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GRIM TRAGEDY MARKED the destruction by fire of the county poor farm and hospital building at Arvilla when three inmates lost their lives in the flames, but it is to be remembered that of the 80 or more inmates, many of them bedridden or otherwise helpless, all but those three were saved. The work of bringing to safety so many who were unable to care for themselves could not have been performed without unflinching courage and capacity for creating order out of confusion. Those qualities were splendidly shown by those who had charge of the work of rescue.

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OUTSTANDING IN THE work of rescue was the young woman employe who aided in the removal of inmates through an upstairs window. Taking her place on the roof of a porch where her own position was neither comfortable nor safe, she helped to safety one after another, she worked as heroically and efficiently as any of the men rescuers and kept at her task until there was nothing more to be done.

There was supreme pathos in the bewildered appearance of many of the inmates, some of whom had known no other home for years. Now that home was gone. What was to be done next? Old, destitute and incapable of fending for themselves, their lives had been ordered for them and within the little circle in which they moved they had looked to others for guidance. The order to which they had been accustomed was disrupted and they felt lost. In that emergency they turned for guidance to the superintendent or matron of the institution. A quiet word of assurance and sympathy, and a brief direction relieved them and gave them confidence, and they felt that they were still in safe hands.

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THE OLD BUILDING DESTROYED so tragically was historic. Built as a hotel in the very early days by Hughes and Hershey as part of an ambitious land program, it represented about the last word in hotel magnificence, at least so far as the prairie states were concerned. Visitors from the east who came to look over the wild west with a view to possible investment in farm lands or mortgages, and who expected to be housed in tar paper shacks or Indian tepees, or perhaps to make their beds on the ground under the open sky, were ushered ceremoniously into the Arvilla hotel, where they found comfortable beds with clean linen, dining room service that could scarcely be excelled, with polished china and glittering glass, and a bar whose service equaled anything to be found in New York. A lot of money came into the Red river valley because of the impression made by the Arvilla hotel.

I STOPPED FOR A FEW minutes to watch the demolition of another old building, the Metropolitan theatre in Grand Forks. And what a wreck I found it! The roof was nearly gone, and the glare of midday light shone in on what had been a luxurious auditorium, with those cushioned seats gone and only bare floor remaining. For the purposes to which the remodeled building is to be put it will be as luxurious as ever, but the transition period is not pleasant to anyone who knew the Met in its glory.

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I ALWAYS GET A THRILL out of the activities of young people, the youngsters are so full of life, and energy and hope. I enjoyed my usual thrill at the operetta "Bulbul," given by Grand Forks high school students at the high school auditorium. I enjoyed the music, of course, but more than anything else I enjoyed the enthusiasm with which the young performers entered into the spirit of the play and the manner in which they had responded to the excellent training which they had received. Mr. Seith merits full well the testimonial of appreciation given him at the close of Friday evening's performance.

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THE PROBLEMS OF YOUTH in this age of ours are admittedly difficult. I suppose the problems of youth have always been difficult. But youth is not being neglected. Something very much while is being done to prepare young people for the parts which they are to play in the world's great drama. Not the least important is the training which is given them in such schools as ours in self-control and self-discipline, in the development of confidence and in understanding of their own capacities and limitations. Training in music is an important agency in the development of these qualities, and in this respect our own young people are truly fortunate.
AN INTERESTING LETTER from an old schoolmate in southern Ontario contains a grist of neighborhood news about people whose families I knew long ago, although most of those of my own generation are gone. Among other things my friend tells of the condition of the roads is a bobsled, because it is less likely to upset, she continues:

*I AM NOT SO CRAZY about voting—started too late in life. Usually the young women vote the way their fathers did. Mr. S. told his daughter Nellie, when she married Fred F., to vote the way Fred voted. I really think there is not much to it. The men as well as the women usually vote the way their fathers did. Orlo F.'s two boys married sisters. Their father was a Reformer (the old name for the Liberals) and the F. family were all Conservatives, so the husbands and wives voted on opposite sides. One year they decided they would all stay at home, but the two husbands slipped away and voted. The wives saw to it that that never happened again."

DALE CARNEGIE TOLD THE people here how to make friends and influence people. I have just been reading a magazine sketch of E. S. Ferrill, a wholesale merchant at Buffalo, Kentucky. Buffalo has a population of 394, and no railroad. There Mr. Ferrill started business more than 50 years ago with a capital of $410. From that beginning he has developed a business whose sales are $1,250,000 a year, and which, naturally, has a good many employees. Mr. Ferrill doubted his own ability as an executive, and he was afraid that the task of directing a force of employees would be too much for him. But he has succeeded. Asked how he did it he replied:

"I FOUND I WASN'T A NA-

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REFERENCE THE OTHER day to maple sugar making brought recollections of boyhood to Dr. S. A. Saunderson, who had been familiar with all the experiences described. Especially clear is his recollection of the crossing of little woodlane streams on bridges of snow during the spring breaking. Sometimes when the snow was heavy with little frost in the ground, the brook would flow under the banks of snow which were left in the wood. Alternate freezing and thawing would form a kosher marsh over the stream, a sort of natural bridge. The method of crossing was to lie down on one's stomach so as to distribute the weight and crawl cautiously across. If the ice gave way—well, the boy got wet.

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OUR RIVER WAS A TURBULENT stream in spring, and the annual breakup was always accompanied by a flood. On the level land across from our schoolhouse hill was the Charlton farm where there were four boys, big husky fellows who had to cross the river to get to school. They were daring youths, and more than once I have seen them crossing on the floating ice, propelling their icy rafts with poles when necessary, and hopping nimbly from one cake to another. And I never knew of one of them getting a ducking.
A PLEASANT LETTER DATED from New York City, March 31, brings cordial greetings and good wishes for the New Year from Luang Thawil. A little late, you say? Not at all. Mr. Thawil is world’s fair commissioner from Thailand, which, you may remember, was formerly known as Siam, among other things, as the original home of the Siamese twins and of the sacred white elephant. In more recent years Siam became more or less familiar to the people of the United States through the visit to this country of its king with the unpronounceable name, who subsequently abdicated and is now living in dignified retirement in England or France. The New Year’s greeting is timely because Thailand’s new year begins on April 1, this being the two thousand four hundred and eighty-third year after the death of Buddha. The name of the country is explained by Mr. Thawil as follows:

"HOW THE COUNTRY CAME to be known as Siam dated back to an early period when contacts with foreign nations were few. Chinese merchants traded with the country through a small trading post by the name of Sayam. For their convenience this name was used to signify the whole country of Thai. The word Sayam was first corrupted to Siem. Foreigners who entered the country later on found it convenient to adopt the name used by the Chinese and called the country Siam. However, the name Siam was mostly used among foreigners but among my people, the country has always been known as Prades Thai. Prades means Land; Thai means Free. To facilitate foreign pronunciation, Thailand was adopted as the official foreign name of the country.

"Thailand is a kingdom having a population of about 15 million, while it is estimated that the Thai race consists of about 50 million people, living in Thailand and the neighboring countries.

SIAM FIGURED QUITE prominently in the news on account of the controversy over the white elephant. Adam Forepaugh advertised that at a great price he had obtained the sacred animal from Siam and he featured it in his big show. Barnum couldn’t stand for that, and one story is that he also advertised the "only and original" white elephant and exhibited an animal which he had whitewashed so as to comply with specifications. I saw Forepaugh’s white elephant. As an object of worship it may have been all right, but as an elephant it was not impressive. It was a rather small animal, about as big as two or three small horses and its color was a sort of anemic gray. The trappings with which it was surrounded made it look pathetically insignificant.

THE SIAMESE TWINS, Chang and Eng, were united by a ligament the severing of which, it was believed by the best authorities, would have been fatal to both, therefore the boys remained united through life. They were featured as one of Barnum’s attractions, then settled on a farm in North Carolina, where they died within a few hours of each other.

IN RIPLEY’S DEPARTMENT on this page there appeared a drawing the other day of a cow owned by a Minnesota lady. The cow, it was said, snores while being milked. The picture shows a milkmaid milking the cow and we are given to understand that the cow is snoring. That must be a mistake. More probably the cow is groaning in protest against being milked from the wrong side. On such matters the cow is better posted than the milkmaid—or the artist.

SEVERAL NEW YORK CITIES were isolated the latter part of last week by gigantic snow-drifts which completely blocked all roads connecting them with the rest of the world. The snow-fall was one of the heaviest in many years. In contrast North Dakota was having clear skies and mild spring weather. Such contrasts are of frequent occurrence. It has been clearly established that sunspots affect terrestrial magnetism, and magnetism has something to do with our weather. But the influence of those phenomena on our weather is so diverse that weather predictions on the basis of sunspots cannot be accurate as applied even to large areas. Under identical solar conditions one part of the world will be flooded while another suffers from drouth; one will be unseasonably warm and another unseasonably cold. Such variations make long-range predictions futile.
I HAVE BEEN READING about the Amish, those queer, plain people who live around Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who are descended from those Germans who moved to Switzerland and then migrated to America in the days of William Penn. They follow many queer practices. They fasten their clothing with hooks and eyes instead of buttons. The stricter of their members will not own automobiles or tractors, but they consider it no sin to ride as non-paying guests in automobiles owned by others, and they will ride on a harrow to weigh it down if the harrow is pulled by a tractor driven by one of another sect.

THEIR PRACTICE OF USING hooks and eyes on their garments is a survival of their protest against militarism when in the old country their ancestors forswore buttons because of the ornate buttons which decorated military uniforms. Their broad-rimmed hats were adopted as being as unlike as possible to the military headgear of continental armies.

AMONG THE “QUEER” PERFORMANCES of the Amish was that of a group of them who left their farms in Pennsylvania where the land had become too rich and established themselves on poor land in Maryland. The soil around Lancaster is rather thin and not naturally very produc-

tive. But they and their fathers and grandfathers who have tilled it for generations have nursed and tended it until it is unbelievably productive and is worth from $150 to $350 per acre. It has been the custom of the Amish families to provide their children with farms, but with land so valuable this has become increasingly difficult. Therefore a group of Amish sold their holdings at high prices and moved to a section of Maryland where run-down farms could be had cheap. There they have settled, and there they will do as their fathers did, nursing the soil, building fertility into it and making that another of the rich sections of the United States. Queer people, those Amish.

SMALL OBJECTS IN COMMON use, too insignificant to attract attention, are often the bases of great industries. A multitude of little articles made of wood, many of them in daily use in every household, and of whose origin we seldom think, are the products of industries which provide employment for thousands. The familiar wooden toothpick is an inconsequential thing, but I remember writing of the secretary of a New York distributing house selling a recently arrived carload of toothpicks over the phone. I wouldn’t dare to guess at the number of cubic feet of timber that goes every year into the manufacture of matches.

THOSE WHO HAVE WALKED along railway tracks have noticed the little wooden wedges that are driven between tie and rail to make snug contact. They are just little sticks. But years ago in talking with the manager of a small box factory at Bemidji I learned that one of the company’s most important outputs was that of these little hardwood shims, as they are called, which were supplied by the carload to one of the railroads. In eastern Canada one of the important products is pit timber. I didn’t know what it was until I saw it described, but I found that it is timber used for shoring up excavations in the Welsh coal mines to prevent collapse while the work is in progress. Ship loads of that material are sent across the ocean, and Canadian owners of wood lots are instructed by the government in the best methods of growing and selecting the trees for that purpose.
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO work up any great degree of excitement over the personal nature of some of those questions. Perhaps some of them are more intimate than may be necessary. I wouldn't know about that. But, as a matter of fact, all census questions are personal and deal with subjects which ordinarily are considered private. The first American census dealt with little more than numbers. It was intended to ascertain the number of inhabitants in each of the several states in congress. But even so there were asked such questions as those relating to age, and one's age is generally regarded as his own personal affair and the business of nobody else.

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THE OLD ROMAN CENSUS went into a number of rather intimate matters such as age and personal possessions. It was very largely a military census. Among its purposes was that of enabling the central authorities in Rome to appraise accurately the material resources of the various parts of the empire, the number of fighting men available from each section and the military strength that might be needed to keep a turbulent district in order.

WILLIAM THE CONQUERER had a census made of England. It was both military and economic. It enumerated the population and classified the people by groups as to age and the degree of their personal freedom. It listed their possessions as in lands and chattels. The results of that census embodied in the famous Doomsday book, the existence of which was bitterly resented by the Saxon natives because it placed in the hands of the king information which he could use for oppressive purposes. To some extent that information was used oppressively, for William was both a constructive statesman and a military despot. He was a representative of his period.

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EACH AMERICAN CENSUS has been more elaborate and more intimate than its predecessor. The reason for that has been not the desire to pry into the private affairs of individuals, but to make available for students bearing on the lives and activities of the American people in the mass and by large and representative groups. The studies made of that information cover a wide range. The sociologist wants light on the living conditions of the people. The industrialist is interested in markets for his products and sources of supply for raw materials. The great insurance companies make elaborate tabulations of their own, but they wish to add information which their own research cannot supply. Every social and economic activity is represented by a large group of students who look to the census for information which will aid them in their investigations. Their attitude is entirely impersonal and they are not concerned with the identity of individuals.

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BECAUSE OF PROTESTS against invasion of privacy in the matter of personal incomes it has been arranged that if the individual does not wish to tell the enumerator about his income he may write the information on a separate blank and deliver it unsigned in a sealed envelope. That arrangement has been made to meet the objection that the enumerator may tattle to the neighbors about matters concerning which he is sworn to secrecy. In that respect the plan is effective. But an identifying mark is placed on each blank so that its source will be known when it reaches headquarters in Washington, and there John Smith's signed return and his unsigned income statement will be brought together and treated as one.

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THE PURPOSE OF THAT, IT is explained, is to enable the tabulators to associate correctly income groups with age, color and other groups. Otherwise the income statements would have little value. I can understand why those income statements are of value for mass study. I do not understand why detailed statements concerning incomes of less than $5,000 should be of value while those of larger amounts are not.
WHATEVER MAY BE ONE'S attitude toward the war in Europe, it is impossible not to admire the frankness with which the Nazi authorities disclose their plans to an interested world, including the enemy. The other day there was heard from Berlin a chorus led by the voice of Marshal Goering, supported by other eminent members in the cast, not only proclaiming that the blow which is to destroy the Allies is about to be struck, but indicating the precise spot where that blow is to land.

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HERR HITLER, SAID THE announcers, has now got the economic forces of Germany completely organized. He has made himself perfectly secure in the east, and he is now about to launch against the enemy on the west front the irresistible force of his unconquerable army. The moment that he lifts his finger that deadly assault will begin, and then in a few minutes it will all be over.

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IT IS NOT USUAL FOR A general thus to notify the enemy of his purpose and method. It has always been considered one of the essentials of military operations to keep the enemy guessing, to discover as much as possible of his plans and to keep him in ignorance of plans being prepared against him. If Napoleon had been better informed of the movements and intentions of the enemy around Waterloo the result of that famous battle might have been quite different. But Wellington and Blucher had radio transmitters, and probably they would not have broadcast their plans anyway.

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THE ALLIES ARE INDEBTED to Hitler and his aids for this precise information of what to expect, and doubtless they appreciate the courtesy and are bracing themselves for the shock. There is no indication that they have been terrified into throwing down their arms and begging for peace on any terms. There is room, of course, for the suspicion that the Berlin broadcast was something other than a mere courtesy to the enemy, and that there may have been behind it the hope that in the face of a prospect so terrifying the enemy would quit. The tactics in some of our modern wrestling matches seem to call for the making of horrible faces and the utterances of terrifying sounds. Through long practice the Nazi leaders have become adepts in that sort of thing and this latest broadcast may have been a supreme effort in that direction.

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MAYOR HOAN HAS BEEN defeated for re-election as mayor of Milwaukee after service in that position for a quarter of a century. He is listed as a Socialist. I do not know him, nor do I know what his particular brand of Socialism is, but it seems to have been pretty unanimously agreed that he has given his city an administration outstanding in competence and cleanliness. Therefore, while I am not a Socialist by any manner or means, it was with regret that I read of Mayor Hoan's defeat. I hope that his popular young opponent will be able to fulfill the promises that he has made and will give the city an even better administration than it has enjoyed under his predecessor.

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THE ORACLES ARE BUSY explaining the meaning of the recent vote in Wisconsin. It is conceded that Dewey's victory there should be of material assistance to him in the rest of his pre-convention campaign, though the wiseacres differ as to the degree of that influence. There is also sharp conflict of opinion as to the meaning of the Democratic vote. Third-termers point with every evidence of elation to the fact that they elected most of the convention delegates, while their opponents profess satisfaction in the fact that Garner got some of them. The vote cast for Garner in the face of an intensive Roosevelt campaign is attributed in some quarters only to anti-third term sentiment. Undoubtedly the third term issue had something to do with it. But it is quite certain, also, that votes were cast for Garner by Democrats who are not worrying about the third term as such but who are firmly opposed to the New Deal. Another element which needs to be considered is the fact that during the past few years Garner has grown greatly in the estimation of the American people. His has been the chief stabilizing influence in this administration, and he has come to be regarded with both affection and respect by a multitude of Americans of both parties. Undoubtedly many Wisconsin Democrats voted for him for that reason, although they may have no expectation of seeing him elected president.
I HAVE BEEN LOOKING over a number of copies of "Judge," one of the two great comic weeklies started during the latter part of the last century. The copies which I have are of the years 1895 and 1896 and are the property of D. C. Macdonald, who has had them stored away for many years. "Puck" and "Judge" were rivals in their special field, and both enjoyed wide circulation. As I remember the two "Puck" entered the field first. Its most conspicuous feature was its political cartoons, which were drawn by some of the best artists of that day and were published in color. Politically independent at the beginning, and distributing its shafts of humor quite impartially, the magazine joined the mugwump movement and gave vigorous support to Cleveland in his campaign against Blaine.

"JUDGE" WAS ESTABLISHED to counteract the influence of "Puck," and supported Republican policies and candidates through thick and thin. It, also, was published in color, and many of its cartoons were effectively done. In general, however, it did not equal its great rival either in its art work or in the character of its humor. The numbers that I have bring up recollections of old campaigns, and there are

PRESENTED IN CARICATURE the features of men once prominent in public life, some of whose names are forgotten, while some have become historic.

IN 1895 CLEVELAND WAS serving his second term, and on the pages of "Judge" he is pictured as an overgrown monstrosity. Ridicule is heaped on his policies, and he is held up as a deflated politician who has lost the support of his own party. Cleveland's second term was a stormy one, marked by disaffection among the Democrats, many of whom had begun to chase the will-o'-the-wisp of free silver which was to lead them into defeat in 1896. Today a different estimate is placed in Cleveland, who is recognized as one of the nation's real statesmen. But "Judge," like many others of that day, was blind to his merits.

THOSE OLD COPIES OF "Judge" reflect most of the outlook and manners of that distant day. In that period there was agitation for good roads, although the automobile was something for the future. But the safety bicycle had been invented, and almost everyone was riding it. Therefore there was consistent demand for improved roads on which men and women could pedal their way in comfort.

THE BICYCLE HAD wrought changes in human garments. Men rode to work in knickers, and for a time it seemed that long trousers had been abandoned for keeps. Trailing skirts and bicycles did not go well together, and bloomers became all the rage. Some of the pictures in "Judge" of those bloomer costumes are awful, but not much worse than the actual styles which they ridiculed.

MOST OF THE PICTURES are caricatures, and there are few exact illustrations of current styles. But one can see that the cutaway coat, striped trousers and bowler hat were fashionable, and that the long-skirted Gibson girl was considered the correct type.

ONE FEATURE OF THE magazine which ran for some time was the publication each week of the portrait of a favorite actress of the current period. In the numbers that I have appear the portraits of Annie O'Neill, Edna Wallace Hopper, Violet Lloyd, Juliette Corden, Virginia Harned, Blanche Walsh, Ada Rehan, Camille D'Arville, Cissy Fitzgerald, Dorothy Morton, Jennie Goldthwaite, Bessie Clayton, Adele Ritchie, Rose Coghlan, Isabelle Cox, Maude Adams, Minnie Freich, Lulu Glaser and Mrs. Langtry. Several of those became famous and most of them appeared in Grand Forks at the Metropolitan which is now being demolished.

HUMOR IS OF MANY TYPES, and that which was amusing to one generation falls flat on another. Some of the jokes in "Judge" seem as funny now as when they were published. But to the reader of today most of them would seem forced, as if the writer was grimly determined to be funny, but didn't quite know how.
IN A PAPER READ LAST month before the Women's Study club of Bowman, N. D., Mrs. J. E. Phelan gave some reminiscences of the early history of Grand Forks, especially those relating to the organization of women's clubs and their activities in those early days. Mrs. Phelan was formerly the wife of John M. Cochrane of Grand Forks, long known as one of the foremost lawyers of the Northwest, and at the time of his sudden death an associate justice of the state supreme court. The Cochrane home on Belmont avenue was the scene of many pleasant gatherings, and there were held many meetings of the Pioneer Reading club which Mrs. Cochrane was instrumental in organizing. Judge and Mrs. Cochrane were enthusiastic horeback riders. They kept their own stable, and there were few roads or trails in the vicinity of Grand Forks over which they did not travel in their morning canters.

Some years following the death of her husband Mrs. Cochrane was married to J. E. Phelan, a prominent stockraiser of Bowman, and for many years a conspicuous figure on North Dakota politics.

THE FIRST WOMEN'S CLUB in Grand Forks was the Pioneer Reading club, and in her paper Mrs. Phelan describes its origin. One day in the spring of 1885 a friend, Mrs. Howe, called on Mrs. Cochrane and found her with an open book before her. Learning that her hostess was reading the memoirs of Prince Metternich, she expressed a desire to join in the reading. It was decided that Monday afternoons should be set apart for the reading. Other neighbors joined, among them Mrs. Caswell, Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Parsons, until the number had reached 12, which was the number set as a limit, and the Pioneer Reading club was formed.

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THE CLUB DEVOTED ITSELF to the study of good literature. Metternich's memoirs were followed by many of Shakespeare's plays, and the list of readings included Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England," Lord's "Beacon Lights of History," Guizot's history of France, Wilkinson's "Egype," and a study on Greece, its history and sculpture.

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THAT WAS A PRETTY SOLID diet, and the club members went about their work seriously. The meetings were held each Monday afternoon from 1 to 4. The members took turns in reading aloud, and one member kept tab on the reading with an unabridged dictionary before her so that errors in pronunciation might be detected and corrected.

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SEVERAL WOMEN'S CLUBS were organized in Grand Forks during that period, among them the Thursday Musical, which has remained a strong organization during all these years. One of the early achievements of the Thursday Musical was that of bringing to Grand Forks the famous Belgian violinist, Ysaye, who at that time was at the height of his popularity.

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IN THE LATE NINETIES Grand Forks women organized the Civic club, which included most of the members of the other clubs, and which devoted itself especially to civic progress. With a population of some 7,000 Grand Forks had no public library, a defect which the club undertook to remedy. Support of members of the legislative members was enlisted, and a law was enacted making it possible for any city to establish and maintain a library. William Budge, a native Scot, went each to interview Andrew Carnegie, another Scot, and funds were provided for the present library building.

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MRS. PHELAN'S PAPER contains many interesting touches. She tells of a call made on her one morning by Dr. Blackburn, president of the University, and Rev. H. G. Mendenhall, pastor of the Presbyterian church, who had discovered a patch of luscious wild strawberries. If they picked the berries would she make a strawberry shortcake? She would, and they did. The shortcake was made, and it was voted a success.

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ACCOMPANYING MRS. PHELAN's paper with a letter to a local friend is a photograph of the 12 members of the Pioneer Reading club. The picture is too faded for reproduction, but the members are listed by Mrs. Phelan as follows:

Mesdames Smith, Burroughs, Barnes, Estes, Caswell, Bushee, Brannon, Cochrane, B. F. Bushee, Rand and Miss Joy. One member of the group is not identified by Mrs. Phelan.
THOSE HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE who visited the city waterworks plant on Monday viewed the results of nearly half a century of development in the science of water purification, for the present plant is the result of a long process of evolution in which the knowledge gained in the laboratory has been applied to the concrete problems of everyday life. During these years there have been interruptions in the city’s water service, and those who have experienced such interruptions are apt to recall the annoyances to which they were subjected rather than the actual progress achieved in improving the service. The fact is that Grand Forks has been a pioneer among northwestern cities in dealing with this subject.

EARLY RESIDENTS OF Grand Forks obtained their drinking water from wells sunk near their homes. For laundry and similar purposes water was dipped from the Red river and distributed to customers in barrels. In the early eighties the first pump was installed at the old McCormack flour mill on DeMers avenue near the bridge, and water was pumped through a few small mains to the business section. Later an intake was installed a short distance up the Red Lake river and water from that stream was drawn by pumps at a city plant on south Third street, just across from the present filter.

THE WATER THUS SUPPLIED was raw, just as it came from the river. In the winter of 1893-94 sewage contamination caused an epidemic of typhoid resulting in many cases of the disease and some 120 deaths. To avoid a repetition of that disaster it was decided to filter the water, and there was built here the first water treatment plant in any northwestern city, not excepting St. Paul and Minneapolis. The plant included a slow sand filter, which was the best device for treating water that science had developed up to that time.

THE ORIGINAL PLANT INCLUDED three main units. Raw water was pumped into a small settling basin where, after standing several hours to allow the mud to settle, it was passed into the filter unit. This was a large room, occupying about half the total area of the plant and filled to a depth of five or six feet with gravel covered with sand graded according to fineness. The water seeped slowly through the sand and most of the bacteria and other foreign matter were removed, the film formed on the top of the bed aiding in the process.

AFTER THIS TREATMENT the water was passed into the clear water basin from which it was pumped into the distributing mains. When all the conditions were right this treatment was effective. But there were times when the raw water was too heavily charged with bacteria and some of the bugs would escape into the clear water. Then the sand would become so heavily coated with film that water would not pass through readily, and the same itself often became stratified, retarding passage. Those conditions called for frequent scraping of the surface, and sometimes of entire renewal of the sand bed. Also, increasing population created a greater demand for water and a sufficient supply could not be got through the filter.

RIVER WATER IS HARD, and the filter did nothing to remedy that condition. To overcome that in part a softening process was added, and presently the whole plant was remodeled and rapid mechanical filters were installed in the place of the original slow sand filter. Chlorine was added to the clear water to complete sterilization, and carbon was introduced to remove objectionable taste and odor.

THOSE CHANGES WERE MADE at different periods and accompanied by important extensions and alterations. The most recent and most important changes were made last year when an auxiliary intake was installed up the Red river, so that water may be taken from either stream as the conditions make either more desirable; the building of a storage tank to contain 2,500,000 gallons of clear water, and the entire modernization of the treatment plant.

GRAND FORKS NOW HAS A water treatment plant as efficient and as up-to-date in every respect as any in the country, delivering to the people of the city water in the form of a manufactured product whose base is the raw material taken from the river, but which is passed through a series of intricate and complicated processes which call for a high degree of scientific knowledge and operating skill. For this purpose the city has a force of thoroughly trained and competent men, an organization of which the city may be proud.
COMES A LETTER FROM H. K. Geist from somewhere out on the road, prompted by recent references in this column to the Pennsylvania "Dutch" and the Amish who inhabit Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. Enclosed is a copy of the program for the annual "volksfescht" in Lancaster county in 1939 and an invitation to a similar gathering to be held April 19 of this year. The invitation was sent originally to Harry's brother, Professor Daniel W. Geist, who is assistant superintendent of schools at Blue Ball, Pa., and was forwarded by him to Harry.

THE GEIST FAMILY WERE among the early inhabitants of Pennsylvania, and though not of the Amish group, have been intimate friends of those excellent people. Harry writes that when he was a boy in his father's store in Lancaster the "plain folks," as the stricter Amish were called, were frequent visitors and customers he and his brothers became familiar with the variety of German spoken by the visitors and they with the English spoken by the Geists.

THE PROGRAM FOR THE AN-
nual gathering is printed in Pennsyl-
vania German. I can interpret enough of the dinner menu to understand that there must have been one grand feed. I discovered, too, that the kind of cottage cheese which is sometimes described in English as "smear-case" is nothing of the sort. It is printed "Schmier Kaes" on the program, and those Pennsylvanians ought to know. Those people sing, too, and the program contains the German text of several songs, the first stanza of one beginning "Mie Mon un Pop worra Irish." Figure that out for yourself.

DR. E. F. CHANDLER, DEAN emeritus of Engineering at the University, recalls vividly the impression left by the typhoid epidemic of 1893-94 in Grand Forks which resulted in the building of the city's first filter. Webster Merrifield then was president of the University and he watched like a hawk over the health of the students at the school. The filter was intended to purify the water, but President Merrifield was taking no chances. For full two years after the filter was installed he had notices posted in conspicuous about the campus prohibiting the drinking of water from the taps. Drinking water was obtained from a campus well which may or may not have been sanitary and tanks were placed in the buildings to supply the needs of the students. Neither student nor faculty member dared take a drink of water from a tap when Prexy was looking. As the city water was usually cooler and more palatable than that from the containers there was much surreptitious drinking of it.

DEAN CHANDLER ALSO RE-
calls that when the sand in the filter became clogged so that water would not pass through it rapidly enough someone at the plant conceived the brilliant idea of boosting it along by punching holes down through the sand with a crowbar. That speeded up the flow, but it didn't help the filtering.

I WAS MORE THAN pleased to read the notice published by the chief of police calling attention to the city ordinance prohibiting the placing of advertising matter on public or private property without permission from the owner and notifying all persons interested that the ordinance will be enforced. The defacement of the city by the promiscuous posting of election campaign cards and other advertising matter has long been one of my pet peeves and I have declaimed and proclaimed against it for years. Light poles are public property, and the city government has given no permission to use them for such purpose. Telephone poles are private property. So are fences and buildings of all kinds. The ordinance covers all of them. More power to the chief for the step that he is taking to curb a nuisance.
A FEW DAYS AGO AN
ouncement was made of the
death of William Faversham,
who in his prime was probably
the most popular actor on the
American stage. His had been a
checkered life. Born in England
of well-to-do pa-
rents, he was
given a good
education, then
obtaining an
army com-
mission he saw ser-
vices in India. Duri-
ing that ser-
vice he became
stage - struck
through contact
with an Irish
actress who was
touring the country, and on his
return home he studied for the
stage. He played numerous small
parts, made progress slowly, and
for some time was a member of
Henry Irving’s company before
Irving was knighted.

FAILING TO MAKE SATIS-
factory progress at home Faver-
sham came to the United States,
bringing with him his only ma-
terial possession, a dog, from
which he refused to part. His
early experiences in New York
were of disappointment and pri-
vation. For some time he worked
as a common laborer, but at
length he found his way into the
theater and he soon rose to the
top of his profession. In the fol-
lowing years he starred in plays
ranging all the way from light
comedy to romantic dramas and
Shakespearean tragedy, but his
greatest success was in “The
Squaw Man,” and it is with that
play that his name is chiefly as-
associated.

FAVERSHAM PLAYED “THE
Squaw Man” in Grand Forks,
and both the play and Faver-
sham’s acting made an indelible
impression on me. One remark-
able feature in the play was the
impression made by the squaw
man’s Indian wife, who, without
speaking a word was able to
make herself one of the dominant
characters in the play. The squaw
man had a background of Brit-
ish army experience, and Faver-
sham’s own army experience
must have contributed greatly to
his rendition of the part. After
his retirement Dustin Farnum
succeeded him as the squaw
man, and he, too, played the part
in Grand Forks. In contrast his
acting seemed to be strained and
artificial.

FAVERSHAM ORGANIZED
companies of his own, but they
were seldom successful. The for-
tune which he had made melted
away. In late years he conduct-
ed a small dramatic studio, then
retired to an actors’ home on
Long Island where he died.

TWO YEARS LATER ANOTH-
er shipment arrived and was
found in perfect condition, and
arrangements were made to line
with them the fine drive along
the Tidal basin. The first tree
was planted on March 27 by Mrs.
William Howard Taft and the
second by Viscountess Chinda,
wife of the Japanese ambassa-
dor.

THERE ARE BOTH SINGLE
and double flowering varieties of
the Japanese cherry, the single
and the double. Both are repre-
sented in American plantings,
but all the trees along the Tidal
basis are single-flowering, which
makes the display uniform in
character. The time for blooming
varies with the season, and has
been anywhere from March 20
to April 15. The trees remain in
blossom from 10 days to two
weeks, and there is no more
beautiful sight than an avenue
of such trees in full bloom.
TESTIMONY WAS GIVEN before the Dies committee the other day in support of the charge that seventeen men arrested several weeks ago had conspired to overthrow the United States government and establish a dictatorship. The accused men are members of the so-called Christian front, and the testimony, if true, reveals the existence of a plot calculated to curdle the blood, raise the hair and send cold chills down the back. One of the accused is said to have recommended that somebody go to Washington and shoot twelve congressmen, just as a gesture to show that the organization means business.

Opinion, as to the merit of that suggestion is held in reserve pending a list of the congressmen selected for this purpose.

* * *

THE CHRISTIAN FRONTERS are said to have engaged regularly in target practice with a sketch of President Roosevelt's head used as a target. If the Christian Fronters act that way I suggest that the proper place for them is an institution for the feeble-minded. They are not likely to overthrow any government, but if permitted to remain at large they might hurt somebody. Their assumption of importance reminds me of the nine tailors of Tooley street who headed their petition to the king "We, the people of England."

* * *

AN ARTICLE by Pearl Buck in the Ladies' Home Journal entitled "Women and War" contains this, to me, surprising statement:

"The war is not between human ideas, in other words; it is between very human groups of people, who unhappily, must live side by side, though they are so different that they should never be even on the same half of the world. In racial origin, in natural temperament and in the forms of education which have developed from those differences such people as the English and the Germans are so different that oceans should divide them."

* * *

I HAVE THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE REGARD for Pearl Buck as an interpreter of many phases of life, but I can't follow her at all in the statements quoted. I grant that differences in education in England and in Germany have produced quite different results in group attitudes, but in racial origin and natural temperament Germans and English are as nearly alike as any two groups that are not identical can be. And, notwithstanding such other differences as actually exist, Germans and English have lived amicably side by side except when stirred into hostility by forces apart from the people themselves.

* * *

MRS. BUCK WOULD HAVE been on surer ground had she written of basic differences between Germans and French. Germans and English are alike mainly Teutonic in origin, while the French are largely of Latin extraction. But in times of peace Germans and French have had no difficulty in living harmoniously side by side. In Alsace, whether under German or French rule, the members of the two groups, about equal in num-

ber, have not only lived side by side, but have intermingled in all their activities and have lived peacefully and harmoniously except when prodded into antagonism by influences outside of their own lives.

* * *

IN CONNECTION WITH war news from abroad the Herald has kept standing a paragraph reminding readers that all dispatches sent from belligerent countries are censored in the countries from which they are received. The accuracy of the statements made, therefore, cannot be guaranteed either by the newspaper which publishes or the Associated Press which transmits them. The reader is given such information as the authorities in London, Paris or Berlin see fit to release.

* * *

TO THIS MAY BE ADDED the reminder that a government is not to be charged with statements which it does not make officially. A case in point is that of the series of rumors a few days ago that the Norwegian cities of Bergen and Trondheim had been recaptured from the Germans. Rumors to that effect were current for more than a day. Some of them came from Stockholm and some from Amsterdam. The British Broadcasting company referred to the fact that such rumors were in circulation, but always with the statement "they are not confirmed." But some listeners had it that the British government claimed the recapture of those cities, which is precisely what it did not do. It was established later that the reports were erroneous. None of the belligerent governments can properly be held responsible for statements which it does not make or authorize.
MANY OF THE REPORTS that come from the seat of war in Europe prove to be unfounded. How much of such material is propaganda, issued by officials in one or other of the belligerent countries and intended to deceive? Of course there can be no definite answer to such a question, but it is quite certain that many of the inaccurate statements are mere rumor, originating in the imagination of individuals and sometimes being exaggerations of statements originally correct in themselves.

* * *

A STATE OF WAR IS A state of tension, uncertainty and excitement. People involved in it are expecting the unusual, and incidents of the most trivial character, which in ordinary circumstances would pass unnoticed, are interpreted by heated imaginations as having tragic significance. The backfiring of an automobile engine is interpreted as a rifle shot and the vibration caused by a pile-driver in action is believed to have been caused by cannonading at sea.

* * *

IT IS DIFFICULT TO VISUALIZE a war between Minnesota and North Dakota, but in some of its features such a conflict would resemble what is going on in Europe. Residents on both sides of the Red river would be alert to detect evidences of battles in progress. A chimney fire in the north end of Grand Forks would cause someone at a distance to wonder if, perhaps, the state mill had not been bombed. The suggestion of that possibility, communicated to another, would be passed on with the further suggestion of its probability, and presently the report would be circulated as a fact. If the river were navigable, as it was once, the movement of a dredge would serve as basis for the report that a fleet of gun-boats was on its way to bombard the city.

* * *

STORIES OF THAT KIND, originating almost out of nothing, would quickly assume the appearance of fact, and all this without deceptive intent on the part of any one. American press associations are cautious in their reports for what they are worth, and always with the explanation that they are reports only, and that they have not been verified. Official statements by governments are given as such, and readers and listeners must base their attitude toward them on their conception of the reliability of the respective governments in matters of publicity.

* * *

NORWEGIAN INDEPENDENCE day is just a little more than a month away. On May 17, 1914, Norway established itself as an independent nation, with a constitution and government of its own, and that day has been observed ever since by the Norwegian people and their descendants throughout the world with feelings of pride and satisfaction. In North Dakota and Minnesota the day has thus been observed by hundreds of thousands to whom the associations and traditions of the old land have real meaning.

* * *

EVENTS ARE MOVING swiftly in Europe, and no one can tell what another month may bring forth. By May 17 the invaders may have been driven from Norwegian soil, or they may have established themselves firmly and made all of Norway, at least for the time being, a conquered province. But whatever the result by that time, the 17th of May will be observed this year with feelings in which sadness will have a prominent part, for peaceful Norway will meanwhile have been the scene of bloody battles; cities will have been bombed and left in ruins; men and women who have near relatives among our own people will have been killed; and desolation will be spread over beautiful valleys and villages which many of our people remember as home. It is a tragic situation which must cast a shadow over what once was a completely happy anniversary.
DURING THE PAST YEAR or two I have heard reports from time to time of hoodlumism in the south end of the city by a gang of boys whose idea of a good time seems to be to destroy something. Gasoline has been stolen from parked cars, tires have been deflated and sometimes punctured, and other destructive acts have been committed. This spring, I am informed, such outrages are being continued and are assuming an even more grave aspect. Clearly, several boys are on their way to the reform school. I understand that some of the facts have been reported to the police, who, presumably, will identify the malefactors before long, as the case is clearly one for intensive police activity.

I RECALL A CASE IN MY own experience which occurred some fifteen or more years ago. Coming home about 5 o'clock one summer afternoon I found the back yard littered with smashed tomatoes, ripe and green. I had a fine patch of tomatoes that year, and they had been bearing heavily. I found the vines stripped of fruit and trampled to the ground. An entire summer's work on that bit of ground was ruined. No one had been home that afternoon, and I had no clue to the identity of the depredators.

I PHONED THE POLICE DEPARTMENT and reported the facts. Within a few minutes Mike Lynch was on the spot to investigate. I was unable to give him any information other than what he could see for himself. After surveying the wreck he remarked that he would look into it, and left. I could see no sign of vigorous action. Next morning I was notified by phone to appear at the police court at 11 o'clock. I supposed they wanted some more information, and I hadn't any to give. However, orders were orders, and I appeared at the police court as commanded.

THERE I FOUND POLICEMAN Mike Lynch, who kept modestly in the background, Judge Ryan, eleven boys of assorted sizes and ages, and one irate father, who happened to be my next-door neighbor. In ways known only to himself Mike had scouted around the neighborhood, rounded up the eleven youngsters, all of whom confessed, and had them on hand when court opened. I knew several of the boys, who were really good friends of mine. They had started out with no malicious intent, but it appeared that they had had a sort of brain-storm, and when the combat started the excitement of it carried them away.

THE YOUNGSTERS WERE dismissed with a fatherly lecture from Judge Ryan, and they gave no more trouble. But my neighbor, who was the father of one of the lads, nursed a grievance against me as long as he remained in town. I had made no specific complaint, hadn't the faintest idea what boys were involved, and had left everything in the hands of Lynch, who had very quietly done an excellent job. But thence and thereafter my neighbor gave me the cold shoulder and passed me by in dignified silence whenever we met.

BOYS SOMETIMES GET THE idea that they can commit acts of mischief, and even of malicious destructiveness, without being detected. Almost always they are mistaken. A boy's reputation is pretty well known in the neighborhood where he lives, and usually a very little quiet sleuthing will hang his offense upon him with absolute certainty. That, among other things, is what police departments are for, and I cite the tomato episode as one instance of its being done.

I'VE JUST BEEN LOOKING over the yard, and, as usual in the spring, it's a mess. There are still a few bits of ice left in shaded spots, and underneath and around the shrubbery are collections of leaves which the wind has lodged there, and which make things look untidy. The leaves would be all right if they could be controlled, because, shaded by foliage of the growing plants, they would provide mulch to retain moisture, and presumably would supply fertilizer to the earth. Trouble is that as they dry the wind picks them up and scatters them, therefore they must be raked up and destroyed. Conspicuous among the litter which winter has left are the handbills that have been distributed during the months, which nobody has read, and which must now be gathered up and destroyed.

THE SUPREME COURT HAS ruled that everyone has a constitutional right to distribute handbills, anything in the city ordinances to the contrary notwithstanding. But the court has not ruled that anyone has a right to broadcast handbills promiscuously on the streets, nor has it ruled that they may be thrown helter-skelter on porches, front steps and lawns for somebody to pick up. I get even, after a fashion, by refusing to read anything that is thrown around in that way. That doesn't stop the practice, but I get some satisfaction out of it. There's another of them that a boy has just left, and into the fire it goes.
IRELAND'S FAMINE OF 1846 is historic. Failure of crops in that year brought many of the inhabitants to the point of starvation. The tragedy resulted during the next five years in the emigration of some 1,200,000 Irish, over a million of whom came to the United States, hence the famine was responsible for important changes, not only in Ireland, but in the social and political life of the United States.

TO RELIEVE THE DISTRESS caused by the famine large quantities of food were sent from this country. One of the ships engaged in that service was the brig Olivia, whose second mate was Edwin G. Bacheller, an uncle of M. C. Bacheller of Grand Forks, son of Rev. Gilman Bacheller, of Machias Port, Maine. Edwin was born in 1826, left home while a mere boy to go to sea, and in 1847 he had become a second mate. He died while the Olivia was on her way to Ireland, and it was reported that he was lost overboard during a storm. Among the family papers in his possession M. C. Bacheller found a letter written by Edwin to his father as his ship was preparing for her voyage across the Atlantic. The letter, written March 30, 1847, and now nearly a century old, contains just the sort of little human touches that might be found in a letter written by a young man to his father in this more sophisticated age. It reads as follows:

* * *

"DEAR FATHER:

"As I have just received your letter I thought I would write to you especially as I am now ready for sea. I am now second mate of the Brig Olivia, Captain McIntyre. Charles Guptil is mate of her. We are bound for Sligo, Ireland, with provisions for the Paddies to scoff.

"I do not think you would know me now as I have grown very much. I now weigh about 165 pounds. When I went away from New York before I only weighed 105 pounds.

"I will now proceed to other matters.

"First, I am very thankful to hear that you are all enjoying good health and I hope that Mary will get well before this letter comes to you.

"As we expect to go to Lisbon it will be four or five months before we shall be in the States again. When we return I shall come home and make a long visit. I want to go to school again to learn a great many things that I now see the use of.

"Captain Norton is now in the city. I saw Mr. Jones here yesterday about three sheets in the wind and the fourth shivering. Captain James Foster is now in the city.

"Give my best respects to all who may inquire after me. I hope you will all continue to good health. I will write to Josiah immediately. I understood that he was living with my grandfather but I did not know where to direct a letter.

"Tell Mary that I have not forgotten her, and Gilman that I am coming home to see him once more.

"I hope that I shall succeed in my new billing of "shocking Dickie or Buster" as the case may be and please the Captain as I like him very much.

"As I am now in a great hurry I shall not write any more at present, so good-bye and good-night."

* * *

WE HAD A SCHOOL ELECTION on Monday, although only a few persons seemed to be aware of it. I had forgotten about it myself, but when I picked up the evening paper at 5 o'clock and read that in my ward only four votes had been cast at 1:30 P.M. I betook myself to the polling place, determined that we would roll up a vote of at least five. Three others had voted during the afternoon, so mine was the eighth vote cast. Before the polls closed there was an avalanche of votes and the Seventh ward scored 29.

* * *

IN THE FOUR WARDS IN which elections were held the average vote was not quite 42. In each ward the single candidate was the present incumbent. The smallness of the vote cast is an indication that the people are satisfied with their present representation and wish to continue it. But in any of the four wards it would have been possible for a mere handful of persons secretly to elect some other person who might have been utterly undesirable and unfit. That possibility could have been removed by the simple device of declaring automatically elected the one nominee whenever no other candidate has filed.
ANNOUNCEMENT OF WILLIAM FAVERSHAM'S death reminded John Hesketh of the time when he and Faversham, with some others, presented "Julius Caesar" at the Metropolitan in Grand Forks. John was a student at the University at that time, and, having the necessary histrionic talent, he was assigned the part of a Roman soldier in the great mob scene in which other important parts were played by Brutus and Marc Antony. The scene was vigorously applauded, due in no small measure to the realistic manner in which John carried his spear.

* * *

JOHN INSISTS THAT HE was not the Roman soldier who chewed gum through that scene. He says he didn't have any gum. He had left it in his other pocket when he donned his uniform. I am willing to take his word for it, for I have always regarded him as a reasonably truthful person. But some soldier in that scene did chew gum. I watched him. He chewed all through the speech of Brutus, and when Antony threatened to make the stones of Rome rise and mutiny his jaws kept time to the oration and never missed a beat.

* * *

FRANK SCHLABERG, VETERAN DEMOCRAT, was the first man to nominate Franklin D. Roosevelt for president of the United States, as was lucidly set forth in a story in the Sunday paper. Frank's nominating speech was made at a North Dakota state convention and became a matter of record. I recall another nomination that was made by a Grand Forks man at another convention.

* * *

THE LATE COLONEL W. H. Brown, first mayor of Grand Forks, was chairman of the North Dakota delegation at a Republican national convention—where and in what year I have forgotten. The delegation had decided to pay a compliment to some man by presenting his name to the convention, without any expectation that he would be nominated. Compliments of that kind had been paid right and left, and nobody was paying much attention. Colonel Brown rose in his place and said "Mr. Chairman." The chairman didn't recognize him. The colonel stepped into the aisle, raised his hand, and again spoke up, "Mr. Chairman." Again he was unable to get the chairman's attention. For years he had been in the habit of carrying in his pocket a police whistle, and he had it with him. Placing the whistle to his lips he blew a shrill blast that startled the convention and produced momentary silence. That time he got attention from the platform. Upon being recognized he said "Mr. Chairman, North Dakota wishes to present a name for consideration by the convention." He did just that, and sat down. Colonel Brown was a man who knew his rights, and, knowing, dared maintain, and when he had a name to present, no steam-roller was going to stop him.

* * *

MRS. PAT CAMPBELL, AN actress famous in her time, who once played in Grand Forks, died in Paris a week ago. She lived to be 75 years old, and 50 of those years had been passed on the stage, her last public appearance being as late as 1938. Mrs. Campbell became known as a lady of unpredictable behavior and uncertain temperament. In 1907 she was requested by a shocked hotel management in New York to cease smoking in the lobby because ladies did not smoke in public. She caused the street in front of the theater where she was playing to be covered with tanbark because the noise of passing traffic disturbed her. She had the temerity to add two words of her own to the last line in Shaw's "Pygmalion" and got away with it, although her addition, made a complete change in the finale which Shaw had intended.

* * *

MRS. CAMPBELL, HOWEVER, was more than a temperamental person. She was a real actress, and her talent gained the recognition that it merited. Her first great success was in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and she was exceedingly popular in "Pygmalion," in which she appeared in Grand Forks. Her repertoire included principal parts in several of Shakespeare's plays as well as in romantic drama.
Among the new stamps issued to commemorate famous men is one issued in honor of Booker T. Washington. There was a time when such recognition accorded to a black man would have been impossible. Yet today the image of this black man, born in slavery, is given a place among the portraits of scientists, inventors, philosophers and men of letters who have helped to build this nation and shape its course. Booker T. Washington was a great man, and his greatness is fittingly recognized in the honor accorded his memory.

* * *

Booker Washington had a philosophy which was individualistic, and, if you please, capitalistic. He believed in the institution of private property, and he believed that property should be earned rather than acquired as a gift. While some other leaders of his race were preaching theories of social equality to men and women who had recently been chattels and who would not know what to do with social equality if they had it, he talked to them of elementary things which they could understand, even though not all of them followed his teaching. He urged upon those of his race industry, thrift and the acquisition of the rudiments of plain, practical education.

His exhortation to them amounted to this: "Work diligently and faithfully at whatever you find to do. Live sparingly and save money. As rapidly as possible, own your own homes and become taxpayers. Have a stake in the community in which you live. And when your white neighbors come to recognize you as substantial, dependable citizens, the matter of social equality will adjust itself in whatever way is best for you and them."

That philosophy was not in accord with the ideas of those who thought that the ex-slave should begin life by going to college, but it is a philosophy which has developed many thousand members of the colored race into exemplary and respected citizens.

* * *

One thing suggests another, and some remarks in this column about matters theatrical brought to me this story:

Ever so many years ago the San Carlos Opera company gave us a fine rendition of "Aida" in what is now the city auditorium. The opera was well staged as well as excellently sung. Extras were needed for the mass scene and for this purpose several University young men were utilized and appeared in the scenes arrayed in correct Egyptian costumes. While they could not sing Italian, or much of anything else, they were instructed to go through the motions of singing in the choruses in order to give verisimilitude to the scenes.

* * *

The boys followed instructions willingly. Then even went beyond them. They actually sang, following the air after a fashion and in modestly modulated tones. Lacking familiarity with the Italian text they substituted the words "macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli," which answered the purpose as well as any others. One University performer, however, missed a beat or two, and during a moment when the entire chorus was silent, his voice was heard straining after a high note with the word "macaroni." He wasn't making very much noise, but he was heard in the first few rows of the audience, and the regular performers were convulsed.

* * *

In that same performance the leading lady, making a rapid exit, tripped on a rug just off-stage and fell, plump into the arms of a University student. And for weeks thereafter that student viewed both classmates and faculty with an air of lofty superiority. To catch a grand opera star in one's arms is the event of a lifetime, or at least of a college career.

* * *

J. E. Eastgate, Pioneer Larimore farmer, doesn't need a calendar to tell him when it is spring. He has a calendar of his own. His birthday is April 27, at which time this year, incidentally, he will be 67 years old. And invariably on his birthday for the past half century and more, the crocuses—otherwise anemones and pasque flowers—have been in bloom on a low ridge near his place. So in another week or so, when Mr. Eastgate sees the crocuses in bloom, he will know how old he is.
HERBERT HOOVER THINKS we should recall our ambassador from Moscow in evidence of our disapproval of the attitude of the Soviet government toward its international obligations. He regards recognition of the Soviet government as a grave error which should now be corrected. In support of his position he cites the meager business returns to the United States which have followed recognition. One of the reasons advanced for recognition was the expansion of trade with Russia which might be expected as a result. But since recognition our trade with Russia has been scarcely more than negligible when the size of the country is taken into consideration.

* * *

MR. HOOVER, HOWEVER, does not base his recommendation for recall of our ambassador on commercial considerations. Under his own administration and those preceding it Soviet recognition was denied because of Moscow's persistence in attempting to disrupt the affairs of other nations and refusal to recompense foreign owners, Americans among others, for any portion of the value of properties which had been confiscated. It was held that a government so completely indifferent to such obligations could not be treated with confidence and respect.

* * *

IT IS ONLY FAIR TO SAY that Russian recognition was not prompted solely by commercial considerations. Senator Borah, for instance, urged it incessantly, and no one would accuse him of being governed by sordid motives. But when we are inclined to point the finger at other nations it may be well to remember that in our own experience trade and morals have sometimes been mixed in ways not altogether creditable.

* * *

A CASE IN POINT IS THAT of our attitude toward the Philippines. For several years Philippine independence was successfully opposed in this country on the ground that the island people had not yet developed the capacity and experience requisite for self-government, and that we should be shirking our obligations if we abandoned them. But when it developed that vegetable oils from the Philippines were competing with fats and oils produced on American farms, there was a reappraisal of our obligations, and it was suddenly discovered that the islands should be made independent. Commercial interests gave a new twist to moral obligations. Incidentally, the Filipinos are not now quite as sure as they were a while ago that they wish to be separated from the United States.

* * *

I ATTENDED THE MEETING last Monday night at which the transition from the old form of city government to the new was made in a formal manner. I found the proceedings impressive and appropriate, and was quite impressed by them. In a dignified manner Judge Swenson administered the oath of office first to the aldermen, and then to the new mayor. As I sat there it occurred to me that it might not be a bad idea to extend that feature so as to include the assembled citizens themselves.

* * *

MAYOR AND ALDERMEN solemnly pledged themselves to support the constitutions of nation and state and to perform faithfully the duties of the offices to which they had been elected. And I wondered if it might not be appropriate also to invite those in the audience to rise and in equally solemn manner pledge themselves to conduct themselves as loyal and faithful citizens and to the best of their ability assist the government in making Grand Forks the city that it ought to be. At Gettysburg Lincoln said something about the people dedicating themselves, an excellent idea that applies in other places than battlefields and cemeteries.

* * *

EXCLAMATIONS OF HORROR came from Berlin over the alleged bombing by the British of the city of Bergen. Berlin is about the last place in the world from which such expressions could appropriately come. Whether the British did or did not bomb Bergen I do not know, but I do know that less than eight months ago German planes were raining death and destruction on Polish cities and villages by the score, not alone on military centers and ammunition dumps, but on undefended places which had no military significance whatever. That was a crime committed by a brutal aggressor within the territory of an invaded country. Homes of hundreds of thousands of peaceful people were shattered and leveled, and those of their owners who escaped for the moment the murderous onslaught have since been forcibly removed, many of them to become hewers of wood and drawers of water for their assailants.
A FEW DAYS AGO AN ITEM in the Herald told of the problem which has arisen relative to the numbering of the lots at the east end of Conklin avenue in Riverside park. The numbering on Conklin and parallel avenues in that section begins at Lewis Boulevard. But Conklin extends two blocks east from Lewis, and the question is what to do about that end of the street. Naming of the street East Conklin is one plan suggested, and there are several others, including the use of decimal points. Nobody seems to have thought of using a minus sign.

THAT REMINDS ME OF some of the numbering problems in the south end of the city ever so many years ago. When I first came to Grand Forks I built me a little cottage on Walnut street, away out in the country where lots were cheap. That was between what are now Eighth and Ninth avenues, south. There were a few houses toward the North end of the street, and most of the house numbers began with one or more ciphers. That seemed queer and I investigated. I found that there was a certain method in what appeared to be utter madness.

WHILE THERE WERE NO houses on Walnut north of First avenue, if there had been their numbers would have been prefixed by three zeros, the corner lots on opposite sides of the street being respectively 00023 and 00024. In the next block the numbers had two ciphers and in the next one, and in the next none, which brought us to the present Fourth avenue. From there the numbers ran south, just as they do now, with the first figure indicating the block number.

THAT PECULIAR SYSTEM of numbering seems to have originated in the use of what is now Fourth avenue as a base line. The system applied to Belmont, Chestnut, Walnut and Cottonwood. I am not sure about Reeves, but I think its numbers did not conform to those of the streets west of it.

There was another peculiar system in the naming or numbering of the avenues in the south end. When I came to Grand Forks what is now First avenue south was Fifth avenue, for no reason that I could discover. From there the numbers ran consecutively to Eleventh, which is now Seventh. After Eleventh came First, and then Northwestern, which is now Ninth Avenue South. I never knew who was responsible for that jumble.

P E R H A P S F O R T Y Y E A R S ago those south avenues were renamed and given consecutive numbers from First to the city limits, which is the system now in use. At that time, also, the houses were renumbered about as they are now. Still another change was made just a few years ago, affecting many of the streets and avenues, especially in the newer sections. Reeves and Belmont retained their old names, the former becoming Reeves Drive and the latter Belmont Road, and several of the streets west of Belmont retained their former names instead of being given numbers because of the impossibility of fitting them conveniently into any numbering scheme.

COMMENT IS OFTEN MADE on the "irregularity" of the Grand Forks street design and the difficulty experienced in finding one's way about. The fact is that Grand Forks is as regular as most other cities, large or small, except the very new ones which have not had time or opportunity to grow. The first inhabitants settled near the river because the river was the only existing highway. Naturally, their main street was laid out parallel with the river, which at this point happens to run about northwest. New streets parallel or at right angles to them were laid out as need arose until new additions were platted, and those followed the section lines.

MINNEAPOLIS IS S O M E - times held up to admiration as a "regular" city. It is regular as compared with St. Paul, whose original plan was fitted to the river and the hills. But if the maps of Minneapolis and Grand Forks are laid side by side and allowance is made for difference in size, the two will be found almost identical.

CHICAGO IS THE MOST REG - ular of the large cities because the original inhabitants settled on the lake front which runs almost directly north and south. Washington is in a class by itself, being planned not as a commercial city, but as a seat of government, and the street plan is substantially as the French architect l'Enfant designed it.

IN THE MATTER OF HOUSE numbering New York is a horrible mess. In Manhattan the lot or building numbers usually begin at the end of the street, wherever that happens to be, and streets begin in all sorts of queer places. In Brooklyn the people lose themselves within a few blocks of their own homes, for the city is almost as crooked as Boston, which represents the ultimate of irregularity.
ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE death of Hamline Garland some weeks ago aroused interest in the northwest because the famous writer spent his boyhood in Iowa and for a short time was a homesteader in South Dakota. His descriptions of western farm life have been the subject of considerable discussion and some disagreement, being held by some to be accurate while others have considered them overdrawn. Attention to this fact is called in a column article in an Iowa paper sent me by A. G. Schultheis, who was a schoolmate of young Garland's in Iowa.

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FEW WRITERS WHO HAVE become known through their descriptions of farm life have remained long on the farm. This is natural because two major occupations do not go well together. If it develops that one can write better than he can farm, and that his tastes lie in that direction he is likely to give up farming and become a professional writer. Usually the farm life described in the popular book is the kind of life that the writer knew as a boy, or, at most, as a youth. There seems to be room for a book on farming written by one who has remained farmer, rooted in the soil, knowing the life through the experience of the maturing and aging man, who has also the talent to produce good literature.

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THAT COMBINATION IS NOT likely to be found often. The natural tendency is for one who has written a successful book to move to the big city. Some years ago I read an article by a writer of some prominence who discussed the gravitation of writers to New York. He did not live in New York, for he did not like a big city. But because of his occupation he found it necessary to visit New York often and spend considerable time there. There were the publishers with whom he had contact, and for many business and professional reasons he had become ostensively a New Yorker. He believed that such influences had prompted the migration to New York of a considerable part of its population.

IN A NEW YORK HOTEL I once sat visiting with a group of men, about a dozen in all, all of them New Yorkers. They lived in New York or its immediate suburbs, had their homes and families there, and there they carried on their work. We compared notes on birthplaces. Of the group only one was a native of New York as it is now, and he was born in Brooklyn. One or two had come from New England. Nearly all of the others had come from the middle west, where some had spent their youth on farms.

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APPOINTMENT OF BERT- rand Russell as an instructor in City college New York, has been revoked on reconsideration by the board, and the revocation is being appealed to the courts by Russell or his supporters. Dr. Russell was appointed because of his intellectual brilliance as exhibited in the fields of mathematics and philosophy. Protests were made because of Russell's reputation as the exponent of a code of domestic relations incon-

sistent with what most persons consider good morals. Because of the protests the appointment was reconsidered and rescinded.

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THIS LATEST ACTION BY the board is now protested chiefly on the ground that it is a violation of liberty of conscience and freedom of speech. I fail to see where those questions are involved. No one has undertaken to prevent Dr. Russell from thinking as he will and saying or writing whatever he pleases. But there is no law, constitutional or statutory, that requires a board of education to employ as an instructor a person whom it considers undesirable for such position.

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THE FITNESS OF AN INDIVIDUAL for a position as an instructor of youth involves something more than his scholastic attainments and the brilliance of his intellect. It is as a human being that the instructor is brought into contact with his students, and he influences them not only by the manner in which he conducts his classes, but by his life and his attitude toward life. A notoriously dissolute man may be a thorough master of physics, but most parents would prefer to have their children instructed by a man of different character. Many men whose lives were marked by conspicuous frailties and excesses have left us treasures of estimable value in science, literature and art. The things of value which they produced have endured. The rest has vanished. But the man who is with us today must be taken as he is, and the character of his influence on youth must be estimated by what we know of his own character and attitude no less than by what he knows about whatever may be his specialty.
READERS OF LONGFELLOW are familiar with his little poem beginning "I shot an arrow into the air." The arrow and the song, each launched at random, were found long afterward, the arrow lodged in an oak, "And the song from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend." The thought, once given utterance, goes on its way, unseen, for days or years, sometimes to be found again, and to be recognized long after it was forgotten.

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LAST CHRISTMAS MANY RADIO listeners heard the voice of the king of Great Britain sending a message to his people in the far-flung British commonwealth. At the close of that message, in tones somewhat hesitant, but clear and distinct, came a few sentences which found lodgment in many hearts because of their simple beauty and impressiveness. Many wondered from what source that quotation came, for to most listeners the words were unfamiliar.

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LITTLE BY LITTLE the quotation has been traced, and its history strikingly illustrates the thought in Longfellow's poem. Nearly 30 years ago Miss Louise Haskins, an English schoolteacher in India, published a little book on poems. The modest volume was sold for the benefit of an Indian charity. A few years later a clergyman in England heard some lines quoted from the book without knowing their source. The words so impressed him that he wrote them down on a card. Years later, after his death, his daughter found the card with the words scribbled on it. She likes them and had them copied in Christmas cards which she sent to her friends. One of her friends sent them to the London Times, which published them, and a little while later, King George VI broadcast them as a message of hope and comfort to a troubled world. These are the lines:

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"I SAID TO A MAN WHO who stood at the gate of the years, 'Give me a light, that I may tread safely into the unknown,' and he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light and safer than a known way.'"

** ** **

MISS HASKINS, LIVING IN retirement in England, heard the lines and at first did not recognize them as those which she had written away on the other side of the world 30 years before. The song that she had sung in a little mountain village and had then forgotten had become a message of inspiration to millions.

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LOOKING OVER A BUNDLE of old and forgotten theater programs I found some things that surprised me. One was the repetition of the same plays at the Metropolitan in several successive years. Thus, if anyone had asked me, I should have said that "The Chocolate Soldier" was given in Grand Forks only once. Yet there is the evidence of the programs that it was sung here in three successive years. Again, I was quite certain that George Dameral, a Grand Forks boy, was the prince in the original cast of "The Merry Widow," and that the opera was given here only once. But I find that we had it three times, and that Dameral was the tenor in the second company that appeared here. There were several other important plays that were repeated in Grand Forks not more than a year apart, and pretty much the same people went to see them.

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GREAT ACTORS ALSO VISITED us several times in different plays. Outstanding in my recollection of William Faversham is his "Squaw Man," but he must have been here at least four times in as many different plays. Dustin Farnum was here in "The Virginian," "The Squaw Man," and "Cameo Kirby." Mrs. Leslie Carter appeared here twice, and I can remember her in only one play. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was here two or three times, but I remember her only in "Pygmalion." Louis James, Frederick Warde, Nazimova, Modjeska, DeWolfe Hopper, McKee Rankin, and others of the topnotchers, not only came to Grand Forks, but made regular visits.
IN A RECENT COPY OF THE Philadelphia Inquirer is an article descriptive of the ways of a certain group of the Amish, an interesting people whom I have mentioned on several occasions. The Inquirer article mentions the division of the Amish into groups known as White-tops, Black-tops and Yellow-tops, names which I had not met before. The groups are named, it appears, in accordance with the colors which they use on their buggy-tops.

THE WHITE-TOPS USE white-topped buggies, and are strict in their observance of the social and religious customs of their forefathers. The Black-tops are less strict in these observances and have adopted more of the customs of the modern age. The article does not indicate anything concerning the characteristics of the Yellow-tops.

THE REPORTER NOTED AS a matter of interest the fact that one of the little Amish girls was seen wearing her shoes on the wrong feet. On being asked why she explained that her mother had directed her to change shoes in that manner so that they would wear more evenly and thus last longer. That custom, however, has not been confined to the Amish. I have done it myself, and I can bear witness that a right shoe on a left foot is anything but comfortable. I can recall, too, that many shoes were made on straight lasts, without any right or left whatever. Switching those shoes was not so bad.

WHILE I AM ON THE SUBJECT of shoes I think of those with pegged soles, which we never see nowadays. Wire nails are used in certain parts of some shoes and the soles are generally sewed together with heavy thread. But pegging seems to be quite out of date. In pegging the practice was to make holes in the leather with an awl, and into each hole to drive a small wooden peg. The pegs, usually of maple, were set quite close together and when all were driven in the points, which had penetrated into the inside of the shoe, were rubbed off with a rasp. An expert shoemaker with his mouth full of pegs, a hammer in one hand and an awl in the other could keep up a rapid rat-tat-tat and finish up a sole in short order.

SOME OF THE OLD HAND-made shoes were quite works of art. Many were lined with soft leather, as some are now, and often the edges were bound, perhaps with red Morroco. Binding was usually women's work, and my grandmother thus finished many a pair which her husband had made. The small boy of that period found his supreme delight in a pair of long boots with shiny red tops and glistening copper toes. The thrill experienced in stepping out for the first time in a pair of those boots was about equivalent, I suppose, to thrill which the modern boy feels in taking the wheel of his first automobile.

THE NORTHERN PART OF the Red river valley is much wetter than the southern end, and I hear accounts of vast numbers of waterfowl which may be seen on the shallow pools of water which are still large and numerous. Both ducks and geese are there in thousands. Not many of the geese will remain in this territory. Their nesting places are much farther north and they have merely stopped on their way to rest and feed. Many of the ducks, also, will pass on but where there is sufficient cover many ducks nest in our own state and rear their broods here.

WE READ OF FLOODS IN Alberta, which indicates the probability of good conditions for ducks in the Canadian territory, and we may look for some big flights of both ducks and geese next fall. The creation of numerous refuges in North Dakota should prolong the stay of the birds in this state on their southern flight and should make for first-class hunting when the season opens.
SOME TWO HUNDRED PERSONS were burned, smothered or crushed to death in a fire in a building at Natchez, Miss., that was used for public dancing. From published descriptions of the catastrophe it is clear that the building was a fire-trap which should not have been permitted to be used for public gatherings of any kind. A mere shell, the structure was sheathed with corrugated iron and had but one narrow door for entrance and exit. Other openings had been boarded up to prevent gate crashing. From exposed rafters overhead hung festoons of Spanish moss placed there years ago for decorative purposes and never removed. That stuff was dry as tinder and heavily loaded with dust. A spark would be sufficient to start a fire that would spread with explosive swiftness. The mystery is, not that a disastrous fire occurred now, but that it did not occur long ago.

NOTHING CAN BE DONE for those who died in that fire. Not much can be done for the few who escaped with their lives, but who will bear through life the marks of their awful experience. But much can be done to prevent recurrence of such tragedies. During the years work of incalculable value has been done in the work of fire prevention and in rendering safe those structures which are intended for the accommodation of crowds. But much still remains to be done. In our cities and villages there are innumerable buildings in use for social and other public gatherings where the floors are unsafe, the walls fragile or the roofs insecure, and where in case of panic the single exits would be so packed with people trying to escape that many would be crushed to death. In many such buildings there are accumulations of inflammable material, the refuse of months and years, awaiting the casting of a lighted match or the dropping of a burning cigarette to burst into flame. Those places are used, month after month, and nothing happens. Then, as at Natchez, something does happen, and it happens all at once, and human beings die in torture and families are left desolate.

MOST OF OUR MUNICIPALITIES exercise care in making their public buildings safe. The greater hazards are in privately owned buildings devoted to public use, and these of the cheaper type. The Natchez building was a blacksmith shop converted into a dance hall. Sometimes owners resent restrictions on the use of their property. If they are willing that it shall be used in certain ways, and others are willing to use it, they ask why the public should concern itself. But public safety is the concern of the community. That there should be vigilance on the part of the private owner to see that his property does not become a public menace goes without saying. And there must be eternal vigilance on the part of public authorities to see that lives are not endangered by cupidity, thoughtless or negligence.

SHALL MOTHER'S DAY BE abolished? That question is raised by a committee of the Federal Council of Churches. In the opinion of the committee Mother's day has been undesirably sentimentalized, and in too many cases has been made a day of sorrow rather than one of joy. Growing out of its observance, too, have came demands for a Father's day, and would-be humorists have sought to have days set apart for other members of the family. The tendency, the committee believes, has been to lower the level on which Mother's day was first projected.

INSTEAD OF MOTHER'S day, the committee proposes a day to be set apart as Home day, with exercises emphasizing the home and all who contribute to its building and maintenance. That would include both mother and father, and, the committee thinks, would tend to give the observance something of the dignity which should mark it, and which is in danger of disappearing. Naturally, the committee's recommendation will be productive of much controversy.

QUESTIONS SUCH AS THESE ARISE IN CONNECTION OF ANY PLAN OF POLITICAL UNION. MEANWHILE, GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE, PROMPTED BY THE EXIGENCIES OF WAR, HAVE ESTABLISHED BETWEEN THEMSELVES AN ECONOMIC UNION WHICH MANY BELIEVE WILL BE A PERMANENT ONE. SUCH A UNION MAY, PERHAPS, BE EXTENDED TO INCLUDE OTHER NATIONS, REMOVING MANY OF THE TRADE BARRIERS WHICH ARE PRODUCTIVE OF SO MUCH FRICITION. OUT OF THAT, SOME DAY, MAY GROW SOMETHING LIKE THE IDEAL OF A WORLD FEDERATION WHICH CAN ACHIEVE PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

WHEN A LOWER MISSISSIPPI LEVEE BREAKS A SUPERVISOR SNAPS HIS FINGERS AND IMMEDIATELY THERE ARE ON THE JOB A THOUSAND TRAINED AND EXPERIENCED MEN WITH ALL THE APPARATUS NECESSARY FOR THE MAKING OF REPAIRS. MEN AND MATERIALS ARE KEPT IN READINESS FOR JUST SUCH EMERGENCIES AND LONG EXPERIENCE HAS MADE POSSIBLE THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE KIND OF ORGANIZATION NECESSARY FOR THAT PURPOSE. GRAND FORKS HAS HAD NO SUCH EXPERIENCE, NOR HAS THERE BEEN THE NEED FOR THE KIND OF ORGANIZATION THAT IS MAINTAINED ALONG THE LOWER REACHES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.


DR. DUVALL ADVOCATES A WORLD FEDERATION, WHICH IS NOT AT ALL A NEW IDEA. TENNYSON, AMONG OTHERS, DREAMED OF "A PARLIAMENT OF MAN, A FEDERATION OF THE WORLD." ARISTIDE BRANDT PROPOSED A FEDERATION OF THE STATES OF EUROPE. CLARENCE K. STREIT IN HIS BOOK "UNION NOW" HAS BLUEPRINTED A COMPLETE PLAN OF A WORLD FEDERATION BASED ON THE AMERICAN SYSTEM. AND THERE ARE OTHERS.

WHEN THE AMERICAN colonies united to form a permanent union they made numerous concessions and compromises. But those compromises were chiefly economic. The colonists had certain diverse interests, but they spoke a common language, and already they had institutions representing centuries of experience in self-government. They compromised on questions of trade, but they made no compromise on the principles of liberty set forth in the Declaration of Independence and later in the Bill of Rights. There they were adamant.

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IN A WORLD FEDERATION such as is proposed there must be a central government. In the creation of such a government shall the United States recede somewhat from the ground on which it has stood through the generations in order to meet the other nations part pay, or shall the other nations advance all at once to what we consider the high ground occupied by the United States? Shall Britain, Norway, Sweden and Denmark abandon the monarchial systems, which they seem to prefer. Shall the peoples of Italy, and Germany and Russia repudiate their dictators, whom, we are told, they worship?

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QUESTIONS SUCH AS THESE ARISE IN CONNECTION OF ANY PLAN OF POLITICAL UNION. MEANWHILE, GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE, PROMPTED BY THE EXIGENCIES OF WAR, HAVE ESTABLISHED BETWEEN THEMSELVES AN ECONOMIC UNION WHICH MANY BELIEVE WILL BE A PERMANENT ONE. SUCH A UNION MAY, PERHAPS, BE EXTENDED TO INCLUDE OTHER NATIONS, REMOVING MANY OF THE TRADE BARRIERS WHICH ARE PRODUCTIVE OF SO MUCH FRICTION. OUT OF THAT, SOME DAY, MAY GROW SOMETHING LIKE THE IDEAL OF A WORLD FEDERATION WHICH CAN ACHIEVE PEACE AND PROSPERITY.
G. L. ANDERSON HAS AT HIS HOME A Curiosity IN THE FORM OF A GROWING SPRAY OF SPANISH MOSS. MORE THAN A YEAR AGO THE FAMILY BROUGHT THE SPECIMEN OF MOSS FROM THE SOUTH, WHERE IT GROWS PROFUSELY. DURING THE WINTER MONTHS IT DRIED AND APPEARED TO BE DEAD, BUT RECENTLY IT HAS COME TO LIFE AND IT IS NOW GROWING. THERE IS LITTLE PROSPECT, HOWEVER, THAT THE TREES OF GRAND FORKS ARE SOON TO BE FESTOONED WITH SPANISH MOSS, AS BRIEF EXPOSURE TO OUR WINTER WEATHER WOULD QUICKLY PUT AN END TO IT.

ALL WHO HAVE VISITED FLORIDA OR THE GULF COAST ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE APPEARANCE OF SPANISH MOSS, WHICH IN THAT WARM, MOIST CLIMATE HANGS DRAPPED FROM TREES, TELEPHONE WIRES AND WHEREVER IT CAN FIND LODGEMENT. SPANISH MOSS RESEMBLES DANDELIONS IN THAT WHILE A LITTLE OF IT MAY BE ATTRACTIVE, IN THE MASS IT BECOMES A NUISANCE. ITS SOFT GRAY COLOR AND GRACEFUL FESTOONS LEND A PLEASING APPEARANCE TO AN OUTDOOR PICTURE, BUT WHERE IT GROWS PROFUSELY IT GIVES THE SCENE A FUNERAL APPEARANCE WHICH I HAVE FOUND DEPRESSING.

A RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLE EXPLAINS THAT SPANISH MOSS IS NOT A TRUE PARASITE, AS IS OFTEN SUPPOSED, AS IT DRAWS THE ELEMENTS OF ITS GROWTH ENTIRELY FROM THE AIR AND NOT FROM THE SAP OF TREES. IT THRIVES AS WELL HANGING FROM A TELEPHONE WIRE AS FROM A LIVING TREE. RESIDENTS OF THE TERRITORY WHERE IT IS MOST ABUNDANT, HOWEVER, FIND IT NECESSARY TO REMOVE IT FROM THEIR ORNAMENTAL TREES BECAUSE IT RENDERS THEM UNSIGHTLY AND OFTEN EXCLUDES LIGHT, TO THE DETRIMENT OF THE FOLIAGE. TELEPHONE COMPANIES IN THAT AREA ALSO KEEP MEN AT WORK REMOVING THE MOSS FROM WIRES IN ORDER TO AVOID SHORT-CIRCUITS.

THE MAGAZINE ARTICLE DESCRIBES THE PROPAGATION OF THE MOSS, WHICH IS NOT A TRUE MOSS AT ALL. IT PRODUCES ALMOST INVISIBLE BLOSSOMS WHICH YIELD MICROSCOPIC SEEDS. THESE, EXCEEDINGLY LIGHT, ARE CARRIED THROUGH THE AIR AND WILL CLING TO ALMOST ANY SURFACE ON WHICH THEY ALIGHT. THE TINY PLANTS, NOURISHED BY THE AIR, GROW INTO GREAT FESTOONS, SOMETIMES MEASURING MANY FEET IN LENGTH. THE MOSS IS GATHERED, SOMETIMES BY WORKERS WHO DEVOTE THEIR ENTIRE TIME TO THAT INDUSTRY, AND OFTEN BY CHILDREN AND OTHER HAPHAZARD WORKERS. IT IS THROWN INTO PILES AND KEPT MOIST UNTIL DECOMPOSITION LOOSENS THE OUTER COVERING, WHICH IS THEN SEPARATED AND THE REMAINING WIRY FIBRE IS USED FOR FILLING CHEAP UPHOLSTERY AND OTHER SIMILAR PURPOSES.

THREE MEMBERS OF THE NORTH DAKOTA CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION, SENATOR FRAZIER AND REPRESENTATIVES LEMKE AND BURDICK, ARE CANDIDATES FOR RENOMINATION AT THIS YEAR'S PRIMARY ELECTION. ALL BEAR THE REPUBLICAN LABEL. VIEWED FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THEIR PRESENT ENDORSEMENTS THEIR STATUS PRESENTS AN INTRICATE PUZZLE.

AT THE BISMARCK CONVENTION WHICH ENDORSED LANGER FOR THE SENATE BOTH FRAZIER AND LEMKE WERE THROWN INTO THE DISCARD, BUT BURDICK WAS ENDORSED. AT THE JAMESTOWN CONVENTION FRAZIER AND BURDICK WERE OMITTED FROM THE LIST OF ENDORSEES, BUT LEMKE WAS PLACED ON THE TICKET. A LITTLE LATER A GROUP OF MEN WHO HAD BEEN DELEGATES TO THE JAMESTOWN CONVENTION ENDORSED FRAZIER AND BURDICK IN ADDITION TO LEMKE. LEMKE MADE A CAUTIOUS STATEMENT THANKING THE JAMESTOWN CONVENTION FOR ITS ENDORSEMENT OF HIM, BUT OMITTED ANY STATEMENT INDICATING WHAT CANDIDATES, IF ANY, HE WOULD SUPPORT. A REPORT THAT FRAZIER, LEMKE AND BURDICK HAD ENTERED INTO A COMPACT TO SUPPORT EACH OTHER BROUGHT AN INQUIRY FROM GRONNA, ENDORSED AT BISMARCK FOR THE HOUSE, ASKING BURDICK HOW ABOUT IT. IN REPLY BURDICK REFERRED TO HIS STATEMENT TO THE BISMARCK CONVENTION AND SAID THAT HE HAD ENTERED INTO NO COMPANY WITH ANYBODY. THE CLASS IN ENGINEERING MIGHT MAKE AN INTERESTING GRAPH OF ALL THAT.