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William Preston Davies

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"SHUT OFF FROM THE
world, no street cars running, no
telephone or telephone connections,
only the autos of the brave (or are
they reckless?) plowing through
the rivers which we once called streets—
good time to enjoy talking to
friends far away, since one can't
to those near at
hand."

The above is the opening para
graph of a let-
ter received by Miss Elizabeth
Burnham, secre-
tary of the Grand
Forks Y. W. C. A., from her friend
Miss Anne Guthrie, advisory con-
sultant of the Y. W. C. A. in Ma-
nila. The letter was begun on the
morning following the great ty-
phoon which struck Manila on Oc-
tober 15, and was written in in-
stallments as the facts relating to
the great storm became available.

* * *
MISS GUTHRIE AND MISS
Burnham were associated in Y. W.
C. A. work in Chile. In that work
both have visited many of the re-
 mote places of the earth, and Miss
Guthrie writes casually of treas-
ures which she has gathered in Ja-
pan, South America and India,
some of which she had installed in
her Manila home not long before
the storm.

* * *
ON THE EVENING OF THE
storm there was no hint of the
tragedy which was to follow with-
in a few hours. Miss Guthrie had
attended a supper-dance which the
governor general had given in hon-
or of a personal guest. The party
was given in the magnificent
house built for the Spanish governors
long before the United States took
until his return. Almost no
storm there was no hint of the four
 ships lie on the rock—Oaters
of which she had installed in
through roads and
above the nipa huts, thousands of them
in the poorer sections of the city.
They are little box-like, tructures, elephone or telephone connections, with thatched walls and roofs set
high up off the ground on poles.
Maria, our little maid, tells us that
in her province when the typhoon
comes "the roofs fly into the sky
like birds." One wondered how
many hundred such birds there
were at that very moment.

* * *
"IF THE WARNING SIGNAL
had gone up in time men would
have been seen putting poles
against their huts to anchor them
down. But last night people went
in a wild rain with only
signal No. 1 up-against
official concern. We woke this
morning to find that No. 7 had taken
command in the night.

* * *
"TVE HEARD PEOPLE TELL
of storms at sea when one prayed
for the dawn. I never quite appre-
ciated what that experience was.
But as we lay
in the pitch
blackness, and tried to
guess the hour and how long it would be un-
til day would come, I understood.
When the first tiny shadow of light
appeared on the wall one heaved
a sigh of relief and slept a little,
for the wind had subsided even
though the gales were in torrents.

* * *
THIS MORNING THE CITY IS
a wreck, great trees uprooted ev-
everywhere, hundreds and hundreds
of them, fallen giants sprawling
across roads and sidewalks. Those
which have remained standing are
almost leafless, naked, stripped
of their adornment; windows are
broken in, roofs are off
houses; four ships lie on the rocks (later—
34 ships have been damaged or
lost). What has happened in the
nipa huts we do not know. The
boy' who works next door waded
in up to their knees in
house putting his wife and children
on the bed to try to keep them dry
until his return. Almost no stores
are open; no one could get to
work.

* * *
"THE STRUGGLES OF THOSE
in our neighborhood who have tried
to reach their offices have been
most entertaining. A few men
have rolled up their trousers
and waded in up to their knees in
the street by our apartment house.
Four men just went by in bathing
suit. Rolled up trousers, 'shorts'
and many astonishing improvised
shoes have gone by. The shout of
the 'boys' of the neighboring
houses, however, have gone to mar-
et as usual, wading in and out re-
gardless of getting trousers and
shoes soaking wet.

I HAD INTENDED TO MAKE
a few selections from this letter for
today's column only, but the de-
scriptions have gripped me and I
have just kept pounding along un-
til I am now only about the mid-
dle of it. Therefore the latter will
be "continued in our next."
THE FACT THAT THE PHILIPPINES have just been swept by another destructive typhoon lends additional interest to the description of the storm of October 15 given by Miss Anne Guthrie in a letter from which excerpts were published on Saturday. Further paragraphs from Miss Guthrie's letter follow:

"People who have lived here for years say this is the worst typhoon they can remember, so I am getting a real experience! September brings them always, October sometimes, but they vary in degree and if the center is not near, their force may be expended out at sea and we get only the fringe. But Signal No. 7 means 'Typhoon center very near'. Dangerous gales and heavy squalls. Precautions same as for Nos. 5, 6 and 7. And Nos. 5 and 6 announce, 'Strengthen moorings as much as possible. Lower and secure all gear. Use steam to help anchors—no vessels under way.'

"SUDDENLY WE REALIZED that all the friends to whom we said goodbye last night, who were to sail at 2:00 A.M. this morning, are probably still at the pier after a night that they'll long remember. (They finally sailed the following day.)"

"A FEW HOURS LATER: SUCH a world, I've been out for a couple of hours seeing the sights. Ships on the rocks; trees, great magnificent trees last low; streets that are running rivers; autos stuck; people wading through waist deep waters; houses blown down; destruction everywhere. The Red Cross is having three emergency relief stations for the homeless but as yet they cannot get to the poorer sections to know what the situation is for many thousands are under water. In many places people have been going about in bancas (a kind of canoe)."

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"THE 'PINK SHEET' GIVES another news and is one of the most interesting sections of the morning paper. Four pink pages are filed with news and advertisements about both passenger and cargo ships, the coming and going of mail, comments on special ships, tide and weather reports, meteorological report from the observatory, barometric heights, rainfall to date, rainfall this year, extremes of temperature for yesterday, the preceding month, the preceding year,

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THE MANNER IN WHICH LOCAL communications were severed by the October typhoon in the Philippines is indicated by the statement by Miss Anne Guthrie in her letter from Manila concerning the manner in which news of the storm reached Baguio, the mountain resort just back from Manila, "the popular place to go when one needs to cool off." Manila was wrecked, but Baguio knew nothing of the storm.

"That night," writes Miss Guthrie, "they calmly slept with only an ordinary rain, unaware that we were being lashed to pieces and all telephone and telegraph connections with them were being broken. Next morning, someone with a powerful short wave radio set was listening in on world news being broadcast from London, and imagine his amazement to hear from the other side that Manila had been struck by the worst typhoon in 30 years.

"BAGUIO HOLDS THE Association of University Women, world's record for rainfall. Father Selga, head of the weather bureau, told us he spoke to the American that on one of the record days 46 inches of rain fell in 24 hours. One day of rainfall in Baguio was equal to 28 years in Arizona, and a certain 33 days had equaled 142 years in Yuma or 2,700 years in Iquique, Chile. This year Baguio's rainfall to date is approximately 220 inches, which is twice what it was in all of 1933.

"THE DAY AFTER THE storm Radio Station KZRM tried in vain to get in contact with its transmitting station on Manila Heights seven miles away. However, they discovered that connections could be made via San Francisco. So, over a 14,000 mile circuit they communicated with their neighbors. Our recently established long distance telephone connection with Japan also proved useful. The director of the Manila Red Cross is attending the International Red Cross convention now meeting in Tokyo. He immediately called the Manila office, secured information, gave instructions to his fellow workers, and cheered them with 'call me if necessary.'

"GOVERNOR GENERAL MURPHY is untiring in his efforts to coordinate all the relief work and make it as effective as possible. In order to stop profiteering the government is buying and selling crops at cost to those who must rebuild their homes. And in addition a committee in charge of the director of the forestry bureau is already at work on the task of replanting trees and beautifying the city once again. Manila will recover fairly quickly. The provinces are the greatest problem, for rice crops as well as homes have been destroyed, and there will be the future problem of food as well as the present one to meet."

A PART OF MISS GUTHRIE'S letter is devoted to description of the activities of Filipino women, many of whom are actively engaged in the various professions and in business. They have invaded the economic life of the Philippines far more than women have in the countries of South America. One of the interesting things noted in Filipino family life is that the wife manages the finances. The husband turns over his pay check to her and she is the one who pays the bills and doles out the allowances to the various members of the family. Miss Guthrie mentions especially the charm and culture of the Filipino women whom she has met in connection with her Y. W. C. A. work.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE HAS been an important issue in the Philippines. Last year the legislature passed a law granting the franchise to women, to take effect in January, 1935, and there was great rejoicing when the governor signed the bill. They, to the surprise and amazement of all, the sub-committee on suffrage of the constitutional convention came out against suffrage for women. There were hearings in open sessions before the committee, and the women presented and answered arguments in splendid fashion, but to no avail. Unless something unexpected occurs suffrage under the commonwealth will be the right of men only.

MISS GUTHRIE'S LETTER was written at intervals of several days following the great storm. Since it was written several other typhoons have swept portions of the islands, the latest occurring last week. This particular storm did not touch Manila. Because of lack of means of communication reports of damage from it are only fragmentary.
THE LITTLE QUINTUPLETS

half a year old, are doing well. Born of parents poor and obscure, away in a forest wilderness scarcely touched by civilization, they live, sheltered and secure, in a little hospital built for their special use, attended by the best obtainable nurses, each babe having her own personal baby carriage with name plate on it. These comforts and luxuries are the gifts of strangers moved by a development of life in an unusual way, and eager to express their human interest.

ASIDE FROM ITS PAGEANTRY the wedding of royalty presented some unusual features. The groom is the son of the reigning monarch of a great empire. The bride, daughter of a prince exiled from his own country, and with nothing of royalty remaining except the title. One of the guests at the wedding was the official representative of the Grecian republic, from which country the bride's family is exiled. The Hohenzollern family was conspicuous by its absence from the festivities. Herr Hitler who wields more power than most kings and emperors have possessed, sent a telegram of congratulation.

IN THE PARADES, LAVISH display and wild popular acclaim attending the wedding festivities there is abundant material for the scorn of the cynic. What is it all for, and what does it amount to? Well, I don't know. What is a picture good for, and what does a rosy sunset amount to? Why climb to the top of a mountain only to look down? Why play a football game? Why do anything that does not contribute directly to animal existence and animal comfort?

BACK OF SUCH A SPECTACLE as that in London the other day lie the traditions of centuries, the building of a nation, the development of its culture, the struggles of its founders and the great deeds that have been performed and the crimes that have been committed in its name. It touches on literature and art, on social science and economic change. It is an expression of a sentiment which is rooted deep in the very life of a people.

LOYALTY TO THE REIGNING monarch is not the only kind of loyalty which marks the British tradition. It is a part of the loyalty which often included the lord of...
AN OLD CARTOON recent­ly republished ridicules Thomas A. Edison and his newfangled electric light. The picture shows a light globe exploding, and above it, being blown into space by the explosion, is Edison himself, grasping a sack labeled “people's money.” What fools people were to put their money into such a crazy enterprise! Bell's device for talking over a wire was subject to equal ridicule. In the first place, it was perfectly clear that nobody could talk over a wire. It was contrary to nature. In the second place, why should anyone want to talk over a wire, even admitting the thing to be possible? The natural way of talking had sufficed human beings ever since creation, and it was sacrilege to attempt to improve on it. Merely another scheme to extract money from foolish people!

FORTY YEARS AGO THE horseless carriage was a favorite topic for jest. It was admitted that a wagon could be propelled by an engine on a level paved street. But the operation of an engine required the services of an engineer, and it was obviously impossible for the ordinary citizen to acquire the technical skill required in such work. Engines would be balking on the roofs of one of our tall buildings. A few accepted the invitation, and I suppose they still have their stock certificates carefully filed away. For some reason the thing failed to click.

THIRTY-ONE YEARS AGO two crazy bicycle repair men were said to have made a strange machine actually fly through the air, carrying one of the pair with it. Scarcely anyone believed the yarn, for not only has flying been shown to be impossible, in thousands of experiments, but some of the best scientists of the day had demonstrated its impossibility by careful calculations. Utterly absurd!

TODAY THE ELECTRIC light, the telephone, the automobile and the airplane are among the most commonplace things that we have. The manufacture of them has given rise to some of our greatest industries and their use has revolutionized the lives of hundreds of millions. Fortunes aggregating billions of dollars have been made out of those inventions, yet the investment of money in each of them was decried as ‘wildly visionary. On the other hand, the success of each of these inventions has been urged as a sound reason for investment in other novelties which seemed no more impractical than the others.

A SCORE OF YEARS AGO promoters interested several Grand Forks people in a scheme for the building of an electric rail line from Minneapolis to the Pacific, whose trains were to travel at 90 miles an hour, and investors were cited the experience of those who had already made fortunes by getting in on the ground floor of the telephone business. Some did get in on the ground floor of the new railroad and presently found themselves stuck in the mud of the cellar. Some of the promoters went to jail.

STILL LATER OUR PEOPLE were invited to buy stock in a wireless enterprise, featuring a system which would throw all wire service into the discard. Negotiations were instituted for space for equipment on the roofs of one of our tall buildings. A few accepted the invitation, and I suppose they still have their stock certificates carefully filed away. For some reason the thing failed to click.

PROMOTERS OF A NEW SENSATION call attention to the big fortunes which have been made in new devices. Often their citations are correct. But they fail to call attention to the money that has been lost in the development and promotion of those same successes-day devices. The automobile business has made fortunes for a few persons. But what has become of the scores of automobile companies of which one never hears today? A lot of people got in on the grounds floor of those concerns, and got no farther. The history of practically every important enterprise is dotted along the way with failures. The promotion of any new enterprise is extra hazardous, and only those can engage in it safely who have money which they can afford to lose.
A FRIEND WRITES ME THAT in his copy of the London Times of October 31, 1934, there is republished an item from the Times of October 31, 1834, telling of an address in Glasgow by Lord Durham on an important political issue. The reporters started from Glasgow with their copy for London at midnight Wednesday night. They reached London at 8 Friday morning. It took them 32 hours to make the journey of approximately 400 miles. The address was of great importance, dealing with household suffrage, triennial parliaments and a vote by ballot.

IN THE TIMES JUST 100 years later is the story of the London to Melbourne air race in which the aviators Scott and Campbell made the trip in 2 days, 23 hours, or 71 hours all told, covering 12,000 miles at an average rate of 120 miles an hour. In the same issue there is a letter from a subscriber thanking the management for prompt service, saying that at 8:25 A.M. in London he was reading in the paper the story of the flight which had been finished at 5:23 that same morning.

THUS, WHILE ONE HUNDRED years ago it took the speediest transportation known to carry news from Glasgow to London, 400 miles, in 32 hours, this year it took the newspaper report three hours to travel twelve thousand miles and appear on the printed page and be delivered to subscribers. How nearly has the quality of our life kept pace with its speed?

MILO WALKER OF BOWES- mont got a thrill out of the "honorable mention" given Maurice, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norval Ardles in the national baby contest at the world's fair, for the little chap is Mr. Walker's great grandson. The award carries with it the gift of a gold medal suitably inscribed. As there were over 100,000 babies entered in the contest the child's family have reason to be pleased.

MR. WALKER NOTICED THE item in this column some weeks ago about the single ox yoke, which was entirely new to me, and to others who learned of it. Mr. Walker, however, knows all about ox yokes, both single and double, for he has made and used both kinds. He writes:

"IT WAS A PRETTY NICE job to make a double yoke, but not so much to make a single one. We used the single ones for light work swamping out trees and rail cuts. With the single yoke you have to use traces or tugs attached to the ends, with a whippletree at the rear. We used the single yokes sometimes on the roads in the winter when the oxen got the notion of crowding, as they couldn't do that singly. We also shod our oxen sometimes. The shoes were in two pieces. I doubt if there are many persons living who know of that kind of work."

I AM GLAD THAT MR. WALKER has cleared up the mystery about the single ox yoke. As to the shoeing of oxen, I have seen it done occasionally. So far as I know only those oxen were shod which were used for teaming on hard roads. As a rule oxen did not take kindly to being shod as did horses, and it was common practice to build a frame of quite heavy timber in which the animal was confined with he could not kick or plunge around. I've been trying to think of the name that was given to that contraption, but I can't recall it. Something similar was occasionally used for unruly horses.

AL. KINCAID WAS OVER AT Bemidji not long ago, and he says that he saw there the greatest collection of wild ducks that he ever laid eyes on. At first he said there were billions of them. Then he reduced the figures to millions, and he let it stand at that. The birds, he said, were very tame, seeming to know that they were safe in that protected area. Almost all, it seemed, were either canvasbacks or Mallards. Scarcely any of the smaller varieties were visible.

EVERY LITTLE WHILE I read something about the "crackling aurora," and the subject is treated as if crackling were commonly observed in connection with northern lights. Perhaps it is, but I have never heard of it. I have heard and read the statements of travelers who report that toward the Arctic circle when aurora displays are especially brilliant there is sometimes heard a crackling sound which is attributed to the aurora. I don't question that at all. But I have lived all my life in this approximate latitude and have seen very brilliant displays, but never a crackle have I heard that seemed to me from the sky.
IN A MAGAZINE ARTICLE
Andre Siegfried writes: "I remem-
ber very well December 31, 1899; a
new century was to begin the fol-
lowing day." For a year or so be-
fore M. Siegfried's date, and for
some time thereafter, there had
been dispute as to when the new
century would be-
gin, and gradually
most people had reached the
conclusion that the
twentieth cen-
tury would begin
on January 1,
1901. Probably M. Siegfried un-
derstands that as well as anyone.
Doubtless his statement is a mere
mechanical slip rather than a mis-
calculating.

WHILE THE DEBATE LAST-
ed, however, it was fast and fur-
ious, and all sorts of fantastic cal-
culations were made to prove one
contention or the other. But if you
could get your antagonist to ad-
mit that the first century began
with the year 1, it was usually pos-
sible to lead him on through ad-
mission that the second century
began with 101 and the third with
201 to the final conclusion that the
twentieth must begin with 1901.
One quite prominent man refused
to give up. He was H. H. Kohl-
saat, publisher of the Chicago Rec-
ord. He had been a prominent fig-
ure in politics and was credited
with responsibility for the sound
money plank of the Republican
convention of 1896. Kohlsaat clung
stubbornly and tenaciously to the
1900 theory, and he never did give
up. Long after everyone else had
forgotten the subject he wrote ar-
ticles intended to prove that the
rest of the world was a year be-
hind the true time.

THIS YEAR NEW YORK IS
said to have one of the biggest nut
crops in its history, and this state-
ment has no political bearing.
Hickory nuts, walnuts, butternuts,
beechnuts and hazel nuts are re-
ported to be abundant in the woods
of New York state, and the boys
have been having a fine time gath-
ering them. The one nut whose ab-
sence is noted is the chestnut.
Blight swept away practically all
the chestnut trees, of which the
state once had some magnificent
groves.

IT IS SELDOM THAT I HEAR
or read of chestnuts without think-
ing of Indian summer in a south-
ern Ontario forest. Down in Brant
county we had a stretch of coun-
try, fairly sandy, in which chest-
nut groves abounded. Several
chestnuts are contained in one
burr which, with its prickly spines,
may be almost as large as a base-
ball. Those burrs are tricky things
to handle, and opening one before
its proper time is no pleasant job.
But Jack Frost does the job with
neatness and dispatch. The burrs
ripen and the spines harden, a few
light frosts cover the earth with
leaves. Then, some clear night,
comes a real nipping frost, followed
by a warm, still day. That is
the time for a stroll in the woods.
Squirrels are busy laying away
their stores, but otherwise there
is intense silence except for the
slight sound made by the chestnut
burs as they open under the
warmth of the sun's rays, and the
"ping" as the nuts drop into the
leaves below.

VEGETATION SEEMS TO BE
more greatly affected by latitude in
Ontario than here in the northwest.
In Brant and adjoining counties,
east and west, we had in abund-
ance all the nuts that I have men-
tioned. In northern Huron coun-
ty, less than 100 miles north, not
many of them were to be found.
In the south the woods were full
of beech trees; in the north beech
was rare. Around Brantford
grapes were grown commercially
on a fairly large scale, but except
in occasional seasons grapes did
not ripen well in northern Huron
county. No such differences are
noted between Fargo and Grand
Forks or between Grand Forks and
Pembina.

I ACKNOWLEDGE WITH AP-
preciative thanks receipt of a copy
of the booklet "Just Rambling
Along" by Harry O'Brien, publisher
of the Walsh County Press at Park
River. O'Brien has incorporated in
the booklet some of the wisdom
and humor which he gets regularly
into his weekly column. He has a
cheerful philosophy which is some-
times disguised under pungent ex-
pression, and his observations are
always readable.

FOR A LONG TIME I HELD
the same opinion that O'Brien
holds concerning the uselessness of
some things, such, for instance, as
fleas and mosquitoes. But Mark
Twain enlightened me on the sub-
ject of fleas. He thought that it
was good for a dog to have fleas
because it took his mind off being
a dog. Perhaps mosquitoes have
their place, also.
AT THE MEETING OF THE Federal Council of Churches at Dayton, Ohio, it was announced that agreement had been reached among Protestant and Greek Orthodox churches in approval of the proposed world calendar which fixes the date of Easter permanently on April 16 instead of having that festival occur anywhere between March 22 and April 28. The calendar retains the present twelve months, but changes the number of days in each month to avoid having that festival occur on Sunday. This calendar differs from another proposed international calendar in that it makes no change in the number of months, and that its months contain fractional weeks. The other calendar, usually known as the “International,” has thirteen months, each of four weeks. This has been urged because of its removal of the inconvenience in adjusting weekly and monthly schedules in business accounting. Both changes are vigorously opposed by Seventh Day Adventists and some Jewish organizations because once each year, and twice in leap year, the week, from Sunday to Sunday, will consist of eight instead of seven days.

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THIS CALENDAR DIFFERS from another proposed international calendar in that it makes no change in the number of months, and that its months contain fractional weeks. The other calendar, usually known as the “International,” has thirteen months, each of four weeks. This has been urged because of its removal of the inconvenience in adjusting weekly and monthly schedules in business accounting. Both changes are vigorously opposed by Seventh Day Adventists and some Jewish organizations because once each year, and twice in leap year, the week, from Sunday to Sunday, will consist of eight instead of seven days.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE to discover the origin of the very common practice of making long-term land leases 99 instead of 100 years. I suppose there is a tradition back of the practice. One reason that I have seen advanced for making leases for very long terms is that in feudal days the baron or other lord of the manor did not actually own the property but held as the king’s tenant, and although his title might be practically perpetual, he could not give a deed to the property. The long-term lease was therefore substituted.

IT IS SAID THAT BACK IN those early days a thrifty Scot, negotiating for a tract of land, agreed to accept a 999-year lease and papers were to be drawn to that effect. On leaving the manor-hall he got to thinking it over, and he realized that while the lease would be a long one, nevertheless it would terminate some day and he didn’t like the idea of his descendants being dispossessed at the end of 999 years. Accordingly he returned and insisted that another 50 years be added to the term, which was done.

* * *

NI 9TY-NINE-YEAR LEASES are common in the older large cities. Many of New York’s big buildings stand on land covered by such leases. Some have been renewed. Some have expired and title had reverted to the representatives of the original owners. Grand Forks has at least one 99-year lease, covering the site occupied by the fraternity building on the campus, just across the coulee. While 99 years seems a long time, and while several of the parties to the original transaction are still living and going strong, that lease has run about half its course.

A DILIGENT BIBLE STUDENT, who modestly wishes to remain anonymous suggests that in the 47th chapter of Genesis, beginning at the 12th verse, the names of Wallace and Roosevelt be substituted for those of Joseph and Pharaoh and that if that be done a striking parallel will be found between the methods of relieving distress 3,000 years ago and those employed now. A few selections from the text as written may impel the reader to look up the entire story:

* * *

"AND WHEN MONEY FAILED in the land of Egypt, and in the land of Canaan, all the Egyptians came unto Joseph and said ‘Give us bread, for why should we die in thy presence? for the money fail.’" "And Joseph said, ‘Give your cattle, and I will give you for your cattle, if money fail.’"

"AND THEY BROUGHT THEIR cattle unto Joseph; and Joseph gave them bread in exchange for horses, and for the flocks, and for the cattle of the herds, and for the asses; and he fed them with bread for all their cattle for that year."

"WHEN THAT YEAR WAS ended they came unto him the second year, and said unto him ‘We will not hide it from my lord, how that our money is spent; my lord also hath our herds of cattle; there is not ought left in the sight of my lord, but our bodies and our lands.’ " ‘Wherefore shall we die before thine eyes, both we and our land? Buy us and our land for bread, and we and our land will be servants unto Pharaoh; and give us seed, that we may live, and not die, that the land be not desolate.’"

FOR THE SEQUEL THE READER is referred to the remainder of the text. Joseph was a competent business man, and he succeeded in establishing the government of Pharaoh as the biggest business institution on earth at that time.
WORD COMES FROM THE Pacific coast of the presentation at the Padua Hills theater, Pasadena, of Dr. Gottfried Hult's translation of Ibsen's "Love's Comedy." Dr. Hult completed his translation of "Peer Gynt" some time ago, and the play has been received with enthusiasm by many audiences. "Love's Comedy" seems likely to be equally successful. An interesting fact is that this play, translated from the original by a North Dakota author, was directed in its premier by a North Dakota producer and director, Gilmore Brown, whose Community Theater in Pasadena is said to be the most successful of its kind. Mr. Brown is a native of New Salem, North Dakota, where his father was a homesteader, village merchant, Indian trader and Missouri river steamboat man. The son seemed to have been born with the dramatic instinct, for at a very early age he became conspicuous in amateur dramatic entertainments. He traveled with road companies, studied in New York, and presently became famous as one of the leading directors of the Pacific coast.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PRODUCTION of "Love's Comedy" indicate that the spirit which Ibsen gave to the play, and which was given faithful expression by the translator's discriminating use of words and meter, was accentuated by the artistry of the director in groupings, settings and musical accompaniments. Norwegian music was used throughout the play, and effective use was made of musical passages which have taken their place among the established traditions of the Norwegian people.

DR. HULT IS TO BE CONGRATULATED on the initial success of this play. He is a devotee of Ibsen, and is qualified by both inheritance, association and the study which only a lover of great literature can give to the work of a master, to present Ibsen at his best to English-speaking readers and players. Critics have been enthusiastic over his "Peer Gynt," which the London Times "suggests some of its qualities which have not hitherto been expressed in English," and which William Lyon Phelps thinks "makes the original more interest-
TO THOSE WHO WERE ASSOCIATED WITH HIM PROFESSIONALLY DURING HIS WORK IN NORTH DAKOTA, THE LATE JUDGE ANDREW A. BRUCE WILL BE REMEMBERED FOR HIS LEGAL ERUDITION, HIS SKILL AND PATIENCE AS A TEACHER IN THE LAW SCHOOL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA, AND THE CLARITY OF HIS REASONING IN DISPOSING OF CASES BROUGHT BEFORE HIM AS A MEMBER OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH DAKOTA. TO A HOST OF OTHERS HE WILL BE REMEMBERED FOR HIS BROAD CULTURE, HIS GENIAL HUMOR, HIS HUMAN SYMPATHY AND HIS INCURABLE SCOTTISH ACCENT.


FOR MANY YEARS HIS FATHER HAD BEEN AN OFFICER OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN INDIA, AND SEVERAL OF HIS RELATIVES CONTINUED TO OCCUPY PROMINENT POSITIONS IN THAT COUNTRY. THOSE FACTS HAD BROUGHT JUDGE BRUCE INTO INTIMATE CONTACT WITH INDIAN AFFAIRS, AND HE WAS A DILIGENT AND SYMPATHETIC STUDENT OF THE HISTORY AND THE PROBLEMS OF THAT COUNTRY. ONE OF JUDGE BRUCE'S RELATIVES MARRIED A YOUNG INDIAN LADY, THE DAUGHTER OF A FAMILY OF DISTINCTION. IT TOOK SOME TIME TO OVERCOME FAMILY OPPOSITION TO THE MATCH. CORRECTING A FRIEND'S ASSUMPTION THAT THE OPPOSITION CAME FROM THE GROOM'S FAMILY, JUDGE BRUCE SAID "NOT AT ALL. THE OBJECTIONS CAME FROM THE OTHER SIDE, AND WHY NOT? WHAT HAD WE TO BOAST OF? WHY, THAT GIRL'S ANCESTORS HAD BEEN SAGES AND SCIENTISTS AND PHILOSOPHERS AND STATESMEN WHEN OURS WERE RUNNING BARE-LEGGED UP AND DOWN THE HILLS OF SCOTLAND."

TWO LOCAL LADIES WERE DISCUSSING THEIR READING. ONE SAID:

"I DON'T SEEM TO GET ANY TIME TO READ. I'M AWAY BEHIND AND CAN'T CATCH UP." THE OTHER SAID: "I MAKE IT A POINT TO KEEP RIGHT UP TO DATE WITH MY READING, EVEN IF I HAVE TO LET SOME OTHER THINGS GO. FIRST THING IN THE MORNING I GRAB THE HERALD AND STUDY DICK TRACY AND LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE. THEN I TURN TO THE FRONT PAGE TO FIND OUT WHO'S GOVERNOR TODAY. THEN I'M READY FOR A DAY'S WORK."

E. K. LARSGAARD, THE BENTRU COUNTRY MERCHANT WHO WAS BRUTALLY BEATEN AND ROBBED LAST WEEK, HAS BEEN THE VICTIM OF TWO OTHER ROBBERIES, IN ONE OF WHICH HE WAS BEATEN. A BACHELOR, HE LIVED ALONE IN QUARTERS IN HIS STORE BUILDING, WHICH IS ONE MILE NORTH OF THE TRAILL COUNTY LINE AND ABOUT 8 MILES EAST OF REYNOLDS. HIS ONLY NEIGHBORS ARE FARMERS, THE NEAREST OF WHOM LIVES SOME DISTANCE AWAY.


ONE OTHER PLACE IN THE UNITED STATES, AWAY DOWN IN MISSISSIPPI, BEARS THE NAME "WHYNOT," FOR WHAT REASON I DO NOT KNOW.

TO ALLAY THE FEARS OF ANY WHO MAY HAVE BEEN DISTURBED OVER THE PROSPECT OF THE STATE RUNNING OUT OF GOVERNORS, OR PERSONS ELIGIBLE, I CALL ATTENTION TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL PROVISION THAT IN CASE OF THE DEATH, DISQUALIFICATION OR OTHER DISABILITY OF THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, THE PRESIDENT PRO TEM OF THE SENATE SHALL SUCCEED TO THAT OFFICE AND PERFORM ITS FUNCTIONS, AND CAN ELECT PRESIDENTS PRO TEM AS FAST AS THEY BECOME DISQUALIFIED, THEREAPPEARS TO BE NO IMMEDIATE DANGER OF THE SUPPLY RUNNING SHORT.
Looking over a Herald file of thirty years ago I was impressed, as I usually am in such cases, by the quantity and variety of dramatic entertainments joyed by Grand Forks in those days “away back when.” That seems to have been just an average sort of winter, yet during a few months the Grand Forks theater-goers saw Lewis Morrison in “Faust”; Roselle Knott in “Cousin Kate,” the Manse Opera company in a repertory of classical selections, Augustus Thomas’ famous play “Arizona,” “the Devil’s Auction,” “Human Hearts,” one of the outstanding down East plays, Daniel Sully in “Our Pastor,” an evening of “bioscope” pictures, predecessors of the modern movies, and Thomas and Joseph Jefferson Jr., in “The School for Scandal.” These are merely selections from a much longer list covering one winter. Is it any wonder that old-timers hold the Metropolitan in affectionate remembrance? * * *

Joseph Jefferson the elder never played in Grand Forks, but his son William appeared here in “Rip Van Winkle,” the play which his father made famous and which contributed so much to his father’s fame.

An Incident in connection with “Arizona” illustrates the thoroughness of research with which Augustus Thomas put into all his work. Certain cavalrymen in the play were shown armed with Sharpe’s carbine. An officer wrote to Thomas complaining of what he characterized as an inaccuracy, and explaining that at the period of the play the Sharpe had been succeeded by the Krag-Jorgenson. Thomas replied, citing records to show that at that time, while Krags had been issued to the infantry, the Rough Riders were the only cavalrymen so equipped. The officer had the grace to admit his error and apologize.

Pictures of debaters representing the several university societies were published in The Herald on December 4, 1904. The debaters were Olgier Burtness, Harold Braatleen, J. M. Anderson, H. G. Lykken, John Varner, Collett L. A. Calder, F. E. McCurdy, E. C. Hilborn, Stuart Cameron, Scott Cameron, Carl Bach and W. M. Husband.

IF ALL GOES WELL THE Canadian Eskimo near the top of the world just east of the Mackenzie river will this year receive some 3,000 reindeer as a Christmas present from the Canadian government. The greatest trek of its kind in history is drawing to a close. It was in 1929 that the Canadian government bought a herd of about 1,500 reindeer from Lomen, of Alaska, for whom Ben Eielson worked at one time, and in charge of an experienced herder the animals were started on their long journey in December of that year. In the spring of 1933 the herd reached the Canadian boundary, and after being rested during the summer the animals were driven to the MacKenzie river where a crossing was attempted in January of this year. During a severe blizzard the herd stampeded and returned to the grazing ground where it had spent the summer. Many of the animals were lost, but the losses were made up during the fawning season, and the herd numbered over 3,000. It is expected that the crossing will be made now about Christmas, and the reindeer will then be established permanently in their new quarters, and Eskimo will be instructed in handling them.

It was something like forty years ago that Dr. Sheldon Jackson conceived the idea of importing reindeer from Lapland and establishing them in Alaska for the use of the natives there. The project was ridiculed at first, but Dr. Jackson persisted and succeeded in persuading the government to experiment with the project. One or two shipments came to grief, but finally a small herd was established in Alaska under the care of experienced Lapp herders, and Alaskan reindeer now number hundreds of thousands. A train load of herders and their families made a stop in Grand Forks and attracted much attention.

Attacking the manner of administering federal relief in an address a few weeks ago Governor Talmadge of Georgia expressed the hope that during his vacation in Georgia President Roosevelt would look around and find out how many extra persons were employed on relief work “and also find out if some of these are not about the richest ladies in town, and a great majority of these from far off North Dakota, Minnesota and a few from across the water in England, and then check up on what percentage of the relief money is really spent on overhead.”

If all goes well the president of the investigation, and that he will publish the facts. There has been of late in this state a noticeable dearth of the idle rich, persons who wear purple and fine linen and dine sumptuously every day. Perhaps they have all gone down to Jawjaw, and are living there as guests of the government.
WHO WROTE "ANNIE LAURIE?" That question was asked by a friend over the phone, who said that he had supposed the poem to have been written by Robert Burns, but could not find it in a volume of his works. I had had the same idea, and my experience was like his. The poem does not appear in my copy of Burns. Then I hunted through song books. In several of those I found the music of the song credited to Robert Burns, but could not find it in a volume of his works. I had supposed the poem to have been written by him or by a contemporary. If Lincoln actually made that remark he was not the first man who had a similar idea. Many years earlier it was told that complaint was made to King George II of Great Britain that General Wolfe was mentally unbalanced. "If Wolfe is crazy," said his majesty, "I wish he would bite some of my other generals."

ONE TROUBLE WITH THAT is that it was much too clever a thing for George II to say. There have been clever kings and dull ones, but the second George of England is generally credited with being about as dull and dense as it is possible for a human being to be.

* * *

I WASN'T ABLE TO SEE "TEEN Nights in a Barroom" given last night at the Auditorium under the auspices of the Disabled Veterans, but I have no doubt it was well done. I have had pleasant recollections of the old play ever since I assisted in its production and played one of the important parts fifty-odd years ago. We staged the play in an old schoolhouse which had been superceded by a new brick building. The stage was equipped with right and left entrances, a pasteboard bar, and curtains that slid sidewise on wires when two boys in the wings pulled the strings. Usually they pulled at the right time. Elevated seats were built for the audience with plank borrowed from the lumber mill. The house was packed.

* * *

A RECENTLY PUBLISHED biography of General Grant deals chiefly with his military achievements, and does not go at all into his political career. The author discounts heavily the stories of Grant's drinking, and treats as apocryphal the familiar yarn that when complaint was made to Lincoln that Grant was a heavy drinker, he expressed the desire to know what brand of whiskey Grant drank, that he might send a few barrels of it to the other generals.
IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE Herald," writes J. E. Stevens, "you mention in your 'That Reminds Me' column something about hav- ing seen when a boy the process of shoeing oxen. You also stated that you could not recall what they called the contraption that held the ox while being shod. As I read the article I recalled that when a boy I stood for hours at a time in our local blacksmith shop watching our local smithy performing what appeared to me at that time most wonderful feats, and I recall that he called the frame which held the ox a 'sling,' so named, I suppose, because the ox had to be slung up until his feet cleared the floor, and in that helpless condition he was unable to kick. In fact, that was the only way he could be shod.

"THE FRAME THAT HELD the ox was a strong wooden affair, long enough and wide enough to hold the ox in a safe and secure position, and when shoes were to be attached a wide and strong strip of rawhide leather with its ends attached to strong wooden rollers was slipped underneath the belly of Mr. Ox and in some way by the use of levers operated by a man on either side of the frame the ox was raised from the floor and in that position he was helpless. Then, presto! on went the steel shoes.

"AT THAT TIME MACHINE-made shoe-nails were unknown. I recall how our local smithy would heat a bar of nail steel to the proper degree and proceed to strike off those shoe-nails, and I recall that he always made just three of them at one heating of the steel. That was considered quite a feat of skill, as the average smith could make but two before re-heating. I wonder if there is a blacksmith in Grand Forks today who could do even that."

MR. STEVENS' LETTER DES- cribes quite accurately the ox-sling that I recall, and the name 'sling' comes back to me as he repeats it. Not only were horse-shoe nails made by hand in the manner de- cribed, but the shoes themselves were "turned" on the anvil from straight bar steel. That was a job with which the blacksmith and his helper filled in slack time, turning but in the right shoes of various sizes, to be finished and fitted as needed. Horseshoe nails were and are made of very soft, tough steel and they could be twisted into rings which we boys thought quite nifty.

OF COURSE AT THE BEGIN- ning all nails were made by hand, and the art has undergone many changes. One of the early methods of making nails by machinery was to cut them from flat iron blanks. An old school teacher of mine described that process as he had wit- nessed it in a Montreal factory. A workman sat in front of a machine holding a long rod or handle which terminated in a pair of jaws which held the metal blank. The shearing blade was set at a slight angle, so that when the blank was placed under it the part cut off was a little wider at one end than at the other. The blank was then turned the other wise up and another nail cut off. The nails were passed through another machine which stamped heads on them.

THAT METHOD WAS thought to be a marvel of ef- ficiency. What would be thought now of a process in which a workman had to make a set of separate mo- tions for each nail made? Later steel was substituted for iron in the manufacture of nails, making the nails lighter and stronger. Those were known as cut nails, and such nails were used in the construction of all the older build- ings in Grand Forks. Cut nails had rough edges and many metal slivers were mixed with them, therefore handling them was not always pleasant. Wire nails, such as are now used, are of very mo- dern development.

IN OUR HOUSE THERE WAS one nail, hand-made, of course, which had done duty for many years. It was a mop nail, used to hold a mop-rag on the end of a mop-handle. It was a short, rather thick spike with a flat head about one inch in diameter. When the mop-handle broke, or the old rag wore out, the nail was extracted carefully and driven through a new rag into the end of a new handle, and it worked perfectly. For all I know to the contrary that old nail is doing duty somewhere yet.
THE OTHER DAY I MENTIONED Mark Twain as the author of the statement about the benefit of fleas to a dog. I have been reminded that it was David Harum and not Mark Twain who made that famous remark, and now that I have been reminded of it, I remember that this is correct. Funny how a fellow gets those bits twisted. Another quotation whose authorship I never did have right is the limerick:

I wish that my room had a floor! I don't so much care for a door, But this crawling around without touching the ground Is getting to be quite a bore.

I never saw that but once before, and then it was given as something the President Wilson had written while being tossed about in a rough sea on the presidential yacht.

THE LINES APPEAR TO have been published in the New York Times Book Review as written by a British author about the cupola of his house on the island of Zanzibar, but a correspondent says that the real author is Gelett Burgess, and cites collections in which the limerick is published. Probably both President Wilson and the British author remembered the lines and quoted them as applicable to their peculiar circumstances.

NOT LONG AGO A GOVERNMENT official in a continental European country—I have forgotten which—noticed a guard standing at a certain spot where there seemed to be nothing to guard but a little patch of weeds. He asked the man why he was there, and could get no information other than that the guard had been ordered there, and there he was. At suitable hours he was relieved. The official was curious and, going to the department which had charge of such matters, found a standing order for a guard at that spot, but no one could explain why. Determined to clear up the mystery the official searched through documents until he discovered that years ago a queen, long since dead, had planted a flower at that spot and had ordered a guard to be stationed over it to see that it was not disturbed. The occasion for the guard had long since disappeared, but the guard remained year after year.

A SOMEWHAT SIMILAR CASE was reported in London some years ago. A guard was maintained constantly at the foot of a certain stairway. One of the guards, being questioned, insisted that he had orders to stand guard there during certain hours each day, and orders were orders. Why he was there he did not know. It was found that once upon a time a king had ascended that stair, and the orders to keep a guard at the foot had never been revoked.

GOVERNMENT JOBS HAVE A tendency to become perpetual. There are now in the making several fine jobs in Washington. The city is suffering a plague of starlings which roost in the trees at night and by their ceaseless chattering keep people awake. All sorts of methods for getting rid of them have been tried, without success. The latest plan is to keep the birds so disturbed that they will leave, and for that purpose fifty men are now employed at 40 cents an hour to stand under the trees where starlings congregate and rattle tin cans full of pebbles. If a custom that has been not at all uncommon is followed, even though the starlings have disappeared, there should be a platoon of tin-can-rattlers in Washington during the next several generations.

W. J. PORTER, 402 SOUTH Fourth street, sends me a copy of a little advertising magazine called “Chaff” dated January, 1894. The inside pages are filled with stock material, jokes and more or less humorous verses, illustrated, but the publication is interesting now because its real purpose was the advertising of Diamond flour, manufactured by the North Dakota Milling Company, which had recently taken possession of what is now the Russell-Miller property in Grand Forks. The other three advertisters are F. R. Fulton & Co. bonds, the Grand Forks National bank and the Grand Forks woolen mills. The Fulton company was succeeded by C. C. Gowran & Co. The Grand Forks National suspended in 1896. The woolen mill in 1878, one corner of its present block or two north of the Northern Pacific station and later built its own building immediately opposite the station.

THE MAGAZINE CAME ENCLOSED in the envelope which was evidently intended for it originally, for it bears a copy of a picture which has since become known all over the world, that of the colored chef with his bowl of Cream of Wheat. That cereal was then manufactured by the North Dakota Milling company in Grand Forks and the company was making a desperate struggle to popularize its product.
TODAY'S COLUMN WILL BE devoted principally to "Annie Laurie," and the background and associations of the old song. I have found that many readers are interested in the subject, and seven have volunteered information concerning it. First, I have from H. C. Rowland the following brief account of the song: "Annie Laurie" was a real person, born in 1682, daughter of Sir Robert Laurie. The words were written by William Douglass as a tribute to Annie's beauty and an expression of his devotion to her. His original words, for the first two stanzas only, were in Scotch dialect, which have been rendered in the common version here printed. The music was written in 1847 by Lady John Scott who it is said, but not authoritatively, also wrote the words for the third stanza.

FOUR YEARS AGO DR. JAMES Grassick published a little booklet entitled "A Song and a Story," in which appeared the following:

"There is perhaps no song in our language that has held the boards for so many years as 'Annie Laurie.' Two centuries, and more, have passed since it was written and it has lost nothing in charm or popularity in the years. Annie was one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwinton and hence the reference: 'Maxwellton's Braes are bonnie.' She had a lover named William Douglass whose attentions she did not encourage. He took the repulse so hard that he enlisted, was sent to Flanders and there slain in battle. It is said that when found he held in his hand a lock of his sweetheart's hair. Be that as it may, it is well known that about the end of the 17th century he wrote the song that has placed the name of Annie Laurie among the immortals. Curiously enough it is not the words that he wrote that we now sing. As a matter of interest a stanza of the original is here given:

'She's bracket like the peacock,
She's breisted like a swan,
She's jimp around the middle,
Her waist ye well nicht span,
She has a rolling e'e,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon an' dee.'

'THE OLD GLENCAIRN' church in Dumfriesshire in which Annie was baptized is in ruins, but through the co-operation of Charles G. Dawes, then American ambassador to Great Britain, and the architect of ancient and historic monuments in Scotland, a faithful reproduction was built at Glendale in 1929. In the forefront of the church is the Annie Laurie wishing chair, which is constructed of the very stones which were in the altar of the old Kirk. It is said that fairies have blessed these stones, and that good fortune will follow the bride and groom who sit in the chair with hand in hand and repeat the verse on the tablet. The verse is in old Scottish dialect, but the following is a modern version:

Dressed in our best and all alone,
We sit within the Wishing Chair
Which bodes success for everyone
Exchanging bridal kisses there.

AMONG THE TREASURES in the church are the actual communion tokens touched by the hands of Annie Laurie more than 200 years ago, her portrait and her will.
THE LITTLE BOOKLET MENTIONED in this column describing the "Wee Kirk o' the Heather," in the Glendale, California cemetery, contains also a description of the companion "Little Church of the Flowers" on the same beautiful grounds. This edifice is a replica of the village church at Stoke Poges, England, where the poet Gray wrote his "Elegy." Except for the fact that its tower has been removed, this church at Stoke Poges has the same appearance today as when Gray meditated there in the eighteenth century. Services are still conducted there regularly. Gray is buried within the shadow of its walls, and there, also, are the tombs of the Penns, family of William Penn, founder of the state of Pennsylvania. A communion table, hallowed with age, was sent by its vicar to the California church, where it is now in use.

* * *

JUST AS A REMINDER, THE first wireless signal ever sent across the ocean was sent just 33 years ago. It was on December 17, 1901, that Gugliemo Marconi, then 27 years old, waited anxiously at St. John's Newfoundland, for the signal that was to come to him from his assistant in England. His receiving apparatus was attached to a kite which held the antenna aloft. Shortly after noon came the three dots of the letter "S," the signal agreed on, and the signal was recognized at intervals during the afternoon. It was one of the marvels of the age. Today wireless messages are transmitted across the Atlantic at the rate of 200 words a minute, and the sound of the human voice is reproduced distinctly over much greater distances.

* * *

THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS has just received from the federal government a gift of a million pounds of cabbage, and it doesn't quite know what to do with such a Christmas present. The shipment was sent to Massachusetts through an error in the offices of the Surplus Commodities corporation in Washington. Two hundred and twenty-six cars were required for the transportation of that enormous shipment. While the shipment is addressed to the relief agencies of Massachusetts, it contains enough cabbage to give a pound to every man, woman and child in the state and then there would be a lot left over.

* * *

PERSONS WHO ARE SPENDING their first winter in North Dakota are inclined to be skeptical about the stories of storms and cold weather which they hear. Old-timers grin and wait. If the mild weather continues much longer we shall be told that the season is a record-breaker for mildness, which it isn't. We have had much milder Decembers, and on New Year's day, 1888, several baseball games were played in the state, and Grand Forks young men of fashion went calling on horseback, wearing linen dusters. The weather man has to go some these days to match what he has given us in any sort of extreme in some former year.

* * *

A WEEK BEFORE THE RECENT election the Walhalla Mountaineer analyzed editorially the election figures from the 1932 primary and the fall election of that year, as well as those of the primary election of 1934 and came out with the flat statement that Moodie should win by 18,890 votes, and Editor Larson was razzed unmercifully for his prediction. Moodie's plurality, as reported by the canvassing board, was 17,389, and Larson wants to know what he became of the odd 1,501 votes. He likes exactness in these matters. In his "Leaning Tower" column in the Mountaineer he says:

* * *

HERE THEY COME DASHING out with their figures on the governorship race without even consulting me as to what the correct margin of victory for Moodie should be. I informed more than a month ago that he would have a majority of 18,890 and those fellows out there come out with a set showing him to have a margin of 17,389-1,501 off from my figure. I haven't had time to check mine over yet but will get at it some day if I find they are right I certainly will see what can be done about it.

* * *

DR. DAFOE, THE NORTHERN Ontario doctor who assisted at the birth of the famous quintuplets and has been responsible for their care since their birth, is one of the comparatively few persons who, thrust suddenly into a conspicuous position, have been bale to go about their work calmly and serenely without having their heads turned by publicity. Visiting Washington recently he enjoyed the sights, but he avoided making a spectacle of himself, which is what many celebrities have failed to do.
Pursuant to a custom

Now several years old, and which
has given satisfaction to many
readers, I am republishing, as in
other Christmas seasons, the fa-
mous 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 oft-
en, I suppose,
than any other
editorial ever
published, and it
is as fresh today
as on the day
when it was written.

Sometime in
September, 1897, the editor of the
New York Sun received the follow-
ing 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 en-
thusiastic 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 be-
lieve except they see. They think
that nothing can be which is not
comprehensive by their little
minds. All minds, Virginia, wheth-
er 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 intelli-
gence capable of grasping the
whole of truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a
Santa Claus. He exists as certain-
ly as love and generosity and de-
votion exist, and you know that
they abound and give to your life
its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be 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 en-
joyment, except in sense and sight.
The eternal light with which child-
hood fills the world would be ex-
tinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not be-
lieve 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. No-
body 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 the 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, Vir-
ginia, 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 some 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 mean-
ing in life independent of the trap-
ings in which we sometimes dress
it up. It shows the perplexed par-
ent a way in which childish ques-
tions may be answered, and it may
help to clear away some of the dif-
ficulties of the parent himself.
THE INQUIRY AS TO THE authorship of "Annie Laurie" has released a volume of information, reminiscent and romantic. To this Mrs. R. M. Carson of Cavaller makes a contribution today. The story which she gives of the writing of the poem has been told before, but mention should be made that which has been told before, with a variation as to the subsequent career of William Douglas (or Douglass, as the name is spelled differently in different publications.) A personal touch gives Mrs. Carson's letter additional interest. Quoting Mrs. Carson:

"MR. H. V. MORTON IN HIS book 'In Scotland Again' tells the story of the song 'Annie Laurie' which he says is perhaps the most personal love song in the world. English people, many of whom think it was written by Burns, should know that it was penned to Miss Annie Laurie (who, by the way figures in Burke's Peerage as the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie) by a fiery young soldier, William Douglas, of Fingland, a scion of the Douglasses of Morton Castle.

"HE RETIRED FROM THE army about 1694 and settling down at Fingland, he fell in love with Annie Laurie, and was informed that Annie Laurie did not object to Douglas as a lover, but her parents did. They chose the old fashioned method of locking her up in a room until she promised to jilt him. This she did. But instead of 'laying him doon to die' William Douglas eloped with, and married Miss Elizabeth Clerk of Glendorch, Lanark, and soon afterwards Annie Laurie married Alexander Ferguson of Craigdarroch. These are the lovers whose by no means deathless passion has gone round the world.

"BUT IT IS NOT TO DOUGLAS that we owe the popularity of the song. Lady John Scott of Spottiswood, rewrote it and set it to music, giving it instant popularity. It is one of the curiosities of literature that three immortal songs should have been written by three Scotsmen, all of whom concealed their authorship for years. "Flowers of the Forest" was written by Jean Elliot of Minto, and "Auld Robin Gray" by Lady Anne Barnard, to fit, as she confesses, a naughty tune.

"MY FATHER, THE LATE MR. George Lindsay, and who lived for some years with me at Bathgate, No. Dak., was tutor to Sholto, Lord Douglas, the grandfather of the present Lord Douglas of Morton Castle. My father spent many years on the Douglas estate and has visited many times Maxwellton, the home of Sir Robert Laurie. His many stories of his life there, had a never ending interest in the childhood of myself and my sisters and brothers."

WHILE WE ARE ON THE SUBJECT of poetry, here is a verse written by John D. Rockefeller:

"I was early taught to work as well as play;
My life has been one long, happy holiday.
Full of work, full of play.
I dropped the worry, on the way—
And God was good to me every day."

AS LITERATURE THOSE lines may not take high rank, but at least they have the merit that the reader has no difficulty in understanding what the writer means. That is more than can be said for much of the futuristic stuff which has been labeled poetry, whose outstanding characteristic is its incomprehensibility, to the reader, and probably to the author.

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S LINES form part of an exhibit in the octogenarian's corner of the poetry center which has been established on the forty-fourth floor of the R. C. A. building at Rockefeller center, New York. That section is devoted to the works of poets over 80 years old. Among the others represented there are Edna Markham and Robert Underwood Johnson, who should feel honored by finding themselves in such company.

THE LINER GEORGE WASHINGTON left New York the other day for European ports with more than a million pounds of Christmas mail. This shipment, carried in 22,041 sacks, is the largest consignment of holiday mail to leave New York since 1929 when the same ship left port with 28,000 sacks of mail, the largest shipment on record. Several large mail shipments from overseas have already arrived, and others are on the way. It is believed that records for incoming mail will also be broken.

I SUPPOSE NO CHRISTMAS song has wider appeal than "Silent Night," which has a place on every Christmas program. It is still a joy to hear Schumann-Heink sing it, and it makes a wonderful appeal to children. "All right," said the leader, "Boys, what would you like to, sing?" With practically one voice those boys called for "Silent Night," and they sang it beautifully.
ONE OF THE GRANDEST OF the Christmas hymns is that which begins "Joy to the world, the Lord has come." While these words are sung to several tunes, the one most commonly used, and which seems most appropriate, is "Antioch," for in that the jubilant spirit of the words seems to be appropriately expressed by the equally joyous character of the music. Every singer learns quite early that "Antioch" is marked by the peculiarity that its first eight notes begin at the top of the scale and run through consecutively to the bottom, a peculiarity which I do not recall in any other tune.

IT APPEARS THAT THIS tune is not of Portuguese origin, but that it derives this name from the fact that it was sung, if not originally, at least at a very early date, in the Portuguese chapel in London. In a list of "songs that live forever" selected by Madame Schumann Heink for a popular calendar is given the following account:

"THIS GRAND OLD HYMN ('Adeste Fideles') is of unknown origin and date. It is said by some authorities to come from an Italian hymn of the thirteenth century. The earliest known text is at Stonyhurst college and was made in 1751 by John Francis Wade, a priest. The tune is generally ascribed to John Reading, though there were three John Readings of the same period, all of them organists. One of them probably wrote it. The hymn was first sung as early as 1797 in the Portuguese chapel, London. Its stirring movement makes it a general favorite."

ONE HYMN SUNG TO THE same tune is "How Firm a Founda-

HOW DID THE STORK COME to be associated with the birth of babies? There are many legends embodied in this, one of which is embodied in verses found on the fly-leaf of a 16th century prayer book. A copy has been given me by H. C. Rowland, of the University music department. It will be observed that the English spelling of Shakespeare's time differed materially from that of the present day. Following are the verses, with the spelling as in the original:

THE STORKE.

The storke shee rose on Christmas Eve And sayed unto her broode "I nowe must fare to Bethlehem To viewe the sonne of God."

Shee gave to ech his dole of mete, She stowed them fayrlye in, And far shee flew, and faste shee flew, And came to Bethlehem.

"Nowe where is Hee of David's lynne?" She asked at house and halle, "Hee is not here," they spake hardy, "But in the Manger stalle."

Shee found Hym in the Manger stalle, With that most Holye Mayde. The gentyle storke shee wept to see "This grand old hymn The Lord so rudely layde."

Then from her panting breast shee plucke The fethers whyte and warm; Shee strewed them in the Manger bed To keep the Lord from harm.

"Nowe blessed be the gentil storke Forevermore," quoth Hee, "For that shee saw my sadde estate And showed such Pytye."

"Full welekom shal shee ever bee In hamlet and in halle, And called henceforth the Blessed Byrd, And friend of babyes alle."
MRS. I. V. DESAUTELS, (mother of Mrs. John Nuss), 412 North Fifth street, has a brother Rev. T. A. Desautels who recently retired from 50 years active service as a missionary among the Indians of Northern Ontario. He has been stationed at St. Ann's church at Sudbury, Ont., not far from the home of the little Dionne quintuplets. The region is wild, rocky, and almost without white inhabitants except in the scattered mining centers, and during the years of his service Father Desautels has visited the members of his flock, in winter by dog team and in summer by canoe, ministering to their wants and instructing them in the knowledge of the Great Spirit.

* * *

DURING HIS LONG RESIDENCE among the Indians Father Desautels has become familiar with their language, their history and their tribal traditions, and he finds among the latter many parallels with Bible narratives. The Indians tell of the first man and first woman who lived in a beautiful valley and were expelled because they sinned, and because of this their descendants are required to struggle for life and its necessities. Another of their traditions is of punishment being imposed upon the people for their sins in which all but a chosen few were destroyed in a great flood which covered the earth. The chosen few were ordered to build a great boat and in this they survived the flood.

* * *

IN THESE AND OTHER TRADITIONS which Father Desautels has found among his primitive parishioners there is such close correspondence with biblical stories as to point to a common origin and to lend support to the belief that the Indians came to this continent from Asia, crossing Bering strait, and that many of the beliefs now common among them were brought from distant homes by their ancestors.

* * *

FATHER DESAUTELS IS 68 years old, speaks 30 Indian languages fluently, and is still vigorous. He has been in retirement only a short time, and is already feeling restive in idleness. To a friend he said recently "When summer comes I'll take my canoe and go back to my people. I have spent the best years of my life with them, and I am not yet ready to quit."

* * *

THERE ARE THOSE WHO think that we have plenty of clubs. Some go so far as to say that we are clubbed to death. Yet Fred L. Goodman has the temerity to suggest another. Listen to what he says:

* * *

"IN THESE DAYS OF CLUBS, clubs and clubs—Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, etc., ad infinitum, I wonder if it is prima facie evidence of insanity on my part to suggest another. Our club rosters take care of nearly all classes save one, and that is the ones living in that Twilight Zone following the completion of the allotted three score and ten years.

"MY SUGGESTION IS THAT WE form a Twilight Club, limit the members to those who have passed the three score and ten mark, meet twice a month for lunch, bar the discussion of politics, religion, the New Deal, Economics, and everything that smacks of commercialism, welcome at our meeting all sojourners in the city who can qualify as to age, and just spend a fine social hour, with the kids neither seen nor heard.

"WHILE I HAVE THE FLOOR, I should like to nominate as our first President, that much loved old-timer, Dr. J. Grassick. Is there a second to the motion?"

* * *

I SECOND THE NOMINATION of Dr. Grassick. All in favor will say "aye." Carried. Now for secretary treasurer, not that there will be much to do in either capacity, I nominate Fred L. Goodman, and when somebody seconds the nomination I'll call for a vote.

* * *

IF IT HAD BEEN PROPOSED that the Twilight club try to inaugurate anything, or reform anything, or do anything in particular, I should have fought shy of it. But on the platform framed by Mr. Goodman, I can see in it real possibilities. I'm wondering, though, if those within the twilight zone may not find meetings once a month about frequent enough. Those months roll around pretty rapidly when one has passed seventy.
FOR MANY PERSONS CHRISTMAS would lose some of its flavor without that classic of the season, "The Night Before Christmas." That little poem has delighted hundreds of thousands of children and it has been treasured in the hearts of those who have come to have children of their own. Its author, 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 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 sometimes 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; 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; 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. 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 reindeers, With a little old driver so lively and quick I knew in a moment it must be St. Nicholas.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled and shouted and called them by name. "Now Dasher! and Prancer! now Vader and Xixen! 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, so up to the house-top the coursers 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 all 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, 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 beside 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 good-night."
"A NEW DEAL IN LIQUOR, A Plea for Dilution," is the title of a book off the press of Doubleday Doran, New York. Its author is Professor Yandel Henderson, for many years a member of the faculty of Yale, and now professor of applied physiology at that university. Professor Henderson proposes what he believes to be that only correct solution of the liquor problem. So many "perfect" solutions of this problem have been presented that the presentation of another is apt to be received with some skepticism, but Professor Henderson's scientific standing is such as to warrant attention to conclusion which he reached from the standpoint of his own specialty. The writer's credentials include not only the record of long and successful college experience, but the fact that he is recognized as an outstanding authority on toxicology, that he developed the system of ventilation which has made safe the vehicular tunnels under the Hudson river, and that he developed the system of treatment now generally accepted poisoning, and that he has been for as the best in cases of monoxide years an expert consultant for several departments of the United States government.

PROFESSOR HENDERSON approaches the subject of liquor legislation from the standpoint of the physiologist and toxicologist. As a result of extended investigation he recommends a system the essentials of which are summarized in this paragraph:

"THE COST OF A LICENSE for a beer tavern should be low, a a license to sell spirits should be mere registration fee. The cost of high, as high as the traffic will bear. If it proves impracticable to confine the sale of spirits to package stores and state dispensaries, restaurants should be licensed to sell liquors up to 15 percent of alcohol in the form of bottled highballs and mild cocktails. In several states this form of license has been adopted."

IN BUILDING THE READER to these conclusions the book traces the development of the American habit of drinking strong liquors to British political exigencies of 250 years ago, which caused the ministers of Queen Anne to disregard the difference in kind as well as in degree between mild and strong alcoholic beverages and, by imposing prohibitive duties on wines, stimulate the same consumption of ardent spirits. That policy, says the author, was "dictated by the national hatred of France and the desire to injure her as the hereditary enemy, as the supporter of Roman Catholicism, and as the champion of the Stuart pretender to the English throne." This legislation, we are told, was partially corrected in Britain, but its evil effects were transmitted to the American colonies.

THE BOOK CONTAINS INTERESTING historical data, a review of the prohibition experiment in this country, and citations from congressional hearings, and in an appendix a reprint of the "Inquiry Into the Effects of Ardent Spirits Upon the Human Body and Mind," published in 1814 by Dr. Benjamin Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and one of the outstanding figures in American medicine. The substance of the whole argument is that government should discriminate which because of their mildness in taxation between beverages and innocuous or beneficial and strong spirits which in their natural state are always dangerous and almost harmful.

DR. RUSH'S TREATISE, WRITTEN after the fashion of more than a century ago, contains many homely illustrations and recommendations, and some of the references to practices then current make interesting reading in this twentieth century. Thus, among the methods mentioned as cures for fits of drunkenness is described the application of cold water, and the good doctor, without the slightest evidence of a smile, tells of the practice of holding a drunken person under the pump and pumping cold water over him, a method which he says he had often seen used with excellent effect when he was a boy in Philadelphia. The patient, he says, usually rose and walked off, sober and sullen, after the use of this remedy.

ILLUSTRATING THE PROGRESS of the craving for strong drink Dr. Rush records this case: "A citizen of Philadelphia, once of a fair and sober character, drank toddy for many years, as his constant drink. From this he proceeded to drink grog. After a while nothing would satisfy him but slings made of equal parts of rum and water, with a little sugar. From slings he advanced to raw rum, and from common rum to Jamaica spirits. Here he rested for a few months, but finding even Jamaica spirits were not strong enough to warm his stomach, he made it a constant practice to throw a table-spoonful of ground pepper into each glass of his spirits, in order to use his own words, 'to take off their coldness.' He soon after died, a martyr to his in-temperance."

I should say that raw Jamaica rum and pepper would be some drink!
FOR A TIME IT SEEMED AS if we might have this year a repetition of the Christmas temperature of last year, so rapidly did the liquid in the thermometer sink when the cold wave struck us Saturday evening. But nothing much happened. It was just a sloppy Christmas weather, after all. Last year we had not quite the coldest Christmas on record, but one as cold as any. On Christmas Eve the thermometer dipped to 30 below zero, a temperature reached only on one other Christmas.

* * *

THIRTY BELOW ZERO IS NOT an uncommon winter temperature in this lothe. Usually at some time in each winter the temperature will drop once or twice to that point, or a little lower. A temperature of 40 below is exceedingly rare, and minus 44 is the lowest official record for all time in this locality. Most of our recent winters have been comparatively mild. Last winter was a little more severe than were the preceding two or three. Comparing figures on oil consumption I find that whereas my furnace fire was started on September 1 this year as against September 15 last year, up to Christmas this year I had burned 100 gallons less oil than I did up to Christmas last year.

* * *

A WOMAN WAS HANGED IN England the other day, the first woman to be executed in that country for several years. Inhabitants of the town petitioned the Home secretary to commute her sentence to life imprisonment. That official reviewed the case and found no reason to interfere with the sentence of the court. The petitioners then appealed to the king, who referred the petition, in the regular order, to the Home secretary, who stood pat, and the sentence was carried out. The interesting feature of the case is that the petitioners appealed for clemency, not on the ground that the woman was innocent, or on behalf of relatives who were about to be bereaved, but because the display of the black flag and the tolling of the bell, which mark British executions, would be unpleasant for the neighbors.

* * *

I HAVE DISTINCT, AND STILL shuddery recollections of that black flag and bell business. An Indian was hanged in our town for a clear case of brutal murder. There was no question as to the righteousness of the sentence. But when I saw the black flag over the jail and heard the bell toll solemnly dong! I had a queer and uncomfortable feeling. Just then I couldn't have been hired to commit a murder, and there are still times when I should approach the task with reluctance.

* * *

NEWPORT, ONTARIO, MY boyhood village, has broken into print, which must be the first time in many years. A Canadian paper carried a story under a Newport date line concerning the existence of a haunted house on the Indian reservation near by. The story is that several years ago a woman was found murdered on the reservation, and her body was taken into a vacant house near by. Now persons passing that house nightly hear sounds of weeping and moaning, and if they have courage to look, instead of taking to their heels, presently they see in a ghostly light a woman standing by one of the windows, smiling and combing her hair. It's a first class yarn, and it may be the means of reviving Newport, which has just one house left out of quite a collection.

* * *

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT was conducted in London the other day. This was synchronization of a group of opera stars in person and a ballet chorus, also in person, with a large vocal chorus and an orchestra. The operatic number was a condensed version of "Faust." The separate features had been recorded at different times and places, and the magic of science brought them together and blended them in a way which would have been considered miraculous.

* * *

EXPERIMENTS OF THIS KIND are going on continually, as are experiments in television. The latter, we are told, has been brought to a point where it is entirely feasible except that reproduction is as yet too costly for general use. The efforts of investigators are being directed to the cheapening of the process so as to bring the service within the reach of the multitude.

* * *

THOSE EXPERIMENTS ARE costly, and somebody has to advance money with which to pay the bills. If the usual course is followed, large sums will be expended by venturesome persons on projects which will fail. Out of the experience gained from them will come developments which will be commercially successful. Then we shall forget all the money that has been spent in research and all that has been lost in commercial testing, and there will be the usual demand that the profits which are ultimately possible in successful enterprises be limited to a starvation basis.
WHEN THE TABLE GROANED with good things at Christmas time in colonial days it meant something more than a quick trip to the grocery store or a hurried dash to the nearest delicatessen. It meant that from one end of the colonies to the other households had been preparing for the event for days and weeks. Eating and drinking were among the keenly relished pastimes of the period. The work of planting, gathering and preserving went on the year around. Compared with the assortment available today the products of the farm were quite limited in variety. Most luxuries were imported from foreign countries. Tea, coffee, sugar, molasses and spices were all of foreign origin and weeks or months were required to bring them to the colonies. Natural ingenuity had plenty of exercise in concocting palatable dishes from native products and in devising ways and means of preserving perishable foods. That the tables were bounteously supplied in spite of all is evidenced by more than one record that has come down through the decades.

* * *

ACCORDING TO ONE WRITER of the period there were found on one Philadelphia table at Christmas "turkeys, ducks, hams, chicken, beef, pig, tarts, creams, custards, jellies, fools, trifles, floating islands, sweetmeats of twenty sorts, whipped syllabubs, fruits, raisins, almonds, pears and peaches, with the usual accompaniment of beer, porter, punch and rum."

* * *

SINCE THE EARLIEST DAYS in America it had been necessary for housewives to experiment with new and strange foods, originating recipes, partly borrowed from the Indians, resulting in some of the dishes we have today. Pumpkins and squashes were native vegetables and grew wild. Indian corn, potatoes and certain fruits were new to the colonists. They often made mistakes when encountering something new. In the early days in America the colonists often did not know what to do with coffee beans, which had come to them tardily from across the Atlantic, and their first experiment with them was to boil the green beans and then eat them. Tea remained their favorite beverage for many years.

* * *

PUMPKINS, OR POMPIONS, as they were named, became a staple article of diet, and were dried for winter use. Bread, pancakes, pies and puddings were made from pumpkins, until many of the colonists hoped that they might never see another pumpkin. "Pumpkin sauce" was made by boiling down pumpkin rind in large kettles, usually over an outdoor fire until most of the water had been evaporated and there remained a thick, sweet substance which was used as a sauce or as a spread in lieu of butter.

* * *

"INJUN BREAD" WAS MADE of yellow Indian corn meal, and the settlers learned from the Indians how to make succotash by cooking together beans, peas, corn and pumpkins. Potatoes, although native to America, were unknown in New England until the Spaniards had taken them across the Atlantic and they had found their way to England and Ireland, and thence back across the ocean to the northern Atlantic coast of this continent. Sweet potatoes, which, of course, are not potatoes at all, were in common use among the Indians of the southern colonies, and were used to some extent in New England. As late as 1763 one New England farmer boasted that he had raised the enormous quantity of eight bushels of Irish potatoes in one crop.

* * *

AMONG MY CLIPPINGS I FIND this jingle by Ogden Nash, which I can see no harm in reprinting:

ONE FROM ONE LEAVES TWO.

By Ogden Nash.

Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
For I'm the gentleman, I am,
And I'll give you a bonus pay.

Higgledy, piggledy, my red cow,
She's co-operating now,
For I'm the gentleman, I am,
And now I lay me down to sleep.

Fiddle-de-dee, my next-door neighbors,
They are giggling at their labor,
First they plant the tiny seed,
Then they water, then they weed,
Then they hoe and prune and chop,
Then they raise a record crop,
Then they laugh their sides a-soun-
der,
And plow the whole kaboodle under.

Abracadabra, thus we learn,
The more you create,
The less you earn,
The less you lead,
The more you're given,
The less you're driven,
The more they feed,
The more they pay,
The more they need,
The more you earn,
The less you keep.

And now I lay me down to sleep,

would not exceed the decline in pri-
"AMERICA'S MONEY TRAGEDY" is the title of a booklet by the late Henry C. Hansbrough, published by B. G. Lubore, of Washington, D.C. As former Senator Hansbrough has been dead several months the publication of the little work arouses some curiosity as to when and under what circumstances it was written. In a foreword the author says that the publication of the volume was begun immediately after the presidential election of 1932. It could not have been completed, therefore, long before his death.

SENATOR HANSBROUGH HAD a peculiar history. He was the first representative in congress from North Dakota, elected as an opponent to the political combination headed by Alexander McKenzie. When the brief term of United States Senator Gilbert A. Pierce was about to expire, Hansbrough was elected to succeed him, and his election at that time was achieved by means of McKenzie's support.

PRIOR TO AND DURING THE campaign of 1896 Senator Hansbrough was a vigorous supporter of free silver and government ownership of railways. An effort was made to control the state convention of 1896 in the interest of Hansbrough and free silver, and the failure of that effort was thought to have ended Hansbrough's political career. Yet the succeeding state legislature re-elected him and he was again elected in 1892.

AFTER HIS RETIREMENT IN 1909 he became severely critical of President Theodore Roosevelt and of his successor, President Taft. He took no active part in the campaign of 1912, but in 1912 he supported Wilson against Hughes, and in support of Wilson he engaged in joint debate in North Dakota with Senator McCumber, who supported Hughes. In 1928 he supported Smith against Hoover, and in 1932 he became chairman of a so-called Republican committee which supported Franklin D. Roosevelt.

HIS WAS THE UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE of a man elected to congress in opposition to a state political machine to be later adopted by that machine and sent to the United States senate; to be defeated on a major issue in an important campaign and to emerge from that defeat with another senatorial term safely stowed away; of a Republican who supported consistently policies which were rejected by his party, who censured in the severest terms the course of two presidents of his party, and who was open and active in his support of three Democratic candidates for the office of president.

SENATOR HANSBROUGH'S booklet is involved, and makes difficult reading. It contains vigorous denunciation of the "money changers" and quotes from certain mysterious "secret circulars" which prominent bankers are said to have sent to their correspondents away back in 1893. It ascribes the revival of business in 1890 to the silver purchase act rather than to the McKinley tariff, and the depression which began in 1893 to the repeal of that measure rather than to the low tariff act of that period.

WHILE THE ARGUMENT OF the booklet is hard to follow the author's conviction that the bankers generally are a bad lot and that the economic salvation of the country depends on the free coinage of both gold and silver on a full legal tender basis is unmistakable. Abandonment of the gold standard and deflation of the dollar to 59 per cent of its former value in gold had not been accomplished when the pamphlet was written, and the commandeering of silver and boosting of its price was also for the future.
ENGINEERS OF THE WAR department are opposed to the Mis-
souri diversion project on the
ground that its cost would be out
of proportion to the benefits to be
derived from it. They have con-
sidered its possi-
bilities in relation to na-
vigation, power de-
velopment and flood
control, and they
cannot find that the
benefits real-
ized under any
one of these
heads, or under all of them to-
gether, would be
worth $85,000,000.

W. P. Davies.

ARMY ENGINEERS ARE NOT-
ed for having single-track minds.
If a thing is not set down in black
and white in the Articles of War, for
them it doesn't exist. Probably
they still labor under the impres-
sion that the Red river of the
North is a navigable stream. They
cling tenaciously to that idea, for
years after the last boat had dis-
appeared from the river and con-
tinued to insist that all bridges
across the stream be made to
swing, or to rise by means of
counterweights, as at Oslo, in or-
der to permit the passage of bat-
tleships between Climax and Joli-
ette. Quite naturally they are un-
able to see in such a project as
that proposed for North Dakota
anything other than navigation,
power development and flood con-

THERE ARE OTHER FEAT-
ures involved in the project which
at one time were believed by hard-
headed business men to have sub-
stantial value. Just a little over
50 years ago the St. Paul, Minne-
apolis and Manitoba railway com-
pany, now the Great Northern, in-
viting settlers to the territory
which its lines were opening up in
North Dakota, published in Har-
per's magazine an advertisement
setting forth the advantages of
this then virgin territory. In that
advertisement occurred the follow-
ring references to Devils Lake and
surrounding area:

"LAKE MINNEWAUKN, OR
Devils Lake, Dakota, situated at
the terminus of one of the branches
of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and
Manitoba railway is deservedly
noted, not only on account of its
wonderful beauty and the combi-
ning of the pleasures derived from
the salt water at the seashore with
those of a quiet lake, but also as
being specially beneficial to all
who are suffering from rheuma-
tism, dyspepsia, overwork or pro-

from nervous disorders in
their varied forms. The bright,
fresh, invigorating atmosphere,
together with the salt water bath-
ing, will soon put new life and
health into both the mental and
physical organizations, as is at-
tested by hundreds who have late-
ly reaped the benefits of this fa-
vored spot.

"DURING THE LAST SEASON
the United States government has
opened to settlement, under the
pre-emption, homestead and tree-
culture laws, over nine million
acres of land lying east and north
of this lake, and extending to Tur-
in Mountain. South of the moun-
tain the country is rolling prairie,
well watered, with timber along
the streams, and a soil of won-
derful fertility. The rapidity with
which settlers are taking up these
lands is without an equal in the
history of the northwest.

"AT THE TERMINUS OF THE
road a thriving town, named "Dev-
lis Lake," with a population of
nearly seven hundred, has sprung
into existence since June, 1883.
This place is also the location of
the new United States land office,
enabling intending settlers to
promptly obtain accurate and re-
liable information at points direct-
ly tributary and of easy access to
the lands which they wish to se-
ure. Good stage accommodations
will be found here for visiting the
country farther west and north-
west."

DEVILS LAKE WAS CONSID-
ered an asset of great value by the
business men who were promoting
the building of a railroad and the
settlement of a state. The therap-
usic value of the saline waters of
the lake may have been over-estl-
mated, but the lake was believed
to have value because it was a
body of water. That value is rap-
didly disappearing. It can be re-
stored, but the fact does not enter
into the calculations of the army
engineers.

A N O T H E R INDUCEMENT
held out to settlers was that the
territory adjacent to the lake was
"well watered," with timber grow-
ing along all the streams. That
item has also escaped the observa-
tion of the army engineers. The
streams which were considered so
valuable have dried up, and their
timber growth is doomed unless
water can be provided. Others
recognizing the probability of
the recurrence of periods when
it does not rain, would spend some
money in providing means to tide
over the dry periods and to make
permanently more livable a vast
territory by the diversion of water
which runs to waste every year.
SOME WRITERS ABOUT

birds recommend placing feed
shelves for them just outside a win-
dow. I tried that for two reasons.
I thought it would be conven-
ient to place feed on the shelf
through the open window instead of
going outdoors. Also, I thought it
would be pleasant to watch the
birds at close range. It didn't work. There was
no trouble about placing the food, but the birds
wouldn't come.

There are only sparrows in the neighborhood in
winter anyway, but in spite of the sociable—only too sociable—habits
of the sparrow, scarcely ever would
a bird take food from that shelf. I moved the shelf to another place, and I have often seen thirty or
forty birds trying to feed from it
at the same time.

WHY DID THE BIRDS AVOID
the shelf when it was under the
window? I don't know. Several
possible reasons have been advan-
ced. One is that the birds could see
their own shadows reflected in the
glass and were disturbed thereby. Another is that they could see people
moving inside and took fright.
A third is that to the sparrows the
window space represented the mys-
terious and unknown and they
avoided it as a matter of prudence. Now they partake freely of the feed
set before them, asking no ques-
tions, and squabbling over it as
greedily as if they were a lot of
human beings.

THOSE WHO LIVE NEAR NAT-
ural timber, such as that along the
river, see more kinds of birds than
visit us who are several blocks
away. Sparrows congregate near
dwellings, but other birds prefer
the shelter of dense timber where
there is usually a good deal of
shrubbery in which they can find
shelter from the elements. And be-
cause the sparrows are the only
feathered visitors we see here in
the winter, they are welcome, even
though at times they may be pests.

I DO NOT SHARE THE OPIN-
ion that the absence of other birds
in winter is due to the fact that
the sparrows have driven the oth-
ers away. In the summer, even at
this distance from natural timber, we have robins by the score, and,
by the way they are more pug-
acious than the sparrows, orioles,
blue birds, wrens, warblers, thrash-
ers, goldfinches, and a number of
others, notwithstanding the pre-
ence of the sparrows.

WITH THE GROUND COVER-
ed with snow, and our real winter
just beginning, it seems absurd to
think that inside of six weeks tul-
ips may have pushed their green
shoots above ground, but in the
past two years my tulips have
shown above the surface early in
February. I have given them no
protection, and they have not been
injured at all by the severe freez-
ing weather which occurred off and
on until they were ready to bloom. The only perceptible effect of cold
weather was to retard their growth.
Then, in every warm spell, they
would grow a little.

I AM HAVING POOR SUCCESS
with hyacinths and narcissus. Bulbs
were planted early in the fall in
expectation of having a few blos-
soms for Christmas. Never a blos-
som has there been. I followed the
method universally recommended,
and which I have practiced in the
past, namely, to plant the bulbs in
pots, keep moist, and set in a cool
place until well rooted. It was
weeks before a sign of a root ap-
peared, and those that have been
brought up to warmth and light are
desperately slow in growth. At the
present rate of progress I should
have some blossoms about next
August.

MY MOST SATISFACTORY EX-
perience with narcissus was several
years ago with a lot of bulbs that
had been kept over after blooming
the preceding year. There were
about two dozen of them, and they
were a mean looking lot. Not wish-
ing to waste labor and space by
treating them separately I filled an
old dishpan with earth and planted
the entire lot in it. They started
quickly, grew rapidly and bloom-
ed profusely, and the mass of bloom
that appeared was a sight to be-
hold.