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WELL, AS DAN RICE, BARNUM'S famous clown used to say on his annual visits, here we are again—after a couple of weeks in the hospital and two more perfectly useless weeks at home. Such an experience may not be the ideal way to spend a vacation, but it has its points. The ordinary vacation is full of duties and obligations, even if those are voluntarily assumed, and sometimes they make great demands on strength and patience. If one goes fishing he feels it his duty to get up at unseasonable hours and remain out in inclement weather—as if the fish cared. If he goes touring there are so many hundred miles to be made in a day, and it is humiliating not to make them, though all the rest of the world may be indifferent as to whether one is making schedule time or not. In a week or two in the hospital and another period of convalescence at home, one is free from all these embarrassments.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING features of being a patient in a hospital is the delightful feeling of irresponsibility that is induced. In normal health one is conscious, not, perhaps, that the weight of the entire universe rests on his shoulders, but that it is necessary for him to carry an appreciable part of the load. There are things to be done otherwise the machine will not work, and one must do those things if disaster is to be averted.

IN THE HOSPITAL ALL THAT is forgotten. Without any sense of negligence or consciousness of guilt, problems that have seemed of supreme importance are left for others to solve, and work that has seemed an immediate personal obligation is left for others to do or leave undone. It does not matter. There is complete relaxation and complete willingness to let the world wag as it will.

HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE AND the period of idleness that is apt to follow it have a deflationary influence which can scarcely fail to be wholesome. Each of us has his place in the general scheme of things, and it is quite possible for one to be carried away by a sense of his own importance. A period of enforced retirement is an excellent corrective. One learns that the world can get along without him, and if he has had any fear that his final and inevitable removal from this sphere will result in a grand crash, it is demonstrated to him that his fear is groundless. After doing absolutely nothing for a month I find that the world is not much worse off than it was before. And if there have been any unfavorable developments meanwhile, probably I couldn’t have stopped them if I had been on the job.
THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF Fanny Kemble, as told in the book by Margaret Armstrong, is one of absorbing interest. Not only was the life of the great nineteenth-century actress full of incidents interesting in themselves, but her long life bridged a gap between the present and a past which, viewed from some standpoint, seems unbelievably distant.

FANNY KEMBLE was the child of a distinguished theatrical family. Her father was Charles Kemble, an actor who for many years stood at the top of his profession in London. Her aunt was Mrs. Siddons, universally acclaimed as the leading actress of her day. Other relatives, including several ancestors, had won distinction on the stage. With such an inheritance, together with that from a vivacious French mother, also an actress, Fanny would seem destined for the stage. Her parents, however, did not plan a stage career for the girl. Although during her girlhood she received training in voice and stage deportment and acted in occasional private theatricals, it was not until she was 19 that she made her debut as a professional actress, and, as Juliet, took London by storm.

FANNY WAS BORN IN 1809, a year marked by the birth of Abraham Lincoln, Gladstone, and several other celebrities. She died in 1892, thus spanning, in a single lifetime, one of the most momentous periods in history. Looking back from a time well within the recollection of persons now only in middle life, she was a girl of six when the battle of Waterloo ended the career of Napoleon. She was a fellow passenger with the great duke of Wellington on the first trip made by the first railway train over the first railroad ever built. She played in northern England when the application of steam to machinery was beginning to transform the textile industry, and there hostile audiences became her enthusiastic friends.

TOURING THE UNITED States with her father she visited the principal cities of the eastern seaboard at a time when the raw and unsightly accompaniments of their growth forced themselves unpleasingly on the attention of the stranger. On that tour she met Pierce Butler, a Georgia planter, the young man who was to become her husband, and on whose rice plantation, employing some 700 slaves, she was to spend several unhappy years, because there she lived in the midst of slavery almost at its worst.

IN THIS STORY OF HER LIFE there are quoted numerous excerpts from Fanny's journal in which for many years she recorded incidents and impressions. These entries were made without thought of publication and they reflect frankly her moods and impressions. The story of her ride on Stephenson's new railroad from Liverpool to Manchester is delightful. She describes her chat with Stephenson and of his explanation of the principles on which his "Rocket" engine operated and of the methods of building the roadbed. "His way of explaining himself," she writes, "is peculiar, but very striking, and I understood all that he said to me." Here is her own description of the locomotive:

"SHE—FOR THEY MAKE these curious little firehorses all mares—consisted of a boiler, a stove, a small platform, a bench, and behind the bench a barrel containing enough water to prevent her from becoming thirsty for 15 miles. There is a chimney to the stove, but as they burn coke there is none of the dreadful black smoke which accompanies the progress of a steam vessel. This snorting little animal, which I felt rather inclined to pat, was harnessed to our carriage, and we started at about 10 miles per hour.

THAT WAS A SHORT PRELIMINARY trip. The formal opening of the road was some weeks later, with the duke of Wellington presiding and Fanny a guest. Unfortunately that first run was marked by tragedy.

During a stop a Mr. Huskisson, a prominent London financier, stood too close to the track while chatting with a friend and was struck by the engine returning from taking on water. Within a few hours he died from his injuries.
YESTERDAY'S COLUMN WAS devoted to Margaret Armstrong's biography of Fanny Kemble. I intended to complete what I had to say about it in one issue, but ran out of space before resting Fanny's experience on her husband's Georgia plantation, one of the most interesting features of Fanny's six years. It was that experience that inspired Fanny's passionate hatred of slavery and which was the chief cause of her separation from her husband. 

WHILE MANY BOOKS HAVE been written descriptive of the South before the Civil War, it was through the eyes of Mrs. Stowe that northern readers came to visualize the conditions under which American slavery existed. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was accepted by millions as a faithful picture. Its wide acceptance in the north and the deep resentment with which it was received in the slave states are generally held to have been important influences in precipitating the Civil War.

MRS. STOWE'S BOOK IS A work of the imagination, based on material drawn from many sources and woven skilfully into a melodramatic structure. It emphasized the harshness of slavery, but it also described the benevolent paternalism under which slavery existed on some plantations. Fanny Kemble spent seven years in intimate contact with slavery unrelied by anything which could make it tolerable, and to the pages of her journal she confided her own impressions of it and the record of her own experience. 

IN 1834, AT THE AGE OF 25, Fanny was married to Pierce Butler, owner by inheritance of a large island plantation in Georgia, and of a farm home, called by courtesy an estate, a few miles out of Philadelphia, a few miles distant. The couple went to live on the Butler Island plantation. The story of the five years spent there is a tragic one.

THE HUNDREDS OF SLAVES on the plantation were with a few exceptions pure black, born on the island, utterly ignorant, driven like beasts and lashed for even trivial delinquencies. The plantation was operated as a blooded matter of business. The slaves were working stock, fed to keep them in working condition, dressed mostly in rags, for little clothing was necessary, treated in illness in a filthy and dilapitated infirmary to restore their working powers, and allowed callously to die if they failed to respond promptly to the crude treatment administered.

IT WAS INTO THIS ATMOSPHERE that the generous and passionate young woman stepped from the height of a brilliant dramatic career and in which she spent the first five years of her married life. On that plantation there was nothing of the kindly spirit between slaves and slaveholder so often described as typical of the South, and which actually existed on some plantations. There was no glamour, no romance, nothing but brutal realism.

FANNY'S HEART WAS wrung by what she saw around her. She visited the negroes in the filth of their hovels and tried to show them how they could improve their surroundings. But there was little chance for improvement. Men, women and children of tender years had to work from dawn until dark. Weary at the end of the day they got what rest they could, and awoke to another day of toil.

APPEALING TO HER HUSBAND Fanny was able to get some improvements made in the infirmary, and other slight concessions were made to her. But her interference was resented. Butler drifted into dissipated habits, Fanny returned to England. Butler sued for and obtained a divorce.

EARLY IN THE CIVIL WAR, with the recollection of slavery as she knew it fresh in her mind, Fanny published her journal, which immediately became a best seller in England. While it may not be correct to say that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" brought on the Civil War, it is undoubtedly true that the book had a marked influence on sentiment north and south. Fanny Kemble's journal is sometimes said to have so influenced British sentiment that it prevented recognition of the Confederacy by the British government. Fanny's biographer does not go quite that far, but she suggests quite reasonably that such a work, published at such a critical time, and widely read as it was, must at least have exerted an important influence.

SEPARATED FROM HER HUSBAND, Fanny returned to the stage for a time, but later she devoted herself almost exclusively to dramatic reading, in which field she won fresh laurels, in England, on the European continent and in America.
FLOWER COLORATION IS AN interesting and complicated subject. In the case of some plants, the colors are fixed and regular, both as to the colors themselves and as to the pattern of their distribution. In other cases the wildest irregularity prevails. Not only is this irregularity observed when the plants are left to themselves, but transplanting induces some surprising changes.

H. A. VARLAND, 613 EIGHTH avenue South, reports the unexpected behavior of some of his zinnias. This year Mr. Varland planted zinnia seed in the open ground, producing many hundreds of plants. His seed was of several choice varieties, mixed indiscriminately. As the plants grew they were thinned out and those that were lifted were transferred to other beds. When the plants began to bloom it was found that all the standard zinnia colors were represented among the plants that had not been lifted, but all of those that had been transplanted produced only pink blossoms.

THEORETICALLY IT IS POSSIBLE that only the pink varieties were moved. But at transplanting time the plants were tiny, with nothing to indicate their color. There were thousands of them, growing hit-or-miss, and mathematicians will agree that the chance of selecting only those of one color was only one in many millions. What seems to be a more reasonable explanation is that all the plants had been developed from an original vigorous pink stock, and that the shock of transplanting nullified all the effects of seedsmen in selection and pollination and the plants reverted to their original color.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO FRED Harris, 1007 Cottonwood street, had a somewhat similar experience with tulips. He had a large bed containing only one color, red or yellow, I have forgotten which. He removed all the bulbs from half the bed to another location. All that were transplanted produced blooms of the opposite color.

FLOWER GARDENERS GENERALLY report that this is a better year than usual for sweet peas. Perhaps the cool spring had something to do with it. The books tell us to plant sweet peas in a trench several inches deep and gradually draw the earth around the growing plants until the trench is level full. I have done that for several years, with very poor results. This year I planted shallow, not more than two inches, and the growth has been much more satisfactory. Perhaps deep planting is not the thing for our soil.

There is a widespread belief that if sweet peas of different colors are planted together the coloring of some will affect the others. This is impossible as to the blooms from the first year's planting. Crossing of varieties is possible only through cross pollinization and pollen is not formed until the petals are colored and open. If seed is saved from plants of different colors growing together the effect of hybridization may be apparent in plants grown from that seed. For that reason it is not a good plan to use home-grown seed where there has been an opportunity for crossing.

IT IS AMONG THE PETUNIAS that perhaps the greatest irregularity in coloring is found. The smaller varieties run to solid and fixed colors, but in the big fluffy ones no rule seems to be observed. Blossoms of two or more colors may appear on the same plant, and in individual blossoms on the same plant the colors are as irregularly distributed as if they had been thrown on from a distance.

YEARS AGO ALMOST EVERY garden in this territory had its bed of asters which grew luxuriantly and produced perfect blossoms until snow came. Then blight or rust appeared, and for some years it has been next to impossible to grow good asters. Scientific growers have struggled with the problem and have produced several more or less rust-resistant types. The best asters that I have seen in a long time are those of my next door neighbor, Mrs. Haisten and are visible from my window. The plants are healthy, and the blossoms, of many colors, are perfect in form. Perhaps I shall try asters again.
DOUGLAS CORRIGAN, who slipped across the Atlantic while-sobbing, has been greeted in New York with a demon- stration befitti the unique achievement of the flight. The young flier proved that which strikes the imagination, even while one hopes that the stunt may never be repeated. And, every opportunity to yield to the spirit of cheap sensationalism has been shamed. His head most remarkably. His flight will yield him substantial financial returns, but he has shown every disposition to make a show of himself.

THE DAY ON WHICH COR- rigan made his flight was im- mediately described as a great day in the history of flight. Not- stand the thrill which the flights have to those whose antecedents, like Corrigan's, were Irish, I re- mained quite uninformed that the flight was a great one. The Browns completed the first flight ever made across the ocean, no one was surprised. The fact that Alcock was English. And while Lindbergh is of Swedish extraction, that fact never entered the consideration given him. I suppose there are no people on earth who have not seen a show, and taken the appearance of it. The Alcock was English. And while Lindbergh is of Swedish extraction, that fact never entered the consideration given him. I suppose there are no people on earth who have not seen a show, and taken the appearance of it. The spirit of cheap sensationalism has been shamed. His head most remarkably. His flight will yield him substantial financial returns, but he has shown every disposition to make a show of himself.

DURING THE PRIMARY campaign in Kentucky Senator Barkley's managers learned that the primary as a subject, according to their estimates, ought to have been solid for the senator, was practically solid for Governor Chandler. Investigating, they finitely hinted that if the banks do not loosen up their job will be to make a show of himself.
AFTER HAVING BEEN AVOID· ed by grasshoppers during the early part of the season Grand Forks city and sections of the ad-

jacent territory were invaded by swarms of them last week. These hoppers were not hatched in this vicinity, but flew in from 

other localities where their presence was equally un

welcome. Their movements and general behavior are interesting and unpredictable.

In some sec-

tions of the city where the insects were most numerous on their arrival on Thursday they did not appear to be hungry. Careful watch-

ing of many specimens failed to detect one of them feeding. They hopped vigorously, flew in every di-

rection and lit on plants of all kinds, but not one was seen making a meal. In other localities they were voracious and played havoc with garden vegetables and other plants.

THE TASTES OF HOPPERS vary widely. In my own garden thus far they have taken bites out of a few gladiolous leaves and have chewed some of the petunia blossoms. The blossoms seem tender and edible, but I should imagine the gladiolous leaves would be tough chewing. A neighbor detected a hopper chewing vigorously at a marigold blossom. If marigolds taste like they smell the hopper had a peculiar taste. In another garden the onion bed was strip-

ped of everything above ground, regardless of the pungency of onions.

CORN FIELDS HAVE SUFFERED by having the silk chewed off, which will prevent the proper development of seed. But in one case the hoppers had tackled the shoot carrying an ear and chewed it round and round, as a beaver chews a tree. In some areas of the state where the fields were full of sow thistle for years an invasion of hoppers a few years ago cleaned up every visible thistle and left the land in good condition. In other cases reported where sow thistle was abundant in fields of sweet clover the insects have devoured the cottony tender succulent thistle and left the clover untouched. But this year near Grand Forks fields of sweet clover have been ruined by grasshoppers, tough as that plant is.

AUTHORITIES ON THE SUB-

ject tell us that grasshoppers prefer sweet clover to about 70° for feeding, which may account for their apparent lack of appetite on some of the hot days. J. Arthur Solien, of the N. Y. A. offices at Bismarck, has observed grasshop-

pers carefully in his travels all over the state. He reports complete destruction last week in many localities. Mr. Solien says that grasshoppers will not feed in extreme heat.

ON SUCH DAYS, SAYS MR. Solien, the insects will fly upward, seeking coolness in the higher air levels. Reaching cooler air they fly with whatever wind is blowing, and settle toward evening wherever they happen to be. This, he says, accounts for the migration of swarms of grasshoppers from localities where food is still abund-

ant. Other migrations of course, are due to exhaustion of food.

HOW FAR WILL GRASSHOP-

PERS travel? Nobody knows exactly, and the species vary with the facts vary at the time. Effort is being made to learn more about the traveling habits of grasshoppers by means of drying the insects and then obtaining records of their flight. Recently some insects dyed at the Agri-

cultural college at Fargo were picked up in the vicinity of Rugby, a fairly long flight, due probably to a strong southeast wind.

IT IS CLEAR THAT THE grasshopper plague cannot be con-

sidered a local problem. Large areas in which none of the insects were hatched may be visited by destructive swarms of insects from distant localities, and, as grasshoppers are no respecters of state boundaries, the problem which they create is one for national as well as state attention.

NOT MUCH HAS BEEN HEARD in recent years of Esperanto, the "universal language." Some years ago it was quite the rage, and pre-

dictions were made that within a few years the people of every race and nation would write and speak Esperanto, if not exclusively, in addition to the local tongue. That, it was argued, would help to bring all races together in terms of cooperation and friendship.

THE GENERAL PUBLIC seems to have forgotten Esperanto as well as the several other in-

vented languages intended to per-

form like service. But there is an international society devoted to the propagating of the language. At the society's conference in London a week ago there were 1,700 dele-

gates in attendance. There was evidence that the spirit of broth-

erly love is not complete among those proficient in the language when the Italian delegates refused to speak because of the participa-

tion of representatives from Bar-

calona and loyalist Spain.
OFTEN WHEN I HEAR DIS­
CUSSION OF THE POLITICAL ACTIVITIES OF
OFFICESTERS I THINK OF THE PRACTICE WHICH GOVERNED IN ONTARIO,
AND PROBABLY IN ALL OF CANADA IN MY BOYHOOD, AND WIRDER IF
THE CUSTOM STILL PREVAILS. THY THE RULE WAS THAT THE APPOINTIVE
OFFICESTER COULD NOT VOTE IN RE ELECTION AFFECTING THE
SELECTION OF PERSONS HAVING AUTHORITY OVER HIS
APPOINTMENT.

Davies

THUS THE TOWNSHIP CLERK OR TREASURER, WHO WAS APPOINTED BY
THE TOWNSHIP BOARD, COULDN'T VOTE IN TOWNSHIP ELECTIONS. HE
COULD VOTE FOR Members OF THE DOMINION AND PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENTS,
BUT NOT FOR MEMBERS OF THE TOWNSHIP BOARD, WHO WOULD BE HIS
EMPLOYERS. SHERIFFS AND REGISTERS OF DEEDS WERE APPOINTED BY AUTHORITY
OF THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT, THEREFORE, WHILE THEY COULD VOTE IN
DOMINION AND TOWNSHIP ELECTIONS THEY WERE DISQUALIFIED FOR PARTICIPATION
IN PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS. POSTMASTERS AND COLLECTORS OF CUSTOMS WERE
APPOINTED BY DOMINION AUTHORITY AND WERE EXCLUDED FROM PARTICIPATION
IN DOMINION ELECTIONS, THOUGH ELIGIBLE AS VOTERS IN ALL OTHERS.

THIS EXCLUSION OF THE EMPLOYEE FROM PARTICIPATION IN THE
SELECTION OF HIS EMPLOYER EXTENDED, AT LEAST IN THEORY, TO POLITICAL
ACTIVITY IN GENERAL. THE DOMINION EMPLOYEE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE
COMPLETELY OUT OF DOMINION POLITICS, AND SO WITH APPOINTEES OF OTHER PUBLIC
BODIES. PROBABLY SUCH OFFICIALS DID OCCASIONALLY DO A LITTLE CAMPAIGNING
ON THE QUIET, WHEN NOBODY WAS LOOKING, BUT ANY PUBLIC DISPLAY OF
ACTIVITY WOULD HAVE BEEN CONSIDERED DECIDEDLY IMPROPER.

THE PURPOSE OF THESE RESTRICTIONS, OF COURSE, WAS TO PRE­
VENT THE USE OF OFFICIAL POSITION FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES. I HAVE NO
IDEA HOW EFFECTIVE THEY WERE IN PURIFYING THE POLITICAL ATMOSPHERE.
THE RULE APPLIED TO OFFICIAL POSITIONS, NOT TO MINOR EMPLOYMENT.
AND I REMEMBER THAT ON ONE OCCASION THE PARTY OPPOSED TO THE EXISTING
ADMINISTRATION—WHICH I THINK WENT OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD—
MADE A CAMPAIGN ISSUE OF THE FACT THAT SHORTLY BEFORE AN ELECTION THE
ADMINISTRATION HAD EMPLOYED A LARGE FORCE OF MEN TO DIG DANDELIONS ON THE
GROUNDS OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA. THE WORK WAS DENOUNCED AS UNNECESSARY
AND THE PURPOSE TO INFLUENCE VOTES.

NATURE'S SPRINKLING SYS­
TEM, IN FULL OPERATION UP TO A SHORT
TIME AGO, HAS SUSPENDED OPERATIONS
TEMPORARILY, AND THAT FACT, TOGETHER
WITH THERMOMETER READINGS ABOVE 90 ALMOST EVERY DAY, HAS
BEGINNED TO GIVE THE LAWN'S A PARCHED
APPEARANCE, AND THE GARDEN HOSE HAS AGAIN COME INTO PLAY. SET ONE
OF THOSE WHIRLING SPRINKLERS GOING A LITTLE BEFORE SUNDOWN, THEN LOOK
THROUGH THE SPRAY TOWARD THE SUN. THE EFFECT IS BRILLIANT AND BEAUTIFUL.
GO TO ONE OF THE WORLD'S FAIRS AT NEW YORK OR SAN FRANCISCO NEXT
YEAR AND YOU WILL SEE PLAYING FOUNTAINS THAT WILL LOOK JUST ABOUT LIKE
THAT. AND YOU WILL EXCLAIM: "HOW MARVELOUS!" THE HOME EFFECT WILL
COST ABOUT FIVE CENTS.

MR. FARLEY DIDN'T MENTION IT WHEN HE WAS HERE, BUT THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT SOLD A BIG
POSTOFFICE BUILDING THE OTHER DAY FOR THE SUM OF ONE DOLLAR, BELIEVE IT
OR NOT. THE BUILDING IS THE OLD STRUCTURE IN NEW YORK CITY, BUILT
MANY YEARS AGO, AND NOW SUPER­
SEDED BY A FINE NEW BUILDING. THE BUILDING WILL BE RAZED BY THE CITY
AT A COST OF ABOUT $67,000 AND THE SITE WILL BE LANDSCAPED IN TIME FOR
THE BIG FAIR.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STRIKERS WHOSE WALKOUT CAUSED THE
CLOSING OF THE RINGLING BROTHERS AND BARNUM AND BAILEY CIRCUS
COMPLAIN THAT THE COMPANY HAS SHOWN BAD FAITH IN PERMITTING SOME OF ITS
MAJOR FEATURES TO BE EXHIBITED BY THE AL. G. BARNES AND SELLS SHOW
WHICH EXHIBITS IN GRAND FORKS TODAY. DID THE STRIKERS EXPECT THE
BIG SHOW TO GO INTO PERMANENT RETIREMENT?

THEY BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON THAT MAN CORRIGAN. HE INTENDS TO
MAKE A TEST FLIGHT ON THURSDAY WITH THE MACHINE IN WHICH HE CROSSED
THE ATLANTIC, AND ALTHOUGH THE EXPERIMENTAL LICENSE FOR THE PLANE
WAS REVOKED, HE EXPECTS TO RECEIVE OFFICIAL PERMISSION FOR THE TEST.
BUT LET THAT BOY ONCE GET INTO THE AIR AND THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE
HE'LL BE HEARD FROM NEXT. WITH A COMPASS SO UNRELIABLE AND A SENSE
OF DIRECTION SO UNTRUSTWORTHY HE MAY MAKE HIS NEXT LANDING AT
SHANGHAI.
RELATIVES ARE TRYING TO get trace of Wellington Laughlin, who, when a young man, left his home in Michigan and came to North Dakota or Minnesota. If living he would be about 70 years of age. Information concerning him or his children, if any, may be sent to his cousin, E. R. Laughlin, Torrance, Penn.

PROFESSOR Rowland, of the University music department, was interested in the mention in this column of the biography of Emily Kemble, as he is familiar with the history of the Kemble family, and in his youth saw some of its members on the stage.

Mr. Rowland also recalls that on one occasion when his father was visiting at Hawarden, the home of Gladstone, he attended the local church. After seating himself in the pew to which he was ushered he glanced at the other occupant of the pew and recognized the stately form and classic features of the famous British statesman. Gladstone hospitably shared his hymn book with the stranger. "And," said the elder Rowland afterward, "he could sing bass, too."

DOES ANYONE KNOW WHY young robins spend so much time at their toilet? They are liberal bathers, as their parents are, but, bathing or not, they spend hours picking at and among their feathers. The old birds do not seem to do nearly so much of this. Are the young ones ridding themselves of mites, or are they removing the loose down of babyhood?

A CORRESPONDENT REPORTS that he has a copy of the first issue of The Grand Forks Herald, which he supposes is a rarity. The copy, he writes, is in good condition, but for some reason the lower right-hand corner of the front page is blank, not having taken the impression of the type in printing.

LIKE MANY OTHERS WHICH have been reported, this is not an original, but a reproduction. The only genuine copy of the first issue of The Herald known to be in existence is bound in the office files and stored in The Herald's vault. When the fiftieth anniversary edition of the paper was published in 1929 it was photographically reproduced and inserted in the regular issue as a souvenir supplement. In some unknown way the lower right-hand corner of the front page had been torn off, therefore in the reproduction it had to be left blank.

EVERY LITTLE WHILE SOMEONE reports possession of an old newspaper supposed to be valuable because of its rarity. One such newspaper is that containing news of the death of George Washington. Almost without exception these are reproductions of the originals and have no commercial value. Facsimiles of ancient documents are often innocently mistaken for originals, especially if they turn up in out-of-the-way places, as many of them do. Of course an old paper or document of real value may turn up once in a while, and it is well to be certain before discarding such finds.

TUESDAY'S HUMIDITY, ACCORDING to my thermometer, was about 70, and it was a sticky day. New York has been having humidity up in the nineties, with temperature of 90 or over. I'm not sure just how they figure it, but if 100 means complete saturation, a few more degrees of humidity would have drenched New York with water just from the natural ooziness of the atmosphere.

MELVIN D. HILDRETH, FORMER United States district attorney for North Dakota, and now a resident of Washington, D. C., is one of the leading members of the Circus Fans of America, an organization devoted to the perpetuation of the circus as one of the great American institutions. I am heartily in sympathy with the movement. Of course, with the adoption of mechanical power instead of horses and the omission of the parade, the circus will never be quite what it once was, but it is still something with which everyone should become acquainted in childhood so that a proper groundwork of taste may be established for later life.
ONE OF THE MOST MYSTERIOUS things in life is memory, the power to record impressions received at one time in such a manner that they may be revived at another. There is a theory that one never actually forgets anything, that the record once made is always there though there never need be an occasion to read it, and though even the attempt to do so may fail.

THERE IS AN OLD STORY OF a domestic in the employ of an English clergyman which is sometimes told in support of this theory. The clergyman was a classical scholar, and in his home study he often recited long passages in Greek and Latin. Often this was done in the presence of the maid, who, almost illiterate, understood not a word that was said, and paid no attention to the declamations. The girl was taken ill, and, to the astonishment of everyone, poured forth volumes of Greek and Latin. Somewhere in her subconsciousness had been written, without her own knowledge, the record of what she had heard. An abnormal brain condition had brought the record to light.

WHATEVER MAY BE THE accuracy of that story, it has, in some measure, its parallel in the experience of almost everyone. Driving one day past a field of curing alfalfa its fragrance was brought to me by a light breeze. Instantly there came to me the recollection of a clover field in which I had worked as a boy fifty years before, and of which I had not thought for years. But somewhere there had been stored away the record made by the fragrance of curing clover. It had been carried through the years and had become overlaid by millions of other experiences. But a bit of perfume, traveling on a light breeze, had sorted out that original impression from all others, had made me conscious of it, and had accompanied it by its appropriate association of meadow, and hillside, and flowing river, and all without any effort of the will. Probably everyone has had some such experience.

NO LESS STRANGE THAN the spontaneous revival of long buried impressions is the power to reproduce some impressions at will, a power that is exercised during almost every conscious moment. The record of every experience is there, dormant and unrecognized. The will asserts itself, and one remembers, because he wishes to do so, a date in history, the lines of a poem, a happening of yesterday, the name of a friend, although a moment before that record was buried in obscurity.

FORGETFULNESS IS A STRANGE and as erratic as memory. One is at a loss for a familiar word. "I have it on the tip of my tongue," is the familiar remark. But in spite of all effort the word refuses to come. A little later, without any effort whatever, the word presents itself. It is as if memory were an independent entity which in moments of perversity refuses to be directed, cajoled or hurried.

FORGETFULNESS OF FAMILIAR names is a common malady, and it is no respector of persons. The person affected by it may suddenly find himself unable to recall the name of his most intimate friend. In fact, it seems to be the most familiar names that are most apt to be forgotten because of this curious memory lapse. This tendency, which often exists as a slight defect, may become an important malady. In any form it is apt to be embarrassing. One of its peculiarities is the tendency to forget, time after time, the name of the same familiar person.

THERE ARE EFFECTIVE ways of training the memory, and some of these have been made the basis of useful courses of treatment for defective memories. Two rules seem to be generally accepted as useful. One is to concentrate attention on the subject before one, and the other to associate familiar things with the subject to be remembered.
NEW YORKERS, WHO HAVE been sweltering for weeks in a steam bath, with temperatures unrelieved by the deluges of rain which have fallen day after day, are looking forward to the first frost, which amateur prophets have promised in just six weeks. The point is that the katydids have arrived, or have begun chirping, and the tradition is that the first frost of the season will come just six weeks after the katydids tune up. I had supposed that the katydid belonged much farther south than New York. I never saw or heard one in my boyhood, though my home was in the New York latitude. My first acquaintance with those insects was during the St. Louis world's fair, when our family, rooming at a suburb, went to sleep each night to the music of the katydids.

* * *

THERE IS A CURIOUS ASSOCIATION of the period six weeks with weather behavior. There is the katydid tradition. Then we are told that if it rains on St. Swithin's day it will rain for 40 days, approximately six weeks, thereafter. If the groundhog sees his shadow on February 2 he will go into retirement, in anticipation of six weeks more of winter.

* * *

IT TOOK FORTY DAYS AND nights of rain to produce Noah's flood, and this may have some bearing on modern weather. The number 40 crops out often in biblical history, and one ancient law provides for certain criminals "forty stripes save one."

* * *

THE TRADITION THAT "lightning never strikes twice in the same place" has been shattered time and again. It was broken rather dramatically at Jacob Riis park, New York, when lightning struck a crowd on the beach exactly a year following a similar lightning stroke at the same spot. Each time three persons were killed and many were stunned or shaken.

* * *

THE QUEEN MARY HAS RECAPTURED from the Normandie the record for westward crossing of the Atlantic, making the voyage in 3 days 21 hours and 48 minutes, clipping more than an hour off the Normandie's record. It is expected that the Queen Mary will now try to better the Normandie's eastbound record. It will now be in order for the Normandie to have her engines remodeled, the tilt of her propeller blades changed, or something done which will enable her to make a new record.

* * *

ONE INTERESTING THING about the voyages of the two great ships is the precision with which the course is followed. Some automobile expert has said that an automobile cannot be so driven twice over the same course between the same points that the two speedometer readings will be exactly alike. Although the road is perfectly laid out and in perfect condition, the driver will vary a little in the accuracy of his driving, weaving a little more or less from a straight line, especially if he has to adjust himself to other traffic.

* * *

BUT THE MILEAGE COVERED by the two big ships in their respective record crossings showed a variation of only one mile. From port to port the Normandie sailed 2906 miles and the Queen Mary 2907. The officers of those ships set their own course across unmarked waters. They sailed through daylight and darkness and were subject to the disturbing influence of winds, tides and currents. Deviation of a hairsbreadth from the true course would have made miles of difference. Yet in two voyages of nearly 3,000 miles there was a difference of only one mile.
SOME PEOPLE ARE WONDERING if the presidency is to be the last time for Mr. Roosevelt, for some reason or other. Other Items are more or less a political formality, because they helped to slip the machinery into the machinery of the presidency, at the recent meeting of the Republican state convention, in a manner that is Hiram Bingham.

It had been all fixed, at the direct suggestion of Mr. Lemke, to the approval of the governor, to make the issue.

JOHN GRAY IS A PORTLY right and downright sort of a person, who takes the reasonable position that the business of the Republican party is to get its nominee to the top. This, however, he has agreed to do, or at least to see that the right man is given the job. The ballot was secret, but it develops that any of the payrollers contributed to that campaign, there may be some vacancies.

GOVERNOR LANGER IS APPARENTLY RussIANS and Japanese have used the border incident as a means of feeling out each other's strength and making their respective states meet. What they have learned, nobody else knows, but they appear to have decided to quit fighting for the time being.

CONFLICTING CLAIMS OF sovereignty affecting two or three small South Pacific Islands have been made by the United States and Great Britain. The islands are worthless commercially, and their value, as they have no harbor or radio stations, and it is for those purposes that control of them is at stake. In reality, it is a question of control over their possession. Agreement has been reached that both nations will use their diplomatic influence to secure agreement, after which the two nations will use their diplomatic influence to secure the control of the islands.

JAMES ROOSEVELT, the president's son and secretary, is out with a signed denial that he is to get a post, and it is clear that the president is to secure business con

APPELLANTLY RussIANS and Japanese have used the border incident as a means of feeling out each other's strength and making their respective states meet. What they have learned, nobody else knows, but they appear to have decided to quit fighting for the time being.

GOVERNOR LANGER'S DE-
A COPY OF THE NORTH DAKOTA GUIDE, one of the series which, when completed, will cover the entire country, is just received. The series was begun as a WPA project, primarily to provide employment for writers and research workers otherwise unemployed, and for the secondary purpose of making available to the public in convenient form information concerning the history, topography and interesting features of every part of the United States. The North Dakota volume was prepared under the capable supervision of Miss Ethel Schlasinger, state director of the project. Miss Schlasinger, a graduate of the University of North Dakota, had the task of selecting a large force of workers to whom was assigned the task of collecting information in every community in the state, and the further duty of checking, condensing and arranging in orderly form the great quantity of material assembled. She is to be congratulated on the efficiency with which the work was done. I select from Miss Schlasinger's preface the following sentences:

"THE AMERICAN GUIDE series, covering the forty-eight states, Puerto Rico, Alaska and numerous cities and towns, is unrolling a Unique and inspiring panorama of these United States with their lively background and their vibrant present. The North Dakota guide adds its contribution to the whole, giving the reader a picture of the state, its land and resources, its history, people, the cities and towns they have built, and the principal points of interest. New chapters in North Dakota's story and other phases of its life and works are still to be told. This volume—a pioneer enterprise in a state where the records of the past and the varied life of today had not heretofore been assembled—may well serve as an incentive and a foundation for further books."

THE VOLUME CONTAINS A concise description of North Dakota, its history and development; several pages devoted to the high lights of its political history; racial backgrounds of its people, with sketches of their folk-lore; its natural resources; its principal cities and its parks and playgrounds and its highways and trails.

THE LATTER SECTION, which occupies about half the space in the book, is arranged conveniently by "tours," each of which follows some designated highway. Tour No. 1, for instance, conducts the traveler over Federal Highway No. 81, from Pembina to the South Dakota state line. Mention is made of each town along the route, and of others reached by short side trips. Bits of local history are recorded, and there are descriptions of interesting local features along the way, some belonging to pioneer days, and others of the busy present.

THE BOOK IS WELL ILLUSTRATED, and attached is a map showing principal highways, railroads, etc. A valuable feature is the excellent index. Never before has such a quantity and variety of information, covering every locality in the state, been presented in a single volume, and much of the information has never before been published in any form.

IT WOULD BE TOO MUCH TO expect a work of this nature, containing information collected by so many persons from so many sources, to be free from error. It is in no critical spirit, therefore, but in the interest of accuracy, that I call attention to one error relating to the newspaper history of Grand Forks. On Page 150 it is stated that George B. Winship, founder of the Grand Forks Herald, purchased the Plaindealer, which had been founded by Geo. H. Walsh, and merged it with the Herald. No mention is made of the Evening Times.

THE PLAINDEALER WAS never merged with the Herald. It continued publication under several different ownerships until it suspended, and its plant was broken up, part of it being shipped to Fargo. The Evening Times, which entered the field while the Plaindealer was still in existence, was merged with the Herald in 1911.
THE PERCENTAGE OF FAMILIES OF WELSH ORIGIN IN NORTH DAKOTA IS NOT LARGE, WHICH MAKES ALL THE MORE INTERESTING THE FACT THAT IN ONE NORTH DAKOTA HOME THERE IS AN OBJECT PECULIARLY WELSH, OF HISTORIC SIGNIFICANCE. PROFESSOR ROWLAND, OF THE UNIVERSITY, HAS GIVEN ME A CLIPPING FROM A WELSH PAPER IN WHICH A CORRESPONDENT TELLS OF SEEING A BARDIC CHAIR IN THE HOME OF JOHN R. EDWARDS, OF GOODRICH, NORTH DAKOTA. THE BARDIC CHAIR IS A PRIZE AWARDED IN A COMPETITION IN WHICH WELSH BARDS AND MINSTRELS COMPETE. THE NORTH DAKOTA CHAIR WAS AWARDED IN ONE SUCH CONTEST IN 1869 TO RICHARD FOULKES EDWARDS, UNCLE OF THE PRESENT OWNER, WHOSE WELSH TITLE AS GIVEN ON THE BRONZE PLATE ATTACHED TO THE CHAIR WAS "RISIART DHU O WYNEDD," OR "BLACK RICHARD OF WYNEDD." BLACK RICHARD CAME TO AMERICA IN 1870 AND SETTLED IN OSHKOSH, WIS., AND DIED THE SAME YEAR, BEFORE THE CHAIR REACHED THIS COUNTRY.


IN THE ARTICLE THE CORRESPONDENT MENTIONS ANOTHER NORTH DAKOTA WELSHMAN, PROF. WILLIAM B. THOMAS, WHO HAS BEEN AN INSTRUCTOR IN JAMESTOWN COLLEGE FOR 30 YEARS, AND WHOSE DAUGHTER, TOGETHER WITH THE DAUGHTER OF HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, WERE THE ONLY TWO WOMEN WHO STOOD HIGH ENOUGH TO TAKE POSTGRADUATE WORK IN MEDICINE AT JOHNS HOPKINS.


ONE OF THE FEATURES OF MR. CONRAD'S WEEKLY PAPER IS ITS FULL PAGE OF WANT ADS, A FEATURE WHICH HAS BEEN DEVELOPED THROUGH YEARS OF DiligENT WORK. THE NEWS EDITOR OF THE PAPER IS VERNON L. ORTON, AND HIS WIFE, IRENE MORKIRD ORTON, HAS CHARGE OF LOCAL NEWS. MRS. ORTON IS THE DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. GEO. MORKIRD, 1218 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, GRAND FORKS.

ACCOUNTING TO YOUR LIFE MAGAZINE:

YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE IN 100,000 OF LIVING TO BE ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD, BETTER IF YOU ARE A WOMAN BECAUSE TWO OUT OF THREE CENTENARIANS ARE OF THE WEAKER SEX.

YOU HAVE A FIFTY-FIFTY CHANCE OF LIVING TO BE SIXTY-FOUR. IF YOU HAVE ALREADY REACHED SIXTY YOU SHOULD HAVE AN ADDITIONAL FOURTEEN AND A HALF YEARS, IF YOU ARE A MAN, OR AN EXTRA SIXTEEN IF YOU ARE A WOMAN.

THE ODDS ARE FOUR TO ONE THAT YOU WILL REACH THE AGE OF FIFTY, AS 75,000 OUT OF 100,000 ATTAIN THAT AGE. BUT IT IS EXACTLY THE REVERSE—ONE CHANCE IN FOUR—that you will live to be seventy-seven.
CARL PETERSON, UNIVERSITY weather observer, confirms my guess that the curious weather freak of last week, when a furious wind at 4 o'clock in the morning was accompanied by an immediate jump in temperature from 70 to 95 degrees, was an interesting phenomenon, unprecedented at least in this region. Carl has searched the records of the local weather bureau, and has been able to find nothing corresponding to it. Moreover, there appears nothing similar in any record for any locality to which he has access. As to the cause, he is as much in the dark as the rest of us, but suggests several meteorological combinations as possible explanations. He has sent a record of the facts to Washington, and awaits whatever explanation the authorities there have to offer.

DURING THE APPROACH OF that storm, and an hour or two before it struck the city, Carl watched the sky with interest, as the appearance of the western clouds, together with the barometer, indicated the approach of a storm. Three times during that period of waiting, he saw unusual and beautiful discharges of lightning, blue in color, which, at first, resembling great balls of fire, seemed to explode, lighting up the entire sky. This he supposes to be due to the presence in the air of quantities of dust whose particles became surcharged with electricity.

MRS. SYLVESTER MARSHALL of Emerado, writes: While in my garden the other day I found a mysterious looking "worm", one that I had never seen before. It was about 4 or 5 inches long, although at times it would become much shorter. It was green in color, with yellow, blue and orange button-like things on its back. It was about 3-4 of an inch in diameter. I became interested in it so I put it in a glass container, and after two days it spun a golden brown web around itself, sealing itself in. Then a day later it spun two more and likewise put them in captivity. Now they have started to spin webs around themselves. I have never seen anything of this kind, and neither have any of my neighbors.

THE DESCRIPTION WHICH Mrs. Marshall gives corresponds to that of the caterpillar of the Scolopendra, largest and most beautiful of our local insects. The caterpillar has encased itself in a cocoon of silk, from which, if all is well, it will emerge next spring, a flying creature, with wings and body beautifully variegated.

THE THIN FABRIC WHICH forms the beginning of the caterpillar's cocoon is at first almost transparent, and if it is held before a strong light one can watch the movements of the caterpillar, as, hour after hour, it carries its silk-sealed case across the ground, and round and round until it has built around itself a strong, tough case in which it can undergo the strange metamorphosis from crawling to winged life. As it thickens and is exposed to air and light the cocoon becomes dark and opaque.

SOLOMON'S INJUNCTION, "GO to the ant, thou sluggard; consider the ways and be wise," has been quoted millions of times as advice to be up and doing, to hustle, to get a move on. I wonder if Solomon hadn't been speaking in a sort of Pickwickian sense. Or perhaps he never watched an ant very closely.

AT ANY RATE, WHILE THE ant does seem to get things done in a rather remarkable way, much of his life is spent in a sort of purposeless, wasted activity. The ant on the sidewalk seems to have no objective and no sense of direction. Running at a rate corresponding to at least a mile a minute for a human being, he will rush around aimlessly, without picking up anything or investigating anything, he will rush just as rapidly back again. He will run zig-zag to every point of the compass, climb over all sorts of obstacles and perform prodigies of strength and endurance, all without accomplishing anything whatever.

NOT ONLY DOES THE INDIVIDUAL ant thus flitter away his time, but the team-work of ants has been greatly overrated. I watched a lot of ants struggling with a disabled grasshopper. There were 20 or 30 of them at work, evidently intending to drag the hopper somewhere. Did they have a plan of campaign? Were they organized, with captains and squad leaders and all that sort of thing? Nothing of the sort. It was every ant for himself, and not one of them seemed to know what it was all about. Any one of them could drag that hopper, for they are powerful brutes, but they paid no attention to the fact that there were ants.

If more ants happened to be on one side than on the other the load would be moved a few inches that way. Then the majority would shift and back the hopper would go. To watch the majority shifting while two of them would get into a fight, much like human beings. Two hours after I first noticed them I was back that way and they were still at it. They had expended much energy, and they and the hopper were just about where they started.
IN LOOKING OVER A NUMBER OF DOCUMENTS IN HER FAMILY ARCHIVES, MRS. DR. MULLIGAN CAME ACROSS AN ATTTESTED COPY OF THE WILL OF ONE MILES DOYLE, A FARMER IN WEXFORD COUNTY, IRELAND, APPEARENTLY A DISTANT, BUT UNKNOWN RELATIVE. THE WILL WAS MADE IN 1833 AND THE ATTTESTED COPY IN 1835. THE DOCUMENT, NOW 103 YEARS OLD, IS IN PERFECT CONDITION, AND THE INK IN WHICH THE VARIOUS BEQUESTS ARE INSCRIBED IS STILL READABLE.

MILES DOYLE WAS A FARMER, AND IT IS EVIDENT FROM THE CHARACTER OF THE BEQUESTS MADE THAT HE WAS A MAN OF MEANS, THE OWNER OF LAND AND HOUSES AS WELL AS OF PERSONAL PROPERTY. HIS WILL BEGINS WITH THE DEVOUT DECLARATION ONCE COMMON IN SUCH DOCUMENTS:

“In the name of God Amen, I, Miles Doyle, of Cromogue in the County of Wexford and Barony of Scarawalsh, being weak in body but of sound, disposing mind and memory, and considering the uncertainty of this transitory life, and for avoiding controversies after my decease, make, publish and declare this my last will and testament in the manner and form following.”

TO HIS SON MILES THE TESTATOR BEQUEATHED “ALL MY LAND, CATTLE, CHATTELS, GOODS, HOUSES AND THE BENEFITS ACCRUING FROM THEM,” SUBJECT TO THE PAYMENT FROM THE ESTATES OF SPECIFIC BEQUESTS NAMED THEREAFTER IN THE WILL. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARGARET ARE BEQUEATHED 30 POUNDS STERLING, “HER BED AND BEDDING AND OTHER SMALL ARTICLES BEFITTING ONE OF HER SEX, WITH THE BEDSTEAD MADE BY JOHN DOYLE, THE MAHOUGHANY TABLE, FOUR CHAIRS, AND 20 YARDS OF LINEN OF THE 60 YARDS WHICH IS NOW AT THE BLEACH.”

THESE BEQUESTS ARE MADE TO THE DAUGHTER IN ADDITION TO HER 100 POUNDS STERLING IN CASH. SHE IS FURTHER GIVEN “A COW CALLED COWMAN TO GIVE HER MILK AND 40 BARRELS OF CUP POTATOES EACH AND EVERY YEAR UNTIL SHE GETS MARRIED, AND THEN SHE IS TO HAVE NO FURTHER CALL ON SAID COW OR POTATOES.” STILL FURTHER SHE IS TO HAVE THE BEEHIVES “WHICH IS NOW IN THE CABBAGE GARDEN AND WHAT TURF IS IN THE OUTHOUSE, SO LONG AS SHE REMAINS UNMARRIED.”

MARY AND ELIZABETH KEHOE ARE GIVEN JOINTLY 20 POUNDS STERLING “AND ONE FEATHER BED WHICH I NOW LIE UPON, THE NEW CAR (OBVIOUSLY A JAUNTING CAR AND NOT AN AUTOMOBILE) THAT WAS NEVER YOKED.” THERE IS THE PROVISION THAT NO STOPPAGE IS TO BE MADE IN THE PAYMENTS TO “BETTY,” ON ACCOUNT OF THE 30 POUNDS ADVANCED TO HER “THE TIME I WAS SICK LAST.”

OTHER MINOR BEQUESTS ARE OF SMALL SUMS IN MONEY AND HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND OF A NUMBER OF OTHER BEEHIVES. EVIDENTLY MILES DOYLE WAS A MAN OF SUBSTANCE, THRIFTY AND FOREHAND AND SOLICITOUS FOR THE WELFARE OF HIS KINDRED. SOME OF THE ITEMS IN HIS LIST OF BENEFACEMENTS READ RATHER STRANGELY NOW. WE HEAR LITTLE OF FEATHER BEDS, AND THE DESIGNATION OF THE USE OF A COW TO FURNISH MILK FOR HIS DAUGHTER UNTIL THE DAUGHTER’S MARRIAGE IS AN INTERESTING TOUCH. SUCH A DOCUMENT HAS THE FLAVOR OF LONG AGO AND GIVES EVIDENCE OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT WHICH OUTLIVES PAPER AND INK, LOCAL CUSTOMS AND FORMAL METHODS OF EXPRESSION.

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO ACQUIRED A WHITE ELEPHANT AND THEN DIDN’T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT HAS BECOME A CLASSIC. THE WINNIPEG PARK BOARD HAS NO ELEPHANT, BUT IT HAS TWO LIONS WHICH IT FINDS TO BE EQUALLY EMBARRASSING POSSESSIONS. THE LIONS WERE PRESENTED TO THE CITY BY SHRINERS IN 1935 AND 1936 WHEN THEY WERE MERE KITTENS. HOUSED IN ASSINIBOINE PARK IN A BUILDING ERECTED YEARS AGO AS A TEMPORARY STRUCTURE, THEY HAVE REACHED ABOUT THEIR FULL SIZE, AND WHILE THEY ARE AMENABLE AND AFFECTIONATE THERE IS DANGER IN KEEPING THEM IN THEIR PRESENT QUARTERS. SUITABLE QUARTERS WOULD COST S010,000, AND IT SEEMS THAT THE BIG CATS MUST GO.
IN SPEAKING AT THE DELIVERY of the new bridge across the St. Lawrence President Roosevelt spoke of a strong case for the development of the St. Lawrence waterway by joint action of the United States and Canadian governments. In doing so he could not fail to train his customary attacks at private utility interests. He warned the Canadians that unless steps were taken to ensure the public possession of the power of the great river, American private interests might form monopolies which would menace the future of both countries.

FOLLOWING THE PRESIDENT's address Premier Hepburn of Ontario issued a statement from Toronto which serves as a sort of rejoinder to the presidential address. In the near future steps have been taken in the removal of obstruction which relatively few of these affairs have come to entertain the attention of politicians in several states and in the nation at large. Following the revelation of General Smuts of the power of the Mexican government that its another citizen as he attempts to do any of these things than would menace the future of both countries.

IT IS UNIMPORTANT THAT IMPROVEMENTS ARE MADE on the great river so long as the use of the waterway for navigation purposes has been complicated by injection into the removal of obstruction which relatively few of these affairs have come to entertain the attention of politicians in several states and in the nation at large. Following the revelation of General Smuts of the power of the Mexican government that its another citizen as he attempts to do any of these things than would menace the future of both countries.

SECRETARY Hull informed the Mexicans that the federal government had notified Washington of the seizure of oil properties. In the building of close political contacts between the United States and Germany, and presumably to Italy and Japan, it is suggested that the United States might be able to do this on terms that will pay for the seized property.

THE QUESTION "WHEN IS a Democrat not a Democrat?" is being discussed this week in Canada. Following the recent proceedings of the party's national convention of George of Georgia out of the party, President Roosevelt has stated that the party has committed itself to the policy of public ownership, or public utilities in- treatment of wages or working conditions is but a part of a strike involving one strikers are wondering if the good faith by Americans, without making promises of power or group. Pickets have been arrested charged with conspiracy to interfere with the lawful rights others.

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THE LOCAL POLICE DEPARTMENT has publicly stated its readiness to be of service to the strikers in their legal right of peaceful picketing and others in the discharge of their duties.

SOME OF THE COMMEN
tators on Secretary Hull's recent address under the caption "Wise Counsel." A friend inquires if "counsel" is a true word in that connection. He didn't think it was, and he is quite right. Obiously counsel should have been "counsel," Wandering attention and wandering fingers can cause serious things with the typewriter keys. Of course I could blame the composer, but if I do I may be likely to dip up the copy and prove that the error was mine, so what is the use.

* * *

NO SUCH RIGHT EXISTS THE LOCAL POLICE DEPARTMENT has publicly stated its readiness to be of service to the strikers in their legal right of peaceful picketing and others in the discharge of their duties. It is business. Because the timidity of the party's national convention. The theory on which Mr. Roosevelt procured power is that the policy of the party as he goes along, and that man must take care of the reasons why and unquestionably is a true Democrat.

A STRIKE INVOLVING ONE of the local wholesale houses became a matter of general interest the other day. As I have been informed the strike in Grand Forks did not originate in local disputes but in the policy of public acquisition of power in group. Pickets have been arrested charged with conspiracy to interfere with the lawful rights others.
MY UNCLE ROBERT, ONE OF a family of ten who became distributed over a considerable part of the earth's surface, was a man of 70 before I ever saw him, and I was then approaching middle life. I visited him at his home in Illinois where he still ran the little truck farm that he had operated for many years. He confined himself to the producing end leaving the marketing to be done by a neighbor on shares.

MY VISIT WAS IN THE LATE summer, and Uncle Bob's tomato plot contained bushels and bushels of ripe tomatoes for which there was no sale, for everybody had slathers of tomatoes. It hurt my feelings to see so many fine tomatoes going to waste, and I mentioned the fact several times. After hearing one of my expressions of regret Uncle Bob said: "Young man, you don't need to worry about those tomatoes. I had made a good profit off that tomato ground weeks ago. I grow tomatoes to sell when they're bring 10 cents a pound. When they get down to 25 cents a bushel I let somebody else sell them.

HIS PLAN, WITH TOMATOES and other garden truck, was a variation of the strategy of the Confederate general which was "to git thar fust with the most men." Uncle Bob aimed to be on hand early with a choice product, and he made it pay.

IT TAKES A SPELL OF REAL weather to wring a weather editorial from the distinguished New York Times, but New York's weather has been so ornery this summer that the Times had treated it editorially several times. Day after day of intolerable heat and smothering humidity brought comment. Then the heat wave broke and a day of cool breezes was greeted with editorial enthusiasm. But the breathing spell was brief, and again the city was plunged into Turkish bath. Then the editorial or in desperation gave voice thus:

CARLESS OF MEN AS THE gods of Epicurus, the weather-bosses went on too long a picnic, sitting on cakes of ice and claret-cupping. In charge of the works they left a 'prentice urchin, high-brow, pragmatical, curious, earnest and absent-minded. Full he turned on the heat; then, rushing back to his study, lost himself once more in "Adiabatic Changes," Dummetropf's epochal treatise. So the great fire was started; and soon there was hell to pay in burned-up terra firma. Washed out as well as burnt up.

OCEANS OF AQUEOUS VAPOR choke us and drown us. We are boiled and we are roasted. We are baked and grilled and fried. We are melted, dissolved, liquefied and mighty near liquidated. Mosquitos with beaks like eagles, mosquitos minute enough to laugh at screens, daily and nightly sing our dirges. They have stung our flesh and soon will be picking our bones.

OH, TO BE A TROGLODYTE, now that August's here. Let us muse on caves and caverns measureless to man. Drip, drip, drip, says the stalactite in the coolly darkness. Let us dream of Arctic landscapes, pull the walrus's moustache, so like an old Ninth Warder's and pas the time of the day with the polar bear. Those pictures on the wall, you'll notice, are all snow scenes. The library consists of "Snow Bound." We are living in a country totally windless except for hot blasts from politicians. It is timely to talk and read about winds from the time of Aeolus, that classical old gent who originated the term "in the bag."

LET US BUILD IN FANCY highly modern blocks of spumoni. Let us plan to plan our houses as refrigerators. Above all let us not use the irritating term, "air-conditioned." The outside air is ill-conditioned and plainly composed of minute particles of inflamed coal. Lats and most of all let us implore those absentee weather-dieties to get back on the job, cuff the 'prentice's ears and turn out a better article of weather. Otherwise the Federal Government may have to pass a law."
MANY ERRONEOUS STATEMENTS have been made about North Dakota. One of the latest is that a citizen of this state was a "conductor" on the underground railroad over which some 20,000 fugitive slaves were transported from the slave states to Canada and freedom. In the current number of the Reader's Digest is an article on the underground railroad by Henrietta Buckmaster, condensed from the Review in which, among the operators of that secret and efficient means of escape is "Rial Cheadle of North Dakota", who, posing as onembecile, made numerous visits into Virginia in the interest of his mission. Although after each of his visits numerous slaves would be missing, he was never suspected.

* * *

OBVIOUSLY THIS IS AN ERROR. Before the Civil War, when the underground railroad was in operation, there was no such state as North Dakota, and the few persons who inhabited this vast unorganized territory were not making trips into Virginia to aid in the escape of slaves. Presumably Cheadle was from North Carolina, and either author or printer has made a slip.

* * *

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD has become a tradition, but nearly a century ago it was very real thing. Its secret stations were maintained on farms and in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and from place to place slaves were conducted, or foot, hidden in wagons ostensibly hauling produce and in other ways until the border was reached. They were taken by boat across Lake Erie or smuggled to rivers. Thousands of them were given employment or established on farms in the southern belt of that province. I have heard it said that there were more blacks than whites in the town of Chatham, near the Detroit river. Many of those immigrants became substantial and respected citizens.

OLD-TIME THRESHING DAYS are recalled by E. L. Moulton, of Thompson, who writes under date August 19:

"Noticing the picture in Wednesday morning's edition of the Herald, featuring Sam White's steam threshing outfit, and Redwing Bros.' combines, recalls to my mind the many changes that have come about in the method of threshing here in the valley during the 56 years I have lived here. "The first threshing machine of which I can remember, derived its power from a 'tread mill' which consisted of an inclined platform of planks attached to an endless chain, upon which horses walked, their weight causing the platform to revolve, thereby furnishing power directly to the drive belt. Rather crude as we think of it now, but in those days it seemed very satisfactory."

"IT IS A LONG WAY FROM that old machine to the present day combine. In those days we used to be threshing in October, and later, and if we got our plowing done by Nov. 1st. we were fortunate. However, this year, I finished seeding in March, and the 15th of Aug. I had all my fall plowing done. The farm work is speeded up now by all our modern tools to farm with, I still think of the good old days."

* * *

MR. MOULTON REFERENCES THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD has become a tradition, but nearly a century ago it was very real thing. Its secret stations were maintained on farms and in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and from place to place slaves were conducted, or foot, hidden in wagons ostensibly hauling produce and in other ways until the border was reached. They were taken by boat across Lake Erie or smuggled to rivers. Thousands of them were given employment or established on farms in the southern belt of that provision. I have heard it said that there were more blacks than whites in the town of Chatham, near the Detroit river. Many of those immigrants became substantial and respected citizens.

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* * *

THE FIRST THRESHING MACHINES that I recall did only a partial job of cleaning the grain leaving in it large qualities of chaff and broken straw which had to be removed by the use of a fanning mill before it could be marketed. Back of all that, of course, was the primitive flail, which was still in quite general use in my boyhood, and which often wielded evenings and Saturdays, although by principal job at such times was to turn the crank of the fanning mill, which I detested.
HATS OFF TO THE PEOPLE of Greenbush, Minn., farmers and villagers alike, on the completion of their Pelan battleground park. The park occupies the site of an old Indian battleground, and the identification and preservation of those historic spots is always interesting and commendable. Commendable, too, is the fact that in the work done on the grounds there are preserved for posterity natural beauties which otherwise might have been lost. But these are not the really significant things about the Greenbush park.

* * *

THE FACT OF ABSORBING interest just at this time is that all the work on the park was done by residents of the vicinity without a cent of outside assistance. When throughout the country eyes are turned toward Washington and hands are stretched eagerly in that direction it is encouraging to be reminded that there are still communities whose members prefer to rely on their own resources, and, within the limits of their ability, do with their own hands the things that they wish to have done. That, it seems, is the spirit of the residents of western Roseau county, and I am sure that as they and their guests enjoy the beauties of the park, they will feel a glow of satisfaction in the fact that what they are enjoying is the result of their own unaided effort.

* * *

IN A LITTLE TOWN IN UP- per New York state last week there was held a convention of horse traders. That may seem strange to those who think that there are neither horses nor traders left, but the call for the convention brought together about 100 men who have traded horses all their lives, some who say they would rather trade horses than eat.

ELEVEN YEARS AGO GEORGE Kame, an inveterate horse trader, founded the convention, which was a modest annual affair until recently when Mr. Kame moved it to a large farm which he had acquired, and which he maintains chiefly for that purpose. The traders who attended last week's gathering came from many states, traveling by buggy, wagon, on horseback, by truck or by trailer, whichever might be most convenient. They brought with them some 400 nags, good and otherwise, and when they got there they proceeded to trade horses on a grand scale in the presence of 2,000 assembled spectators. The affair wound up with an auction. The only discordant note was sounded by a few new members who swapped off other articles than horses. Among other features a tug-of-war was staged between two mules owned by two traders. The winner was to take both mules. When the decision was announced the winner sportingly offered to flip a coin, winner take both, and the other man won.

* * *

STORIES OF HORSE TRADING remind me of a yarn told by my grandfather of the achievement of a man in his village in England. Fairs were held bi-weekly in the neighboring market town. They were attended by residents of the entire countryside, who took cattle, horses and other animals and whatever else might serve as the basis of a sale or a trade. The fair was a place for quick wit and shrewd bargaining.

* * *

ONE RESIDENT OF MY grandfather's village was Thomas something-or-other who, because of his leisurely movements and apparent slowness of thought was popularly known as Sleepy Tom. One fair day Tom mounted his horse and ambled off to town. During the day he traded horses—how many times is not recorded. But in the evening he returned home, still riding the same horse, and with 20 pounds, $100, in his pocket which he had received as boot in his various transactions. Apparently Sleepy Tom had had a wakeful day.
WHEN JUNIOR ELKEN HAUL-
ed to the Mayville elevator two
loads of wheat weighing respec-
tively 327 1/2 bushels and 370 bushels
he may or may not have broken all
records for such performance, but
in each load he was hauling
what would have been a carload of
wheat 50 years ago. The stand-
ard freight car of those days had a
capacity of 20,000 pounds, which is
the equivalent of about 330 bushels
of wheat. Of course the cars
could be loaded
beyond their registered capacity, but in
speaking of a carload of wheat one had in mind about 300 bu-
shels.

HAULING BY TRUCK HAS
several features quite different
from hauling by wagon in the
erlier days, and even hauling by
wagon is different. In the days
when straw-burning steam thresh-
ing engines were the rule, 50 bu-
shels of wheat was considered a
good load of wheat. Larger loads
were hauled, but Mr. Elken's loads
were six or seven times the weight
of the average earlier load. And
under the road conditions that pre-
vailed, 50 bushels made a good
load for two horses to haul any
considerable distance.

ANOTHER DIFFERENCE IS
that the farmer today does not
bother much with sacks to hold
his grain. Nearly all the grain that
go to market is taken loose in
grain tanks, large or small. For-
geriously it was all sacked as it came
from the machine. It was one man's
job to stand in a hole about 18 in-
ches deep beside the machine and
hold a sack until it had received
three half-bushels from the spout,
then to hoist out the sack, which
was hoisted into a waiting wagon.
Sacks were not tied, but the loose
tops were twisted and turned un-
der to prevent spilling. At the
elevator the sacks were dumped in-
to the hopper by hand. The fellow
who handled those sacks all day
felt that he had done a day's work
when night came.

A MAGAZINE STORY TELLS
how a farmer escaped having his
crop seized by a mortgagee claim-
ant because the mortgage speci-
fied the crop grown in a certain
quarter section, whereas it was
actually grown on the adjoining
quarter. I was reminded on read-
ing of the expeditious employed by
a farmer whom I knew many years
ago. Fritz—that name will do as
well as any—was deeply in debt,
and everything he had was mort-
gaged. Having seeded his home-
stead—and mortgaged the crop—
he arranged to plant additional
crop on a neighboring tract. That
tract, occupying the north half of
a section, was in stubble and the
owner, a non-resident, had not in-
tended to crop it that year. Fritz
started to plow for barley on the
northeast quarter. He had just got
nearly started plowing when a
creditor came along and demanded
a crop mortgage. Cheerfully Fritz
assented, and the mortgage was
drawn and signed there and then.
It covered all crop to be grown on
the northeast quarter. As soon as
the creditor was out of sight
Fritz abandoned the few acres
that he had plowed, crossed over
and plowed on the other quarter.
In the fall Fritz had a good crop
of barley without a mortgage
against it.

IF ANYONE CARES, THERE
were 24,569 sets of twins born in
the United States in 1936, 277 sets
of triplets and six sets of quad-
ruplets. More births occurred in
July than in any other month and
more deaths in March. All this ac-
cording to the census bureau.

A PLAY ON WORDS WHICH
once had wide circulation told of
the famous duel between Mr.
Shott and Mr. Nott. I hadn't seen
it for years until I came across it
the other day in a stray paper. All
trace of its authorship has been
lost. This is how it goes:

"A DUEL WAS LATELY
fought in Texas by Alexander
Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was
shot, and Shott was not. In this
case it is better to be Shott than
Nott. There was a rumor that Nott
was not shot, and Shott avows
that he shot Nott, which proves
either that the shot Shott shot at
Nott was not shot, or that Nott
was shot notwithstanding. It may
be made to appear on trial that
the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or,
as accidents with firearms are fre-
quently, it may be possible that
the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself,
when the whole affair would re-
solve itself into its original ele-
ments, and Shott would be shot,
and Nott would not. We think,
however, that the shot Shott shot
shot not Shott but Nott. Anyway, it
is hard to tell who was shot."
THROUGH MANY GENERATIONS the credulous have been interested and sometimes frightened by prophecies attributed to one Mother Shipton, who is supposed to have predicted, nearly 500 years ago, many of the marvelous events which have occurred since her time. Mrs. J. D. Hovey of Tolna, N. D. sends in a copy of "Mother Shipton's prophecies," which she found in a book sent home by her father while he was a Union soldier in the Civil War in 1863.

Though published thousands of times, little is heard now of the old lady's predictions, and perhaps many readers have never seen them and will be interested in reading them. The accepted version runs:

* * *
"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly,
In the twinkling of an eye.
Waters shall yet more wonders do,
And gold be found at root of tree.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found mid stone.
Under water man shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Fire and water shall wonders do.
England shall at last admit a Jew.
And this world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

* * *

WHETHER OR NOT SUCH A person as Mother Shipton ever lived nobody knows. Circumstantial statements are made concerning the time and place of her birth, marriage and death and concerning predictions which she is said to have made. But not one of those statements can be verified.

* * *

ACCORDING TO THE MOST generally accepted legend she was born in Yorkshire, England, about 1486 or 1488. She is described as being more or less deformed, her appearance lending support to the popular belief that she possessed powers of witchcraft. Those powers, however, seem to have been used only benevolently, for tradition associates no malice with her.

* * *

SHE IS SAID TO HAVE MADE predictions of remarkable accuracy concerning prominent men of her day, among them Cardinal Wolsey, at one time trusted counsellor of Henry VIII. In rural England prophecies attributed to her had wide circulation and often were believed by the peasantry. One of her predictions was that in a specified date in 1879 the town of Yeovil in Somerset, England, would be destroyed by earthquake and flood. As the appointed time approached most of the inhabitants abandoned their homes and took to places of supposed safety, and thousands of spectators gathered at nearby points to witness the catastrophe, which never occurred.

* * *

I HAVE A DISTINCT RECOLLECTION that in my own neighborhood in Canada the year 1881 was an anxious one for quite a number of those who had Mother Shipton's dire prediction in mind. The tension lessened materially when the date became 1882. The predictions above quoted have been interpreted, of course, as relating to modern wonders, such as the automobile, the airplane, the telegraph, etc.

* * *

MANY OF MOTHER SHIPTON'S devotees were shocked when in 1873 one Charlie Hindley revealed he had forged most of the predictions attributed to Mother Shipton for publication in a book several years earlier. The list given above is substantially that of Hindley, to which, probably, there have been some later additions. The Hindley book would be in circulation about the time Mrs. Hovey's father made his copy.

* * *

MY GUESS IS THAT THERE was a Mother Shipton who lived during the reign of Henry VIII and who because of her appearance and manner was credited with uncanny powers of divination. Belief in that sort of thing was then almost universal. Probably shrewdness and luck established her reputation as a seeress, and gradually there was built around her the tradition which has persisted until now. I know of no one now who has superstitions about Mother Shipton, but there is a sizeable army of persons who make their living off the belief of others in astrology, palmistry and plain fortune-telling. There doesn't seem to be much difference.
"HOLD YOUR WHEAT!" is again the slogan, this time sounded by Governor Langer. It has come a second time. And I have heard it pretty regularly for some fifteen years. Thousands of farmers have been urged by somebody in Washington. I NEW DEALERS IN WASH'.

The slogan "Maryland, my Maryland." The New Deal apple-cart. The New Deal has sounded by Governor Langer. It makes one almost wish it had been brought in on the 12th of October, 1922.

Thy gleaming sword shall never nosing into the other fellow's affairs. It is not preparing to make war on anybody, but the eastern possessors of the Eastern States. The practice of shining each other as Commie, when they meet. Of a movement, good or bad, has expired to the tune of popular laughter. For that and for other states, the New Deal has never been great. The board members believed that world conditions warranted higher prices, and they all did the best they could to stimulate prices. But in spite of it all, prices dropped, farmers suffered substantial loss, and the government was left with millions of bushels of unwanted wheat on its hands.

The Minneapolis Tribune takes Governor Benson to task for saying that he does not know what Communism is. So far as I can recall, the advice, so far as I can recall, has proven unsound. Perhaps it will be influential for some time only.

The board of education may be used in a foreign war? The higher courts sustain that kind. An international boundary. There will be no war with Mexico, but there may be more talk of a war. Furthermore, many of the tourists speak only English, and Americans the victory of the command. Thou shalt not steal. The command is unprofitable to us.

Secretary Hull reviews his request that if the board, created by the legislature, predict- higher prices for wheat and advised farmers to hold. The improvements were excellent. The board members believed that world conditions warranted higher prices, and they all did the best they could to stimulate prices. But in spite of it all, prices dropped, farmers suffered substantial loss, and the government was left with millions of bushels of unwanted wheat on its hands.

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IN A LITTLE BOOK ENTITLED "Viva Mexico," published in 1917, Charles Macomb Flandreau gives interesting descriptions of Mexican manners and customs as they were then, and which travelers in that country find still practically unchanged. He tells one story illustrative of official resourcefulness and popular subservience.

A bridge was in process of construction at a certain village. The rainy season was approaching and it was important that the work be completed at once. Labor was scarce as the peasants were busy caring for their crops. Arrests were made for drunkenness and the offenders were put to work on the bridge. But this resulted in an abnormal increase of sobriety, which was not the idea at all. Then the chief official of the village ordered the arrest of every man entering the village without machine-made trousers.

THE CUSTOMARY INFORMAL and working garb of the peasants includes long, wide cotton drawers, similar to the trousers of a pajama suit, garments perfectly decent, convenient and comfortable. But the edict required the wearing of the close-fitting trousers used for formal wear. Peasants came to the village attired as usual in the white cotton slacks, and were promptly arrested and put to work on the bridge. They were told that that was the law, and they submitted with docility. On the writer's plantation the problem was ingeniously solved. One pair of pants was obtained, and when it was necessary for one of the men to go to town he donned those pants and doffed them on his return.

ILLUSTRATING THE CHANGELESS existence in Rural Mexico the writer recalls the story of a German clerk who was asked if he did not find his work monotonous. "Why, no," he said. "Today, for instance, I am dating everything June 3d. Tomorrow I shall write June 4th, and the day after, June 5th. You see—in my work there is constant variety."

I HAVE BEEN READING A new book, "The horse-and-buggy doctor, and I can recommend it for its description of the experiences of a country doctor in Kansas in the days before the automobile, for its genuine humor and its sometimes biting wit. The author, Dr. Arthur E. Hertzler, although thoroughly trained in medical science both here and abroad, chose to begin his practice on the Kansas prairie near where he was born. His professional equipment was that of the school, but his environment was that of the rural community where the popular attitude toward medical practice was of the most primitive character.

DR. HERTZLERS EXPERIENCE in long drives through flood and storm were similar to those which have often been described. Incidents of that experience, tragic and humorous, and excellently told. Some of his discussions of medical practice will be of greater interest to the physician than to the layman, but the book is especially interesting because of its arresting human quality.

THOUGH HE HAS KEPT WELL in touch with research, has founded a hospital and written several technical books, Dr. Hertzler has a profound respect which his varied experience gave the conscientious old-time country doctor. He developed skill and resourcefulness far beyond the power of the schools to supply, and for which all the equipment of the finest hospital is a poor substitute.

CONCERNING THE STATEMENT that one third of the American people are without adequate medical care, Dr. Hertzler wonders where those people live. Certainly, he says, they are not to be found in Kansas. The statement, he says, "seems to emanate from the same Fount of Wisdom that urged us Kansans to plow up our pasture and sow wheat, and that now advises us to put the grass back and plant shade trees and then give the land back to the Indians and buffaloes," a sample of the doctor's frank and pithy way of speaking his mind.
HAVING BROUGHT WITHIN sight of completion his collection of sculptured effegies of four former presidents in the granite of Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills, the artist, Gutzon Borglum, is planning to excavate in the rock beneath a great hall of historical records. In this, according to the plan, will be stored evidences of the civilization of today in the form of writings, pictures and selected objects, so that the people of hundreds or thousands of years hence may have an accurate picture of life on this planet as it is lived in this present age. The hall, when completed and filled with its treasure, will be sealed, to be opened only upon the order of some future congress.

I HAVE NO OBJECTION TO Mr. Borglum digging a hole in the rock of the Black Hills, if the work is properly concealed from view. And the idea of storing away samples of our present civilization for the enlightenment of future generations has its attractive features. This is true even though there are some things in modern life concerning which we have little reason to boast. That is a different thing from defacing some of our most beautiful mountain peaks by carving them into the semblance of human features. Views on this subject which I have expressed on other occasions are shared by several persons who have written me, and I was glad to see that a correspondent of The New York Times, one Sam Ellis Levine has similar views which he expresses as follows:

"I HAVE JUST STUDIED THE picture of the proposed gigantic statue to St. Francis to be placed north of San Francisco's Twin Peaks. Granted that the statue is symbolic of an idealism of spiritualism, to my lay eye it appears more like a monstrosity destined to scare little children. And so, on behalf of our beautiful but dumb mountain peaks, I beseech mountain country chambers of commerce to desist.

"For many years Gutzon Borglum has been performing plastic operations on hills and peaks and transforming a "site of beauty into a wart on Lincoln's nose. Why? That was a lovely mountainside before he started. By the time he finishes it will stand as a monument to acrimonious debate, wasted public funds and imperfect profiles."

WHY IN THE WORLD DO they keep the Stroud twins on Charlie McCarthy's program?" asks a mystified correspondent.

"We wouldn't lift myself, but I'll bet I know the answer now. It's to give the rest of the program the emphasis of contrast. After hearing the twins one would consider anything else pretty good. And that's no slam at Charlie, either. He's in a class by himself.

IN THE PROVISIONS OF A will mentioned in this column a week or two ago mention was made of cup potatoes. I never heard of them before, and hadn't the slightest idea what they might be. Neil McDougall of Omemee comes to the rescue with the following explanation:

"IN A RECENT ISSUE OF The Herald you wrote up an Irish will of about 100 years ago. In this will it specified that one of the heirs should get 40 barrels of cup potatoes each year. I was wondering how many of your readers knew what cup potatoes are, or if you knew. We grew some of this variety in Ontario, but it is about 50 years ago that I ate the last cup potato. The cup potato can be told when growing by the wrinkled appearance of the leaves, and the ripe potato by the deep eyes, being much deeper than any other variety. It has a much nicer flavor than any other kind. It is also firmer and lasts longer into the summer before becoming soft."

COMMENTING ON PROSPECTS for recovery one writer observes with every appearance of seriousness that the time and degree of recovery will depend on the general business trend. It is odd how these things often hook up together. Several years ago Andy remarked to Amos that it was too bad that the depression came just when money was so scarce.

AT A CHILDREN'S BEAUTY contest in New York there were more contestants at the close of the semi-finals than there had been in the preliminaries. This unusual situation arose from the fact that mothers whose daughters had been eliminated surreptitiously worked their darlings around onto the stage again, each mother insisting that her child "hadn't even been seen. The winner of the contest was a little girl of 6 who had gone to sleep during the speechmaking. She had escaped the boredom of some of the others and came to the front fresh and unwilted.