trenches four to six
inches deep and gradually drawing
earth around the growing plants. I
did that for several years, with
poor results. Last year I tried level
planting, and the results were
much better. Perhaps our soil here
is too heavy for deep planting. I
don't know.
ABOUT THIS TIME OF THE fair wages, but summer was com­ ing, and there was not much coal to unload.

BY CHANCE I MET E. H. FOS­ ter, a surveyor, who needed a man next morning to help lay out the foundations for the James River National bank building. I got the job and worked with Foster all that summer. The bank building is still standing, so I suppose we did a good job. On May 1 that year I saw my first wild antelope. We were laying out one of the numerous additions to Jamestown, and climbing the steep bluff just west of the town I came face to face with an antelope at a distance of only a few feet. The sharp edge of the bluff had concealed us from each other until we almost met. The antelope gazed composedly at me and the scene in the valley, turned tail and galloped off. Later I was to see many herds of antelope on the plains farther north.

THAT WAS A WET SPRING, OUR WORK WAS THAT OF surveying town sites, and it took us up and down the James river valley and along the main line of the northern Pacific. We surveyed additions to Jamestown all over the flats and up on the bluffs around the city. One of the additions, plotted by Anton Klaus, seems to have been turned into a park, but I find it difficult to check the present appearance of the city with my recollection of it from that early period.

NORTH OF JAMESTOWN THE country was practically empty, but homesteaders were coming in rap­ idly. Grading was started that year on the railway north, and we surveyed a whole string of towns ahead of the graders. Every coulee and pot-hole was full of water, and we had lots of wading to do. There were ducks by the million, and for the first and only time in my life I shot wild ducks with a revolver. I didn't attempt any wing shooting, but the birds were so tame that we could often come within revolver range of them, and occasionally one could be picked off.

THE BUFFALO WERE GONE, but there were evidences of their presence in thousands of skeletons on the prairie. The largest of these bones were gathered and shipped east in trainloads to be used for various industrial pur­ poses. I never spent a finer sum­ mer. Our work was out of doors and we slept under canvas at night. We walked many miles a day, which was fine exercise, but not laborious, and there was never­ ending interest in watching the changing aspects of plain and sky, surprise and sunset, the stars twinkling in the quiet darkness of night, and occasionally the rolling of storm-clouds as they advanced from the west.
IF THE ATTITUDE TOWARD racial minorities which is being emphasized in many parts of Europe were to prevail in this country, it would be necessary to revamp our whole political status system.

If the state in which the population is not of mixed racial origin, and there is scarcely a state which has not one or more families of large races having quite different from the majority. North Dakota is a fair sample.

IN THIS STATE WE HAVE a fairly large proportion of native-born Americans who are two or more different from the original immigration stock, but we have large groups whose contacts with the Old World are more recent. The Norwegian family is represented by settlements distributed quite generally through the state. The Goose river valley was settled almost exclusively by families of Norwegian stock, speaking the Norwegian language and adhering closely to the social and religious customs of their country. While their customs have been modified, the family relationship remains. In Pembina county is a large and thriving settlement almost exclusively Icelandic. Richland and other counties have their groups which originated in Germany proper, and in the western part of the state there are some other groups of Russian-German origin. Sections of Pembina and Cavalier counties are inhabited almost wholly by families which came from Canada, or their immediate descendants, and while Canada in North American and political status, politically it is foreign country.

IN OUR POLITICAL SYSTEM no recognition is given to the political status of any of these groups. They have no autonomous rights which separate them from the rest of the population. They are governed by one set of laws which are applied to no special representation on legislative bodies or in executive or administrative offices. If the procedure which exists in Europe should prevail here, we should be confronted with demands from the governments of Norway, Denmark, Germany, Russia, Canada, probably several others, for special rights for the respective rights over which those governments would still retain control. For, if those were to feel bound to protect. And if such claims were recognized we should have within every state governments and laws differing from the state itself, with each minority exercising the rights of self-government distinct from the state.

FORTUNATELY WE HAVE no such state of intolerable confusion in this country. Immigrants coming from abroad have assumed the status of American citizens, and while there has persisted very properly a sentiment regarding for associations running back into history, there has been movement of the population from group, no claim for special recognition or special treatment. That highly destrable state of affairs is due largely to the relative newness of our national and political conditions. For centuries Europe has been subjected to the process of racial crystallization which has tended to accentuate racial differences. We have cause for thankfulness that thus far we have escaped that blight upon our progress.

I DIDNT GET UP AT 4 o'clock Friday morning to listen to Herr Hitler's speech. Even if I could have understood it, anything that I might have been necessary for me to know would keep until I could read the story in the paper. By the German press, which is merely the press of the respective persons in this country. American newspapers, are charged with deplorable ignorance or malicious falsehood concerning what is going on in Germany. In American newspapers obtain their information on foreign affairs from their own special correspondents abroad or from the correspondents of associations with which they are affiliated. Those correspondents, at least as well as we know, have been widely experienced as any in the world, are generally in agreement in their presentation of observable facts. Often they disagree in their interpretation or from the correspondents, the papers which they serve differ still more widely in the conclusions which they draw. In that kind of disagreement there is compelling evidence, if evidence were needed, that American newspapers are not engaged in a conspiracy or misrepresentation as is claimed by other nation, and that they are not being misled by others engaged in such a conspiracy. Who can now be more familiar with many varying opinions of the Hitler speech as there are newspapers.

ON ONE FEATURE THE newspapers, correspondents and public opinion both here and abroad were in substantial agreement before the speech was delivered. It was agreed that Herr Hitler's speech was full of the bombast forecasts made which have been guarded by the newspapers, which is merely the press of the respective persons in this country. American newspapers, are charged with deplorable ignorance or malicious falsehood concerning what is going on in Germany. In American newspapers obtain their information on foreign affairs from their own special correspondents abroad or from the correspondents of associations with which they are affiliated. Those correspondents, at least as well as we know, have been widely experienced as any in the world, are generally in agreement in their presentation of observable facts. Often they disagree in their interpretation or from the correspondents, the papers which they serve differ still more widely in the conclusions which they draw. In that kind of disagreement there is compelling evidence, if evidence were needed, that American newspapers are not engaged in a conspiracy or misrepresentation as is claimed by other nation, and that they are not being misled by others engaged in such a conspiracy. Who can now be more familiar with many varying opinions of the Hitler speech as there are newspapers.

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