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William Preston Davies

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THE LAND SLIDE along the river bank at Crookston became the sensation of the hour, not because it occurred unawares of itself, but because it occurred within or immediately adjoining the corporate limits of a city, taking with it buildings as well as earth and soil. The magnitude of the slide of similar character are quite common along almost all rivers where the banks are of earth rather than rock.

THE SPECTACULAR FEATURE of the Crookston slide is the perpendicular drop of a strip of earth several rods wide and two or three city blocks long, which was once level with the adjoining prairie but which has dropped some 20 feet straight down, leaving a sheer wall of yellow clay exposed. Where did all that earth go, and what caused the cavity into which it disappeared? These are questions that are often asked.

THOSE QUESTIONS ARE suggested naturally by the perpendicular sinking of the higher part of the bank, but that is not the only feature. While many tons of earth have moved straight down, other tons of earth lower down have moved sideways. The normal river bed has been almost filled by the lateral movement of earth. It is apparent that the earth movement as a whole has followed a curve, the upper portion of which is perpendicular and the lower part approximately horizontal.

EVIDENCES OF SIMILAR movements are abundant along the banks of our smaller rivers. Years ago a similar movement was caused at Grand Forks by piling weight on the upper bank. Some time ago I referred to the effort made by the Northern Pacific company to raise its roadbed which at that time ran along the bench now occupied by the curling rink. Many trainloads of earth were dumped and the grade raised several feet. Then it settled, straight down. Again and again it was raised, and each time it settled. Presently an island appeared in the middle of the river where no island had been before. The earth was settling at one point, slipping sideways at another, and being forced upward farther on.

THE MISSISSIPPI AND THE Missouri are famous for the tricks which they play with their banks. Throughout much of their length both flow through alluvial territoy. Soil is constantly being carried away by erosion, and occasionally vast masses of earth slip into the stream, blocking its source, and causing it to seek a different channel. Cases are known in which farms have thus been transferred from one side of a river to the other, and state boundaries have been changed in like manner. In his "Old Times on the Mississippi" Mark Twain describes vividly the erratic behavior of the lower Mississippi and the task imposed on the pilot in keeping track of the stream.

THE GRAND RIVER, ON which my home town, Brantford, Ontario, is situated, is almost a circle several miles in diameter just below the city. All the right bank, on the outer side of the curve, is high and bluff and earth movement as a whole has followed a curve, the upper portion of which is perpendicular and the lower part approximately horizontal.

SLIDING OF "THE RIVER" banks is sometimes attributed to low water, which removes the back pressure on the banks. Possibly this has some influence, but it seems probable that it is slight. The force behind an earth slide is tremendous, and the resistance of the water is not applied as it would be in a tight vessel.
THERE IS NO SUCH CLEAR division of sentiment on the currency question now as there was in 1896, when William J. Bryan came to the front as the champion of free silver. Perhaps one reason is that there is no man in the country today as able as Bryan was to stir the emotions of the people and capture their imagination. But another reason is, undoubtedly, that in 1896 the country was confronted with the single, concrete issue of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 with gold and the making of silver so coined legal tender for obligations of every kind.

ALL THAT COULD BE STAT- ed in a few words. The individual was for it or against it, and upon that issue the people belabored each other lustily for a long time. At present there are supporters of the stabilization of the dollar at the old gold rate, stabilization at some lesser ratio, all the way down to the present, continued devaluation until some level still lower is reached, or abandonment of stabilization altogether, with free silver, greenbacks and other devices just in the offing. Instead of two factions, as in 1896, we have a score or more, and there are millions of citizens who have no definite views on the subject at all.

MONTHS AGO I REFERRED, very briefly, as I remember, to an amusing brochure in which a certain phase of the currency problem was presented in a rather striking way. The author's name is forgotten, but the booklet purported to tell the story of what happened several generations hence.

ACCORDING TO THE STORY all the nations of the world, having established themselves firmly on the gold standard, selected a lonely island somewhere in the south Atlantic where all their enormous gold reserves, billions and billions of dollars' worth were stored. Great vaults had been built underground, and in these the gold was stored, each nation having its own special vault. In the offices above there was a large staff of officials employed by an international group, charged with the custody of the gold and with keeping accurate account of it.

IN RESPONSE TO RADIO messages received from time to time from the various world capitals, transfers of credit were made on the books from nation to nation, and in the vaults below corresponding transfers were made of the actual gold, so many millions being taken from one vault and placed in another as exchange transactions were carried on all over the world. The system worked perfectly, for then, as now, business was done with credits and paper tokens and not with metal except for the settlement of balances.

BUT WHILE THE VAULTS had been protected against theft by the solidity of the vaults and the small army of guards stationed outside, they were not proof against convulsions of nature. One of these shook the island and all the gold was spilled into the sea and irrevocably lost.

HORRIFIED BY SUCH A calamity the officials hurriedly went into conference. They knew that knowledge of the disaster would cause a world panic whose effect would be incalculable. They determined to suppress the facts. Not a word of the disaster was sent out. Orders came as before for the transfer of credits, and as before these were acknowledged and proper entry was made and everything was done as before except the transfer of the gold itself, and there was no gold to transfer.

EXCEPT ON THE ISLAND NOBODY knew the difference. Business went on as before. Sales were made, credits were exchanged, bonds were issued and paid, the funds to the credit of nations were increased or diminished as the occasion demanded, and everybody was happy. This went on for years until the secret was divulged accidentally. Then the authorities of the several nations, learning that they had been doing business all those years without gold, concluded that they could continue to do so, which they did.

IT IS A FANCIFUL YARN, intended to illustrate the monetary views of the writer, whatever they are. I am not prepared to interpret the fable or apply the moral. I present it merely as an amusing speculation which has some interesting elements of truth in it. Just what those are I leave the reader to discover for himself.
MRS. ELLEN M. RAYMOND, 915 Almont avenue, has received from her son Frank, of New York, a clipping from a Chicago paper telling of the dedication of a bronze tablet at Hudson, Ill., to the memory of Melville E. Stone, one of the founders, and for many years general manager of the Associated Press. The information is interesting to Mrs. Raymond, because the great journalist’s birthplace, where the tablet is placed, is just across the street from the homes once occupied by the Raymond family, and diagonally across the corner from the Methodist church where Stone’s father preached at the time of the future newspaper man’s birth in 1848.

** COMPARATIVELY FEW WHO see at the head of articles in their daily paper the credit line “Associated Press,” or, in abbreviated form, the initials “A.P.” have any knowledge of what lies behind those signs, or of how much the founding of the Associated Press has contributed to the growth of human intelligence. Yet it is directly due to this agency that the American reader is able to learn within a few hours, and sometimes within a few minutes, of events occurring in the most distant parts of the world.

** MELVILLE E. STONE, BORN in a Methodist parsonage in Illinois in 1848, spent his life in newspaper work. In 1876 he and Victor F. Lawson established the Chicago Daily News. At that time each newspaper was an individual enterprise, dependent on its own individual agencies for the collection of news at home and abroad. Adequate coverage of the field entailed enormous expense, and in fact, there was no such thing as adequate coverage. No paper could afford to maintain in the army of correspondents and the costly equipment requisite to complete news service.

** HERE AND THERE A FEW papers had undertaken to co-operate in the collection of certain classes of news, sharing in the results and the expense. There was a measure of improvement, but the efforts were too local to be of general significance. Stone, Lawson and Frank B. Noyes, of Washington, now president of the Associated Press, laid the foundation of the present Associated Press, and Stone became its general manager, holding that position until a few years before his death in 1929. During those later years he served as general counsellor, a position of honor to which his long service entitled him.

** IT IS PROBABLY TO THE work of those three men more than to any other single influence that the American public is indebted to the relative freedom from partisan and sectarian bias that characterizes most of the news that is published today. Freedom was the result of an important event published without being colored in accordance with the opinions of the editor. That was the normal procedure.

** THE NEW ASSOCIATED Press sought to enlist as members in a mutual, co-operative news-gathering service as many papers as possible, without regard to political opinion, religious affiliation, or any other factor not related to news as such. That could be done in only one way, namely, by the collection and dissemination through the organization of news absolutely without bias. That has been the unvarying policy of the Associated Press.

** THAT POLICY, THE DOMINANT characteristic of the Associated Press, soon became reflected in the attitude of the member papers themselves. A distinction was made between news and opinion, and the distortion of news to meet the editor’s fancy fell into disuse. While there are occasional exceptions, columns of American papers today are in the main devoted to the dispassionate presentation of facts, while the opinions of the paper, if it has any, are reserved for the editorial columns.

** THIS DESIRABLE CONDITION is one which has grown imperceptibly. Its value cannot be appreciated properly except through comparison with the past of some generations ago and with the conditions which now prevail here and there abroad, where no newspaper is permitted to publish information on any subject which the government of the day does not wish to have published, or to utter opinions on politics, religion, science, literature or art which are distasteful to those whom accident has clothed with a little brief authority.
I HOPE THAT NO ONE WHO peruses this page will have missed O. O. McIntyre's account of the death of his dog, Rainbow, which was published last Saturday. Most of us who read McIntyre's column have acquired an affection for his dogs. From time to time they have joined the company for excursions into the byways of New York or into the realms of speculation and philosophy, and we have enjoyed their society for their own friendship and companionship and because we have recognized in them traits familiar in dogs of our own. Rainbow poisoned, by what deleterious creature we do not know, and the account of his passing away dims one's eyes by its very simplicity and sincerity. In the story there is no parading of grief, but he who has known the friendship of a dog can understand something of the depth of the grief that is there.

COLONEL PLUMMER IS OF personal interest to those who remember him. My friend J. E. Stevens recalls another incident which illustrates the resourcefulness of the old war-horse, as well as his fondness for a joke. In territorial days a G. A. R. convention was to be held at Wahpeton. Major A. W. Edwards, then publisher and editor of the Fargo Argus, was department commander, and in that capacity he was scheduled for the annual commander's address. Colonel Plummer was also a member of the body.

TO REACH YANKTON FROM Fargo it was necessary first to go to St. Paul, and on the long journey the colonel directed the conversation to the subject of his companion's address, expressing confidence that it would be something unusually good. The major admitted modestly that he thought he had prepared something rather neat, and handed the manuscript over for inspection, saying that he would be glad to receive any suggestions that the colonel had to offer. The colonel read the manuscript and handed it back, saying that it was excellent, and that he could think of nothing that would improve it.

AT THE CONVENTION, BEFORE the time came for the commander's address, Colonel Plummer was called on, as usual, for a speech. As usual he responded, and Major Edwards was shocked to hear his own address delivered word for word, with such modifications as suited the change of personnel. In one reading the colonel had memorized the entire speech. Edwards had to deliver an impromptu address, and in the course of it he accused his old comrade of having stolen his thunder and warned others to hang onto their manuscripts when the colonel was around.

Interestingly, the colonel replied that after getting planted securely on his feet and making a few rambling preliminary remarks his only trouble was to express his thoughts as fast as they presented themselves. In his own peculiar line he was outstanding among contemporaries, and there are few, if any, of his type left.

WE MAY ALL HAVE OUR opinions and reservations concerning the NRA, the CWA and all the other alphabetical combinations, but the most cheerful sound that I have ever heard in a long time is the hammering over the Roosevelt school. That serves to remind one that work is not really going on.

WHY IS IT A RABBIT, BEING overtaken by an automobile at night, will run straight ahead of the car, often until run down, when he could just as well jump to one side and be safe? The usual explanation is that the light beam often spreads brilliantly lighted that the space either side seems pitch-black in contrast and the rabbit is afraid to plunge into it. That is probably a sound explanation, and yet it does not seem quite adequate, for the light beam often spreads well onto both sides of the road.

IT SEEMS THAT FOXES AS well as rabbits are confused or hypnotized by bright lights. Engineers on the Hudson Bay railway say that foxes will often run for miles ahead of trains at night, and occasionally they are killed.

PERSONALLY I DON'T LIKE the notion of running over things. Large animals are to be avoided, of course, because of the danger there is of striking them. But I dodge even the little ones when I can. I have no objection to shooting a gopher, or poisoning one. But to hit one with an automobile seems sort of disproportioned, if you get the idea.
MRS. J. J. DEHEN, 128 SEWARD avenue, reports that a robin has been flitting around her premises for some time and seems not at all disposed to go elsewhere. I have wondered where those birds find shelter in severe weather. Sparrows are usually found around buildings, finding recesses in cornices and other irregularities in which they remain overnight and through storms. But robins seem to have different habits. Presumably they hide themselves in dense clumps of shrubbery where they are at least somewhat protected from the wind.

NATURE HAS ENDOWED some of those little creatures with amazing vitality. I never weighed a sparrow but I suppose it does not weigh more than two or three ounces. Dead, it would freeze solid in a few minutes in our severest weather. Yet, living, its vital processes generate heat enough to withstand almost any temperature that we ever have. There are reports of birds being frozen dead in flight, but I have never seen anything of the kind.

OUR SEASON THUS FAR HAS been fairly easy on birds. Snow came early, and the temperature has perhaps been somewhat more severe than usual. But the snow disappeared, and when the earth is bare the winter birds are usually able to find plenty of food. It is when everything is covered with sleet that the birds have a hard time, and in recent years we have had two bad sleet storms that must have destroyed multitudes of birds as their usual sources of food were coated with ice.

I AM NOT PREPARED TO say that birds can tell time, but neither am I ready to support the negative of that question. A store in which I worked in the east was across the street from the market square, in the center of which was the city hall. Flocks of pigeons inhabited the cupola of the city hall and the outbuildings connected therewith, and everywhere we had the usual number of sparrows. In sweeping out in the morning it was the custom to continue the process across the sidewalk and sweep everything into the gutter. That was supposed to be quite sanitary and in good order. Usually that job was completed about 9 o'clock, and I noticed that about that time there would be a lot of pigeons and sparrows in front ready for breakfast. I adopted the habit of reserving the final sweeping until just after the town clock had struck 9, and then to sprinkle a little grain among the sweepings. The birds seemed always to accept the striking of the clock as the sounding of their breakfast bell. Whether or not they counted the strokes I leave for bird psychologists to say.

A CARD FROM J. M. GRIFFIN from Bradenton, Florida, informs me that Jim has mailed me a St. Petersburg paper—which should be along presently. Jim is enjoying himself in the sunshine, as he would, and he says that there are more tourists in that vicinity than in any former year.

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MRS. ELLEN M. RAYMOND has a curiosity in the form of a volume which purports, on the cover, to be the poems of Burns, but which on examination proves to be the poems of George Eliot. The book is quite old, having been published in 1888, and one's first explanation of the peculiar misfit is, naturally, that the book, with others, has been rebound, and that the covers have been switched. However, the book is quite clearly in its original binding. It is well printed and bound, published by Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, well known makers of fine books. The company published the works of Burns in the same size and style, and someone in the original bindery evidently got hold of the wrong cover for this particular book and the error went unnoticed. I do not recall such another case.

I HAVE BEEN READING AN article on bird architecture in an old magazine. I wish it were possible to reproduce the pictures with which the article is illustrated. They are reproduced from photographs taken all over the world, and they show forms of nests made by various birds, some of them unbelievably complicated and ornate. Some day I shall try to prepare intelligible verbal descriptions of some of them, but the amazing ingenuity displayed in their construction cannot be appreciated properly without a good picture.
SAMUEL QUALEY HARKS back to the felt boot era in the following note: "Felt boots were popular along in the eighties, at least in the crisp winter climate of the Northwest. Old timers will remember the felt boots, the material in them resembling our present day rigid house insulation. As a boy the writer wore the boots and can testify to that they were clumsy and not so warm because once they became wet they always were wet. They gave away to German socks which were a lot more practical and cost quite a bit less. Last week in a neighboring town I saw a fellow wearing a pair of new felt boots. Asked where did he get them he merely grinned and passed on. I wonder if some manufacturer encouraged by the NRA and the forecast of a hard winter is staging a come-back of the felt boots. Well, stranger things have happened."

I CAN ENDORSE WHAT MR. Qualey says about felt boots, for I have worn them, and frozen my feet in them. When new, while clumsy, they were warm and excellent for driving. But when they became moist, as they did, from perspiration, one might as well go barefooted. One method of treating them was to heat oats in the oven of the kitchen stove at night and fill the boots with the hot oats. During the night the grain would absorb whatever moisture the boots contained and leave them nice and dry for morning.

FOR HAND WEAR I PREFERED to anything else a pair of wool mittens with thin buckskin mittens over them. The two pairs of mittens could be separated, rubbed up and dried thoroughly whenever they became damp, whereas the lined mitten was less easy to dry out.

JIM GRIFFIN'S ST. PETERSBURG, Florida, paper has arrived. It is the "Send-Away" edition of the St. Petersburg Times, of which W. L. Straub, former editor of The Herald, is editor. St. Petersburg is a beautiful city, and it seems to be prospering. It is near the mouth of Tampa bay, and formerly, in or-der to reach it, one had to go around the end of an arm of the bay. A man named Gandl conceived the idea of building a bridge or causeway about nine miles long to cut the distance something like twenty miles. Everybody laughed at him, but he persisted, and while he was building he floated stock and bonds enough to put the thing over. When I was there in 1926 the venture had been immensely profitable and much of the preferred stock had been called in and retired. Two other similar causeways are not projected, to cross the bay farther north.

MY NEAREST APPROACH TO shipwreck was on the way down the coast from St. Petersburg to Sarasota. A few miles from the coast are keys, long, low narrow islands which parallel the coast, a formation which practically surrounds the Florida peninsula. Between the keys and the mainland are shallows and sandbars through which winds the tortuous channel which is used by craft of moderate size. Three large launches carried our party of 100 or more, and on the way down my pilot missed his bearings and we struck a sandbar and stuck fast. The other boats were loaded to capacity and could not take us off. We shifted passengers from port to starboard and from bow to stern and back again. We rocked and heaved. We lightened ship by getting into the small boats alongside—as many of us as they would hold—but it was no use. We had to wait two or three hours until another boat came from Sarasota and took us off. Fortunately the water was smooth and we suffered no inconvenience beyond that of becoming ravenously hungry. We were told that with a stiff wind off the gulf the shallow channel becomes a very nasty place.

A NOTE IN THE "YESTER-years" department says that ten years ago they were giving mah jongg lessons. I wonder what became of all those hundred-dollar mah jongg sets that were sold about that time. In Chinatown's famous restaurant in New York, the Port Arthur, I asked the proprietor—Chinese, of course—how to pronounce mah jongg. He told me, and I tried to say it after him. I thought I had it just right, but he seemed to think that I missed a peculiar twist somewhere, and after several attempts I gave it up. I haven't needed to pronounce it often for several years, and I'll bet nobody remembers how to play it.
A STANFORD PROFESSOR of English has been investigating slang, and has found that most of the slang expressions now familiar are of great antiquity. There he published a list of expressions which he has traced in this manner and giving the sources from which he believes these expressions to have been derived. On the whole, the list is not impressive or particularly informative. Thus, under the head "The farm" there are listed such expressions as "sow and reap," "garner" and "sheepish." "Quick on the trigger," we are told, relates to the use of firearms, while "boreded sword" has something to do with fighting. Presumably the person of average intelligence, if he had given a thought to the subject, would have suspected some such relationships without the assistance of a college professor.

THE EXPRESSION "PITS of their own digging" is ascribed to the age of chivalry, just why, we are not told. As a matter of fact I suppose the equivalent of that expression may be found in every language and has been in use ever since men began to express themselves in connected sentences. The digging pits for the trapping of game and for other purposes were one of the earlier occupations of man, and a savage with only slightly developed imagination would easily associate that practice with the retribution likely to fall upon one who plots against his neighbor. There are numerous references of similar nature in the Old Testament, and Ecclesiastes tells us that "Whose diggeth a pit shall fall into it.

THE STANFORD PROFESSOR approves of slang, believing that it gives force and color to language. Sometimes it does. But there are many kinds of language, and many kinds of slang. Also, there are many uses of each. Language is usually described as a means for the expression of thought. A famous cynic has said that its purpose of concealing absence of thought, and where it is used for this purpose, slang comes in handy, as, when one runs out of real language, a few trite slang expressions will serve to fill the gap and keep the conversation going.

IT IS NOT EASY TO DETER- mine just when an expression is slang and when it is not. I should say that most or the expressions listed by the Stanford authority are not slang at all, but figures of speech, sometimes picturesque, which have become familiar through frequent use, but whose use is always associated rather clearly with the origin of the expressions themselves. Slang may be invented. It may originate by chance. Or it may be developed from the frequent use of some regular form of speech. If it becomes current in the streets of cities and overlooked and used without much reference to its meaning or origin, we call it slang. Usually its popularity wanes and it is forgotten. Occasionally it becomes standardized and achieves recognition as a part of the language.

THE BIBLE ABOUNDS IN figures of speech, similes, metaphors and others, in which the references are to things familiar in the common life of the people, but which are in no sense slang because they have not been used to pad out meaningless jargon. It is impossible to think of Lincoln's reference in his second inaugural to the "approach of the required sacrifice" drawn with the lash with others drawn with the sword becoming slang. Yet its derivation is similar to much of that which had become slang.

LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURAL closes with the beautiful figure of the "mystic chords of memory, stretching out from every patriot grave." That sentence was not original with Lincoln. Lincoln's first draft of the address was submitted to Seward with the request that he make such suggestions as he might. Seward inserted numerous elisions, additions or other changes. Some of these suggestions were adopted and others were not. Among them was one for the addition of a closing paragraph presenting the same thought that appears in the finished address, but in different words. Lincoln accepted the thought, but changed it from the rather awkward form in which Seward had written it to the beautiful sentence with which the address closes.

THERE ARE MASTERS OF original similes and metaphors, whose passages are thrilling and inspiring. Their figures do not usually become slang. There are others who are able to give us pungent wit, broad humor or close reasoning in the current slang of the day, each expression familiar through its use on the street, each rapid and meaningless as commonly used, but each, in the hands of an artist, fitting perfectly into place. In the hands of an artist slang may become a joy to the hearer, but mere facility in the use of slang does not make one an artist—not by several parasangs.
Maxwell Anderson became famous years ago through his collaboration with Laurence Stallings in the authorship of "What Price Glory," that stark drama which did so much to strip the gilt and embroidery from war. Because he was a North Dakota boy and once a University of North Dakota student, we who had known him felt a thrill of satisfaction in the fame which had come to him. Since then he has written play after play, and I am quoting now some of the things that Brooks Atkinson, of the New York Times, has to say of Anderson and his latest play, "Mary of Scotland!"

** * * 
"ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT aspects about Mr. Anderson's decade career in the theater," writes the New York critic, "he has never abandoned a position or turned aside. He has brought to rich fruition in 'Mary of Scotland' gifts that he was holding in trust ten years ago, when he entered the theater with a verse drama entitled 'White Desert.' He is a poet; he is a radical and he has the strength of a hundred pottering playmates, and now, ten years after he first switched on the footlights, it is easy to perceive those qualities in everything he has done. For as a poet he is no singer of formal idylls, but a modernist in spirit, actively interested in the alarums and excursions of our own highly improbable times."

** * * *
SEVERAL YEARS AGO HE broke a lance for Sacco and Vanzetti in a collaboration entitled "Gods of the Lightning." Last year he lifted the cover off the garbage can of national politics in "Both Your Houses." It was the best of many propaganda plays in point of knowledge, sanity and craftsmanship, and the Pulitzer jurors awarded him last season's laurels. For a poet who has an active mind and strength of character is likely to be top dog in any heap. When "What Price Glory" charged headlong into the theater it was obvious that Mr. Anderson could be trusted with whatever goods he was carrying. Since then he has not always succeeded on the stage, but he has never failed in integrity. When the history of the American drama is exhume from the libraries in the next century it is likely that O'Neill and Anderson will figure in the two names best known to the scribbling grave-robbers of that dark age.

**WRITING VERSE FOR THE modern stage is risky business. After a few spasmodic experiences with bombast, pudding and treacle most of us have come to look upon verse as unequal to the candid spirit of the modern age. Yet Mr. Anderson has applied over emotions with a pale cast of library endeavor. But Mr. Anderson has discovered how to do it by keeping the form plain and the words blunt and meaty. The rhythm and the sound give it a ring of exaltation from the stage; and as you listen to this story of ruthlessness, combat and treachery you realize that verse could not express it adequately through al oong evening. It would be interesting to know whether a tale of modern people could be told in that fashion. Does poetry on the stage need kings and queens, costumes, swords, clanking armor and the barbaric manners of remote periods in history? That is another problem. In point of mind Mr. Anderson has given us a play of incomparable vigor and beauty that will have considerable influence upon the American drama of the future."

** * * *
"FOR ALL THAT 'MARY OF SCOTLAND' is Mr. Anderson's handiwork. Nothing about it is so exhilarating as the force with which it has applied its characters to his design, beating them into the image of heroes. Although they have a basis in history, Mr. Anderson has created them, and the language they speak is like 'the ordered tumult of a Rubens.' Much of it is robust prose; some of which is the literary counterpart of Captain Flagg's vernacular. The rest is bold, booming verse. Since then he has known him press it adequately through along window of North Dakota brutality, combat and treachery you have a poet who has an active mind and strength of character is likely to be top dog in any heap. When "What Price Glory" charged headlong into the theater it was obvious that Mr. Anderson could be trusted with whatever goods he was carrying. Since then he has not always succeeded on the stage, but he has never failed in integrity. When the history of the American drama is exhume from the libraries in the next century it is likely that O'Neill and Anderson will figure in the two names best known to the scribbling grave-robbers of that dark age.

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MY FRIEND T. O. BREIUNG, who has been employed at Wolf Point, Mont., and who is always on the lookout for interesting things in nature, has brought me two souvenirs from our neighboring state. One is a specimen of what I am informed is the yucca plant, a native of Montana which flowers beautifully, and which, it seems, should be made to thrive here. I shall try to keep it over in order that it may bloom next year. The other is a fragment of rock thickly encrusted with small shells which, ages ago, were inhabited by living creatures, and which was taken from an excavation some 20 feet deep. It would be interesting to know how many centuries were required to solidify the rock in this abnormal manner, imbedded and to pile upon it the surface material beneath which it was found.

Davies
McINTYRE’S DOG WAS POISONED last week, and now Will Rogers reports that his was killed by a truck. Rogers writes: “Mayby the world is in mortal turmoil, but I just can’t get interested in it today, for our pet dog was killed by a truck. So, darn everything. O. O. McIntyre will know how we feel. I love a dog. He does nothing for political reasons.” I haven’t owned a dog for some time, but I know how those fellows feel. Referring to current educational problems a correspondent of the New York Times expresses the conviction “that we should all capitalize our ethical incentives so as better to co-ordinate and articulate our mental activity with the environment set-up.” An admirable sentiment, expressed in a manner worthy of Doctor Johnson.

THE LITERARY DIGEST, commenting on the revival of the bicycle, recalls a race against time which was ridden in the summer of 1896. Bicycle riders in relays carried a dispatch from the general in command of Presidio military headquarters at San Francisco to the general in command at Governor’s island, New York, making the journey of 3,000 miles in thirteen days. The number of riders is not stated, but the runs were short, and each rider passed the dispatch to the next, and the riding continued day and night. An average of ten miles an hour does not seem like very rapid travel, but it must be remembered that the roads in 1896 were very different from what they are now. The same journey is now made by air in as many hours as the number of days consumed on the bicycle journey.

THE DIGEST’S QUESTIONNAIRE on radio likes and dislikes brought the magazine over 16,000 replies, several hundred letters accompanying the coupons. An analysis of the replies is promised for the near future. In the meantime extracts from several of the letters are given. In one of these K. H. Doak, of Huntsville, writes:

“WHILE THIS IS AN INTERESTING experiment, it seems to me that people who are handed something on a silver platter should not dictate as to what kind of programs they should be given. It amuses me very much for people to fly off the handle and try to tell manufacturers and sponsors of the various programs what they shall put on the air. I have been an enthusiastic radio fan for over ten years, and I can always find something on the airways that will furnish me entertainment. While I will admit that some of the broadcasts are of inferior quality, I also admit that I can dial them off at will.”

ARE RADIO LISTENERS “handed something on a silver platter?” How about the millions which are invested in receiving sets, tubes, general equipment and maintenance? Without that investment every broadcasting station would have to go out of business at once. Without listeners radio would cease to exist. The listener has been induced to invest in an instrument because of his understanding that he will be able to hear acceptable programs. If the programs are not of a nature to appeal to him his investment is wasted. He is one of the parties to a business transaction, and his likes and dislikes are entitled to consideration as to the manner in which the business affecting him shall be conducted.

OBVIOUSLY THE APPEAL OF radio should be as nearly universal as it can be made. That means, of course, that the programs cannot be all of one class. Many programs, no matter how excellent of their kind, will be uninteresting to many listeners. There must be great variety. There is variety now, and there are some splendid programs. But there is a deplorable quantity of unadulterated slush, alleged music that is mere discordant noise, alleged wit that is merely cheap wise-cracking, and a growing tendency on the part of announcers to try to impress listeners with a sense of their own cleverness in making announcements which ought to be purely impersonal.

* * *

THESE ARE THINGS IN which the radio listener has an interest and concerning which they are entitled to consideration. The air is not free. Its channels are capable of carrying only a limited number of messages without interference. Practically all of those channels are now assigned to broadcasting stations. If certain of those channels are used for purposes unacceptable to the public, or a considerable part of it, the public has a valid grievance for which there ought to be means of redress. A real expression of likes and dislikes, quite apart from the usual “fan” mail, which is about all of a piece, ought to bring some desirable results.
A SHORT TIME AGO A PARA-

A graph in The Herald recalled the presentation to the University of North Dakota of the law library of the late Supreme Court Justice John M. Cochran. The gift was made by Judge Cochran’s widow about a year after the jurist’s death, and on that occasion J. F. T. O’Connor, then a student at the University, and now comptroller of the currency, delivered an address in honor of Judge Cochran

SUBSEQUENTLY MRS. COCHRANE married Hon. James E. Phelan, of Bowman, N. D., an old friend of the family. Mrs. Phelan recalls some of the incidents of those days in a letter recently received by President West, of the University. Among other things she writes:

“JOHN M. COCHRANE PASSED to the eternal July 20, 1904. The University was very closely associated with that chapter of my life. It opened the year John and I were married—1884. We watched with great interest its growth and development. It was a warm friendship we enjoyed with those professors of the pioneer days, President Merrifield, Professors John Macnie, E. J. Babcock, Dr. Thomas, Vernon P. Squires, Melvin A. Brannon, O. G. Libby, A. G. Leonard, Alice Cooley and Professor Woodworth. It was John’s initiative, in co-operation with President Merrifield, that made the law school possible. How John enjoyed his professorship in that department! And how he loved his boys! The O’Connor family in those twenty years of our residence in Grand Forks were personal friends and clients of John. We watched Frank O’Connor grow up.”

OCCASIONALLY ONE RUNS across a collection of absurd and inept answers to examination or other questions by school students. The conclusion which is usually drawn from such answers is that there is something decidedly wrong with modern education, otherwise the students would have a better idea of the subjects concerning which they are examined.

IN 1887 THE CENTURY MAGA-

azine published an article by Mark Twain entitled “English as She Is Taught.” The article consists of a list of answers by school pupils, with characteristic comment by Mark Twain himself. While the comment is humorous, and sometimes sarcastic, as might be expected, the answers are given as genuine. The famous author says that they were collected by a teacher who, with certain of her associates, made it a practice through a long series of years, to collect such gems, and at the time when this article was written the collector was arranging to incorporate them in a book which she intended to publish. Her friend Mark Twain obtained permission to use a number of them in a magazine article, and he vouches for them as genuine and as not having been tampered with in any way. The following items are taken from Mark’s list:

ABORIGINES — A SYSTEM of mountains.
Assiduity—The state of being an acid.
Eucharist—One who plays euchre.
Parasite—A kind of umbrella.
Republican — A sinner mentioned in the Bible. (To which Mark adds “Also in Democratic papers now and then.”)
Plagiarist—A writer of plays.
Crosier—A staff carried by the Delity.

The marriage was ineligible. The leopard is watching his sheep.
The men employed by the Gas Company go round and speculate the meter. (To which Mark adds that you will notice it in your bill.)
The coercion of some things is remarkable; as bread and molasses.
The supercilious girl acted with vicissitude when the perennials time came.
We should endeavor to avoid extremes, like those of wasps and bees.
There are a good many donkeys in theological gardens.
The Britains were the Saxons who entered England in 1492 under Julius Caesar.
Washington was born in 1492. Lady Jane Grey studied Greek and Latin and was beheaded after a few days. (Let that be a warning.)
The Middle Ages came between antiquity and posterity. A straight line is any distance between two places.

I HAVEN’T ROOM FOR ANY more today. Perhaps I shall select a few more a little later. In the meantime let it be remembered that these answers were given some fifty years ago, and are not the result of the modern methods which are often decreed.
WILL F. GRIFFIN, WHO WAS manager of the telephone company in Grand Forks some thirty years ago, and who now operates a weekly paper at Watertown, Wisconsin, denies that he was killed, mysteriously or otherwise, in San Francisco shortly after the great earthquake. Accompanying his positive denial is an explanation of how the rumor of his death may have originated. A letter received from Mr. Griffin some time ago recalled some of his experiences during his residence in Grand Forks, and following the publication of that letter came the information from an insurance man that Griffin had been reported mysteriously killed in San Francisco. The story of the incidents which probably served as the basis for that report recalls a hectic period in the history of San Francisco.

* * *

IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING the earthquake the graft-ridden condition of the city was notorious. Public officials collected tribute from gambling dens, opium hang-outs and the underworld generally. The head of this evil system was a political boss named Ruef, a name at that time about as notorious as was that of Al Capone a short time ago. Ruef, it was reported, had the police as well as some other important city officials under his thumb. City records had been destroyed in the great fire, and everything was in confusion. Public utility companies wishing to continue in business had to obtain new franchises, and one of Ruef's fixers would inform an applicant that a franchise could be had upon payment of an enormous commission. There was no recourse, and many of the companies submitted to such exactions rather than be put out of business. Thus Ruef and his satellites collected tribute both from the underworld and from legitimate business.

* * *

EFFORTS TO EXTERMINATE this gang were made by honest officials and public-spirited citizens, but while the general condition was well known it was difficult to obtain evidence which would stand up in court. Griffin was at that time police reporter on the San Francisco Examiner. His editor called him in and instructed him to "get the goods on Ruef," and Griffin says that he added "don't come back until you have the story." Here is the rest of the story as Griffin tells it:

* * *

"I DID NOT KNOW ABE RUEF from Adam. I attended council meetings regularly, hoping I might, in some way, get a line on Ruef. City directories and telephone directories were useless, for many people had moved to near-by towns and more-over, there were so many residences and business places destroyed that these directories were useless. I knew it was folly to ask an alderman or policeman where I could find Abe Ruef, who was getting the lion's share of the graft.

"TO MAKE A LONG STORY short it was two months before I knew what Abe Ruef looked like, and another month before I got him with the goods—and then it was at the imminent danger of a shot in the back. On another paper a reporter named Willard Griffith had also been given a similar assignment. But he was too eager; he could not wait until the proper time to act. One night he was found dead in the street. He had adopted the key-hole method of getting his story. But he was killed even before he could write what he knew.

"WHAT MY METHODS WERE would almost make a book. In fact Mary Roberts Rinehart recently wrote to me and said I should at least make a magazine story of it. But at this late date it would be folly; I might get names wrong, dates, etc., and probably it would cause any amount of trouble. At any rate I almost staggered into the office of the owner of the Chronicle one night, wet with that everlasting fog which so often grips San Francisco, unshaven, and looking I imagine like a tramp. I had been trailing Abe Ruef for a month, sometimes at night, sometimes by day. I told the owner if he would fire his stenographer out of the office I would write the story of Abe Ruef. I also told him I had a photo of him and his license committee meeting and dividing spoils. That staff photographer was sure a wonder. After I knew where the committee met in star chamber sessions I telephoned the owner of the paper, telling him I wanted a staff man who was not afraid of looking into the face of a gun. He got the picture, and I got the story.

* * *

"BY THE WAY, GRIFFIN," HE said, "who was it got the goods on m?"

"You're talking with the man," I replied.

"Tears came into his eyes and he held out his hand. He knew that, personally, I had nothing against him, and that I had acted under orders. I think he served six years, although I may be mistaken.

"I was also in the courtroom the day Francis Heney, prosecuting attorney, was shot while examining a prospective juror. It was one of the graft cases. Heney is now, I believe, a judge in Los Angeles."

* * *

"I HAVE MERELY SKETCHED what a reporter had to go through in those days. No city editor ever asked how you got your story. It mattered not if you cracked a safe, climbed through a transom, or got it through a key hole. The three papers were fighting each other, and every man was for himself—and his paper. might mention that the late Detective Burns, once head of the U. S. secret service, was also trying to corner Ruef. But through luck, or otherwise, I beat him to it.

"I IMAGINE THE KILLING of Griffith was what led to the report that I had been knocked off. I think the A. P. carried the story or part of it."
GRAND FORKS WAS THE coldest place in North Dakota the other night, with a temperature of 17 below zero. That is something to be proud of, until some other place outs us from that position of eminence. There is always a certain satisfaction in having colder, or hotter, or wetter, or drier weather than other people. On any very cold morning everyone who has a thermometer looks at it in the hope that the absolute record may have been broken and that he is experiencing the very coldest weather that ever was known in his part of the country.

NOT THAT 17 BELOW IS ESPECIALLY cold. Some of the old-timers in this locality have seen thermometers register down in the fifties. Those thermometers, however, were cheap instruments, such as can be bought for a quarter, and such thermometers cannot be relied on as accurate, especially in extreme temperatures. A dozen thermometers may register exactly with official government instruments in mild weather and may register in a dozen different ways when it is extremely hot or extremely cold. The University station has recorded a temperature of 44 below zero as the coldest since the station was established.

TEMPERATURE, IN SO FAR as it affects human sensations, is relative, anyway, depending on humidity, wind velocity and a number of other factors, including the normal conditions of the particular locality. The other night, as a hockey game was being reported from Toronto, the radio announcer spoke of the terrible cold at that point. The temperature, he said, was almost down to zero. That would be more severe weather for Toronto than 30 below would be for Grand Forks. It is difficult for eastern people to understand that, their prevailing notion being that it is next to impossible for people to exist in a territory where the thermometer often registers much below zero.

THE REFERENCE OF A CORRESPONDENT to felt boots in this column a few days ago has started J. E. Stevens thinking about footgear, and he recalls other boots, of another period. In his boyhood and youth in the east he was accustomed to the long leather boot, made of heavy cowhide for rough wear and of soft calfskin for dress occasions. Usually those boots were made to order by the local shoemaker, and it was a common custom for the young bloods to have their dress boots made about a size too small. I have done that fool thing myself, and suffered excruciating torture in consequence.

IN OUR PART OF CANADA the winters were marked by much sloppy weather, deep snow soon turning to slush, and boots, unless well waterproofed, became like wet rags. Hence it was the custom to grease them usually with a mixture of lard and tallow, this being done after the leather had been warmed before the kitchen fire in the evening.

DRESS BOOTS, WITH LEGS almost knee length, were worn in particularly cold weather. Some of the old-timers in this locality have seen the trousers were made so narrow that it required a lot of ingenuity and much hard work to get the trousers over the boots and keep them in place. In order to keep them from creeping up straps were passed under the insteps, similar to those shown in many pictures of Uncle Sam.

MR. STEVENS ALSO RECALLS the use of paper collars, cuffs and "dickey." The material used in these had a smooth paper surface pressed into a backing of thin muslin. A collar was good for a day's wear in cool weather. On a hot day it melted. The dickey was a false shirt front of the same paper material. I have some old magazines of about Civil war time in which appear numerous advertisements of paper collars, reversible cuffs and dickeys. The collars were put up in round pasteboard boxes containing a dozen each and sold for ten cents. They were made in styles quite similar to those now worn.

IT IS QUITE A LONG TIME between checker games. Last winter the games published occasionally in this column interested many readers, but when spring came interest seemed to wane. Ben Wright, of Antler, would like to see occasional games published, and as a starter he submits the following problem, which he says is not very hard:

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Blacks—20, 21; kings 27, 31.
Whites—kings, 10, 18, 22, 28.
Black to move and win.
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MY FRIEND, DR. J. E. ENGlND
stad recently wrote the weather bu-
reau in Washington for certain in-
formation relating to weather trends in the
northwestern area. He wished to learn if the
records of the bureau over a
long period furnish-
ished any basis for
conclusions as to
duration and recur-
rence of periods of
high and low tempera-
ture and exces-
sive and deficient
precipitation. I
am permitted to
cite as follows
from the reply of
C. F. Marvin, chief of the weather
bureau: "You are advised that it is
quite characteristic of rainfall in
general, or regardless of particular
locality, to occur in varying
amounts over considerable periods of
time in succession. In other
words, groups of several years ap-
ppear with a decided tendency to deficient falls, as compared with the
long-time average, to be followed
by another period with compara-
tively heavy falls. However, the
length of the periods covered by
successive trends and the magni-
tude of variations in rainfall are
very irregular and not definite
enough, as shown by past records,
to afford a sufficient guide or be
of material value for the purpose
of long-range forecasting.

"IN ADDITION, THEY DO NOT
have coincident phases over large
areas; that is, in one area
the trend for a given period of
years may be downward, while at
the same time in another nearby
area it may be upward. For
example, in your section of the
country, comprising the central-northern
states, there has been a marked
tendency to deficient rainfall for
a good many years past, while
farther south, from the Ohio and
lower Missouri valleys southward,
the trend for the past 12 or 15
years has been upward. While these
recurring conditions of rainfall
have been recognized for a
long time, the underlying cause is not
yet known.

WITH REGARD TO RECORDS
for the northwestern states, very
few extend back for more than 50
years. I am enclosing a long rec-
ord for St. Paul, Minn., going back
nearly 100 years, which indicates
the variations during this period in
that locality. You will note that
the 15 years mentioned in your let-
ter, from 1850 to 1864, were not
especially dry, except 1852 and 1853.
Also, there is included a table
showing the average rainfall for
four long-record stations in North
Dakota for 60 years from 1873 to
1932, and a rough graph indicat-
ing the general trends as shown
by these averages. The present
year, not included in the tabula-
tions, has been exceedingly dry, one
of the driest of the entire record."

THE FOUR NORTH DAKOTA
stations covered in the records sub-
mitted are Pembina, Devils Lake,
Bismarck and Williston. The wide
variations which are mentioned by
Director Marvin as between the
upper and the lower Mississippi
valley characterized areas even as
small as North Dakota. The aver-
age for the state, as indicated by
records taken at several widely sep-
ated points, may not even be
moderately representative of the
conditions at a particular place.
Thus, while the year 1910 was, I
believe, the driest year on record
in this section of the state, with a
precipitation of only about 10
inches, the average for the four
stations quoted was 12.4 inches,
while the year 1917, a much wetter
year at Grand Forks, showed an
average of only 10.4 for the four
stations named. The answer to
that is, presumably, that while the
river valley has normally
normal precipitation, the ex-
treme western section was burned
up.

THE EXISTENCE OF SUCH
wide variations within such re-
stricted areas contradicts the
claims of the Kickses, the Fosters
and others of their type that they
can foretell with any degree of ac-
curacy weather months or years in
advance. Such forecasts are as ac-
curate as those which were once a
regular feature of the patent medi-
cine almanacs.

THE UNITED STATES
weather bureau bases its forecasts
for a day or two in advance on the
known conditions which exist at a
given moment at hundreds of sta-
tions distributed all over the con-
ent, on reports from vessels far
out in the ocean and on weather
reports from foreign countries.
The observations relate, as a rule,
to weather conditions at the
ground level. Away up in the
stratosphere, from which records
covering only a few hours have
been brought thus far, there are
unknown conditions affecting the
weather in unknown ways. Our
weather is influenced by the ice
cap which covers Greenland, and by
the enormous mass of ice covering
the Antarctic continent toward
which Byrd is now on his way.
Conditions in those remote regions
are being investigated by
unknown scientists as the work can be
done. The men
who are engaged in that work and
contributing to human knowledge
and human welfare, and, little by
little, the results of their research
will be utilized in part by meteor-
ologists at home. In the mean-
time, the weather forecasters seem
almost to have their day.
MILO WALKER OF BOWES-

Davies

not vouch for this dog story, but he says it was told to him by a man who worked for the man who owned the dog. The reader may use his own judgment and believe it or not. The man who owned the dog lived at the top of the Camlinina mountain. He was annoyed by a bull which belonged to a neighbor. One day he said to a well-trained intelligent animal: "I wish you would take that bull up into the mountains and leave him there." The dog started after the bull, but presently the two disappeared in the distance. The dog was gone six months. The bull never came back.

WITH THE METEOROLOGICAL data lent me by Dr. Engstad is a summary of weather conditions at St. Paul. The present snowy weather makes the figures on snowfall interesting. Of course the conditions at St. Paul are not quite like those at the higher latitudes. Often they are decidedly different. As a rule I believe that section of Minnesota has more snow than we get in this territory. Often we hear of there being four or five feet of snow on the level at one time. According to the record that condition did not exist at St. Paul in any year from 1884 down to the present. The greatest depth of snow on the level at one time, according to the record, was 34.8 inches on March 17, 1917.

THAT SEASON WAS THE ONE of greatest total snowfall at the St. Paul station since 1884, the record showing a total fall of 71.2 inches. Practically six feet of snow during the winter. That quantity had thawed and settled to not quite three feet in March. The winter of 1919-20 seems to hold the record for greatest total snowfall for a season, the record for that winter being 75.7 inches. Of that quantity nearly two feet fell in January. At no time, however, was there more than 18 inches on the ground at one time. The greatest fall of snow in a single 24-hour period was 17 inches one day—date not given—during the winter of 1923-24. During that period there are recorded only 8 cases in which the snowfall for 24 hours measured more than 10 inches. Our record of a few weeks ago, of about 13 inches in a single day, was therefore much heavier than the average.

IT ISN'T EASY TO ESTIMATE the depth of snow on the level, because, unless the snow falls without any wind, its depth will be very irregular. High spots will be blown bare, and the snow that properly belongs on them will be deposited on more sheltered places. Our big snowfall this year, could be measured quite accurately, as the snow came with scarcely a breath of wind, and was moist enough to stay put after it fell.

THE AVERAGE PRECIPITATION—rain and snow reduced to water—in the St. Paul area for all the years since 1887, was 27.44 inches. Practically six feet of snow falls in what below this, but the driest year of the lot was 1910, with precipitation of only 10.21 inches. The greatest precipitation was 49.69 inches in 1849, but three years later the snowfall was equal, the record of the years and wet years are scattered through the list without apparent order or regularity. This is true also of temperature. As the records for any particular locality are needed for weather forecasting, it is the theories that are entertained concerning any such regularity in weather as serve as a reasonable basis for predictions.

AS I HAVE WATCHED THE men at work on the reshingling of the Roosevelt school roof I have recalled two incidents of the days during the winter of 1923-24. During that period there are recorded only 8 cases in which the snowfall for 24 hours measured more than 10 inches. Our record of a few weeks ago, of about 13 inches in a single day, was therefore much heavier than the average.

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THUS FAR THE SCIENCE OF weather forecasting, and it is a real science, seems to sum up to about this: It is known that certain weather conditions exist in certain places. It is known that atmospheric conditions over large areas are such as to cause air movements in certain directions. Therefore certain weather conditions are likely to prevail over certain large areas within the next day or so. Within any given area there may be a wide variety of conditions, some of them unlike the average for the district. To reach the tentative conclusions which are reached, and which present a high degree of accuracy, information from the whole world is necessary, that is in a cumulative, analyzed and applied day by day by scientifically trained men.

AT ANOTHER TIME A MAN named Mel was working with me on the roof of a barn. The roof was steep and when we were about half way up Mel lost his balance and the roof caved and disappeared over the edge. Horrified I scrambled down to the edge and looked over to see if the poor fellow were still alive. Mel was alive, only the wind and snow appeared to have scraped him off the roof. I asked if he was hurt. "Mel, are you hurt?" "Naw," he replied, in his characteristic drawl. "I ain't hurt, but I lost my pipe."
ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 18
at his home at Park River, N. D.,
a former governor of North Dakota
will celebrate the completion of
his eighty-fifth year. In addition
to being a former governor of
the state Roger Allin
is one of the few
surviving members of the
convention which
framed the original
state constitution, and one of the still smaller
group now living who served in the
territorial legislature. Roger Allin
was born in England, but his
residence in that country was brief,
for while he was a small child
the family moved to Ontario, where
the boy grew to manhood. Joining
the westward migration he came
to North Dakota and settled on a
homestead in what is now western
Walsh county in the late seventies.
From the beginning he took an active
interest in public affairs. He
was chosen to fill various local
offices, and in 1886 he was elected
to the territorial council, to which
he was re-elected in 1888. In 1889
he served as a member of the constitutional
convention and at the first election after the admission of
the state he was elected state senator from the Third district. In
1890 he was elected lieutenant governor, and in 1894 he was elected
governor of the state.

* * *

THAT BRIEF OUTLINE COVERS years of active and conscientious service during an exceedingly difficult period. During those years Mr. Allin gave to the territory and state the best that he had. A firm believer in prohibition as the best means of dealing with the liquor traffic, he gave hearty support in the constitutional convention to the prohibition clause and campaigned vigorously for its adoption. As a state senator he was one of the little group whose determination frustrated the efforts of the Louisana Lottery company to fasten its tentacles on North Dakota.

* * *

THE EARLY INHABITANTS of the state felt the burden of taxation, and there was need for rigid economy, a need which was often overlooked in the eagerness which was felt for the planting of public institutions and the launching of enterprises far beyond the means of the Infant commonwealth. In all these matters Roger Allin

stood squarely for integrity and economy and for the right of the plain people to control and direct their own affairs.

* * *

BECAUSE OF HIS KNOWN character and attitude there was a strong demand for his election as governor in 1892, but the political interests that dominated the Republican convention of that year preferred to renominate Governor Andrew H. Burke. The voters had different views and the Populist administration of the next two years resulted. Two years later the Republicans saw the light, and Allin was nominated and elected.

* * *

GOVERNOR ALLIN'S ADMINISTRATION was characterized by the sturdy honesty and independence which had governed his entire career. Those qualities were never more clearly exhibited than in the act which for a time subjected him to severe criticism, the veto of appropriations for the state university. As a matter of fact, the governor dealt according to his best judgment with a desperate situation which he had not created against which he had uttered vigorous, but ineffective protests.

* * *

DURING THE LEGISLATIVE session of 1886 the governor called attention to the unfavorable financial condition of the state and urged that all needless expenditures of every kind be omitted. In spite of his warnings and over his objections lavish appropriations were made, and when the legislature adjourned he was left with a large proportion of the state revenues irrevocably appropriated, and with the remaining appropriations far in excess of any possible income. It was necessary that appropriations be cut, and the axe was applied vigorously. It may be that adjustments could have been made which would have imposed less hardship on the essential institutions affected, but the governor's courage was manifest, and his sincerity and public spirit have never been questioned.

* * *

UPON THE COMPLETION OF his term as chief executive Governor Allin retired to his farm, which he continued to operate in person until a few years ago, when advancing age made it necessary for him to suspend his active labors. He has lived quietly, but usefully, serving his community in many ways, honored and esteemed by those who have known him through his long life. Many of his old friends who are reminded of his birthday anniversary will join in the hope that his during his remaining days he may enjoy the happiness which his fine character merits.

* * *

THERE ARE ONLY A FEW OF the members of the constitutional convention left, and some of them, who may be living, cannot be located. Richard Bennett of Grand Forks county is one of these. He is not to be confused with R. L. Bennett of Inkster, who was a member of the territorial legislature. Richard Bennett was county judge in Grand Forks county in 1889 and 1890. In 1891 he moved to Great Falls, Mont. I have made inquiry about him, but have not been able to learn whether or not he is still living. Does any reader know?
AT THE REQUEST OF SEVERAL READERS I AM REPRODUCING, AS I HAVE DONE ON TWO OR THREE former occasions, the famous reply of the New York Sun to the question of one of its little girl readers: "IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?" THE ARTICLE HAS BEEN COPIED MORE OFTEN, I SUPPOSE, THAN ANY OTHER EDITORIAL EVER PUBLISHED, AND IT IS AS FRESH TODAY AS ON THE DAY WHEN IT WAS WRITTEN.

SOMETIMES IN SEPTEMBER, 1897, THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SUN TO THE QUESTION THE ETERNAL LIGHT WITH WHICH CHILDHOOD FILLS THE WORLD WOULD BE EXTINQUISHED.

"NOT BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS! YOU MIGHT AS WELL NOT BELIEVE IN FAIRIES YOU MIGHT GET YOUR PAPA TO HIRE MEN TO WATCH IN ALL THE CHIMNEYS ON CHRISTMAS EVE TO CATCH SANTA CLAUS, BUT EVEN IF THEY DID NOT SEE SANTA CLAUS COMING DOWN, WHAT WOULD THAT PROVE? NOBODY SEES SANTA CLAUS, BUT THAT IS NO SIGN THAT THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS. THE MOST REAL THINGS IN THE WORLD ARE THOSE THAT neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? OF COURSE NOT, BUT THAT'S NO PROOF THAT THEY ARE NOT THERE. NOBODY CAN CONCEIVE OR IMAGINE ALL THE WONDERS THERE ARE UNSEEN AND UNSEEABLE IN THE WORLD.

"YOU TEAR APART THE BABY'S RATTLE AND SEE WHAT MAKES THE NOISE INSIDE, BUT THERE IS A VEIL COVERING THE UNSEEN WORLD WHICH NOT THE STRONGEST MAN, NOT EVEN THE UNITED STRENGTH OF ALL THE STRONGEST MEN THAT EVER LIVED, COULD TEAR APART. ONLY FAITH, POETRY, LOVE, ROMANCE, CAN PUSH ASIDE THAT CURTAIN AND VIEW AND PICTURE THE SUPERNAL BEAUTY AND GLORY BEYOND. IS IT ALL REAL? AH, VIRGINIA, IN ALL THIS WORLD THERE IS NOTHING ELSE REAL AND ABIDING.

"NO SANTA CLAUS! THANK GOD! HE LIVES, AND HE LIVES FOREVER. A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW, VIRGINIA, NAY, TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW, HE WILL CONTINUE TO MAKE GLAD THE HEART OF CHILDHOOD." TO WHICH I APPEND THE COMMENT MADE TWO YEARS AGO:

WHAT AN ANSWER! IT BRUSHES ASIDE THE INCONSEQUENTIAL Fictions OF MATERIALISM AND GOES RIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE SUBJECT. LIKE A FRESH, CLEAN BREEZE, IT DISSIPATES THE MISTS OF MISUNDERSTANDING AND PERMITS THE TRUTH TO SHINE FORTH, CLEAR AND DISTINCT. IT GIVES FAITH SOMETHING ON WHICH IT CAN TAKE HOLD AND DISCLOSES TO US A MEANING IN LIFE INDEPENDENT OF THE TRAP PINGS IN WHICH WE SOMETIMES DRESS IT UP. IT SHOWS THE PERPLEXED PARENT A WAY IN WHICH CHILDISH QUESTIONS MAY BE ANSWERED, AND IT MAY HELP TO CLEAR AWAY SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE PARENT HIMSELF.

*Davies*

Davies received the following letter:

DEAR EDITOR:—I AM 8 YEARS OLD. SOME OF MY LITTLE FRIENDS SAY THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS. PAPA SAYS 'IF YOU SEE IT IN THE SUN IT'S SO.' PLEASE TELL ME THE TRUTH, IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

The editor turned the letter over to his assistant, Francis P. Church, and asked him to answer it. Church is said to have been not very enthusiastic over the assignment at first, but presently he got into the spirit of it and wrote the following reply, which was published in the Sun on September 21, 1897:

"VIRGINIA, YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS ARE WRONG. THEY HAVE BEEN AFFECTED BY THE SKEPTICISM OF A SKEPTICAL AGE. THEY DO NOT BELIEVE EXCEPT THEY SEE. THEY THINK THAT NOTHING CAN BE WHICH IS NOT COMPREHENSIBLE BY THEIR LITTLE MINDS. ALL MINDS, VIRGINIA, WHETHER THEY BE MEN'S OR CHILDREN'S, ARE LITTLE. IN THIS GREAT UNIVERSE OF OURS MAN IS BUT A MERE INSECT, AN ANT, IN HIS INTELLECT, AS COMPARED WITH THE BOUNDLESS WORLD ABOUT HIM, AS MEASURED BY THE INTELLIGENCE CAPABLE OF GRASPING THE WHOLE OF TRUTH AND KNOWLEDGE.

"YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS. HE EXISTS AS CERTAINLY AS LOVE AND GENEROSITY AND DEVOTION EXIST, AND YOU KNOW THAT THEY ABUND AND GIVE TO YOUR LIFE ITS HIGHEST BEAUTY AND JOY. ALAS! HOW DREARY WOULD THE WORLD IF THERE WERE NO SANTA CLAUS! IT WOULD BE AS DREARY AS IF THERE WERE NO VIRGINIAS. THERE WOULD BE NO CHILD-LIKE FAITH THEN, NO POETRY, NO ROMANCE TO MAKE TOLERABLE THIS EXISTENCE. WE SHOULD HAVE NO ENJOYMENT, EXPECT IN SENSE AND SIGHT. THE ETERNAL LIGHT WITH WHICH CHILDHOOD FILLS THE WORLD WOULD BE EXTINQUISHED.

"NO SANTA CLAUS! THANK GOD! HE LIVES, AND HE LIVES FOREVER. A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW, VIRGINIA, NAY, TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW, HE WILL CONTINUE TO MAKE GLAD THE HEART OF CHILDHOOD."

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Robert J. (Believe It or Not) Ripley has discovered a great many remarkable things, and he has made himself famous by verifying facts which, without verification, would seem quite impossible. Nevertheless, he is not always accurate. The other evening, for instance, in a radio broadcast he said that Bismarck, North Dakota, has a temperature record of 45 degrees below zero, and while he did not make the statement in so many words, he left the distinct impression that such a temperature is lower than Byrd will meet in the Antarctic.

* * *

The Figure Which He Gives for Bismarck is Probably Correct. But That Temperature Is Not to Be Compared with Winter Temperatures in the Antarctic. Neither Does It Approach Some of the Low Temperatures Recorded in North America. Stefansson cites from the Canadian weather bureau records a temperature of 68 below at Dawson, and from the United States records a similar temperature at Havre, Mont. It is notorious that temperatures inland on the Antarctic continent are much lower than at similar latitudes in the northern polar sea, which sometimes reach 60 below. Temperatures on the Greenland ice cap are much lower.

* * *

Another Statement Made by Ripley in the same talk was that “theoretically,” on next Thursday, December 21, the south pole ought to be the hottest place in the world, as on that day it will receive more sunlight than any other spot. The south pole would then actually be the hottest place, said Ripley, were it not for the ice. All of which is mere nonsense. There is no theory that the south pole should be the hottest place at any time or under any conditions. Before a schoolboy gets out of the grades he knows that the south pole is relatively cold, even in midsummer, which will be this week, because the sun never rises more than 23½ degrees above the horizon, and because of its slanting rays only a small quantity of heat is received per square yard of surface. It isn’t the ice that makes the cold weather, but the cold weather that makes the ice.

Senator Huey Long of Louisiana has advanced so far in the social graces in Washington as to learn how to drink soup out of a two-handled cup. Nevertheless, his hosts will do well to keep their wash-rooms locked up while he is around.

* * *

Last Week Eastern newspapers carried extended accounts of the life of Count Ilya Tolstoy, who died on December 12 in a hospital in New Haven, Conn. Count Ilya Tolstoy was the second son of Count Lyow N. Tolstoy, the great Russian poet, novelist and social reformer. Some of our local people will remember his visit here on a lecture tour about 1910 and will recall his great stature, commanding appearance and striking resemblance to his distinguished father.

* * *

In addition to these recollections I have another of a personal nature which has been a source of amusement to me. Count Tolstoy, who was billed for an evening lecture in the Methodist church, was entertained at dinner by the Commercial club in its old quarters in the Elks building. The hour for the dinner arrived, but the guest had not appeared. A messenger was sent to the hotel to learn the cause of the delay. He returned with the report that the count had been detained in some way which I do not now recall, but that he would be over as soon as possible. In the meantime he requested that the diners should not wait for him, but should proceed with their dinner.

* * *

This was done, and the dinner was nearly over when the guest was ushered in. He was a massive man, 6 feet 3 inches tall, and broad in proportion, with features of the characteristic Russian type, and his resemblance to the portraits of his father accentuated by a full beard. Another feature, perhaps also characteristically Russian, was the count’s excellent appetite. He enjoyed food and consumed a liberal quantity of it, among other things, dill pickles. I happened to be seated next to him, and as we chatted I made it a point to see that he was supplied. Near him was a dish of dill pickles from which a few had been taken by others. The count helped himself to those until they were all gone. Then he looked as if in search of something, and I passed him another dish. He finished that, and also a third—none of them full, but each containing a liberal quantity. My astonishment was equaled only by my admiration.
RECENT MENTION IN THIS column of Hon. Roger Allin, former governor of North Dakota, in connection with his 85th birthday anniversary has recalled old times and old associations to J. E. Stevens, who, as one of the original members of the North Dakota senate, was a friend and colleague of Mr. Allin and a warm admirer of his work for his sturdily manhood. Mr. Stevens writes: "I want to congratulate you on that splendid tribute of respect paid to that grand old man of North Dakota, Hon. Roger Allin, of Park River, which was published in the Sunday Herald. It was my privilege and pleasure to be a colleague of his as a state senator during the first legislative session of the new state of North Dakota, a long and tedious session lasting 120 days. During that time I learned to know Mr. Allin well and to honor and respect his many noble qualities. I knew him as a safe, careful and conscientious legislator, and now, after the legislators from 1880, it is a pleasure to me to have an opportunity through your column to congratulate him upon the occasion of his 85th birthday anniversary and to wish him many happy returns of the happy event.

"OF THOSE WHO SERVED with Mr. Allin at that legislative session I think there are but five left, H. R. Hartman, of Cass, C. B. Little, of Bismarck, Roger Allin, of Park River, J. H. Worst, now of Montana, and myself. Senators L. D. Moore, Appleton, Selvage, Walsh, Winslow, Dodds, Wanstow, Belyea, Robinson, Haggart, Rowe, Fuller, Yeager, Deism, Harmon, McGilvery, Sandager and others whose names I do not at this moment recall, all have passed on. Of the house membership from this county at that time I think none are left but Nels Tandberg, of Northwood, and possibly L. J. Zimmer, who I think resided at Manvel.

"I THINK MR. ZIMMER WAS the only Democrat in the house at that time, and, of course, he voted for the Democratic candidate for United States senator. I think he was also the only member of the house who voted 'no' on the prohibition law that was enacted at that time, and in view of what has recently taken place, perhaps he builded better than he knew."

W. G. McCONNACHIE OF Fordville, one of the enthusiastic checker fans, writes in the appearance of checker problems in the following letter:

"WAS INTERESTED IN SEEING the return of checker problems to your column and hope that you can arrange for the lengthening of your column, so as to have space regularly for the checkers without shortening your regular contributions."

"THAT Y. M. C. A. problem: B. 3, 16, 18, 19, 23, 27, K's. 9, 21, 29. W. 7, 10, 11, 12, K's. 2, 5, 14, 30, 32. W. M. and W. was too deep for me and I tip my lid to the chap that figured out that one. However, I felt a little better after reading Mr. Matteson's solution which is asked to be shown. When J. B. cannot get them they are really tough and no foolin'."

"DO NOT KNOW WHETHER or not the solutions were published for Mr. Matteson's problems submitted last winter. If so I missed them and am sending here with my play on the problem in which the positions are given as follows: B. 4, 7, 8, 11, 15, 16, 24, 26. K's. W. 6, 13, 18, 20, 25, 27, 30. White to play and win. It goes like this: 22--17, 13--19, 30--25, 29--22, 16--9, 22--13, 6--1, 13--6, 1--29, 31-- 24, 23--19. White wins.

"IF THE SOLUTION TO MR. Matteson's other problem has not been published I offer the following solution: B. 11, 12, 19, 20, 29, W. 15, 18, 27, 28, K's. 2, 17, 26. Black to play and win. Try playing this tune on your checkerboard—1--6, 2--9, 19--24, 28--19, 20--16, 19--12, 3--7, 12--3, 29--25, 3--19, 25--22, 15--18, 22--24. Black wins.

"HERE IS ANOTHER PROBLEM for the beginner. It is credited to J. F. Roberts of Winfield, N. Y. It is not very hard. Blacks 3, 12, K. 31. White 16, 19, 23. K. 1. White to play and win.

"THERE ARE MANY GOOD players in North Dakota. We amateurs would like more contributions from them."

"AS THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING of the checker revival I am giving Mr. McConnachie's letter in full. I have lost track of the problems which he mentions, but others who have struggled with them may recall them.

"I APPRECIATE MR. McCONNACHIE's suggestion that the column be extended so as to make room for checkers regularly without abbreviating the space devoted to other matters, but that means more work for the columnist, and I have heard too many people become columnists because they are lazy. I am afflicted that way myself. Therefore I shall try to crowd a few checkers occasionally into the regular space, keeping always in mind the desirability of making the column as irregular and unexpected as possible."
HOW AMERICA CAN BE ECONOMICALLY SUFFICIENT UNTO ITSELF is the theme expounded in "America Self-Contained," a book by Samuel Crowther recently issued from the press of Double­ day Doran. Mr. Crowther has written several books and numerous articles on economic subjects, and in this work he explains in an interesting way his views as to the manner in which, during a period of world confusion, the United States can be independent of other nations through the utiliza­tion of its own natural resources and the scientific knowledge of its chemists, metallurgists and others who are responsible for the amaz­ing progress which the United States has made in the production of goods of almost every imagina­ble character.

* * *

AS MR. CROWTHER SEES IT the world must make its choice of the following two courses:

(1) To decide that the old international trade had a certain divinity and must be re-established permanently. Thereupon it will be the duty of a concert of powers to allocate to the nations of the world their rights to import and export and at prices and then to set up an international standard of living and a super-state to assure that the world will stay pigeon-holed, in other words, the world will have to be frozen into, say, the mold of 1910 and be shorn of national rights.

(2) To abandon all attempts to regiment a world that refuses to be regimented and to take for granted that international trade in the older sense is already dead because science has removed much of that portion of it which was once logical, while common sense has removed that portion of it which was beyond reason. With that much settled, international conferences would cease to be, and the world would be individually and globally as it saw fit and whatever means, peaceful or otherwise, it saw fit.

* * *

IF THAT IS THE ONLY choice left us, we seem to be in about the position of the bad dancer who heard his pastor declaim: "My breddern, you has befo' you two roads what you can take. One is de broad and narrer road dat leads to destruction and de udder is de narrer and de broad way dat leads to damnation." Old Absalom left his seat and made for the door, remarking, "Den did heah nigger takes to de woods."

* * *

HOWEVER, MR. CROWTHER makes an interesting presentation of his case and he makes an im­pressive showing of the possibilities which scientific research has created for us in the way of the develop­ment of our home industries. His book contains important and interesting facts, and even though the reader may not reach the same conclusions, the assemblage of facts is of itself both instructive and enlightening. It is needless to say that Mr. Crowther is emphati­cally a protectionist. The protec­tive tariff has often been described as a Chinese wall. But the wall, if it is a wall, is low enough to permit an immense quantity of goods to pass over it. Mr. Crowther would build it higher and stronger, so as to make it impassable, and, as his argument calls for the dis­continuation of imports except of such goods as it is absolutely im­possible to produce at home, it would as a necessary consequence prevent exports.

* * *

AN OLD MAGAZINE HAS A story of Stanton, Lincoln's secre­tary of war, which I have not seen in print elsewhere. In the war de­partment was a quartermaster gen­eral named Meig. One day a sen­ator burst into Stanton's oft'ice, all excitement. "Somethlng's got to be done about that man Meig," he said. "He's clean crazy. He pays no attention to regulations of any kind, and nobody knows what he'll do next."

"I can appreciate your feeling, Senator," said Stanton. "But Meig, you see, is not a lawyer. He never had any legal training whatever. And quite naturally he does a great many things that are irregular and unconstitutional."

"But what do you let him do those things for?" demanded the senator.

"Well," replied Stanton, "some­body has to do them."

* * *

DOWN IN NEW YORK THEY have arrested a man on the charge of committing frauds which netted him something over a million dol­lars. Instead of selling genuine securities which depreciated greatly in value, or which came to have no value at all, he sold securities representing property which had no existence. One customer, he sold a mortgage, all in proper form, covering a property which was described as being "bounded by a right angle." In a further de­scription of the alleged property one of the lines was said to start a point which the maps show to be somewhere about the middle of the Rockefeller property at Radio City, and another line ran somewhere through the property of the University club. The bounding of a piece of property by a right angle, however, is a decidedly artistic touch, cubist, perhaps, or futurist or something like that.
of evergreen trees, of holly and mistletoe, of candles and glittering tinsel. Woven into the use of each of these are strands of history reaching back for countless generations. Many of them antedating the birth of Jesus in the celebration of which they are now used. Ancient customs have been retained, but they have been given a new association and new significance. It is not so very long since the celebration of Christmas was opposed by many professing Christians and denounced by them as impious and blasphemous. At one time that belief was held strongly in Puritan New England, all forms of Christmas celebration being held to be impious and idolatrous. Really, one of the fine things about Christmas is that it has brought together beautiful customs from many lands and utilized them in perpetuating the grand tradition of love which marks this great festival. Thus those whose lineage goes back to the forests of Germany, to Druidical England, to the fjords of Norway, or to any one of other distant lands can find in the modern observance of Christmas something to remind them of the old home of their ancestors. Among the branches of the Christmas tree are many lands and utilized them in perpetuating the grand tradition of love which marks this great festival. Thus those whose lineage goes back to the forests of Germany, to Druidical England, to the fjords of Norway, or to any one of other distant lands can find in the modern observance of Christmas something to remind them of the old home of their ancestors. Among the branches of the Christmas tree are many lands and utilized them in perpetuating the grand tradition of love which marks this great festival.

ANXIETY OVER THE MENACE TO OUR FORESTS WHICH WAS SOMETIMES THOUGHT TO BE INVOLVED IN THE CUTTING OF CHRISTMAS TREES YEARS AGO, WERE QUITE DISTURBED OVER THE OUTLOOK. ALARMS SEEM TO HAVE SUBSIDED. A FEW STORIES WERE TOLD OF THE MILENIAL MILLIONS OF YOUNG TREES AND THEN TO BE DESTROYED. COMPUTATIONS WERE MADE AS TO THE FUTURE, AND THE SHORTAGING OF THE FOREST WOULD BE REQUIRED TO DESTROY UTLERLY WHAT REMAINED OF OUR ANCIENT MAGNIFICENT FORESTS. NOT ONLY WAS LEGISLATION URGED REQUIRING THE CUTTING OF CHRISTMAS TREES, BUT A MOVEMENT OF SOME PROPORTION WAS STARTED FOR THE PURPOSE OF DISCOURAGING AND ULTIMATELY PREVENTING THE USE OF CHRISTMAS TREES TOGETHER. THE ALARM AND THE MOVEMENT SEEM TO HAVE SUBSIDED.

GREAT NUMBERS OF CHRISTMAS TREES COME FROM CUT-OVER LANDS FROM WHICH ALL MERCHANDISE HAS BEEN REMOVED AND WHICH IS INTENDED TO BE BROKEN UP FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES. THE FACT THAT MUCH LAND OF THAT CHARACTER IS UNFIT FOR AGRICULTURE HAS NO Bearing ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE QUESTION. IF THE LAND IS TO BE BROKEN UP THE SMALL TREES MAY AS WELL BE CUT AT CHRISTMAS TIME AS AT ANY OTHER.

MANY OF OUR CHRISTMAS TREES ARE CUT IN THE PROCESS OF THINNING OUT UNNECESSARY GROWTH IN WAYS WHICH ARE SEVERAL YEARS OLD AS PERMANENT FORESTS. IN THOSE CASES THE USE OF THE AX MERELY ANTICIPATES THE THINNING-OUT PROCESS WHICH NATURE ITSELF HAS UNDER WAY IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE LARGE AND STURDY GROWTH. IN STILL OTHER SECTIONS, ESPECIALLY IN THE EAST, THERE ARE LARGE CHRISTMAS TREE FARMS WHERE THOUSANDS OF SEEDLINGS HAVE BEEN PLANTED, CULTIVATED AND PROTECTED UNTIL THEY REACH SUITABLE SIZE FOR CUTTING. AND AS THOSE LARGER TREES ARE REMOVED THE LAND IS PREPARED FOR MORE. IN THIS WAY A FOREST IS HARVESTED EVERY FEW YEARS. THAT PRACTICE HAS NO BEARING ON REAL FOREST GROWTH.

ALERTING TO THE USE OF MISTLETOE IS NOT SO VERY IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE LARGE AND STURDY GROWTH. IN STILL OTHER SECTIONS, ESPECIALLY IN THE EAST, THERE ARE LARGE CHRISTMAS TREE FARMS WHERE THOUSANDS OF SEEDLINGS HAVE BEEN PLANTED, CULTIVATED AND PROTECTED UNTIL THEY REACH SUITABLE SIZE FOR CUTTING. AND AS THOSE LARGER TREES ARE REMOVED THE LAND IS PREPARED FOR MORE. IN THIS WAY A FOREST IS HARVESTED EVERY FEW YEARS. THAT PRACTICE HAS NO BEARING ON REAL FOREST GROWTH.

A PLEASANT TRADITION OF CHRISTMAS IS WITHOUT QUESTION, INDISPENSABLE TO CHRISTMAS. THAT PRACTICE HAS NO BEARING ON REAL FOREST GROWTH.

THE USE OF MISTLETOE IS UNDOUBTEDLY OF PAGAN ORIGIN. NOBODY KNOWS HOW ANCIENT IT IS, BUT IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT WHEN THE ROMANS INVADED BRITAIN THEY FOUND THE DRUIDS USING THE MISTLETOE IN THEIR RELIGIOUS CEREMONIALS. WITH THE CEREMONIALS WERE THE CHARIOTS OF THE GODS AND THE GODS抛弃一新传统，与一些古老的基督教传统融合在一起，成为一种新的圣诞节庆祝形式。
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.
"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on Cupid; on Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the courser they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know there was nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
And I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight."

Twas the night before Christmas,
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

NO CHILD HAS ENJOYED ALL
the privileges to which childhood is entitled who has not had an opportunity to hear or to read at least once "The Night Before Christmas." And no grown person whose childhood has been passed in the proper environment can read the poem now without experiencing a glow of warmth in the vicinity of his heart and a feeling of comradeship with those who look eagerly and expectantly for the arrival of Saint Nicholas. The author of the poem, Clement Clarke Moore, was born in New York in 1799 and died at Newport, R. I., in 1863. He was graduated from Columbia in 1804, and for twenty-five years served as a professor in New York General Theological seminary, occupying the chair of Biblical Learning and later changing to that of Oriental and Greek Literature. He published a volume of poems and was the author of theological treatises. Like the creator of "Alice" and inventor of her amazing and amusing adventures, this teacher of serious subjects is now known and remembered for an achievement of an entirely different type, a bit of verse which he probably regarded as of no consequence, but which is known and loved the world over. It has become my custom to publish that little poem sometime during the Christmas season, and here it is again:

* * *
THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.
'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
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Davies

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VI RGINIA O'HANLON, THE little girl whose letter to the New
York Sun brought forth the famous editorial written by Francis P.
Church declaring the reality of Santa Claus, is now
Dr. Laura Vir- ginia Douglas, as-
assistant principal of Public School
159, New York City. She attend-
ed Hunter col-
lege, and was
graduated from
that institution
in 1910. On De-
ember 20, of this
year she was to
read at the Christ-
mas assembly of
her college the
editorial for which her child-like of his way if he
had been
in a turn of mind, or in a way
that he was really afraid. Almos
time he had been
since his college days, he said, those animals had moved out
of his way if he gave
them a
chance. The hungry
wolf, he said, is just as likely to
attack a man as not.

THE ROBINS SEEM TO HAVE departed or have gone into hiding. Perhaps those who are left have
succumbed to the rigours of the winter. Meadow larks sometimes remain over until into winter, but this year
I have had but one reported. Late in November, Elvin Olson, a farmer
east of Manvel, reported that
one was making itself at home on his premises and that it had be-
come so tame that it would enter the barn to be fed.

THAT DISTRICT EAST OF Manvel between the Red and Turt-
le rivers was once practically cov-
ered with heavy timber. Most of it
has been cleared, and the land,
having been enriched by forest growth, is probably not surpassed anywhere in fertility. About forty
years ago I taught school in that
section, and on winter nights we
often heard wolves howling down
in the brule, as the partially tim-
bered area was called.

I NEVER SAW ANY OF THE animals, but often on my way to
school in the morning after a light
fall of snow I could see the tracks
which they had made in the night. I
never was quite clear whether
those were timber wolves or the
small prairie wolves, or coyotes. I
have seen only one of the latter,
which I supposed to be a big dog. As I
approached I saw that it was a wolf, a big gray fellow. He stood
watching me, or, I suppose, watch-
ing the team, until I was within a
few rods of him, when he loped off
across the prairie.

ABOUT FORTY YEARS AGO there was a story of two men being
attacked by a pack of timber wolves in the big marsh near Ar-
doch, I do not remember the details of
the story, but it seemed to be
more or less. The late Enos A. Mills, famous natural-
ist, in telling a Grand Forks group
of some of his experiences on some
of his long tramps through the mountains, the growth and animal life, said that the tim-
ber wolf was the only animal of
which he was really afraid. Almost
any animal he said, will fight if
attacked and cornered, but in his
own experience he had never
heard any other animal, bear,
cougar or any other of those often
-described as fierce, to attack a man
without provocation. Always, he
said, those animals had moved out
of his way if he gave them an
opportunity to do so. But the hungry
wolf, he said, is just as likely to
attack a man as not.

MILL'S EXPERIENCE AGREES with that of many others who have
spent much time in the woods. Female bears are quite likely to
attack if approached suddenly in
such a way as to create the im-
pression that their young are in
danger. But as a rule the mother
bear, if she has plenty of space
and the way is clear, will collect
offspring and stay off. This,
I have read, is true even of the
grizzly. It is true, however, that
even the common black or brown
bear will sometimes invade a barn-
yard and help himself to a calf or
a pig.

SOUTH DAKOTA ASKS $7,000,-
000 from the federal government
for the building of a dam across the Cheyenne river—not North
Dakota's Sheyenne—a few miles
south of Hot Springs. The proposed
dam, it is said, will create a lake
20 miles long. The plan is, it is said, in order to augment the
recreational facilities of the Black
Hills. No other purpose than that
entirely proper and worthy one is
set forth. The Missouri dam near
Garrison, if and when constructed,
together with the related works,
will cost a lot more money, but it
will create a lake something like
170 miles long, capable of storing the entire floor of the Missouri be-
low the dam, and a Little Missouri rivers for the whole year;
will distribute needed water across
an entire state, and would make of
Devils Lake one of the finest inland
lakes within the United States. This
in addition to flood control, navi-
gation improvement and power de-
velopment. No other water conser-
vation project under consideration compares in importance and poten-
tial value with the Missouri diver-
sion project.
A BRIEF ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Great Falls last Friday said "Charles J. Kops, about 72, head of a musical instrument company here bearing his name, died Thursday night of a heart ailment. He was reputedly one of the wealthiest men in Montana." That dispatch brings up many recollections. I first knew the Kops family in the early eighties when C. deBruyn Kops, the head of the family, was operating a hotel in Crookston. A few years earlier they had been in the hotel business at Euclid, Minn. About the time the Great Northern was expected to St. Vincent a group of Pennsylvania capitalists who were reputed to have made fortunes in oil bought a large tract of land a few miles west of Euclid and established a bonanza farm which, in honor of their own state, they named the Keystone farm. Euclid was the nearest station, and I have understood that it was due to their influence that Euclid was made the stopping place for meals on the new road. A substantial hotel was built, and Mr. Kops was placed in charge. He continued to operate the hotel until the practice of stopping for meals was abandoned, when he moved to Crookston and again entered the hotel business.

Davies

THE HOTEL VENTURE WAS not successful, and after a few years the family moved to Grand Forks and established a musical instrument business which they conducted for several years. The elder Kops was, I believe, a native of Holland, a man of fine education and patrician manner and appearance. There were several sons and daughters in the family, but I remember particularly the two boys, John and Charles. John was the elder, a quiet-mannered chap, and, I have understood, a capable business man. He seemed to be the manager of the firm and was in charge of the local store. Charles looked after the outside work, and was away much of the time on his trips through the state. He was decidedly musical, jolly, and seemed to have a good deal of the irresponsibility of youth. The father and mother moved east and the rest of the family scattered. Charles went to Montana, and from time to time I have heard that he was doing remarkably well. I heard nothing of him for several years.

ALTHOUGH CHRISTMAS IS past, these few lines, written by Mrs. Nieda H. McCartney, will be read with interest by old friends of the author's father, the late Rev. Frank H. Hollett:

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.
It's nice if even once a year We hear from friends back home, That loving thoughts will greet us then, No matter where we roam.
The passing years, like molten gold Will try the old and new; Then some like dross are cast away, Which leaves the faithful few.
God bless the ties that firmly hold No matter where we roam, For while we live we surely know We'll hear from friends back home. A few more names are gone this year I cannot greet again, But I just know where'er they are They send a sweet refrain That reaches me on ether waves. I feel it when alone And they are greeting me again Just like the friends back home.

W. G. M'CONNACHIE OF Fordville writes:
"In that Roberts checker problem I sent you a few days ago the correct position for the white king was on square eleven instead of square one as given."
Problem solvers will please take notice.

SOME ONE OBSERVED THE other day that the flood conditions in Oregon and Washington give promise of more moisture for North Dakota, as the conditions promoting precipitation must tend to work eastward. I am afraid there is not much hope in that direction. The great mountain chain which parallels the Pacific coast constitute barriers over which not much moisture passes. The wind comes in from the Pacific, warm and heavily laden with moisture, but as it strikes the mountains it is driven upward, and in the higher altitudes it is chilled and the moisture condenses and is precipitated as rain or snow. As it descends on this side of the mountains it is warmed, and instead of precipitating moisture it is more apt to gather up moisture as it passes. That is why we have chinook winds, before which snow disappears with scarcely any evidence of melting. And that is why the great desert areas are east of the mountains.
WELL, WHILE IT WASN'T the coldest Christmas on record for Grand Forks, it equaled the record, which is something. The temperature on the night before Christmas was 30 degrees below zero, a Christmas temperature reached only once—in 1892—since the weather station at the University of North Dakota was established.

There is something attractive about such a superlativé, especially in weather, and when we find that season is unusually hot or cold, wet or dry, there is a certain satisfaction in learning that it has been hotter or colder, wetter or drier than was ever known before. Younger generation will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have experienced as cold a Christmas as their elders ever did—and of remembering the elders of that fact. But how chesty they would have been if it had got a degree or two colder!

THE ABSOLUTE MINIMUM temperature for Grand Forks, so far as officially recorded, is 44 below zero, a point which was reached sometimes early in the present century—along in February, as it is now recalled. Earlier lower records, of which there are many, were made by unofficial thermometers of unknown accuracy. Temperatures along in the minus 30's have been reached often, so that in any winter there is a reasonable probability that once or twice the thermometer will record 30 below or colder. That has not been true of several recent winters, as those have been unusually mild. The present, both in snowfall and in temperature, seems to be inclined more nearly to approach the normal.

PEOPLE EAST AND SOUTH who read in their papers of the cold weather we are having in the northwest will wonder how we manage to exist, notwithstanding the well-known fact that temperature is only one of several factors which affect human comfort. I shivered all one day in Charleston, South Carolina, when the temperature was barely below freezing in spots not reached by direct sunshine. I wore a heavy overcoat in Florida, and was mightily glad to have it with me. I have never been in California, but I am told that weather at all near the freezing point is exceedingly uncomfortable there. An I have been perfectly comfortable in the Red river valley working out of doors at 30 below. Humidity and wind have much to do with it, and here our air is torridly dry and our low temperatures are seldom accompanied by high wind.

CHICAGO HAD A TEMPERATURE of 5 below zero on Sunday night. That means real suffering. The fact that the city is right on the lake front makes an important difference, and the wind seems to find its way into one's very marrow. More important, however, is the fact that in Chicago, as in very large city, there are multitudes of unfortunates who in the most favorable weather are barely to exist in moderate bodily comfort. For them a drop of a few degrees means suffering such as is entirely absent from our smaller cities.

LOOKING FROM MY WINDOW on Christmas afternoon—I didn't spend much time out of doors myself—I saw small children playing in the snow and having a perfectly wonderful time. Other and older youngsters made long tramps on skis. They were warmly clad, of course, and, being warmly clad exercising vigorously, they suffered no inconvenience from the cold. There may have been occasional frost-bites, for 30 below is 30 below when cheeks and noses are exposed.

FROST-BITE IS APT TO OCCUR in any severe weather, and we shall doubtless always have a survival of the old tradition that the thing to do for a frozen nose or ear is to rub it vigorously with snow. That is distinctly not the thing to do. If the freezing is severe rubbing may do serious injury by breaking the skin or setting up dangerous irritation. What is needed is the slow thawing of the frozen part without friction.

IF ONE IS AWAY FROM SHELTER and notices the tingling of an ear or is reminded of a white patch on one cheek, covering the affected part with the hand is about as good as anything. The frozen part will thaw slowly from the warmth within if protected from further exposure. Indoors the application of very cold water, or its equivalent, melting snow, serves the purpose very well, but there should be no rubbing, and the application of snow at its usual temperature on a bitter day is worse than useless. In any case freezing is quite apt to result in swelling and peeling, for which there is no remedy. Severe freezing is not to be trifled with and in such cases expert attention should be obtained as quickly as possible.
EVERYONE IS FAMILIAR with the fact that most of our birds are migratory, nesting in the north, some at stopping places along the way, and some far within the Arctic circle, and spending the winter in the south. Less familiar are the migratory habits of four-footed animals, some of which are seasonal, while others occur irregularly and for reasons which have not been well established. One of the most mysterious of the movements is that of the lemmings of the Scandinavian peninsula, which end always in the sea. Naturalists have devoted years of study to these movements, and the results of some of their studies are summarized in an article in the New York Times.

**THE PRESENT MIGRATION** of gray squirrels from New England states to new areas is likened to the famous treks of the Norway lemming. Like the restless Scandinavian rodent, the squirrels, which are also irregular migrants, are crossing bridges and swimming rivers just as they did in the “grand squirrel trek” of 1866. Scientists cite overcrowding and an insufficient food supply as possible factors in the new movement, factors that enter into the migratory habits of many wild animals. Some naturalists are inclined to call the present flight an emigration rather than a migration, and assert that squirrels do not as a rule return to haunts once deserted.

**MIGRATIONS OF HUGE** herds of wild animals have been a puzzle to naturalists. Why certain species move on annually only to return again to familiar territory, why other species dig and stay through good and bad weather, are questions still to be adequately answered. Authorities at the Museum of Natural History say that certain well-known groups of animals may always be counted on to migrate with changing seasons. The caribou, elk, certain bats, the whale, are among the number. Trappers have observed that the lynx is migratory, and also the marten and the hare, though the wolf and fox remain in one locality unless starved out.

**THE SHREWDOMESS OF THE** caribou in sensing the time to move has often been noted. “Wise old mother caribou,” Ernest Thompson Seton has observed, “with her well-grown child pointing her nose south in October. She travels daily, quickly, pertinaciously — twenty miles, forty, sometimes sixty miles a day. The passing storm that sends the snow-bird and the long-spur south is nothing to her. But when the snow (in her northern home) does not die at noon she starts.”

**THE CARIBOU DOES NOT** return until she feels sure that food in the homeland is obtainable. Moose and the common variety of deer, it is said, do not have this migratory sense; frequently they got snowed in and die, marooned in a snow prison.

**THAT FLYING MAMMAL, THE** bat, goes south as regularly as frost turns the leaves. While certain species hibernate, what scientists call the local, Eastern type, goes as far as Georgia and sometimes beyond, returning to New England and New York in the late spring.

**NO MORE BEWILDERING** scramble, call it emigration, migration or what you will, takes place than that of Norway’s lemming, which a legend holds, is ever searching for its ancestors buried with the lost Atlantis. These tiny, bright-eyed animals periodically start from the mountains of Norway and Sweden and travel day after day toward the sea.

**OVERROWDING, IT IS BELIEVED, is what sends them forth by hundreds of thousands to find new homes. But once started, they never stay; they cross streams and swim lakes several miles wide, taking every obstacle in their stride, finally reaching the sea, where many of them drown. Next to the journey of the king salmon of the Pacific coast upstream to spawn and die, the lemming migration is one of the strangest of natural phenomena.**

**IN THE SEA THERE ARE ALSO** migrations. The whales of the cold Antarctic travel from area to area, their movements apparently being governed by their breeding habits and by the available supply of plankton on which they feed. Bels, too, breeding in mid-Atlantic, are known to cross the ocean, going west to the American coast and east to the rivers and bays of Europe.
MR. WRIGHT REPORTS THAT
he worked out the problem for
beginners quite easily, but he cannot
follow the solution on another given
by Mr. McConnachie. Perhaps
this is the one for which Mr. Mc-
Connachie sent a correction a few
days ago.

WHEN CHARLES DICKENS
died he left partly finished the
story "The Mystery of Edwin
Drood," and since then many writ-
ers have attempted to complete
the story and give the solution of
the problem presented as they be-
lieve Dickens himself intended it.
It is not so well known that Dick-
ens left the manuscript of another
book which has never yet been
published, and which never will
be published if the wish of its au-
thor continues to be respected.

THIS UNPUBLISHED WORK
is a story of the life of Jesus which
Davies
spinning yarns about the terrible
winters of long ago his young
grandson can come back with
some day than you ever had when you
younger generation. Let them en-
tinue their studies, and the distinc-
tio which she has won in being
good -a.m.,

In describing this work Sir Henry
F. Dickens, in an article written
shortly before his own death
wrote:

"IT IS THE SIMPLE STORY
of a beautiful life, told without
any kind of polemical discussion.
That manuscript I have in my pos-
session; but it has never been made
public. My father expressed a
wish that it should not be pub-
lished, since it was not intended
as a literary effort and should not there-
fore stand before the public beside
his other books. As his son, I
have felt myself bound by such a
wish on his part, and can only men-
tion it as a fact in support of my
general proposition.

THE SON'S LOYALTY TO THE
memory of his father and his re-
spect for the father's wish are
wholly admirable. It is easy, also,
to understand the reluctance of the
writer who had already achieved a
great reputation in literature, and
who was bent on maintaining and
increasing it, to have published a
simple story which he had written,
not for the great reading public,
but for his own children. Yet
one cannot avoid the feeling that
such a book, written by such a
man, and for exactly that purpose,
would be a valuable contribution
to society now.

THE "GENERAL PROPOSITION"
to which Sir Henry refers
is that in all that he wrote his
father was governed by profound
religious sentiment, and that it was
in that spirit that he wrote, es-
pecially, his famous Christmas
stories. This spirit is shown in the
letter which Dickens wrote to his
son Henry when the latter first
went to Cambridge, in which he
said: