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EXCAVATION FOR THE basement of the new postoffice extension provided entertainment for a crowd of spectators who watched with interest the operation of the steam shovel. A steam shovel, awkward in appearance as it is, never fails to attract a crowd. In the evidences which it gives of power, and in its disregard for obstacles it suggests one of those gigantic prehistoric creatures which crashed through marsh and forest, and before which everything had to give way.

WHEN THE SHOVEL HAD reached the level of the basement bottom and was at work there a lady came along and watched it. She marveled at its power and the deftness with which it was handled. But a problem arose in her mind. "How do they get the machine out after they get through digging?" she asked. "That's easy," said a bystander. "They just tilt the shovel end down to the ground and then make the whole machine turn a summersault onto the top of the bank."

A STOCK STORY IN THE YELLOWSTONE park is of the old stage driver in the horse-and-wagon days who took parties through the park and acted as a mine of information for them. He made it a point to answer all the questions of his passengers, but sometimes the task taxed his ingenuity. Near one of the main drives is what is known as the glacial boulder, which is pointed out to tourists as an interesting curiosity. It is a mass of granite as big as a house, worn smooth by ages of grinding. It lies in an area where no other granite is found for many miles. Geologists say that the boulder was carried to its present foreign location by a glacier.

THE BUS DRIVER WAS EXHIBITING the boulder to a load of passengers and explained that it was brought to its present position by a glacier. After looking around the vicinity for a moment a lady in the party said, "But where is the glacier?" "Oh," said the driver, "it's gone back after another boulder."

THE QUESTION OF WHAT IS to become of the college graduates after they leave school has received much attention, and nobody has been able to furnish a conclusive answer. There are those who view with alarm the increasing number of college students. They say that years ago when there were few college students, there were places for them after graduation, but that now, with their number so vastly increased, the situation has become hopeless.

THOSE WHO ENTERTAIN that view overlook the fact that regardless of college status the proportion of young people to total population has not increased. Per hundred thousand inhabitants there are no more boys and girls in the country than there were 50 years ago. Actually the proportion has decreased. More of the young people go to college now than formerly, and while there are more college graduates looking for jobs, there are correspondingly fewer who are not graduates. That may be a source of consolation to those who have seen no hope in the situation.

AS THE COLLEGES ARE reaching into fields of youth formerly untouched by them, the presumption is that the colleges will furnish workers in line formerly not associated with college degrees. Once the college graduate was expected to take a place in one of the so-called learned professions. But the colleges are now training young people for all sorts of work, much of it only remotely associated with white collars. And it is quite noticeable that much of such work is now being performed by young persons who give evidence of good schooling in the intelligence with which they apply themselves to their work.
THE FORT PECK DAM, NEAR Glasgow, Montana, is described as the largest earth-fill dam in the world, and I have no doubt the description is accurate. When completed the dam will have a length, crosswise of the Missouri river and valley, of nearly four miles. Its base, up and down stream, will be over half a mile and it will have a height of 242 feet above the river bed. It will contain 100,000,000 cubic yards of earth, figures which do not convey a very clear idea to the average person.

ACROSS THE RIVER, NEAR the upper and lower edges of the dam, are lines of steel sheet piling, driven down to hard pan, and the space between these is being filled with earth dredged from the river several miles above the dam. The material, in the form of rather thin mud, is forced by pumps from the dredges through large pipes which run across the space to be filled, and there it is discharged through many openings in the pipes. The solid material sinks and the water flows off slowly into the stream below.

TO THE OBSERVER, STANDING at an observation point on the high bank, the task of filling that enormous space with earth appears to be a hopeless one. But the jets are much larger than they appear at a distance; the mass has already been built many feet in height, and it is estimated that by keeping at it, night and day, the fill will be completed by 1939.

IT IS NOT INTENDED THAT at any time water shall flow over the top of the dam. Provision is made for continuous flow of the river through tunnels leading around the dam. The flow through these tunnels will be controlled by gates operated through great shafts from above. To take care of abnormal flood waters if and when the reservoir above is filled, there is a concrete-lined spillway about five miles east of the dam. This spillway, it is calculated, will take care of maximum floods, so that the dam will not be subjected to erosion by water flowing over it.

AT THE END OF JUNE, THIS year, more than 7,000 workers were employed at the dam, and for the housing of these persons and their families there has been constructed by the government the little city of Fort Peck. In addition to the service structures, postoffice, recreation hall, hospital, etc., Fort Peck is a city of cottages with a population of approximately 20,000 persons. These buildings are small, neat, insulated for summer and winter use, and are set in orderly fashion in tarvia-paved streets, all of which are named and labeled, as in a permanent town. Most of the little residences will be wrecked when the dam is completed, but homes will be maintained for the several hundred who will constitute the permanent staff at the dam. In the meantime, many of these homes are surrounded by well-kept lawns, with shrubbery and flowers, which are kept in good condition by the abundance of water that is available.

OUTSIDE OF THE GOVERNMENT reservation immediately adjoining the dam, several small towns have sprung up on private property. The opportunity to cater to the needs and tastes of the thousands of government employes and the constant stream of tourists has attracted private business enterprises of almost every imaginable character. The largest of these mushroom towns is Wheeler, situated within two or three miles of Fort Peck, a little town which, in the variety of entertainment offered, is said to resemble closely the mining towns in the boom days of the wild west. This resemblance is said to be exceedingly close after pay day at Fort Peck.

THE BUILDING OF THE DAM has brought a great volume of business to Glasgow, and the temptation to expand on the strength of it must have been strong. Generally, however, Glasgow business men seem to have been cautious in their attitude toward this wave of prosperity. They realize that when the work is completed most of the employees will move away, and in view of the certain departure of many thousands of their present customers, they have made no wild plunjes. They have occupied all unused quarters available and resurrected old furnishings from storage, but they have built no skyscrapers on the strength of the present boom. Glasgow is a familiar Scottish name, and it appears that the town has something of the canniiness usually attributed to the Scots.
WHEN THE ORDER FOR THC over 7,000 employes on the job, construction of the Fort Peck dam and, since June, 1934, not less than was issued suddenly by President Roosevelt that act dashed the hopes of those who had been working for the Missouri diversion project in North Dakota. It was realized that it would not be easy to obtain approval of projects for the building of two expensive dams within such a short distance of each other. So long as both were under consideration there were possibilities for both, but when one was started there was obviously less chance for the other.

* * *

THE NORTH DAKOTA PROJECT contemplated the building of a dam across the Missouri about the bend in the vicinity of Garrison. Army engineers had reported unfavorably on the project on the ground that at that point satisfactory foundation could not be found for the footings of the proposed dam. Those reports, we have been told frequently, were based on the building of a concrete dam. Similar difficulty was encountered at Fort Peck, and the thought of building a concrete dam there was abandoned. Instead there is being built a mammoth earth-fill dam the largest of its kind in the world, and apparently the engineers are satisfied that it will serve the purpose perfectly. No similar intensive investigation was conducted at Garrison to ascertain if proper foundations could be found for an earth-fill dam there. There seems to be no good reason to suppose that an earth-fill dam would not have been as feasible at or near Garrison as at Fort Peck.

* * *

STUDY OF THE COMPARATIVE utility of the two dams brings out some interesting facts. An official description of the Fort Peck dam and its purpose contains this paragraph:

"Primary purpose of the Fort Peck project is to improve navigation on the lower Missouri river, between Sioux City and the mouth, by storing flood water and releasing it during low-water periods, so as to maintain a minimum flow required for an eight- to nine-foot channel. Additional benefits toward flood control and prevention of bank erosion will also be realized. Electric power can also be developed, and there are irrigation possibilities. As a PWA project another prime purpose is the relief of unemployment, there now being over 7,000 employees on the job, and, since June, 1934, not less than 4,000 have been employed."

* * *

THUS, IMPROVEMENT OF navigation is given as the major purpose, with flood control, power development and irrigation incidental in the order named. The employment factor, of course, applies to all public work. Navigation, the major purpose, is to be improved by storing the water of the upper river and controlling its flow into the lower. By this means, the dam which will serve that purpose best is that which will intercept the greatest flow in the upper section.

* * *

THE FORT PECK DAM intercepts the flow of the Missouri proper only. Below the dam the river receives the flow from many tributaries, of the Missouri river which drains all of northern Montana, the Yellowstone, which drains all of southeastern Montana and parts of Wyoming, and the Little Missouri, which drains all of southwestern North Dakota and small sections of South Dakota, Montana and Wyoming. The combined flow of these tributaries is much greater than that of the Missouri above Fort Peck, and the Fort Peck dam does not affect them.

* * *

A DAM AT GARRISON, OR IN that vicinity, would control the flow of the entire system, and surveys made by competent engineers show that the storage basis created by the building of the Garrison dam would contain the entire flow, if desired, of the entire river system for a whole year. The Garrison dam would thus have double the efficiency of the Fort Peck dam in controlling navigation, which is declared to be the primary purpose of the work.

* * *

AS AN AID IN FLOOD CONTROL the Garrison dam would have no part whatever in the North Dakota project. It would have filled up innumerable dry North Dakota lakes, would have restored refuges for wild life and made new ones, and would have assured a continuous and abundant supply of water to scores of municipalities in the two Dakotas. And the total cost of the project would have been no greater than that of the Fort Peck dam.

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WATER DIVERSION, ONE OF the most important features of the North Dakota project, has no part whatever in the Fort Peck project. The building of the dam in North Dakota was urged primarily as part of a water conservation project. It would have filled up innumerable dry North Dakota lakes, would have restored refuges for wild life and made new ones, and would have assured a continuous and abundant supply of water to scores of municipalities in the two Dakotas. And the total cost of the project would have been no greater than that of the Fort Peck dam.
GLANCING OVER A STRAY copy of a week-old eastern paper I found prominently displayed the text of the address of King Edward of Great Britain at the dedication of the monument erected at Vimy Ridge, France, to the memory of the Canadian soldiers who died in the World war.

WITH OTHER newspaper readers I had read of the ceremonies, and had seen the king's speech. I had not read the actual text.

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It will repay reading. In a gesture, touching and impressive, the government of France decreed that the area within which the Vimy monument stands shall forever be Canadian soil. In recognizing this gracious act the king referred to the beautiful lines by Rupert Brooke whose ashes lie in an Ionian island, and who wrote that where he lay would be "forever England" a parable which had been given a realization by the action of France.

THE KING'S ADDRESS WAS, brief, occupying not more than 10 minutes in delivery. Without thought of instituting comparisons, in form and spirit it suggested to me the perfect dictation, the lofty idealism and the rhythmical, musical cadences which are such impressive features of Lincoln's Gettysburg address and his second inaugural.

NATURALLY, THE QUESTION arises: Who wrote the king's speech? Obviously, it was not an extempore utterance, composed on the spot. Not only was it intended to appeal to the millions of Canadians over whose land his majesty reigns, but it was necessary that it should make a favorable impression on the French people at a moment when relations between nation and nation are being subjected to severe strain. It was necessary that the speech, at once a sincere expression of personal sentiment and a state document, should be as nearly perfect as it could be made. There can be no doubt that in framing it the king had the assistance of men known for scholarship, vision and tact. The closing sentences of the king's address will suffice to indicate its character. His majesty said:

"ALL THE WORLD OVER there are battlefields the names of which are written indelibly on the pages of our troubled human story. It is one of the consolations which time brings that the deeds of valor done on those battlefields long survive the quarrels which drove the opposing hosts to conflict. Vimy will be one such name. Already the scars of war have been-when from the fair landscape beneath us. Around us here today there is peace and the rebuilding of hope. And so in dedicating this memorial to our fallen comrades our thoughts turn rather to the splendor of their sacrifice and to the consideration of our love for them than to the cannonade which beat upon this ridge a score of years ago. In that spirit of thankfulness, in a spirit of thankfulness for their devotion and of pride in their comradeship, I unveil this memorial to Canada's dead."

IMPORTANT STATE PAPERS are seldom the product of a single mind. I have a copy of Lincoln's second inaugural giving the original text as prepared by Lincoln himself. Accompanying it are suggestions for elisions, additions and changes of form made by Seward and some others to whom the text had been submitted. Some of the suggested changes were made as proposed. Some were rejected. Some were adopted in spirit but changed in form. The beautiful closing paragraph was entirely in response to Seward's suggestion, but the prosaic sentences offered by Seward were made music by the magic of Lincoln's skill.

THE SECOND INAUGURAL was a state document of considerable length, written at a critical time in the nation's history. The war was approaching its close, but it was not yet over. Lincoln wished ardently for peace and friendship. He wished to convince the people of the north and their northern neighbors that they were "not enemies, but friends, and it was essential that he avoid wounding their sensibilities and that he convince them of his earnest desire for their welfare. Therefore he consulted with men whose judgment he respected as to the form and content of that memorable address. The Gettysburg address was quite different in the conditions under which it was delivered. The story of its preparation has been told. It was intended to be the principal address of that occasion. The speaker of the day was the brilliant Edward Everett. His oration was admittedly a masterpiece. But the few simple words of Lincoln made the occasion immortal, and Everett's brilliant oration has been forgotten.
TO WHAT DEPTH DOES A tree send its roots? One answer, and correct one, is that it depends on the kind of tree. Another correct answer is that the depth depends on the character of the soil and its water content. I knew of one case in which a great eastern willow tree growing beside a well sent masses of its roots to the bottom of the well, more than 20 feet deep, and dried the well. The tree was cut down and the tangled masses of roots removed, and the former plentiful supply of water was resumed.

IN THE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURAL Research, one of the publications of the department of agriculture, are given the results of some interesting studies of root growth made recently by Professor A. F. Yeager, of the North Dakota Agricultural college. In the bulletin are given measurements of the root systems of some 30 varieties are native, such as elm, oak and ash, while others such as black walnut, apple and spruce are importations which are hardy in this locality. Measurements were made of numerous specimens of each variety growing under varied conditions.

I AM SURE PROFESSOR Yeager’s findings as to root depth will be surprising to many who have supposed that trees habitually send their roots down many feet into the soil. The greatest depth at which tree roots were found was 10 feet 3 inches, these roots being of the Hibernal apple. Next to this came the cottonwood with roots extending 10 feet below the surface.

THESE DEPTHS WERE Exceptional, the greatest root depth of most varieties ranging from 4 to 6 feet. The shallowest root system found was that of the butternut, none of whose roots were found deeper than 2 feet 8 inches. Greatest root depths found for some familiar species were, American elm, 4 feet; Siberian crab, 6 feet 10 inches; box elder, 4 feet 2 inches; chokecherry, 6 feet 2 inches; Black Hills spruce, 3 feet 6 inches; hackberry, 4 feet 5 inches; oak, 8 feet 3 inches.

MEASUREMENTS WERE ALSO made of root spread. The average length of the longest roots of all the species was 1.3 times the height of the tree. From this average there were many variations but most of the variations were slight. The greatest variations were with the black walnut and the tamarisk. A black walnut 25 years old and 25 feet tall had roots of the extreme length of 54 feet or 2.1 times its height, while the longest roots of a tamarisk 10 years old and 14 feet tall had roots only 9 feet 6 inches long, or .7 times its height.

IT IS OFTEN SAID THAT THE root spread of a tree equals the spread of its branches. Professor Yeager’s studies indicate a much greater spread. Roughly it appears that the roots of a tree spread in all directions a distance about equal to the total height of the tree.

THIS HAS BEEN A HARD year on trees. First there was the exceptionally severe winter, which tested the endurance of many of our trees and killed many which in ordinary years have been perfectly hardy. Drought and heat have increased the number of casualties.

FOLIAGE OF MANY OF THE mountain ash in the city has turned brown, a condition which I suspect may be attributed more to heat than to drought. I have one tree of this species, well started and of moderate size, the foliage of which is only slightly browned. During the summer the soil around that particular tree has been kept well watered. I attribute the browning of the leaves chiefly to the intense heat of the sun and the burning winds which sapped the moisture from the leaves faster than it could be carried up through the trunk, no matter what the supply around the roots.
STATUARY HALL, UNDER the great dome of the Capitol in Washington, is sometimes known as the chamber of horrors because of the artistic atrocities that have found their way there in the form of statues of more or less eminent men. There are some good figures, but there are also some that are awful. The hall has also been known as the whispering gallery because of the fact that sound from one particular spot is carried audibly to a distant part of the room without being heard in the intervening space. It is said that in the early days when the room was used as a house chamber, the speaker was able to send messages to members at the distant point, although members directly between them could not hear them.

A HIGH SCHOOL INSTRUCTOR and one of his pupils are said to have located the spot or spots in the dome responsible for the concentration of echoes. In the research beams of light were directed at various points until the correct one was found.

THERE ARE MANY SUCH whispering galleries in the world. One of the famous ones is in St. Paul’s cathedral in London. In that vast space two persons standing at just the right spots may converse in whispers although if they move but a few feet in any direction they cannot hear each other’s raised voices.

MANY YEARS AGO TWO OF my boyhood friends, brother and sister, visiting England with their parents, found interesting use for this phenomenon. Stationing themselves at the two sensitive spots they whispered to each other facetious comments on the persons in the great building who happened to attract their attention. The parents caught on to this bit of entertainment and the youngsters were hurriedly removed to other positions.

ALL THE WORLD’S FAMOUS whispering galleries, I suppose, have been the result of accident, but the laws of acoustics governing them are now so well understood that architects can construct them at will if they wish. The point is, of course, that sound is reflected like light, and if the reflecting surfaces are suitable shaped and placed the sound striking them may be concentrated at any desired point.

IN THE BLACK HILLS recently our party listened to some interesting sound effects on the night of the Fourth of July. We spent the night at a cabin in Spearfish canyon, where the great gorge is walled by precipitous rocks of all sizes and shapes. Late in the evening, when everything was still, someone a mile away began to shoot big firecrackers. The results resembled the sound of a military bombardment. The sound of each explosion was echoed from cliff to cliff until it became lost down the canyon in something like the rattle of machine-gun fire. One firecracker in that deep canyon was worth 20 in the open.

THE YEOMEN OF THE king’s guard, popularly known as “Beefeaters” have shaved off their whiskers. Beards have been the characteristic adornment of the men of that British regiment for many generations, and doubtless there are many who would not have supposed that the nation could survive the shock of having those beards removed. But the beards are gone and the nation still lives. Young King Edward has shattered several traditions, and when it was represented to him that the guardsmen found the beards made them unpleasantly conspicuous when they were out of uniform he said, “Shave them off.” One by one the old landmarks are being destroyed. Soon there will be no beards left. A barber in Yellowstone park said mine was the first he had trimmed in seven years work in the park.
SOME TIME IN THE SIXTIES

A young man named C. F. Sims, whose home, I think, was in southern Minnesota, was a member of one of the military expeditions sent out by the government to suppress Indian uprisings which were occurring in various parts of the northwest. With his outfit he crossed the Red river somewhere south of Fargo and traveled northwest to the Missouri. On route he wrote letters to relatives at home, and those letters, preserved by the family, became interesting reading after the lapse of many years.

YEARS LATER I KNEW C. F. Sims as a resident of Grand Forks. He had found the city a pleasant place in which to live, and he held the responsible position of superintendent of what was then the National elevator line. In that capacity he had directed the handling, I have no doubt, of scores of millions of bushels of wheat grown through the years on some of the very land which he had once condemned as unfit for use. In that same territory homes had been established and cities built. I talked often with him about his early characterization of the territory, and he admitted that it was not safe to form opinions about a country on the basis of one year's experience, or even of a succession of years.

REV. J. H. K. MOFFETT dropped in with two interesting souvenirs of his recent visit to his native country of Armagh, Ireland. One is a piece of bog oak, cut from a log which had lain buried for unknown centuries, the wood in a perfect state of preservation except for one edge which, exposed to the air, shows signs of weathering. The fragment, while retaining all the general characteristics of wood, has seemingly passed through the preliminary stages of petrification. Its pores have become filled with a mineral substance, and when cut with a sharp knife there is left a surface like glass. In that respect it resembles wood taken from the bottom of Stump lake in North Dakota.

THE OTHER CURIOSITY IS an oblong bit of metal as wide and as thick as a nickel and somewhat longer, bearing the date 1742 and certain stamped letters. It might be taken for some primitive coin, but it was never used for commercial purposes. Instead it is a communion "token" such as once was used in Presbyterian churches.

THOSE OLD CHURCHES ADMITTED only members to their communion and in order that no mistake in identification might be made, metallic "tokens" were distributed to eligibles in advance of the communion service. Before the bread and wine were passed, the "tokens" were collected, and each person seated in the communion group was expected to have one.

THE USE OF THESE TOKENS probably began when religious persecution was common. The Scottish Covenanters were the victims of such persecution, and the use of these symbols of membership was probably a measure of safety as well as of religious faith. In some churches their use was continuous as a matter of form in many churches until quite recent years. The token in Mr. Moffett's possession, dated 1742, was stamped at a time when great confusion, political and religious, existed throughout England, Scotland and Ireland. James II, deposed, had died in exile. His son, known as the "Old Pretender," had made determined effort to wrest the throne from the new Hanoverian prince George I in the insurrection of 1715, popularly known as "The Fifteen," and when these tokens were stamped, in 1742, influences were at work which were to culminate in the rising of 1745, "The Forty-five," in favor of Charles Edward, the "Young Pretender." The controversies of the day cut through religious as well as political lines, and one assumed a grave risk if he dared to call his soul his own.
GRAND FORKS PEOPLE
have been treated with special
consideration this year by the for-
ces that control the operation of
the geysers in Yellowstone park.
About a month ago our family
party was favor-
ed with a view
of the Giant gey-
sers in operation,
a sight so rare
that only a small
percentage of
those who visit
the park witness
it. We felt that
special honor had
been done us on
that occasion.

Two weeks ago
Miss Leal Edmunds, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Edmunds of
Grand Forks, visited the park on
her way west. With a group of
others she was being shown around
the upper geyser basin by a ranger.
The party came to the Giant cone,
which was dry and gave no evi-
dence of life. The guide explained
the size of the geyser, its great vol-
ume and its height and told of its
unpredictable behavior. It had
played but once this season, and
might play again in a week or
two, in a month, or not at all.
Suddenly he interrupted his lec-
ture. "Look out! Stand back!" he
cried. "There it goes now!" And it
did, giving a thoroughly satisfac-
tory performance.

I DLE PERUSAL OF THE
market columns of an eastern fi-
nancial paper has given me the
idea that some day I may start a
dandelion farm. Dandelion roots
are quoted at 18 to 19 cents a
pound. That quotation occurs in
the crude drug table. I suppose
dandelion roots yield some sub-
stance that is of use in the drug
trade. I have heard of the roasted
and ground roots being used as a
substitute for coffee, but I didn't
know that they had any other use
or had any commercial value.

BECAUSE THEY APPEAR IN
the regular quotations I assume
there is a steady market for the
roots, which leads to the guess that
somewhere dandelion farming is a
regular industry. Dandelion seed
is described only as useful in
"greens" or salads. Of course,

where the roots are marketed they
must be thoroughly cleaned and
dried.

A NUMBER OF THINGS IN
that market table interested me.
There is asafetida gum, for in-
stance, at 20 cents a pound. Asafe-
tida has several medicinal proper-
eties, but it lives in the recollec-
tion of many elderly people be-
cause of the fact that in their
youth they were required to wear
around their necks red flannel
bandages containing the gum as a
preventive measure when disease
made its appearance in the com-
community. The horrible smell of the
stuff may have frightened bacteria
away.

ELM BARK APPEARS ON THE
list at 18 cents a pound. This may
be the "slippery ellum" of our child-
hood, the bark of which, when
chewed, gave off a slippery juice.
The boy who, in the right season,
came to school with a goodly sup-
ply of "slippery ellum" was possess-
ed of capital which he could trade
for almost anything.

CAMOMIL FLOWERS ARE 30
cents a pound, and the name re-
minds one of the camomile tea
which our grandmothers thought
had high therapeutic qualities. Black
haw bark seems to have its uses
at 20 cents a pound. Cubeb berries,
now 37 cents a pound, were once
smoked for asthma and bronchial
troubles. The root of the lady-slip-
per is quoted at 30 cents a pound.

CORN SILK HAS A MARKET
at 7 cents a pound. I never heard
of corn silk being used for any
other purpose than smoking. Back
of the barn it was rolled into ciga-
rettes or smoked in a clay pipe.
A substitute for cigars was the
root of a certain variety of elm
grown near the river, some of
which grew by the river, some by
the action of the water. The roots
had pores large enough to permit
smoke to be drawn through, and
the smoke bit like fury. I find no
mention of these roots in the mar-
ket table.

AMONG OTHER ITEMS, FAM-
iliar to most of us, but some of
which are seldom recalled in con-
nection with the drug trade are
mullen leaves, catnip, burdock,
butternut bark, prickly ash, lav-
ender flowers, and thubarb root,
all of which seem to have their
uses.
UNTIL RECENTLY HAY fever was popularly supposed to be caused only by the pollen of a few plants, ragweed, goldenrod, and a few others, most of which bloomed in the late summer. While such irritants can and do induce hay fever, the list of provocative substances has been greatly enlarged, as has the list of diseases which may be so induced. It is now known that hay fever, asthma, hives and several other distressing maladies are closely related, and that any of them may be caused or aggravated in certain individuals by substances which have no similar effect on others. Not only may pollens contribute to these diseases, but substances normally found in certain foods, in textiles and in furs may have similar effects. An intensive study of plants, soils, etc., from which these irritating substances may be derived is now being undertaken by one of the agencies of the department of agriculture. It is hoped that information may be obtained which will lead to the discovery of preventive measures, and if this comes to pass victims whose sufferings are especially acute in such a season as this will have cause for gratitude.

W. P. Davies

SOME TIME AGO I REFERRED to a request made by a friend for a poem entitled "We're forty tonight." Two friends responded with Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem "The Boys," which I am sure is the one the inquirer had in mind. Dr. Holmes insisted on being twenty, not forty. His poem was one of a group of class poems at the reunion in 1859 of the Harvard class of 1829. For the benefit of those who may not have convenient access to it I am reproducing it:

* * *

THE BOYS.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If he has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty tonight!
We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!
Show him the door!
Gray temples at twenty? Yes! white if you please;
Where the snowflakes fall thickest, there's nothing can freeze.

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* * *

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed.
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told.
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you tonight?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "reverend" What's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book;
And the Royal society thought it was true!
So they chose him right in,—a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith.
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal "My Country"—"of thee."

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen,
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the news of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting boys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children, The Boys.
FEARS OF A WATER FAMILY in Bermuda were allayed when heavy rains visited the islands last week. Prospects are for more rain and it is expected that reservoirs will be filled. Bermuda's residents are dependent for their water on what rain they can catch as it falls. Water is conducted from the roofs of buildings and conducted into cisterns. Mountain slopes are covered with cement and the water collected from them is stored in great public reservoirs.

THE ISLANDS EXPERIENCE long periods of dronth, and the recent rainless period was so prolonged that a water famine seemed imminent. Rainfall thus far this year has been the lowest in five years. Some of the large hotels had exhausted their supplies and had been dependent on water shipped to them from New York. Sprinkling carts had been busy for some time delivering water from the scant supply in public storage to residents whose supplies were exhausted. Vincent Astor, on whose estate a large supply had been accumulated, volunteered to furnish 400 tons if it were needed.

THAT CONDITION HAS SOME bearing on the opinion often expressed that the restoration of plowed land to its original condition of sod, the planting of trees and the diversion of water to fill up rivers, lakes and ponds would increase the rainfall in North Dakota. Bermuda is the collective name given to a group of islands in mid-Atlantic just at the northern edge of the tropical zone. The climate is mild and evaporation from the ocean which surrounds the islands is exceedingly rapid. No matter from what direction the wind blows it comes across a vast expanse of water. And yet, Bermuda suffers occasionally from drought.

IN THE WEST INDIES LONG rainless periods are of common occurrence. The peninsula of Southern California, with the Pacific ocean on one side and the great Gulf of California on the other, is almost a desert. The Sahara desert begins but a few miles from the mild and balmy Mediterranean. Desert surrounds or adjoins the Red sea and the Arabian gulfs.

ON THE OTHER HAND, TROPICAL Panama is drenched by many feet of rain a year, and there is a spot in northern India, far from any considerable body of water, which is one of the rainiest in the world. With these facts matters of common knowledge it should be clear that adding a few square miles to the water surface of North Dakota will not bring more rain. Measures to conserve the rain that does fall will make conditions more livable, but as to influencing rainfall—it can't be done.

A WPA WORKER ON THE East Side water front in New York found in the water a quantity of coins which he identified as $20 pieces. They had been contained in a tarred paper package out of which some of them had escaped into the water, but when all were collected he found that he had 53 of them, representing, as he supposed, $1060, which to him was a fortune. He reported his find to the nearest police station and left the coins there, being told that if they were not claimed within six months by some person who could prove ownership the entire lot would be his.

THE FINDER HAD NO VISIONS of extravagant living on the basis of his prospective wealth, but he made plans for spending the money in the event that it became his. He had plans for clothing for himself, his parents and his children and for a number of simple and desirable comforts. The police department started to check all the gold robberies which have occurred within several years with a view to tracing the ownership of the coins. In the meantime the coins were examined and found counterfeit.

THE ASSUMPTION IS THAT the coins were dumped into the river shortly after the president's order commandeering all the gold in the country as it would then have been dangerous to attempt to pass them. The pathetic feature of the whole incident is the dashing of the hopes of the honest finder who had hoped to put his find to a useful purpose.
Dr. H. G. Klemme, who recently resigned the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church at Grand Forks to take a position on the faculty of Carleton college at Northfield, Minn., spent two or three days of this week in Grand Forks en route to Northfield after a month’s vacation at and around Bozeman, Mont., where he served as pastor for several years. When I last saw Dr. Klemme before his recent visit to Grand Forks it was at a chance meeting in Yellowstone park. There he exhibited to me with great pride a fine string of fish which he had caught the day before in the Yellowstone near the mud “volcano,” a favorite fishing spot, and he was then starting after more. Not all of his vacation, however, was spent in fishing and other entertainment. With a brother he is interested in a ranch near Bozeman, an irrigated farm in the famous Gallatin valley, and his hands are toughened and hardened from wielding a shovel to guide water where it would do the most good.

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Drought has imposed much labor on the owners of irrigated lands, for even where water is abundant the fierce heat of this summer has speeded up evaporation and made constant vigilance necessary to keep the crops from suffering. In many irrigated sections grasshoppers have destroyed the crops, but while there are hoppers in the Gallatin valley they have done little damage, as they find abundant green food which they prefer to the cultivated crops.

** * * *

Bozeman is one of the main highways to the far west, and families are continually passing through the city en route to Oregon from the burned-out sections of eastern Montana and the western Dakotas. Many such families are taking with them small herds of cattle, in some cases selling them to buyers at Bozeman and in others driving them on for feeding west of the mountains where there has been plenty of rain and the hay crop is good.

** * * *

Experiences of some of the settlers in the arid area are almost beyond the understanding of those who have not known real drought. Dr. Klemme tells of one woman of a family group traveling in a car away from the home where no green thing could be found who, when their car stopped at a small river, got out, took off shoes and stockings and sat down and laved her feet in the stream. As she sat there she broke down and sobbed. The water in that little stream was the first real water she had seen for months.

** * * *

Near Amidon, N. D., where Dr. Klemme has relatives, a farm housewife had started a garden on a little plot two or three rods square. When Dr. Klemme visited the place the garden was drying up in spite of its owner’s labor in carrying water to it. A flowing well on the place discharged a tiny trickle of water, and from his experience with irrigation on a larger scale Dr. Klemme was able to develop for his friend an irrigation system for that tiny plot. Water was conducted along every row of vegetables, and the plants thrived mightily—the only growth for miles. Then came grasshoppers and threatened the garden with destruction. The owner, determined to save her garden, hastened to town and bought cheesecloth and with it she covered the whole garden. She has a fine crop.

** * * *

Glibly announced plans for the summary removal of whole populations from districts where living conditions have become next to impossible fail to take account many of the factors which enter into such cases. There are those whose condition has become desperate who would still hang on, hoping for rain “next year.” To move would mean to sacrifice everything. Carrying on, if carrying on is possible, presents the possibility that something worth while may be realized from the labor of years.

** * * *

There are, too, considerations of sentiment which some of the casual planners have cheerfully overlooked. Settlers established themselves on those prairies in the spirit of hope. Children were born there and have known no other home. In little cemeteries nearby loved ones lie buried. As
MONTHS AGO IN THIS COLUMN I expressed curiosity as to the whereabouts—if any—of Ellen Beach Yaw, a singer once famed for the altitude of her voice and for the unusual length of her neck. The latter feature was so pronounced that for some time the term “Yaw neck” was a standard descriptive term. The paragraph found its way by a circuitous route to Mrs. Glenna Way Heiner, who once did society on The Herald and is now living in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Heiner sent the paragraph to an acquaintance, Alma Whitaker, of the Los Angeles Times, who reports that Ellen Beach Yaw is very much alive, living in Los Angeles, and that she is still putting on concerts in her private garden bowl for charity benefits, etc. So that’s that.

PROBLEMS CREATED BY DROUGHT have led to more study than usual of water elevations to ascertain the possibility of making water flow from one place to another. A very casual study of the subject teaches that it doesn’t take much of a slope to make water run down it. Most of the great streams of the Pacific coast rise amid lofty mountains and have only relatively short distances to flow before reaching the ocean. The average slope of their beds, therefore, is rather steep. It is different with the streams flowing eastward, some of which cross more than half the continent before reaching sea level.

THE HEADWATERS OF THE Missouri have an elevation of some 10,000 feet, and the water must flow more than 2,000 miles before reaching the Gulf. That gives an average drop of about 5 feet per mile, most of which is in the mountainous section, where the flow is rapid, broken by many cataracts and several falls.

A PLACARD AT LAKE ITASCA gives the elevation of that lake at 1,475 feet and its distance at about 1,875 feet from the Gulf. That means an average drop of only a little over one foot per mile, and again in the upper river there are innumerable rapids and several falls. When these are subtracted the drop per mile in the rest of the river must be very slight.

LAKE SUPERIOR IS ABOUT 600 feet above sea level. Half of that is taken up in the Niagara falls and rapids, leaving for the rest of the system a drop of about three inches per mile. Of course there are several hundred miles of lake surface, which is practically level.

THE RED RIVER OF THE North is generally considered a slow, sluggish stream, but its fall averages about one foot per mile, measured in a straight line, or about six inches per mile measured by the meandering of the stream. But that slight fall is sufficient to maintain a steady current, when there is any water to flow.

A DREAM WHICH HAS BEEN revived from time to time is that of digging a canal from Grand Forks to Lake Superior. One objective of this plan is to draw water from Lake Superior and divert it into the Red river, thus insuring a perpetual supply of pure water for all the communities adjacent to the canal and river. The other is to provide navigation clear across the state of Minnesota, so that grain could be loaded on barges at Grand Forks and taken by water to Duluth, where it would be transferred to ocean freighters when the St. Lawrence waterway is completed.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH of that can be made on a map. But the plan has certain drawbacks. The elevation of Grand Forks is 830 feet, while Lake Superior has an elevation of only 600 feet. Hence, if an unobstructed level canal were built, what little water there is in the Red river would be drained off into the lake instead of the flow being the other way. To bring water from Lake Superior would require some vigorous pumping.

THE PROPOSED CANAL, IF level, would have to cut through ridges scores of miles wide and hundreds of feet high, and on any other basis so many locks and dams would be required that boats would be continually going up and down stairs.
THE PATHFINDER MAGAZINE, which purports to give its readers the absolute, uncolored facts about everything, has an article explaining why some grasshoppers fly while others only hop. This difference, explains the magazine, has been attributed to the existence of different species, but the magazine maintains, and quotes certain scientific authorities in support, that basically the insects are all alike, and that their development of the power of flight is governed by conditions of weather and food supply.

THE IDEA IS THAT WHEN food is abundant the insects have no need to travel far, and their short journeys are achieved adequately by hopping. But when food is scarce and long journeys are necessary, long wings are grown and the hoppers take to the air.

THIS EXPLANATION MAY puzzle some readers of the magazine who have been personally familiar with grasshoppers all their lives. Those persons have observed that all adult grasshoppers can fly and do fly whenever they feel like it. They have also observed that there are several varieties of hoppers, distinct from each other in color, markings and form, and these different varieties are often found in the same locality at the same time. But they have at least one feature in common. All of them can fly.

IT IS ONLY A FEW YEARS since professional rainmakers were plying their trade in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Saskatchewan and elsewhere. Drouth was general in the west, and in desperation the people of many communities listened to the theories of men who professed to be able to bring rain and in some cases paid good money to have them perform that feat. This year the rainmakers seem to be slow in coming to the front. Washington is deluged with letters from persons who have ideas on the subject, but the fellow who will contract to produce rain at so much an inch seems to have subsided.

ONE MAN PRESENTS A PLAN for carrying water from Lake Superior to the drouth-stricken plains by means of balloons. That plan has the merit of being simple, direct and positive. Without a doubt it would work perfectly if enough balloons and balloonists were put to work on it and the wind blew in the right direction, which it does sometimes. A few inches off the top of Lake Superior would keep North Dakota soaked all summer. As the hundreds of thousands of balloons and operators required are not available the authorities are not interested in this project.

THE IDEA OF PRODUCING rain by bombarding the skies with heavy artillery has been a favorite ever since gunpowder was invented. The theory is that the concussion caused by the explosions will cause the particles of vapor in the air to assemble and form rain drops. In support of this idea there are cited records of heavy rains closely following several great battles. The production of other records showing that great battles were just as often followed by dry weather and that heavy rains were just as frequent when there were no battles has not shaken the confidence of those who are committed to this theory.

AN INTERESTING EXPLANATION of the apparent connection of battles of the Napoleonic wars and rain has been offered. It is, in substance, that because of the road conditions of that period, it was necessary for the commander to wait for fair weather to move his troops, with their wagons and artillery. By the time the new position was occupied and a battle fought it was just about time for another rain in the normal course.

JUST NOW MOST OF THE Great Plains states are suffering severely from drouth. Parts of Texas and Colorado are flooded. Sections of the east are burned dry and other sections have been swept by floods. Floods prevail in parts of China and drouth in other parts. Northern India is experiencing disastrous floods, while southern India is parched dry. Competent authorities seem to be agreed that sun spots and other celestial phenomena influence electrical and other conditions on the earth, but there is no evidence that on the basis of such factors it is possible to predict with any degree of accuracy the kind of weather that will be dealt out to any particular country or continent at a given time. There are too many variables in the problem and too many unknown quantities.
SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF a paragraph about Ellen Beach Yaw, famed singer of years ago, I have learned that Miss Yaw has a relative in Grand Forks in the person of J. F. Sowle, 607 Cottonwood street. Mr. Sowle's mother and Ellen Beach Yaw are cousins, and as both live in California they spend considerable time in each other’s company.

* * *

Dr. F. F. Fletcher, who returned recently from theArrowhead country in northern Minnesota, found the fish biting well while he was there, a condition which seems to have been quite general in the Minnesota lake country this summer. During the latter part of Dr. Fletcher's vacation the air was heavy with smoke, though he was not in the immediate vicinity of any large forest fire. Relatively small fires, however, could be seen in many directions only a few miles away. One, nearby, was definitely known to have been caused by lightning. Others, it is believed, have been caused by carelessness.

* * *

EFFECTS OF THE FIRES, Dr. Fletcher says, are seen in diminished tourist traffic in many parts of the lake region. There is apparent through the region a feeling of tension due to uncertainty as to where fires may occur and to what extent they may spread. At resorts which are usually crowded to capacity at this season there are comparatively few visitors, and those whose income is derived from tourist trade feel the situation keenly. A good rain would change this condition almost over night, but without rain satisfactory control of fires is impossible.

* * *

SINCE RETURNING FROM his vacation Dr. Fletcher has witnessed rare, if not unprecedented, in bird life. In a tree on the grounds of the Country club on the East Side a pair of robins built their nest and reared their young. When the young birds had almost reached maturity, and were approximately as large as their parents, the mother bird was observed feeding them. Time after time in her absence a pair of wrens appeared and supplemented the feeding with little morsels which they had collected. The wrens were so small that they had difficulty in reaching over the side of the nest to drop the food into the open mouths of the young robins, but they managed it and kept up this generous service until the young robins abandoned the nest.

* * *

IF SOMETHING DOESN'T agree with you, it's because you have an allergy of some sort. The word is a convenient one under which to classify a lot of things that nobody understands very well. In this connection Ogden Nash has perpetrated the following verses which have been handed to me from I don't know where:

Dr. F. F. Fletcher says, are seen in diminish­

EFFECTS OF THE FIRES,

Copyright 1927, Pingree Daily Express

Dr. Fletcher says, are seen in dimin­

SINCE RETURNING FROM his vacation Dr. Fletcher has wit­

Oh, garden parties speed my pulse

Oh, garden parties speed my pulse

Oh, garden parties speed my pulse

Oh, garden parties speed my pulse

Oh, garden parties speed my pulse

Oh, garden parties speed my pulse
O. H. HALSTENSON OF PILOT, N. D., sends in a curiosity in the form of a new potato about an inch in diameter out of which grows a stalk about 10 inches long, fully leaved and with complete equipment of fibrous roots with which to carry on an independent existence. Around the center from which the stalk emerges are several other sprouts, some of which, doubtless, would have sent up a stalk if the first had failed. This freak, of course, is one of the products of dry weather. I have heard frequent complaint of potatoes sprouting in the ground this year, but this is the first case that I have known of a secondary growth so far advanced. Another abnormality often noted in the potato fields this year is that of small double, or "twin" potatoes. In such cases the growth of the first potato having been checked, another has started from its side. Sometimes several of such growths are found together.

** THE POTATO IS A FREAKISH plant, anyway, and there are few plants in which the forces of reproduction are exhibited in so many ways. The potato which goes to market is, of course, not the seed of the plant, but a curious modification of its stem, the eyes containing embryo buds. Planting potatoes in the ordinary way, therefore, corresponds rather closely to planting slips from the stem of a geranium.

** SELECTION AND CULTIVATION have made of the modern potato almost a seedless plant, although true potato seed is still produced. When the blossoms are properly fertilized and run their natural course small round seed balls are formed at the base of the blossoms, each little bulb containing several small seeds. When planted these seeds produce miniature potato plants, at the base of which tiny tubers may form. Because of cross fertilization of the blossoms these are likely to be of many kinds, none like the original plant. The development of new varieties from these seedlings is a tedious, but interesting task.

* * *

THERE ARE FEW PLANTS IN which the reproductive tendency is so persistent or in which it may be carried out under so many adverse conditions. Ordinarily the potato thrives in the open, in rich soil where there are sunlight and plenty of room. But new tubers are often found in the spring in the loose earth at the bottom of a cellular potato bin, in complete darkness and without the benefit of stalks or blossoms. Some years ago there was considerable interest in growing potatoes on cellar shelves, the seed tubers being imbedded in shallow beds of moist chaff or straw. It was even suggested that this method might be used commercially instead of the ordinary plan of field culture. Nothing came of it.

*** PRAIRIE HOMESTEADERS are familiar with the practice quite common in the early days of planting potatoes in freshly broken sod. The first breaking was shallow, usually not more than two inches deep, and the sod was very tough until it became weathered. But often small patches of potatoes were planted in it and they yielded satisfactory results. The cuttings were dropped into the furrow left by the plow, and were covered when the next furrow was turned. Usually the cuttings were dropped in every other row, which left plenty of space for the plants. The young plants forced their way through the tough sod and required no further attention. At that time there were neither weeds nor bugs. In the fall the partly decayed sod was turned back and there would be found the new potatoes, usually not very many to a plant and not very large, but smooth, clean and uniform in size.

*** OUT AT ARNEGARD, IN THE Little Missouri country, a section which some say should be restored to the Indians and the coyotes, an important potato industry has been developed. Local potato associations have been formed, and the work is conducted in a scientific manner. Certified seed is grown, and a profitable market for it has been found as far south as Cuba. Drought has hit the crop hard this year, but usually the crops have been good. A few weeks ago I was told by an Arnegard grower that since the enterprise was begun there had always been a steady market at good prices for all the potatoes grown in that locality. The methods of culture are substantially those which are followed in the Red river valley.
IT RAINED IN MINNEAPOLIS the other day—just poured. Also, the wind blew great guns. The rain did no damage, but the wind did. It blew down trees, piled up wreckage around the lakes, and smashed things up to the tune of several thousand dollars. But the feature that interested the newspapers was not the wind, but the rain. The wind storm was an incident, but the rain was an event, and it was so treated in the headlines.

AT TIMES, WHEN DISCUSSING things theatrical, I have mentioned Ezra Kendall, an actor of no startling importance, but who toured the country around the turn of the century. In a play entitled "Weather-beaten Benson," which Kendall wrote or had written for him, there was given the most realistic picture within my knowledge of drouth and the reactions which followed the breaking of drouth.

BENSON, ACCORDING to the story, was an elderly eastern man who had visited Kansas when that state was in its infancy and had become impressed with its agricultural possibilities. He invested everything he had in Kansas lands and then persuaded a group of eastern friends to move out and settle. Numerous hardships were encountered, and in the first year drouth threatened to destroy crops and wipe out the settlement.

BENSON, INNOCENT AND philanthropic, was denounced as a fraud. He urged patience and promised rain, but the rain refused to come. The whole country was dried up. Wagon wheels shrank until they rattled. Leaves were scorched. Dust settled over everything. The very people themselves looked parched. And an excellent impression of all this was given in all the stage settings.

THINGS HAD REACHED a point where Benson was about to be mobbed, but he still declared his faith in rain. Then the sky darkened; lightning flashed and thunder rolled. Then, down came the rain, not in a wind-blown torrent, but in a perpendicular stream. The country was soaked, the crops were saved, and Benson was the community's hero.

THE RAIN SCENE IN THE play was really a thriller. The setting represented a farm yard with its usual paraphernalia. When the clouds let loose the people first welcomed the rain and then scurried for shelter. Not so Benson. He stood there alone, soaking it in. Drenched to the skin in a moment, he raised both arms and spread his hands to catch more of it. He smelled the welcome water on his wet hands. Then, catching sight of a battered old pan on the ground that was running over, he lifted it, smelled it, and then took a big drink.

THE RAIN IN THAT SCENE was not make-believe. It was real water, and there was lots of it. It came down in streams from a pipe overhead and was caught on a waterproof canvas which covered the stage. The scene made a great hit, and its climax came when old Benson took that big drink of fresh rain water. I suppose the spirit which ran through that play could be found duplicated in thousands of communities now, and the evidences of exultation over rain when it did come were not exaggerated. I should think that a revival of "Weather-beaten Benson" just now would make quite a hit.

EVERYONE IS FAMILIAR with the sight of the man with the hammer tapping the wheels of railroad cars during train stops. Innumerable stories have been told of those wheel-tappers and the questions asked of and about them. One of the most widely circulated yarns is that after the government took over the railroads during the war a research man was sent out from Washington to investigate things. Seeing a chap in overalls tapping car wheels he asked why he was doing it. The man replied that years before he had been given a hammer and told to tap the wheels and he had been doing it faithfully ever since. Why it was done he wasn't the least idea, but he supposed they knew all about that up at headquarters.

MUCH DEPENDS ON THE soundness of car wheels, and tapping was one way devised to locate defects. It is important, too, to have defects in rails located, and for this there has been devised a method more accurate than tapping. A small car equipped with certain electric gadgets, and when the machine passes over a defect in a rail that fact is recorded by an indicator.
BECAUSE OF THE SWIFT-ness with which good roads and well-made cars have made it possible to move from place to place travelers are now able to see within a few days interesting sights which in another period they could not have seen in a lifetime. The Indian often measured distance by "sleeps," the distance between two sleeps being a day's journey of a dozen or 20 miles. Over in Wyoming, just west of the Big Horn mountains, is the little town of Ten Sleep, so named because ten days of hard traveling were required to cross the mountains. One drives across the mountains now, from Buffalo on the east to Ten Sleep on the west, in half a day.

WHILE THIS RAPIDITY OF travel makes accessible thousands of interesting things that were formerly out of reach, it has its disadvantages, one of which is that in the swiftness of movement one misses altogether a great many things that would repay examination. When one's objective for tonight is 500 miles from where one ate breakfast, the passing scene is scarcely given the once-over, and time is apt to be taken merely to glance at something worth hours or days of time. However, one must establish his own balance between the extensive and the intensive, and do the best he can.

BECAUSE THE ROAD IS GOOD and the desire to move along so compelling, thousands of tourists pass through the little town of Medora, North Dakota, without realizing that any special interest attaches to the place. A few rods from the highway they may note a tall brick smokestack standing amid what are evidently the ruins of a building, and just across the river they may notice up on the elevated bank a building which evidently at one time was a rather pretentious residence. If they are not driving too fast to read signs they may learn that this is the chateau built many years ago by the marquis de Mores. But all of this will have little meaning to the chance traveler unless he knows something of local history.

IF THE TRAVELER WERE going by horse and buggy he would perhaps make quite a stop at Medora. Then he would learn that the old smokestack is what remains of what was intended to be a great industrial enterprise, the first meat packing plant ever established in the northwest. He would learn that the French nobleman and army officer, romantic and adventurous, and with an imagination that reached beyond his own period, established a great cattle ranch there on the plains in the early eighties and built a packing plant to transform range cattle into beef on the ground. And he would learn how that enterprise, being unfortunately conceived, ultimately failed. The buildings went to ruin and only the great chimney remains.

GOING ON TO THE CHATEAU the traveler would learn of the marriage of the romantic marquis to beautiful Medora von Hoffman, daughter of a New York banker, a romance that lasted for life; how he gave to the town which he established the name of his bride; and how he built on the bank of the Little Missouri the summer home where friends from the east and from abroad were entertained with princely hospitality.

THE MARQUIS WEARIED OF his Dakota adventure and with his wife returned to France. But he had an incurable taste for adventure, and ultimately lost his life in a battle with African tribesmen. The chateau, however, is still the property of the family, a son in France and a daughter in New York, and there traveling guests are lodged overnight and are shown some of the treasures which the building contains. The exterior of the building needs attention, but the interior is kept substantially as the family left it.

THERE ARE TREASURES IN the chateau which would delight the heart of the lover of old and beautiful things—silver and glass of rare design, which graced the table at many a noble feast, fine linen napkins of generous size and soft texture quaing wine sets and heroic water-coolers, all in the setting of fifty years ago.

MOST OF THE FURNITURE now in the chateau is that used by the de Mores family. The walls are hung with pictures which decorated them long ago and in the library is a large collection of books with which the marquis entertained himself in hours of leisure. In the sleeping rooms upstairs are some of the beds originally used, with spreads of marvelous needlework. It is bits like these that the modern traveler, rushing across the continent, often misses.
WATCHING THE PROGRESS of work on the postoffice basement where marks on a sheet of paper are being translated by workmen into a structure of steel and concrete, Major I. A. Berg recalled an interesting experience which he had in New York some years ago. He had an opportunity to visit an immense armory then under construction and was shown about by the architect of the building. The armory was large enough to accommodate a regiment and it was covered by a vast arch beneath which an 11-story building could have been placed.

THAT EVENING THE MAJOR was the guest of friends in the city, and at their home he was presented by the hostesses to another guest, a lady whom the hostess called familiarly by her first name. The major found his fellow-guest delightful company and spent some time chatting with her. After she had gone he spoke to his hostess and said “I wish you’d tell me now just who that lady is.” “Why,” she said, “didn’t I mention her name? I supposed you knew it. That’s Mrs. Fridtjof Nansen.” The major had spent an hour or two in the company of one of the world’s most distinguished scientists and explorers without knowing it. He also learned that the architect with whom he had spent several hours was her brother.

EARLY IN THE SUMMER my attention was called to several specimens of the giant Cecropia moth which were found in different localities in the city. I have now in my possession a caterpillar which I take to be that of a Cecropia, which is busily engaged in weaving around itself the cocoon intended for its winter quarters. The caterpillar, which is one of the big green fellows, was found on the premises of the Hofto boarding house where it had taken possession of an empty glass pickle jar. Inside the jar it had attached numerous strands of fiber to the glass, and, having provided suitable anchorage, it proceeded with the building of its house. The grub is now inside a large, thin shell of closely woven fabric, and because it is attached to glass and the shell of the cocoon is thus far so thin as to be semi-transparent, its movements can be seen quite distinctly.

I HAVE SEEN MANY COCONTS, but never before have I watched the building of one. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote of the chambered nautilus, the little creature that built for itself larger and larger mansions, and

“Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year’s dwelling for the new.”

But the Cecropia reverses the process. He has encased himself in a tough shell, and there he works industriously thickening its walls and narrowing up its space. Presently he will go into the great silence, to awake a gorgeous creature, brilliantly colored, a creature of light and air instead of a creeping caterpillar.

THE PURPLE GRACKLE IS A wicked marauder, praying in the spring on the eggs and the young of other birds. But it is a handsome bird, reminding one of the handsome villain of the stage melodrama. Grackles seem to be more numerous this season than usual, for instead of an occasional pair I often see 8 or 10 of them at a time on the back lawn and around the bird bath. They walk with stately tread, their progress being in contrast with the hippity-hop of the robin. They seem to get along all right with the robins, and thus far I haven’t seen them quarreling.
A LADY IN SAN DIEGO WHO
buys The Herald at a news stand
every week sends copies of para-
graphs from letters written to her
by a friend now living in North Dako-
ta. Of them and their author she writes:

"The inclosed are excerpts
from the letters of a Grand Forks coun-
ty, North Dakota woman to friends in the
west telling of the history-mak-
ing weather ex-
tremes of North Dakota's present
year. A former
teacher, this woman is now a hard-
working wife and mother on a Red
river valley wheat farm, display-
ing a galant and courageous phil-
osophy of life, emerging soul-
bright from the burnt ruins of the
great North Dakota wheat lands."

THE TWO PARAGRAPHS, ONE
written in January and the other in
July, record the extremes of cold and heat to which millions have been subjected this year. The
two quotations follow:

"JULY 8, 1936—Now, how to
to friends in the
west telling of the history-mak-
ing weather ex-
tremes of North Dakota's present
year. A former
teacher, this woman is now a hard-
working wife and mother on a Red
river valley wheat farm, display-
ing a galant and courageous phil-
osophy of life, emerging soul-
bright from the burnt ruins of the
great North Dakota wheat lands."

JANUARY 21, 1936—THese
drifts are man-size and mountain
high and not to be trifled with.
You should see the road in front
—snow half way to the tops of the
trees. When I told the children about your rose festival they said 'Honestly, real roses now? How
funny!' And that you could pick
flowers for your Christmas table
was even 'funnier.' The lower half
of my kitchen door is swathed in
ice. When one wishes to step out-
doors one must need get down on
hands and knees with a large saw
and saw through the ice before it
will open. A short of toll-gate, as
it were. Thirty below zero for sev-
eral mornings now and lower. Last
week the children and I did all the
chores, the male adults of the
family being stricken with measles,
a most undignifying process. Ev-
every day I make the trip to the
schoolhouse with the children. It's
really fun! I sit on an apple box
and sometimes the drifts are so
steep I must get off the box and
lie down in order to stay on. The
snow-plow has just cut through the
state highway, piling the drifts
car-high on either side. Impossible
to reach the highway with the car,
so all traveling is done in our rock-
ing-chairs via books from the state
library, I say 'Let grim winter
have his way!'

* * *

"JULY 8, 1936—Now, how to
write today with perspiration
streaming and the front porch
thermometer registering 106? Over
100 for the fifth consecutive day.
When I lift my arm the paper
sticks to it from the elbow down.
Such a busy spring. When a spare
moment rears its head one grabs
it by the neck and sinks in to a
chair only to browse away in the
heat. Up early and often awake
evenings caring for chickens and
turkeys is not conducive to letter-
writing. Three weeks ago we had
our first rain since last summer,
but the crops were already 75 per
cent gone. We won't get our seed
back by far. I feel that this drouth
has a great purpose. When men
are so self-sufficient that they do
not need to go to church, and
Sunday must be used for repair
work and all the odds and ends of
getting ready for Monday, when
perhaps not one hour a year is
given to spiritual things, when
men seek to place all their trust in
Heaven is negligible, how can they hope to live in
plenty? I can see so clearly now
what the good Lord must do to
bring people to Him. So this
drouth does not seem like an in-
justice at all, only what we de-
serve."

WHAT A SPIRIT! AND WHAT
a store of riches that good wife
and mother has laid up! And while
men write casually of moving fam-
ilies, as one would shift pieces of
furniture, every pioneer knows
that the hard experiences through
which he has passed tie him more
closely to the soil upon which his
life has been spent. The lady who
writes of herself:

* * *

FROM A FORMER NORTH
Dakotan who quite frequently
longs for the sight of a rolling
prairie and will never feel quite at
home beside the roar of the sea
and the break of the surf."
MAYOR LAGUARDIA OF New York the other day refused to act as starter of a rickshaw race from the steps of the city hall in New York to the steps of the American Legion convention hall in Asbury Park, N. J. The 50-mile race was to have been run in five-mile relays on September 2. Asked to start it the mayor refused, saying that he did not regard a rickshaw race either as a sporting event or an athletic contest, and thus expressed himself further:

"GOD ALMIGHTY GAVE MEN horses for transportation, and also brains to devise locomotives, motors and airplanes. The very idea of one human being trudging along as a beast of burden, dragging another who sits under shade in a comfortable seat is repulsive to me and contrary to everything for which our country stands."

RICKSHAWS ARE IN GENERAL use in Chinese and Japanese cities. Someone conceived the idea of using them at the World's Fair in Chicago, and they became quite popular there, being both more mobile and more picturesque than the heavier wheel chair. Since the fair rickshaws have become quite popular at several of the eastern seaside resorts. At Ashbury Park college boys have found summer employment doing all sorts of jobs, hauling ice, among them. Installation of mechanical refrigeration almost eliminated the ice job, and many of the boys took to hauling rickshaws. They were thus able to make a little money and to keep themselves in fine physical trim for the opening of the college football season, and they entered enthusiastically into the idea of the race for the entertainment of the Legionaires. Mayor LaGuardia maintains that the rickshaw is a badge of slavery, and he will have none of it.

TECHNICALLY THE ORIENTAL rickshaw men may not be slaves, but their occupation comes very close to slavery. Probably their ancestors were actually slaves. But if we object to the rickshaw occupation because of its association with slavery, how about a good many other occupations with which we are familiar? Today, in our most advanced communities, men and women black shoes, shave beards, cut hair, polish fingernails, sweep floors, wait on table and make beds without any thought of degradation. Yet every form of personal services was once the occupation of the slave.

* * *

IF WE CHOOSE TO EXAMINE a little further we find that practically every occupation by means of which men earn their living was once performed by human chattels over whose services and whose very lives some military lord has complete control. That is true not only of all forms of manual labor but of professional service. The lawyer and the physician of today had their prototypes in humble servants whose every act was subject to the will of their lordly "patron," and the poet, the painter, the singer and the court fool occupied quite similar social positions.

* * *

MAYOR LAGUARDIA'S COM- mendable respect for human dignity has apparently caused him to confuse labor with the conditions under which it is performed. The same act may be slavery or dignified service, depending on the conditions surrounding it. My guess is that the rickshaw boys were quite surprised to find themselves regarded as slaves.

* * *

DOWN IN THE ADIRON- dacks a swimming instructor in a summer camp used a carrier pigeon regularly as a means of communication with his family 60 miles away. When in need of supplies he releases the pigeon with note attached, and the bird strikes out on a straight course for home. The family brings up whatever is needed by car, returning the pigeon to be ready for another trip.
EVERY SHERIFF'S OFFICE receives reports from time to time of stolen automobiles, with the request that watch be kept for those cars, descriptions and registration numbers of which are given. Since January 1 cars thus listed at the sheriff's office in Grand Forks have included 32 Fords, 15 Chevrolets, six Packards and one or two each of several other makes. The preponderance of Fords is easy to understand, as the models of that car now on the road extend back many years. Just why more packards should appear in the list than other cars much more numerous and less conspicuous is not so clear. The classification may be purely accidental, with the numbers materially changed in the next few months.

W. P. Davies

CARRIER PIGEONS are noted for their swiftness and directness of flight, but it took a pigeon two years to find its way home from Colombia, South America, to its home at White Plains, N. Y. The bird was taken by its owner, an explorer and pigeon fancier, to Colombia and there was released with 11 others. All the others reached home within two or three weeks, but one was missing. The other day the owner found it at the cot, apparently glad to be home after its 2,000-mile journey. H. P. Urbain, the owner, says that occasionally a lost pigeon will mate with another on the way and may remain permanently. But if the new mate dies or leaves the nest the wanderer will try to resume its journey.

CONTRACTORS MAKING EXCAVATIONS for any purpose are often required to leave the earth in the condition in which they found it. As a matter of fact, it can't be done. Not only is it impossible to place every handful of earth just where it was, but the disturbance of the soil leaves traces in the kind and color of vegetation which may persist for hundreds of years. These differences, not noticeable from a short distance, are often clearly seen from the air, and the plane has thus become an invaluable aid in archaeological research.

ONLY TWO MILES FROM THE famous and mysterious stone circle at Stonehenge, England, there has recently been discovered the ruins of another prehistoric circle, similar in form, but of wood. The wood decayed ages ago, and its fragments became incorporated in the earth, but its outline was discovered from an airplane, vegetation where the earth has been disturbed showing a different color after all these years. In like manner have been discovered traces of extensive roads through the jungles of Yucatan, prehistoric camps and forts in England, and the ruins of early Irish settlements.

OF WHAT USE IS THE DISCOVERY of a fact about the constitution of matter or the behavior of an insect? What Faraday was asked as to the value of an electrical discovery, he made the classic reply "Some day you may be able to tax it." That discovery has yielded hundreds of millions in taxation already, to say nothing of the physical power that it has placed in the hand of man. A biologist's discovery of the reason why certain snails inhabit the waters of the Potomac river, while others, quite distinct, confine themselves to the tributaries of that stream has been the means of saving many thousands of lives in China.

THE BIOLOGIST'S CURIOSITY led him to investigate. He wondered why the two varieties of snails did not mix, as there was no barrier in the way. He found that the water of the Potomac is slightly alkaline while that of many of the tributary brooks is slightly acid. The snails from one kind of water would not live in the other. That information was filed away—interesting, but of no apparent use.

OVER IN CHINA THOUSANDS were dying of a mysterious disease. The disease was found to be due to the presence in the blood stream of a tiny worm which in one stage of its existence inhabits the body of a certain snail which abounds in Oriental rivers. That snail inhabits only acid waters. Those waters were made alkaline by dumping tons of crushed limestone along their banks, and where this treatment was given the snails and their parasites disappeared.
SO FAR AS THE INTERSTATE
Commerce commission is con-
cerned Chicago will remain in the
Central time zone, notwithstanding
the vote of the
city council to
move the city in-
to the Eastern
zone. The com-
mission has just
refused the re-
quest of the city
to be transferred
from Central to
Eastern time. The
decision, how-
ever, affects only
the railroads of
the city, as the com-
mission has no
jurisdiction
over local time ordinances.

IN ITS DECISION THE COM-
mission grants the request of many
communities in the lower Michi-
gan peninsula that that district be
included in the Eastern zone, but
it finds no basis for such a ruling
applying to Chicago. It is pointed
out that to make the change apply
to Chicago would bring con-
fusion to communities in Indiana,
Illinois and Wisconsin, and that if
such a change were made the only
logical dividing line would be the
Mississippi river. That would throw
a large area out of line with solar
time.

* * *

PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN
government and crime is some-
times thought to be a modern de-
velopment, but as a matter of fact
it is older than Moses. Tablets un-
earthed on the site of the ancient
Mesopotamian city of Nuzi con-
tained detailed accounts of charges
of bribery and other corrupt acts
brought against the mayor of the
city. The verdict of the judges is
given on any of the tablets thus
far discovered, but the testimony
of witnesses for the prosecution
was direct and emphatic and the
mayor presented only a lame de-
fense.

THE ACCOUNT OF THE PRO-
ceedings, inscribed on clay tablets
by the official court "stenographer"
has recently been deciphered and
translated by Oriental scholars.
The period of the trial was some
3,500 years ago, while the children
of Israel were still sojourning in
the land of Egypt and 200 years
were to elapse before Moses arose
to demand their freedom. In this
distant period the city of Nuzi had
a well organized municipal gov-
ernment which was subject to
abuses similar to those which fre-
quently characterize municipal
government today.

* * *

"FOR VIVIDNESS AND THE
human touch, the charges and
countercharges are difficult to
match anywhere. It must be re-
membered that these records are
not later copies of earlier originals
but are exactly as they left the
hands of the court scribes," says
the report of the translators.

"The records of abuses, so vivid
and so ingenuous, throw light on
the social and political conditions
in Arrapha during the middle of
the second millennium when the
Hurrian settlement in that section
was of comparatively recent date.

* * *

"BUT THE IMPLICATIONS
also are interesting, for despite his
arrogance and the perfection of an
efficient organization Kushshihar-
be could be and ultimately was
brought to trial. On final analysis,
few civilizations can be given a
higher endorsement than that of
Nuzi as it was 3,500 years ago."

* * *

MOST OF THE CHARGES
against Mayor Kushshiharbe, who
was of Babylonian origin, embraced
"corruption." He is accused in the
texts of using labor gangs from
feudal camps for his private pur-
poses, of diverting tax collections
to his own use and of adorning his
home in Anzugalli with a gate
fashioned from wood belonging to
the king.

Emboldened apparently by earli-
ner successes he accepted bribes, ac-
cording to his accusers. He was
charged further with using the
property of private citizens to pay
the wages of his own workers and
fertilize his own gardens and of
threatening violence to any who
dared resist his emissaries.

* * *

"THIRTY (PIECES OF) AM-
panna wood were placed in the
gate and Kushshiharbe took them
away," testified the witness Turari.

"I did not take them away," the
mayor replied in the deposition.
Accused of taking wood from the
palace for a door for himself he
said:

"The wood was mine and I gave
it to be made into a door; and wood
belonging to the palace for the
making of a door I did not give
out."

Another accuser, one Ninuari,
testified that "Kushshiharbe re-
moved me from my threshing
floor," adding:

"Two shekels of gold, one ox and
two male sheep I gave to Kushshih-
arbe and he allowed me to re-
turn."
SCARCITY OF FARM LABOR

this season has been notorious. Out in some of the arid sections vast quantities of seed growing by roadsides and in occasional low spots, and on fields where the growth would not make a crop but would make hay, could have been saved if help could have been obtained to take care of it. But much of that field went to waste because of lack of labor. It is rather interesting to speculate on what the farmers would have done if the season had produced a normal crop with its heavy growth of straw.

W. P. Davies

AS A MATTER OF CURiosity

about the close of the severe cold spell last winter I checked up on my home consumption of fuel oil and compared the quantity of oil burned during the preceding months of last winter with consumption for the corresponding period in each of the several winters since the present residence was built. I published the results of the calculation in this column and found that several of my friends were interested in the comparison.

I HAVE JUST MADE A CHECK of oil consumption for the entire year beginning September 1935, and have made similar comparison of each of the six years with the average for the period a value of 100, the consumption for the several years beginning with 1930-31, the figures for the respective years are as follows: 85, 90, 105, 108, 99, 113. I have no figures for 1929-30, the first year that the house was occupied, as I neglected to keep a complete record of consumption for that year.

LAST WINTER WAS A HARD winter, and the year, generally speaking, was a hard year on fuel, but the year as a whole does not show as wide a departure from the average as might be expected from the unusual severity of the mid-winter months. The reason is that in some cases the heating period began earlier in the fall, ended later in the spring or called for more fuel in the relatively mild months when only slow fires are needed. However, from the fuel standpoint, last year was a tough one, and I'm hoping for a milder winter.

DOWN IN CASS COUNTY THE owner of a small farm needed help to shock his grain, but none was available in the neighboring towns. He went to Fargo and found none registered there for farm labor. He learned of two Mexicans who were temporarily at liberty between cultivation jobs in the beet fields. They jumped at the chance of a few days' extra work and they shocked his grain for him. They made the mistake of putting the two pets into the same box and the first thing that happened was that the tarantula bit off the lizard's tail. When last heard from the lizard was still alive and apparently in good health notwithstanding the loss of its tail and the supposedly fatal effect of a tarantula bite.

THE GREAT SPIDERY CREATURE which is occasionally found in bunches of bananas is an ugly beast, but, while its bite is poisonous, its virulent character has been greatly overestimated. There is a popular notion that a tarantula bite is quite likely to be fatal, but, while there have doubtless been cases in which it has resulted in death, those cases are very rare. Inhabitants of the tropics seem to regard the tarantula as a pest and an annoyance rather than as a menace to life.

I ONCE SPENT A DAY WITH a number of other shipmates meandering through the brush on the hills of a West Indian island watching a sham battle. I had no thought of venomous insects. But when the battle was over and we were in the brush, one of my companions found a vicious-looking tarantula clinging to his trousers leg. Immediately I recalled the miles that I had walked through dense shrubbery and I wondered what sort of venomous creatures might be hiding in my clothing. My clothing was subjected to an examination as any doughboy in the French trenches ever gave to his, but nary a tarantula! A few years ago those spiderers were quite frequently found in bunches of bananas, but the fruit men say that few of them have been found recently.
THERE ARE STILL LIVING in Grand Forks a few persons who remember W. L. Straub, editor of the Herald in the late nineties. Straub moved to St. Petersburg, Florida, to grow up with the city and help it to grow, in both of which efforts he succeeded admirably. Last Sunday the people of St. Petersburg gave evidence of their appreciation of him and his work by participating in a program in his honor, the following account of which is given in a dispatch to the Editor and Publisher:

"TRIBUTE WAS PAID W. L. Straub, veteran newspaperman and editor of the St. Petersburg Times last night between 5,000 and 6,000 persons attended a program in Williams park, the city's downtown plaza, held in his honor. Straub, editor of the Times since 1901, when he purchased the newspaper, has worked tirelessly for the development of the city to fit the picture he visualized in 1898 when he first came here for his health. Several of the projects met with political antagonism but in most of them Straub and his followers were victorious.

"AMONG HIS SUCCESSFUL projects to aid the growth of the city were the separation of Pinellas county, in which the city is located, from Hillsborough county; a municipally-owned water-front; organization of the Pinellas County Board of Trade; organization of the St. Petersburg Chamber of Commerce and its Tarpon club; and organization of the Rotary Club.

"BEFORE COMING TO ST. Petersburg in 1898, Straub was in the newspaper field in the north. His first venture was in the Dakota territory before it became North Dakota. In 1888 he was editor and owner of the Sargent County Rustler; in 1894-95 editor and part owner of the Oakes (N. D.) Weekly Republican, and from 1895-99 associate editor of the Grand Forks (N. D.) Daily Herald. He has been in the newspaper business since those early years with the exception of six years from 1916-22 when he served as postmaster of St. Petersburg under the Wilson administration."

"IN THE TWO OR THREE years during which Straub and I worked together on the Herald I found him a genial companion and an excellent working partner. He was a witty conversationalist and a forceful writer, and he had an unusual faculty for seeing the inside of a complicated situation.

"IN ADDITION TO BEING A good writer he was an excellent cartoonist, and the specimens of his work now to be found in old files of the Herald indicate for him great possibilities if he had chosen to follow an artistic rather than an editorial career. Facilities for reproduction of pictures were crude in those days, and Straub's cartoons were reproduced by what was known as the rosin-plate method.

"THE PICTURES WERE drawn in special ink on a thin zinc plate, which, after the ink was dry, was dusted over thinly with powdered rosin. The plate was scratched to fix the rosin particles in position and then was etched in an acid bath. The exposed portions were eaten away, leaving the lines of rosin spots in relief. The effect was similar to that of the modern half-tone.

"NORTH DAKOTA WINTERS proved too trying for Straub's constitution, which was not robust. He spent a winter or two in Florida and then moved there permanently. St. Petersburg, then a mere village, appealed to him because the fishing there was good, and that place became his home.

"A DOZEN YEARS AGO I MET him in St. Petersburg. His health had improved and he had taken weight. He had become a prosperous and influential citizen of a great city. His fellow townsmen have done well to honor him, and I am sure all his old friends here will wish to have their congratulations and expressions of good will added to those which he has already received."
FO R T H X A N D R E A S S E S S T H E popula­ tion of North Dakota, though their number is not large as com­ pared with the number of set­ tlers from many other parts of the world. They or their descend­ ants can properly claim for their home land the distinction of consider­ able antiquity as well as of an inti­ mate connection with events that have influenced the destinies of the world. It is alleged that Leif Ericsson, the hardy Norse explorer, set foot on Cape Breton, the island which constitutes about one third the area of Nova Scotia, about 986 A. D. Basque fishermen are said to have landed on the island 100 years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic. The province was the scene of struggle between English and French for 200 years.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, inventor of the telephone, spent the later years of his life in Nova Scotia. The first trans-Atlantic cable was landed there in 1857. The first wireless message across the Atlantic was dispatched by Marconi from near Sydney to Ireland.

NO SPOT ON THIS CONTIN­ ent has a more abiding interest than Annapolis Royal, a Nova Sco­ tia town on the Bay of Fundy. It is the oldest European settlement in North America north of the Gulf of Mexico, having been found­ ed in 1604 by the Sieur DeMonts and Samuel Champlain, who named it Port Royal.

HERE A FORT WAS BUILT and a town laid out. Here the first vessel built in North America was launched. Here, too, was the first water power grist mill, the first sowing of cereal and wheat crops in Canada, the first social club of white men in the New World, the first drama written and staged, the first conversion to Christianity in Canada.

W. P. Davies

THE TOWN IS KNOWN AS America's most besieged town, having undergone the organized onslaughts of French, English, American and Indian Forces.

EVEN THE RACING PIGEON, which under normal conditions, hurls along at 70 miles an hour, slows down noticeably in hot weather, according to E. M. Whit­tle, vice president of Railway Ex­ press Agency, who has made a study of the feathered racers.

"SINCE WE CARRY AND RE­ lease the majority of pigeons raced in this country, we can make an excellent check on their performance under varying conditions. And it is evident that pigeons feel the heat quite as much as humans," Mr. Whittle said. "Recent evidence of this was the flight from Duluth, Minn. to Dallas, Texas—a distance of 1,000 miles—of a large flock of racing pigeons. The birds were railway expressed to Duluth by the Dallas Homing Pigeon club, with explicit directions as to their care and release. The pigeons arrived from Texas in excellent condition, and were liberated as di­ rected at exactly 4 A. M. of an unusually hot day. "Yet the fastest of these birds, which in cooler weather can fly 70-miles an hour, averaged only 30 miles on the 1,000 mile flight to Dallas."

AN EFFORT TO TRANSPLANT a herd of American bison to the vast sprawling Hayden Valley that skirts miles of highway between Yellowstone Lake and the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone is apparent­ ly being balked by flies. Thirty-six buffalo were brought down this spring from the buffalo ranch in the northeastern section of Yellowstone National Park and turned loose in the lush, grassy valley. It was hoped that these animals would be satisfied to spend the entire summer on the green slopes of the valley, and thus become an added attraction to visitors who might get a clear view of them from the highway, according to Maynard Barrows, park ranger assigned to wild life study.

However, the presence of flies in the open sections upset the rangers' plans. For a short while the buffalo herd thrived on the tall grass in the valley. As summer progressed, they became irked by the hordes of flies and gradually retreated to higher and more forested areas. At first they were discovered on Mary's moun­ tain, just a few miles from the valley. About the only park visitors to see them were saddle parties, although passengers of the National Parks Airways frequently saw them on regularly scheduled sky tours of the park. Latest reports indicate that the herd has retreated farther into the interior where they are now harbored in the dense forest area around Beach Lake, miles away from the road.

IT IS HOPE THAT THIS group will be successfully wintered in the same area, because they may eventually drift down to Hayden Valley for spring and fall range. If this proves true, Barrows believes that park visitors will yet have an opportunity to study wild roaming buffalo. At present only a small herd of 35 can be seen in the buffalo corral near Tower Falls. The main herd of 1,000 ani­ mals is miles away from populat­ ed areas summering in the north­ east mountains.
A FLORIDA ASSOCIATION has published a pamphlet giving a variety of information about the climate, soil and industries of Florida in general and the east coast in particular. One interesting feature is the table of rainfall from 1910 to 1928 in several counties, year by year and month by month. Florida is a fairly large state, the peninsula part of which is about half the size of North Dakota. The state contains no mountains, its highest elevation being about 300 feet above sea level, with no point in the peninsula distant more than about 50 miles from either the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico. The conditions surrounding the state are so nearly uniform that uniform weather conditions might be expected there, if anywhere on the continent.

SOUTHERN FLORIDA, OF course, knows nothing of what would be considered real drought in the Great Plains states, as in every year for which the record is given each of the counties enumerated has received not less than 22 inches of rain and there is a record for one county in 1928 of 85 inches. But there have been wide variations, not only year by year for the entire area, but county by county in the same year. Thus, in the year that was marked by excessive rainfall in one or more counties was a year of normal or less than normal precipitation in others.

STUDENTS OF PHYSICAL science are generally agreed that the presence or absence of sun spots indicates conditions on the sun which affect electrical and therefore atmospheric conditions on the earth. Atmospheric disturbances are productive of changes in weather. But the atmospheric conditions which produce rain in one great area may be responsible for dry weather in another. On a small scale that fact is illustrated by the behavior of the weather in Florida. And notwithstanding all the attempts that have been made, and all the claims for "infallible" systems that have been put forth, no method has been developed which is, recognized by competent scientific authority by means of which weather predictions can be made with any degree of certainty for any given locality for a year hence or a month hence.

THE FLORIDA WEATHER tables also show that Key West, which is entirely surrounded by water, receives less rain annually than any other section of Florida for which the figures are given. If filling up a few lakes in North Dakota would bring more rain to the state, Key West should be drenched with rain all the year round.

COMMANDER PEARY REACHED the north pole on April 6, 1909. The world did not learn of that fact until five months later, when Peary reached a telegraph station at Glace Bay. If he had been making the journey now he would have taken along a small radio transmitting set, and he would have told the story to the world through the microphone, with one hand grasping the pole itself.

FAR BE IT FROM ME TO ACUSE the government of Nova Scotia of faking. I am not prepared to vouch for the truthfulness of the story which a government publicity bulletin tells of a nickel auto door handle being found after being imbedded for two years in a horse's side. I give the story as the government published it, and you may have it for what it is worth:

"IT SEEMS THAT TWO YEARS ago the horse was in a collision with a car," says the story, "and had a gaping wound opened in the upper part of its foreleg. The wound was stitched and swelling subsided. When the horse recuperated it was raced consistently for two years on country tracks. Occasionally a slight hitch disturbed its gait. And it turns out that the piece of metal had got slightly mixed up at the time of the collision and attached itself to the horse, becoming imbedded in the animals flesh without causing any serious trouble.

"The owner says Dobbin will return once more to his racing."