March 1931

William Preston Davies
SPEAKING OF DIET—I DID mention it a moment ago—there was a radio skit the other night about the boy who didn’t like spinach, and the question arose: Why is it that children persist in disliking the things that are good for them, carrots, spinach, and the like?

I HAVE A SUSPICION THAT IT is because they are everlastingly being told that the stuff is good for them and that it tastes good. Put yourself, a grown person, in the child’s place. Suppose someone discovers that a particular article of food—let us say alfalfa—is just the thing that the system needs, containing all the vitamins in the alphabet and all the other things necessary to make one healthy, happy and wise. You have always been accustomed to alfalfa in moderate quantities, and have eaten it occasionally because you rather liked it. But the pronouncement of some eminent dietitian puts it—it is no longer a mere food. It has become a philosophy and a religion. The question of likes and dislikes no longer enters into the situation. Eating alfalfa is no longer partaking of a palatable food. It is an unescapable duty and a ceremonial rite.

THREE TIMES A DAY YOU are confronted by the inevitable portion of alfalfa. Meat and potatoes, bread, pie and pudding, these may be omitted, varied or doubled. Not so alfalfa. There it is, regular as the sun, inexorable as fate. It begins to pall. There is occasionally a temptation to shirk and to let a meal go by without tasting this stimulating food. But eagle eyes are watching, and the slightest evidence of defection or hesitation brings reminder and reproof. “Have you eaten your alfalfa?” becomes a frequent question, to be changed, as disinclination grows, to “You must eat your alfalfa.”

SUBJECT YOURSELF TO A course of this for a few months, and if you do not rebel you are not human. You will get so that you cannot even drive past a field of alfalfa without experiencing a feeling of nausea, and you will reject even roast beef if you know that the critter has been fed on alfalfa hay. Then, when you have reached this state of mind, sit down and ask yourself why little Tommy doesn’t like spinach.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

IN THE DISCUSSION IN THE legislature this year on the proposal to levy a tax on butter substitutes, reference was made to the fact that in the manufacture of some substitutes for butter considerable quantities of animal fats are used, and fear was expressed that unless some discrimination were made the effect of the tax might be to check the consumption of animal products, and thus injure the farmer’s livestock industry.

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IN THE FIRST SESSION OF the state legislature, in 1890, there was proposed a tax of 10 cents a pound on oleomargarine, and in the discussion then it was suggested that such tax be confined to material manufactured wholly or chiefly from animal fats, excluding from the tax products made from vegetable oils. In a hasty examination I do not find that disposition was made of this bill, but the discussion on it was extended and animated.

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FOR SOME REASON THE lawmakers seem to have had it in for animal fats. These, it was said, are apt to contain all sorts of undesirable matter, from the offal of the barnyard to germs of almost every disease with which the legislator of that day was familiar. On the contrary, it was pointed out that vegetable oils are mild and beneficent, and in the process of manufacture they are handled in a perfectly sanitary manner. We knew nothing about vitamins at that time, but if that knowledge had been available we should certainly have been given a long list of the vitamins contained in vegetable oils, and a description of the alarming deficiency of vegetable fats in these essentials.

I HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO discover whose hand was guiding the attempted discrimination in favor of vegetable oils. Today the demand for a tax on butter substitutes is based frankly on the fact that such substitutes are manufactured outside the state by persons who contribute nothing to the revenues of North Dakota, and that they are brought into direct competition with the products of North Dakota farms, which are necessarily taxed. The proposal that some concession be made in favor of substitutes made from animal fats is also made in the interest of the farmer who raises the animals from which such fats are obtained. Some mention is made of the desirable quantities of butter and the deficiency in some respects of substitutes, but the main argument is economic. But in 1890 some of our lawmakers were almost weeping over the possibility that innocent citizens, their wives and children, might contract dread diseases from the same animal fats whose use we now seek to protect and promote.

MENTION OF BUTTER SUBSTITUTES reminds me of a quantity of butter that I once bought that had been stored in a manner doubtless strange to most of our people today. I had heard of storing butter by burying it in the earth, but I never actually knew of its being done but once. That was about 1893, when, for lack of something more profitable to do, I drove up and down the country buying butter and eggs from little inland stores and selling the stuff wherever I could find a market for it.

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AT A LITTLE STORE AWAY up in northern Minnesota I found a quantity of butter that had been bought from farmers and buried in the earth for safe keeping. This was along in September, and the storekeeper said the butter had been buried since early summer. I expressed willingness to buy it if it proved good, and we dug it up.

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THE BUTTER WAS PACKED in ordinary stoneware crocks which were filled not quite to the top. The rest of the space was then filled with salt, and over the whole was spread thin cloth which was tied down tight. A trench had been dug about two feet wide, perhaps two feet deep, and long enough to contain all the crocks, and into this the crocks had been set. Earth had then been filled in directly on top of the crocks, and that was all. The storage place was on high ground, and the earth over the little pit was heaped up, so that there was no seepage of water.

WHEN THE BUTTER WAS unearthed and examined it was found to be in perfect condition except that for about a quarter of an inch down in each crock there was a slight earthy taste. When this was removed the rest was all right. I bought the lot, several hundred pounds, at 12 1-2 cents a pound. I remembered that I sold some of it to Colonel Viets, of the old Hotel Dacotah, and he was pretty particular about his butter. The rest of it went to local stores, and it is quite likely that some of the readers of this column ate some of it.

W. P. DAVIES.
IN ONE OF THE SENATE SESSIONS in Washington shortly before adjournment Senators Copeland and Dill sought in vain to gain recognition from Senator Moses, who occupied the chair at the time. Both were aggrieved, Senator Copeland very deeply so. He stood for a long time trying to attract the attention of the presiding officer, but although Senator Moses looked all around the room he was unable to perceive the senator from New York, who stood right before him and perfectly within range. Senator Copeland later expressed himself as greatly displeased over this treatment. There was something that he wished to say, and he was denied the privilege of saying it.

COLONEL W. H. BROWN, first mayor of Grand Forks, and for many years one of its prominent citizens, had a way of his own of gaining recognition when he desired it. He was a delegate to a Republican national convention—which one is not now recalled. The North Dakota delegation, for reasons of its own, had decided to propose the name of a candidate for president. It was not expected that the man whose name was to be proposed would receive a considerable vote, but it was desired to pay him the compliment of a vote, a practice which has been quite common in the early proceedings of national conventions. Colonel Brown was chosen to serve as chairman of the delegation and make the nominating speech.

DURING THE PROCEEDINGS, after several complimentary nominations had been made, and the convention chairman wished to get down to the real business of the convention, Colonel Brown failed to obtain recognition when he rose to present his candidate. Drawing himself to his full height he said "Mr. Chairman." There was no response from the chair. The colonel stepped into the aisle and shouted "Mr. Chairman!" The chairman looked right through him and proceeded with other business. The colonel drew from his breast pocket a little police whistle which he carried for use in emergencies, and, placing it to his lips he blew on it a shrill blast which startled the whole convention and brought proceedings to an immediate standstill. In the silence which followed, and with a thousand pairs of eyes upon him, including those of the chairman, Colonel Brown said "Mr. Chairman, North Dakota has a candidate to propose."

"The gentleman from North Dakota will proceed," said the chairman. The little nominating speech was made, and business continued. Possibly if Senator Copeland had carried a police whistle he might have won recognition.

THERE COMES TO MIND IN this connection the story of an old-time precinct caucus in Grand Forks. The precinct must have been the First ward of the city, for the caucus, as described by Colonel Brown, was held in a building on south Third street. The caucus had been called for 8 o'clock in the evening, and the colonel, who was precinct chairman, was on hand a few minutes before that hour to open the room and be ready for the session to begin. No one else was in sight. Promptly at 8 the door opened and there entered a local ward politician, followed by about 20 of his supporters, who had been secreted in a nearby saloon.

THE ARRIVALS WERE RECOGNIZED by the colonel as belonging to a faction opposed to his own, but as he was reminded that the hour for the caucus had arrived he had no choice but to call the meeting to order. The proceedings, being unanimous, occupied only about five minutes, during which time delegates were elected, resolutions adopted, and a motion to adjourn was adopted. The company then filed out to celebrate the bloodless capture of the caucus.

COLONEL BROWN LOCKED up the place and was on his way home when he met some of his own crowd. They reminded him of the caucus, which they supposed he had forgotten. "The caucus was called to order according to announcement," he said, "at 8 o'clock. Blank and his gang were there right on the dot and carried off the whole thing, and the caucus is over. Maybe after this when you have somewhere to go you'll get there on time."

THOSE WERE THE GOOD old convention days which are often mourned now. The system had its good points, and some which were not so good. I have been told by one of the participants of a way of holding caucuses which was at least original. My informant and a companion made a tour of county precincts, and, finding a friendly farmer in his field, would hold a precinct caucus with him there and then. Delegates to the county convention were named, and the conspirators moved on to the next place. The results of such caucuses were often challenged, but that gave the committee on credentials a chance to get in its work, and such committees were usually not more free from bias then than now.

W. P. DAVIES
IN WRITING THE OTHER day about the "tinker's damn," or "dam," whichever may be preferred, I expressed doubt that the expression so often heard is related at all to the bit of material which the old-time tinner used to check the flow of solder. I have just received from M. Real, of Michigan, N. D., a letter which gives an entirely different version of the origin of this, or a similar expression, a version which is quite new to me. The letter reads:

"I READ YOUR COLUMN every day, and am much entertained by it, as I suppose all old-timers are. You wrote of the "tinker's damn" some time ago. This is an improper expression. It should be "tinker's curse," and represents the Irishman's idea of zero in values. You might be interested if you looked it up in some Irish anecdotes. I will give you an outline from memory.

"A tinker spent a night in Doneraile. Someone stole his watch, and he wrote a long and severe curse on the town, something like this:

"May fire and brimstone, rain and hail
"Ever be the curse of Doneraile,
"May pheasants, rabbits, grouse and quail
"Be never seen in Doneraile.
"This frightened his landlady, and she bought him a better watch. So he changed "ever" to "never," and vice versa, in each couplet, and the curse became a blessing merely by changing one letter."

That is an interesting legend, and more probable than the learned explanation of the origin of the expression which has recently been given.
The Picture "Cimarron," which has made such a hit wherever it has been shown, gives a realistic reproduction of the scenes which attended the opening of the Oklahoma reservation, when thousands of land seekers who had been massed on the border of the reservation, started at the sound of the signal gun in a mad rush for claims upon which they could establish homes, or which they hoped to be able to sell at a profit. That was the opening of the last large land reservation in the country to public settlement. It was thrilling and spectacular, something never to be repeated.

In a smaller way we have had a few land rushes up in this territory. The last one that I can recall, where the land was free to all comers, first come, first served, was the opening of the Red Lake reservation in Minnesota. That opening included only a part of the original land holdings of the Red Lake Indians, but there was enough of it to attract considerable attention. The opening occurred in the summer of 1896, before the Great Northern's Duluth line had been completed. Trains, however, ran as far as Fosston, and the arrangements, as they are recalled, permitted prospective settlers to visit the reservation, stake out their claims, and make filings at the Crookston land office. Priority of filing seems to have been decided title. On the first day for receiving filings a train of two passenger cars arrived in Crookston loaded with prospective homesteaders who had picked out their claims and had hurried down to Crookston to have them registered. There were some 300 or 400 men in that party, those who could not get inside riding on top of the coaches. The crowd was lined up in front of the land office and that crowd stood in line for many hours before all the filings were made.

Of an entirely different class was the opening of the Fort Totten reservation near Devils Lake. The arrangements for that were wise in their purpose to avoid a rush, but in detail they were about as clumsy as could have been devised. Instead of having everybody line up around the reservation and then rush in and grab it, it was decided to receive applications from all eligible persons who wished to enter and to issue to each a numbered ticket. Then, on a designated day, tickets bearing similar numbers were placed in a receptacle, shuffled and drawn by chance. The person whose number was drawn first had his first choice of a claim, and so on in order until as many numbers had been drawn as there were parcels of land to be filed on.

That plan was all right, perfectly fair and orderly, but the absurd feature was that each entrant was required to appear in person at Devils Lake and there register and receive his ticket. Thus, if a man in Pennsylvania wished to take a chance on a North Dakota homestead he had to pay railway fare all the way to Devils Lake, pay living expenses while there, and, unless he wished to pay for board and lodging for weeks while waiting for the drawing, pay railway fare back home again. And, all that this would get him was the privilege of participating in a lottery where the blanks were twenty times as numerous as the prizes and many of the prizes were certain to be worthless, as those holding the later numbers drawn would have only inferior land from which to select. Provision could just as well have been made for registration by mail.

In spite of the cost of getting into this lottery and the slim chance of drawing a worthwhile prize, several thousand registrations were made. And the funny part of it was that there was keen rivalry for priority in registration. The day before the registration opened at the Devils Lake office prospective entrants began to take their places in line before the office. There were shoving and jostling for places in the line. I do not recall that there was any bloodshed. I do remember that Dan Richter and another fellow, armed in dime novel fashion, gained places at the front end of the line and held them all night, just why I never could figure out. The man who registered last had exactly as good a chance as the one who registered first. Anyway the boys had the honor of being first and second registrants, which is all they ever did get, for neither had a winning number.

There was an equal absurdity in receiving filings in timber lands in northern Minnesota. Those tracts were sold at a very low price and the person filing was not required to occupy or improve the land. It was required, however, that the person filing should present evidence that he had actually visited the land in person. Several Grand Forks men made the journey through the wilderness to the vicinity of the Canadian border in order that they might qualify for timber claims. They looked at the land, or at the trees on it, then turned around and returned. Having done all that was required, they made their filings and deposited their small payments, and that finished it. They were never required or expected to go near the land again. Just what brilliant mind framed up that requirement, or for what purpose, I never knew.

W. P. Davies.
MEN WHO WERE BOYS along in the seventies, eighties and nineties may remember the name of Frank Merriwell, the youthful hero of thousands of wild adventures on every continent and every sea, whose achievements and escapades were recorded week by week over a period of a good many years by an author who was known to his readers as Burt L. Standish. This was the name assumed for publication purposes by one Gilbert Patten, who is publishing a series of articles dealing with dime novels, their authors and publishers.

These sketches will bring back to many a man now bald or gray recollections of hours spent in the surreptitious reading of hair-raising stories of fighting Indians and buffalo, of trailing criminals, and of heroic enterprise by daring youths of amazing skill and courage who were successful in escaping from what seemed sure death by the exercise of their own wit and resourcefulness and in ways which, to the ordinary mortal, would have been impossible.

GENERAL READING of these stories was considered very bad for boys. Probably excessive indulgence in it was not desirable, just as exclusive diet of raw meat is not apt to be considered wholesome. But, while most of the dime novels were decidedly artificial, full of impossible situations and fantastic episodes, they had at least the merit of being clean. As in the popular melodramas of the day, wickedness sooner or later brought its punishment and merit its reward. The stories contained an abundance of crime, but crime was not glorified. On the contrary, such qualities as courage, honor, fairness and generosity were held up to admiration and emulation. But for some reason which I am sure was not deep psychological understanding, dime novels were pretty much banned from polite society.

THE STORIES THEMSELVES were fascinating to youth, and the element of fascination was intensified by the ban placed upon them, and reading them was quite an adventure. The books had to be smuggled from one boy to another with great caution, and they were read in the quiet of the haymow, the woodshed, the den down in the wood lot, or such other secluded place as could be found for the purpose.

In addition to describing the writing of his own stories, Mr. Patten tells of other writers of similar series who became well known, and some of whose names are still familiar to those who were boys. There was Ned Buntline, the author of innumerable stories, whose real name was Judson, who led a life of adventure and was able to draw on his own experiences for his material, for he had traveled all over the world, fought in a dozen wars, big and little, and had had adventures so amazing that he did not dare put some of them into his stories because readers would ridicule them as impossible. Once he shot and killed a man in a duel, and in consequence a mob seized him and strung him up to a rail. The rail broke, but the mob left him, supposing him dead, which he was not, by a long shot. Buntline told a friend that he once wrote a book of 600 pages in 62 hours.

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COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM was another mass producer of dime novels, who, like Buntline, spent his early life in adventure, and who, like Buntline, made a great fortune by his writings, and spent it all. His father, J. H. Ingraham, had been a writer, and, among other things he produced a series of books dealing with interesting periods in scripture history. These were "The Prince of the House of David," "The Pillar of Fire," and "The Throne of David."

The two of these books which we had, like "Pilgrim's Progress," were read and re-read. They were not quite accepted as authentic narratives, yet a certain authenticity seemed to attach to them, and they were regarded with reverence second only to that which attached to the Bible. In addition to these, I read diligently the works of the younger Ingraham, Ned Buntline, Burt L. Standish, and other writers of their type, a derived great satisfaction therefrom.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THERE HAS BEEN NO FIRING of cannon anywhere along the Canadian boundary since the war of 1812. It is possible that the long silence will be broken sometime next month when the king of Siam enters the United States at Portal. The king will be entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns—I believe the number is correct, either when he enters the territory of the United States or when he reaches the city of Washington. The authorities seem not to be quite certain which procedure will be proper, and all the books are being searched diligently for light on the subject. In case the decision is in favor of Portal it will be necessary to bring a gun from somewhere, and get it in proper position before the royal party arrives. No mere shotgun will do. It must be a piece capable of making a real noise.

IT IS SAFE TO ASSUME THAT on this occasion the authorities will guard against a blunder such as was made when the president of Haiti visited the United States a few years ago. President Borno, at that time the head of the black republic, entered the United States by way of New York en route to Washington to call on the president of the United States. After his arrival everyone was horrified to find that no salute had been fired in his honor, and, as the head of an independent nation he was entitled to that honor.

A FRANTIC INVESTIGATION was started. The state department had notified the military authorities at New York of the time of the guest's arrival and had requested that he be received with the customary honors. The commander in charge, whatever his rank, had issued the necessary order to his next in rank, and he had passed the order on to somebody else. It seems that the last person to receive the order had forgotten all about it, so the United States had failed in courtesy to the head of a friendly nation.

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IT IS NOT OF RECORD THAT President Borno was concerned over the oversight, or, in fact, had noticed it all. However, explanations were made which he received with good humor. Then some more orders were issued. It was ordered that the regular salute should be fired when the Haitian president left New York, and in order that there might be no mistake it was further provided that the order was directed personally to every officer on the ship from which the salute was to be fired, and that each person, from captain to cabin boy, should be personally present and see that the salute was fired. As a result President Borno received his salute in due form as his ship was passing down the harbor.

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THE PRESENT KING OF SIAM is said to be an educated gentleman, quite unlike the conception of persons and things Siamese which many of us gained from our school books many years ago. Like his late father he has progressive tendencies, and he is interested in things that make for the advancement of his people. His grandfather was really the link between the past and the present. I suppose I would not have remembered anything that I had read or heard about him were it not for his name, which was Chulalongkorn. There is some peculiar quality about that name that has made it stick in my mind.

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THE OLD GENTLEMAN WAS a real character. In his youth he had little contact with western people or customs, but he had vision, and he became convinced that there was much in the western world from which he and his people could benefit. He became, therefore, in dress, habit and outlook, an interesting combination of east and west.

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MAJOR BURKE, WHO SPENT the greater part of a long life as agent and manager for circuses and shows of various kinds, and who had traveled all over the world in connection with his work, told me some interesting stories years ago of his experiences at the court of King Chulalongkorn. He had strayed into Siam in connection with some show business, and he found opportunity to be presented to the king in order to request permission to do something that he wanted to do. The king found the breezy American a source of much of the kind of information that he wanted, and the major made quite a stay. The king, said the major, combined much of the simplicity of the barbarian with the shrewdness of a modern man of the world and the finesse of an European diplomat. He had a keen sense of humor and a very decided ability in getting what he wanted. The major described him as a thoroughly likeable fellow and considered him a real power in improving the condition of his people.
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That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

IT IS A LONG TIME SINCE I have heard "Curfew shall not ring tonight." The other night, over the radio, I heard, not the poem, but a dramatization of the story that is told in the poem, and it was very interesting. Several voices were heard, but the dominant one, of course, was that of Bessie, who saved her lover's life by clinging to the clapper of the great bell in the tower as the deaf sexton pulled the rope to sound the curfew hour. I missed the name of the young lady who took that part, but, whoever she was, she did a good piece of work. As she spoke her lines one could almost see the scene which she depicted. It is remarkable how such an illusion can be created merely by sounds uttered into a microphone hundreds of miles away without the aid of facial expression, gesture or anything else visible.

I WAS INTERESTED, not only in the dramatization of a familiar story in this manner, but in the mention made by the announcer of the author of the poem. If I ever knew the author's name I had forgotten it. The announcer told us that the poem was written by Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, whom he thanked for permission to use the poem as the basis for the radio presentation, and who, he said, is now living in San Diego, California. He hoped she was listening in. I hope so, too. If so she must have been greatly pleased with the rendition of her work.

A REFERENCE BOOK TELLS me that "Curfew shall not ring tonight" was written by Rose Hartwick in 1870, and was first published in a Detroit newspaper. The author, who was then 20 years old, was married the following year to Edmund C. Thorpe. In 1881 she edited a Sunday Newspaper in Chicago, and later she moved to California, where she has since lived. She published several stories and books of verse, but the "curfew" poem is the only one which attained any considerable popularity.

THAT POEM WAS IMMENSELY popular. I should have supposed it to have been written much earlier than 1870, for only a very few years after that it was one of the most popular pieces for declamation. It had become a declamatory classic within a very few years after its appearance. It was a favorite number at school exercises, church sociables and other like entertainments, and there was a time when thousands of misses in their teens were working themselves into highly emotional states as they rehearsed the phases of that romantic little story.

A GOOD DEAL OF FUN HAD been poked at that poem. Nobody now would dare to recite it seriously. Its sentiment would be considered slushy, and we now pride ourselves on being hard-boiled. As a literary production the poem does not take very high rank. Yet in its romance and its heroism there is something very appealing, and somebody has thought it worth while to revive it in a different form, and those who, long ago, were familiar with the poem must have enjoyed its dramatization. I hope its now aged author heard it.

WHILE ON THE SUBJECT OF radio I wish to mention two features which have been running for some time which are especially interesting. One of these is the "Empire Builder" series, dealing with events associated with the building of the Great Northern, and the other is the Canadian historical series sponsored by the Canadian National railways.

BOTH OF THESE ARE GIVEN in dramatic form. The "Empire Builder" programs come over the National network, and the Canadian series over the Canadian chain which can be reached by way of Winnipeg. In the former there are given incidents relating to the building of the Great Northern, and episodes in the history of the territory through which the road passes. One of the programs a few weeks ago dramatized the boyhood and youth of James J. Hill. Others take us into the Rockies and out to the Pacific coast, and each contributes something to an understanding of the great achievement represented in the building of the Great Northern road.

THE CANADIAN SERIES thus far has dealt with bits of colonial history, some of them actual and some legendary. One of the recent numbers dealt with the effort of the New England troops during the French wars to capture the Acadian village of Grand Pre. Another told of the plague of mice which destroyed the crops of the French settlers on the shore of Prince Edward Island.
MR. COKELEY SAID IT TOOK him more than four hours to walk from the postoffice to his home in West Ninety-seventh street, under elevated structure. His clothing was frozen and his shoes had to be thawed off in a tub of hot water, he declared.

D. A. WOODHOUSE OF SOUTH Orange, N. J., said he was the only survivor of sixteen men who had spent the first night of the blizzard in John Rankin’s printing shop downtown after failing to find hotel accommodations. He recalled meeting George Barrymore, a diamond merchant, in the lobby of the old Hotel Astor, who insisted upon walking home. His body was found later in a snowdrift on Broadway, near Central street.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY MIlbury of Hoboken, N. J., who was telegraph editor of The New York Star, published at the northwest corner of Broadway and Park Place at the time of the blizzard, said the entire length of Broadway had drifted from six to ten feet deep. The street was filled with abandoned street cars, wagons and carriages, he said.

THEODORUS VAN WYCK OF Valley Stream, L. I., who was re-elected president of the association for another term, read a letter from Elias B. Dunn, known as Farmer Dunn, who was in charge of the United States Weather Bureau in New York in 1888 and now resides in Coral Gables, Fla.

MR. DUNN WROTE THAT HE nearly lost his life in getting to and from the weather bureau office, and sent a diagram showing how the blizzard was caused by two storms, one moving east from the lake regions, the other moving northeast from Georgia, which focused on New York, covering a few hundred miles radius.

THE SEVERITY OF THAT storm is historic. It was in every sense a real storm. Its effect was intensified, of course, by the rarity of anything so extreme in that locality and the dependence of a large and congested population for even the ordinary conveniences of life on street transportation, which at that time was completely suspended for a long time.

IN THIS TERRITORY WE have experienced many storms which were probably quite as severe as that famous one in New York, storms in which city streets became impassable and in which it was a hazardous task for a farmer to go from his house to his barn. But our cities were small, and it was possible on the farm, with evidences of a coming storm in the air to provide in advance for the animals so that frequent trips would not be necessary.

EVERY OLD RESIDENT OF the prairie country has had some experiences which impressed him with the disastrous possibilities of a great winter storm. In one such storm—I think that was on a night in January, 1888—I was saved from wandering out into the open field by stumbling over the top of a pump when I supposed I was several rods away from it. If it had not been for that pump these observations would not have been written. In another storm the family stove became so charged with electricity that on touching it one received a shock that wrenched muscles. As the choice seemed to be between electrocution and freezing, I wrapped a rag around the poker and took a chance.

W. P. DAVIES.
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

ALONG ABOUT THIS TIME OF the year, or perhaps a little earlier, the question "When is Easter?" is often heard. For most of us it is easier to get hold of a calendar and find out that way than to apply any rule. There is a rule, however, which is not difficult to remember when one gets the hang of it, for it fixes itself in the mind just as a good many familiar jingles do.

EASTER IS THE FIRST SUN- day after the first full moon on or after the 21st of March. If one will say that over a few times, beating time to it with a spoon, or something, it will become as easy as "Eene, meenie, minie, mo." It may not seem to have any more real meaning. It isn't hard to work out, however. Thus, there is a full moon every four weeks or thereabout. If that occurs on March 21 or at any time within the next four weeks, Easter is the following Sunday. The moon may become full "on or after" March 21, but Easter is always "after" the day of a full moon.

UNDER THIS RULE IT IS possible for Easter to be as early as March 22 or as late as April 25, never earlier or later than those dates. This year we have a full moon on Thursday, April 2, therefore Easter falls on the following Sunday, April 5. During the present century Easter occurred once on March 23. That was in 1913. There will be no other Easter as early during the century. The nearest approach will be in 1940, when the festival will occur on March 24. In each of the years 1905 and 1916 Easter fell on April 23, within two days of its latest possible date. In 1943 it will reach its maximum of lateness, April 25, the only time during the century. In the table which I have consulted, which covers the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries, there is no mention of

the occurrence of Easter as early as March 22. For that it would be necessary for the moon to reach "full" on some Saturday which also happens to be the 21st of March. That combination is evidently a very rare one.

EASTER IS OBSERVED IN commemoration of the Resurrection, and as its date varies by more than a month, the reason for fixing the time has been a matter of some speculation. The Resurrection is associated in time, of course, with the Jewish Passover, which was established under the Mosaic law as a moveable feast, the time of which was governed by the phases of the moon. That idea has been followed by the Christian church, and, in order that there might be a definite rule on the subject an ecclesiastical conference held centuries ago established the rule above quoted.

THERE IS SOME DIFFERENCE between astronomical calculations and the methods of computation employed by the church, therefore the astronomers and the ecclesiastics would not always agree precisely as to the application of the rule. For the purposes of church computation it is found that the years may be classified into 19 groups as to the date of full moon. In all the years in Group 1 the moon reaches full on April 14. That date may be on any day of the week, but on whatever day it falls, Easter will be on the following Sunday in that year.

THE METHOD EMPLOYED IN finding these dates is to divide the number of the year by 19 and add 1 to whatever remainder there is. This gives what is called the golden number, and the time of full moon has been tabulated accordingly. This, 1931 divided by 19 leaves a remainder of 12. That number plus one gives 13, the golden number for this year. The table tells us that in all the "13" years the full moon occurs on April 2. That date occurs on Thursday this year, and Easter is the following Sunday.

ONE AUTHORITY SAYS THAT the date of Easter was fixed with reference to the moon because of the numerous religious pilgrimages undertaken in celebration of the festival. It was desirable that the pilgrims should have the benefit of moonlight on their journeys, so

THERE HAS BEEN CONSIDERABLE agitation in recent years for fixing a definite date for Easter without reference to the moon. Its irregularity has obvious disadvantages. The season is made a holiday season in many countries, and the shifting of a holiday by a full month is not desirable. The sponsors of the reformed calendar movement are generally in favor of a fixed date for Easter, although the changing of the calendar would not necessarily affect the date of Easter. That is distinctively a church holiday and its date is fixed by church authority according to the convenience and sentiment of church constituencies.

W. P. DAVIES
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

ONE OF THE OLD STORIES which should be passed along is about the adventure of Alex. McKenzie and the correspondent who offered to shoot him.

* * * * 

IT WAS DURING THE LEGISLATIVE session of 1890, the first in the newly created state of North Dakota. The lottery bill occupied a good deal of the attention of the legislature at that time. The Louisiana Lottery company had been in operation in New Orleans for several years. Its charter was to expire, and there was no prospect that Louisiana would grant a renewal. The company was very desirous of remaining in business, and in order to do so it was necessary for it to have a charter somewhere. The older states did not look kindly on the enterprise, and a survey of the prospects in the new states had been made with a view to the selection of one in which the field looked promising.

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A DECISION WAS MADE TO approach the state of North Dakota. The state had just been organized. Its population was small and its financial resources meagre. It had inherited an indebtedness of $200,000 from territorial days, and there was need of money for the financing of the governmental operations which were being undertaken. The lottery company offered in exchange for a charter a financial program which amounted in substance to the payment of the state debt and annual payments which would go a long way toward meeting state expenses. Headquarters were to be established within the state, and there would be a constant inflow of money and distribution of large profits.

* * * * 

A BILL EMBODYING THE conditions of the company's offer was presented to the legislature, and it had the support of a majority of the membership in both houses. It was vigorously opposed, however, by Governor Miller, who made known his intent to veto it if it were passed. A veto could have been overridden in the house, but a group of senators headed by Geo. B. Winship of Grand Forks signed a compact pledging themselves to stand by the governor and support his veto. This group was just large enough to prevent passage over the veto. That little phalanx could not be broken, and the bill died.

* * * *

McKenzie was a vigorous supporter of the lottery bill, and he used to the limit his great persuasive powers to gain support for the bill. In connection with this bill and other pending legislation there was bitter controversy, and charges of the giving and taking of bribes were freely circulated.

Conde Hamlin, correspondent at Bismarck of the old St. Paul Pioneer Press, had made reference in letters to his paper to these charges in a way which McKenzie considered pointed rather directly at him. There were several versions of what happened, but one of these went about as follows:

* * * *

ONE EVENING IN THE crowded bar room of the hotel, as Hamlin stood near the bar, McKenzie approached him and asked him on what information he had based the articles which reflected so severely on him. Hamlin immediately drew a revolver from his pocket and aimed it at McKenzie.

McKenzie grabbed the pistol, the descending hammer of which caught his finger and drew blood.

* * * *

IN THE BRIEF STRUGGLE which followed McKenzie wrenched the pistol from Hamlin, who, badly shaken, broke down and burst into tears. The disturbance drew a crowd, and some of McKenzie's friends, seeing the blood on his hand, and supposing that some real injury had been done, threatened Hamlin with rough handling. McKenzie stood between his late assailant and the crowd, and, emphasizing his remarks with the revolver, ordered everybody to stand back. He then addressed some words of advice to Hamlin, and then saw him safely to his room. Hamlin left by the next train, and was escorted to the station by Mc-
DURING A RADIO ADDRESS
on Wednesday evening Sir Hubert Wilkins told of his long flight with Ben Eielson over the Antarctic continent when they passed over hundreds of miles of land which had never before been seen by man. Wilkins and Eielson were more than fellow travelers. They were intimate companions who had faced death together and together had achieved what seemed to be impossibilities. On the long Antarctic flight they risked their lives on the dependability of their craft and the pilot’s skill, for if their plane had been crippled in a forced landing their case would have been hopeless. There were similar risks on the flight across the Arctic to Spitzbergen. On still another occasion their plane was wrecked away out on the polar ice, and they made their way to land on foot, saving their lives by their own courage and resourcefulness. Men cannot pass through such experiences together without being drawn very close.

NORTH DAKOTANS HAVE A peculiar interest in Sir Hubert Wilkins because of his association with two notable explorers from this state. His association with Eielson is quite recent, and he visited the family of his old comrade after Ben’s body was brought from the north and buried in the family plot at Hatton. Years earlier he was the companion of Stefansson on the latter’s famous journey across the polar ice, a journey on which, for over two years, they lived “off the country,” something which until that time had been considered impossible.

DURING THE RADIO ADDRESS Sir Hubert was asked whom he considered the greatest polar explorer. He said the question was a difficult one because of the many ractors involved, but he believed the greatest three on the entire list to be Stefansson, Amundsen and Shackleton. He accorded high honor to Peary for his persistence and his success in reaching the north pole, but that exploit he considered less difficult and less important than some of the achievements of the other three. Of the group he thought that Stefansson was perhaps the greatest of all because he had succeeded through the application of pure reason to conditions of which he had no experimental knowledge.

WILKINS EXPECTS TO LEAVE for the north in his submarine about May 1, and to start on the actual crossing of the Arctic about July 1. He is confident that with the equipment with which he is providing himself the journey will be less difficult and less hazardous than either by surface craft or by air. The upper surface of his craft is provided with strong steel runners to protect it from injury from contact with the ice overhead, and boring appliances will enable him to cut through many feet of ice for air. It is not expected that this will often be necessary, as during the summer months the northern ocean is marked by numerous open channels.

ONE’S FIRST IMPRESSION OF such a journey, miles and miles under ice, is that it must be terribly cold. That, of course, is a mistake. There are on the surface, even in the summer, furious storms and below-zero temperatures, but under the water the temperature can never be more than two or three degrees below the freezing point, and, unless the party should be compelled to take to the surface, there will be no wind or snow to give trouble.

THE “SPANISH PRISONER” has bobbed up again, this time in Argentina instead of in Spain. At one time or another several North Dakota people have received letters purporting to come from a man imprisoned in Spain. This alleged prisoner asked for assistance in obtaining his release, in return for which he offered to share an immense fortune which was hidden in some remote place known only to himself. Many persons were foolish enough to bite at this, but I do not recall that any North Dakotans permitted themselves to be victimized. Several turned over their letters to the postal authorities for investigation.

THE ORIGIN OF THIS CONFIDENCE game has been obscure, but one account has it that the game dates back to the Sixteenth century, shortly after the destruction of the Spanish armada, when many wealthy and titled Spaniards were cast upon the English coast. Some paid large ransoms to their captors. Within a few years Spanish crooks pretending to be prisoners of wealth were writing to Englishmen offering fabulous sums for assistance. The game has been continued at intervals and with variations ever since. Spain may have become too warm for the rascals, who now seem to be making Buenos Aires their headquarters.

W. P. DAVIES
That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

A BRIEF NEWS PARAGRAPH says that the sum of $100,000 has been appropriated for the purpose of making repairs on the famous cathedral, or minster, at York, England. That brought to mind a curious legend which was current among the old Yorkshire people who lived in my neighborhood in Ontario in my boyhood. Some of those people had lived in the vicinity of York and had seen the old cathedral. They reported that men were constantly at work on the building, building, tearing down and changing. The reason assigned for this ceaseless activity was that a huge debt had been incurred in the building of the cathedral, but that legal steps could not be taken for collection until the building was completed. In order to prevent the seizure of the building by creditors, therefore, the authorities had arranged to keep it in an uncompleted state. According for hundreds of years workmen had been kept busy making minor alterations on the building. It had never been finished, and, said the gossips, it never would be.

*I ACCEPTED THAT AS I DID many other neighborhood legends, but in later years the story seemed rather fishy to me. Meeting a man who seemed likely to know something about it I asked him if he knew what the facts were. He laughed and said he had heard the story often in England, but there was nothing to it. He said that in common with most historic buildings the York cathedral was frequently in need of repairs and minor alterations, and there was seldom a time when workmen were not employed about it. That, he said, was the bit of fact behind the rumor.

HE WENT ON TO SAY THAT the story had gained rather wide currency because of the persistence of an old feeling of antagonism between the Established Church people and the Dissenters. Those of the state church were, in the main, the aristocrats of their communities, noblemen, landed proprietors and social leaders, while the membership of the dissenting churches was made up chiefly of those of humbler station. It required little effort on the part of the latter for them to believe stories not quite creditable to their brethren in more elevated positions. The cathedral story, therefore, fell on receptive ears.

YORK CATHEDRAL IS CONSIDERED one of the finest examples of church architecture in England, as well as one of the most ancient. It was actually begun under the Saxon kings in the Seventh century. Just think of it! That was many generations before William the Conqueror, even before the great Alfred. Little progress toward the form of the present building was made, however, until sometime in the Twelfth century, when work was seriously undertaken. In about 300 years the building was practically completed. That was just a little before Columbus made that voyage across the Atlantic. Henry VII was king of England. There were yet to come the stormy reign of his son, the religious persecutions under Mary and Elizabeth, the wonderful advancement of the kingdom under Elizabeth, the plays of Shakespeare, the dictatorship of Cromwell, the American revolution, and a host of other things that stand out as landmarks in history. There the old cathedral stands. What a panorama has passed its hoary walls!

* * *

ANOTHER NEWS STORY tells us that a daughter of Emmeline Pankhurst is confidently awaiting the second coming of Christ, which she expects to see in the near future, as her reading of the scriptural prophecies convinces her that the time is not far off.

I HAVE MET MANY PERSONS who entertained that belief, and who can quote chapter and verse for it. I always listen to them respectfully and never dispute them. I know nothing about prophecy. But my faith in the accuracy of their predictions is shaken by the fact that since the days of the apostles many deeply religious people have felt certain that the second coming was just at hand. Always there have been wars and rumors of wars, and all the other signs which are enumerated in the prophecies.

* * *

NOT A GENERATION PASSES without active preparations being made by some group for the reception of the Lord upon his arrival. I recall one such group that had the time so closely fixed that its members gathered in an upper room, robed in white and there waited patiently for two or three days and nights without a doubt that their expectations were to be realized. Hour after hour passed without any supernatural manifestations, and one by one the watchers departed sadly to their homes, for theirs had been a real hope and an earnest desire. Sometimes the ungodly poked fun at them, but the general attitude of the neighborhood was rather one of mild amusement with a strong tincture of sympathy. The disappointed ones were good people and good neighbors, and their disappointment was very real.

W. P. DAVIES.
DR. MOORE SAYS THAT THE work of killing seals is not a pleasant experience for a novice, for the little animals are quite helpless and they utter sounds much like the cry of a human being in distress. When the killing is over the work of skinning begins. The hides are removed quickly with sharp knives, the thick layer of fat which surrounds the animal being removed with the pelt. The stripped carcasses are left on the ice.

IN THE MEANTIME the weather may have become foul. Dense fogs are frequent in those waters. The wind may have risen and a blinding snow storm may have set in. The ship may have been blown miles from her former position, leaving the hunters adrift on the open sea on a great ice floe. It may be hours or days before it is possible for the men to rejoin their ship, and it is during such periods that many tragedies occur.

DR. MOORE RECALLS THAT some fifteen or twenty years ago eighty men belonging to a sealing ship commanded by Captain Kean, father of Captain Abram Kean of the Viking, went adrift on an ice floe during a seal hunt, and not one of the eighty was saved. While the men were on the ice a storm set in, with intense cold, and men and ship were driven apart. Days later, when the remnant of the little party was reached, every man was dead and every body frozen solid on the ice.

THE VIKING WAS WRECKED by an accidental explosion blasting powder, quantities of which, as well as of dynamite, are carried on the sealing ships in order to clear passages through the ice, and sometimes to free the ship from the crushing force of the great flosse between which it may be caught. As a protection against the ice most of the ships are sheathed with tough timbers, the wood being more resistant than any but very heavy metal.

DR. MOORE SAILED PAST Horse island, to which the survivors of the wreck made their way, only a few years ago. He describes it as a bleak and inhospitable spot, similar to many along the coast, where lighthouses, signal towers and radio stations are established.
BECAUSE OF A FEW DAYS' experience afloat I consider myself an authority on nautical, and especially naval matters. Hence, when I read in the paper that when President Hoover was taken to the Battleship Arizona in the admiral's barge, I knew exactly what was meant.

* * *

IT SHOULD BE UNDERSTOOD that not all battleships carry admirals. Counting all the admirals afloat there might be enough to go around, but it isn't done that way. The admiral is boss of a fleet, as the general is of an army. The chief officer of a ship is the captain, just as the colonel is chief officer of a regiment. If there happens to be an admiral along, he does not mess with the management of the ship at all, but keeps his own state in his own quarters.

* * *

THE FLAGSHIP, WHICH IS the admiral's official home when he is afloat, has special quarters for the admiral, with which the regular ship's officers have nothing to do. The captain has his quarters next forward, and then the other officers of the ship. Access to the ship and exit from it are by means of gangways, which on battleships are narrow iron stairways which lie on the deck when not in use and are lowered over the side when needed. At the bottom of each, not far above the water line, is a little square platform.

* * *

THESE GAN GWAYS ARE NOT used promiscuously, very decidedly not. The rearmost one is reserved for the special use of the admiral and his guests. The one next forward is the captain's. Others are used by other officers and crew. As with gangways, so it is with motor boats. These are comfortable and seaworthy little craft of various sizes, under modern conditions being propelled by gasoline engines. One is reserved for the use of the admiral and is known as the admiral's barge. The captain's is his gig. They look pretty much alike, but they have different names.

* * *

OF COURSE A GUEST AS DISTINGUISHED as the president of the United States would be taken to the ship in the admiral's barge, would ascend the admiral's gangway, and would pass through a guard of honor of eight seamen drawn up in due form at the head of the gangway. It is quite a pleasant experience for persons much less important than presidents.

* * *

I HAVE A VISION, TOO, OF the President driving across Porto Rico. I think he has not visited the island before, but he has been pretty much all over the world, and tropical scenes are not at all new to him. He would find Porto Rico a delightful place from the scenic standpoint. His road from Fonce to San Juan would take him through mountain scenery so beautiful that President Roosevelt called the island the Switzerland of America. He could not have meant that Porto Rico is like Switzerland, but rather that it is as beautiful as Switzerland, with a beauty distinctly its own.

* * *

THE ROADS WIND AMONG and around over mountains, which, though not very high, as mountains go, are real mountains nevertheless, for they are steep and rugged, rising sharply from the plains on either coast. In many places the roads have been carved out of the mountain sides, and long switchbacks to reach the higher elevations are numerous. All the important roads have been built since the American occupation and under the direction of American engineers. They are not paved, but are well surfaced with rocky material which is abundant.

* * *

NATIVE VILLAGES ARE NUMERous, and we are told that as he passed through them school children lined the highway to greet the president with the waving of flags and the singing of songs. Mr. Hoover would notice among those children every shade of color, from—apparently—pure white to—obviously—pure black. Probably not more than five per cent of the population is pure white. Many whose skins seem white and hair straight still show traces of African ancestry. Porto Rican statistics give a much larger white population, but in the building of those statistics all are classified as white who have straight hair.

* * *

THE LOCAL CONSTABULARY are a fine looking lot of fellows, tall, straight and well formed. When guests are being shown around these men are stationed all along the route as traffic officers. They perform their work with great dignity and their signals and not confined to a stinging little jerk of the thumb. The Porto Rican traffic signal—for strangers—is generously performed with both arms, and no one can fail to be impressed with its dignity and hospitality.

W. P. DAVIES.
A FEW DAYS AGO I MADE some mention of the method employed in fixing the date of Easter. This naturally suggests the fixing of other dates, in fact, the whole subject of the calendar, a subject on which many volumes have been written, and concerning which astronomers and other scientists have made elaborate calculations reaching out into the remotest distances of space and time. Out of it, among other things, we have got the bit of doggerel beginning "Thirty days hath September."

THERE IS NO REASON WHY September or any other month should have any particular number of days, for our months are purely artificial creations, corresponding to nothing in nature. The day, the lunar month of about four weeks, and the year are natural divisions of time, measured by the movements of celestial bodies. All other divisions which we use are artificial and arbitrary. And the several natural divisions do not correspond to each other. That makes our time system resemble a machine whose gears continually clash because they do not quite fit.

MOST OF THE EARLY CALENDARS were based on the lunar periods and the early Egyptians had a year of twelve months of 30 days each. Egyptian astronomers discovered that this made the year about five days too short. They therefore injected five extra days between the old year and the new, and these were observed as religious festival days.

JULIUS CAESAR adopted the Egyptian system as the basis for his reformed calendar. In order to correct an error in the Egyptian calculations he provided for the additional quarter-day by adding a full day every fourth year, the year which we call leap year. This system was followed for some 1,600 years, during which time, because the quarter-day was about 10 minutes too long, the world's reckoning was off 10 days.

IN 1542 THE PRESENT GREGORIAN CALENDAR was adopted, time was set forward 10 days, and provisions were made for the extra 10 minutes by discarding leap year every 400th year. This leaves the system with only a fraction every few hundred years, which is near enough for paying the rent and the monthly bills.

THE GREGORIAN CALENDAR was not adopted by Germany until the year 1700, and Great Britain and her colonies, including those in America clung to the Julian reckoning until 1752, when things were speeded up eleven days by act of parliament. This occasioned numerous protests from the pulpit and was the occasion of rioting, the populace crying "Give us back our eleven days!"

THE NEW SYSTEM WAS ADOP TED by Japan in 1873, by China in 1912, by Turkey in 1917, by the Soviet republics in 1918, although in Russia the system was later discarded for a system peculiar to Russia, in 1919 by Rumania and Serbia, and in 1923 by Greece and the Greek church.

THE SYSTEM HAS BEEN found objectionable in that the months are of irregular length, that there is no correspondence between weeks and months, a given month date, for instance, falling haphazard on various days of the week. As a remedy for this there has been prepared an International calendar, which has been approved by various committees, and which may come up for final consideration before a League of Nations commission this year.

THIS PLAN PROVIDES FOR A year of thirteen months each of four weeks, the extra month, Sol, being placed between June and July. This will provide for 364 days. The 365th day will be New Year's day, and will not be included in any week or month. In leap year an additional day is placed in the same manner between June and July.
A FRIEND IS REMINDED BY
the recent snow storm of a storm late in March, 1897, which lasted for several days. I do not recall that particular the great Thanksgiving storm of 1896 and the flood of 1897 which brought the winter to a storm, perhaps because storms had been so frequent and so severe that winter and because the record-breaking flood which followed rather tended to efface recollection of what had preceded. To me the outstanding features of that lone season are close. In between there had been storm after storm which piled the original drifts higher and higher.

MY FRIEND SAYS THAT BEFORE the March storm the snow had all disappeared, leaving the ground as bare as it was this year. The fresh snow melted rapidly, flooding the fields and filling the ditches, and then, when cold weather came, there was fine skating all over the country. It is recalled that parties skated all the way from Argusville to the Red river, fifteen miles. Several years later there was a period of good skating after a spring thaw and freeze. All the roadside ditches were level full when the weather turned cold, and I recall that one party of boys skated all the way from Grand Forks to Thompson.

* * *

A STORY FROM GLACIER park tells of a motorist who found one of his tires bristling with porcupine quills, and the man is convinced that the porcupine must have shot the quills into the tire. The belief that a porcupine shoots its quills is of long standing and general acceptance and it persists in spite of the positive statement by scientists that the thing is impossible. We have been told repeatedly by men who have investigated the subject thoroughly that there is no mechanism in the porcupine's body which enables it to shoot its quills any more than a man can shoot hairs from his head. Nevertheless the tradition persists. I never heard anyone say that he had seen it done, but I have met many people who knew others who said they had seen it.

* * *

WE DO NOT SEE MUCH OF porcupines in the open country. The porcupine is strictly a timber animal. It is found in almost all northern forests and is familiar to all residents of the timbered districts of northern Minnesota. It is unpopular with timber conservationists because of its habit of stripping the tender bark from trees and of eating the tender buds from the tips of branches and thus checking the growth of trees. The animal is detected by motorists on the timber roads because if one happens to be struck by the car it is pretty certain to leave some of its quill points in a tire. These points are quickly driven out of sight into the rubber of the casing, and, being barbed, will work their way in with the flexing of the tire until the inner tube is punctured. When that puncture is repaired, another may occur from some other quill, and there may be a dozen or more of these before the casing is cleared. The quills make holes in the solid rubber too small for detection, and they give no indication of their presence until their deadly work is done. One man who drives the timber roads has told me that whenever he strikes a porcupine he feels that he may as well throw away his tire and buy a new one, as otherwise he has before him a long list of repair bills and a lot of trouble.

* * *

A. A. HALVORSON, WHO HAS been sales representative of the International Harvester company in many foreign countries, joined the McCormick force in the company's Chicago plant only a short time after the death of Cyrus Hall McCormick, inventor of the reaper and founder of the great company whose operations have since extended around the globe. Many of the men then employed at the plant had worked under the inventor during the years of his business activity, and they spoke of him with respect and affection. They spoke of him as a driving force in the business, but a man of likeable qualities who had a neighborly regard for his men.

MR. HALVORSON TELLS OF one change in farm methods brought about by the use of machinery of which little note has been taken. Many of us can remember when it was common practice, at least on eastern farms, to grow pumpkins together with the corn. That practice formed the basis of Riley's lines:

"When the frost is on the pumpkin
And the fodder's in the shock."

But when corn harvesters took to the fields the pumpkins made trouble. In addition to making the going bumpy the pumpkins, when crushed by the big wheel would cause it to slip and lose traction. Therefore, in modern practice pumpkins are grown elsewhere than in cornfields.

W. P. DAVIES
THE GREAT CINEMA play of the year, very likely, is Cimarron, presented at the Brown Grand here, last week.

The part of Dixie Lee, played by Estelle Taylor, Jack Dempsey's wife, is based on an editorial appearing in the Concordia Daily Kansan, on June 6th, 1907, reproduced here:

* * * * *

THE EDITOR MAN OF THE Kansan was present at the council meeting on Monday evening when Mr. Marshall made his plea to the distinguished body for the release from jail of a woman, Dora Grimes, recently convicted in police court of unlawful habitation and sentenced by the court to a fine of $25 dollars and costs. The Kansan believes the woman should be released. We do so, aware of the fact that it may be a rather dangerous stand to take and may have it "unpopular." We are not finding fault with the court for finding her guilty under the evidence—we heard the evidence and it was conclusive. There can be no fault for the fine imposed—it was, and is, right. That is all we know now—except the cold facts stare us in the face that an unfortunate women, though a sinner, is incarcerated in the county jail because she hasn't got $25 dollars in cash to pay the fine. She is imprisoned against her will for bad living. She has a little boy, about six years old, an innocent, bright little fellow, who seems old enough at least to understand their humiliation while in police court and cried pitifully at their sad plight.

* * * * *

THE MOTHER IS IN JAIL because she hasn't the $25—that's what she is in jail for, don't forget that, and if that money she need never have gone there. Has not the purpose of the law been accomplished, anyway? Was the fine imposed for the purpose of punishment or are we wanting her money? If it was a punishment we demanded to inflict, then hasn't she been already punished and humiliated enough by being placed in jail, and the brand of shame placed on her to last through life? Are we asking the part of Christian men in this? Do you remember what the Saviour said to the people who had accused the woman. Do you know He gave to any one of them a formal vindication, "he that is without sin, let him cast the first stone?" This woman should have been punished—let us concede that—but let us not be brutal about it. She has had with the "unwritten work" in the great fraternity commonly called "the brother, the necesarily Man," and both willing to "go down the line" for the things we deemed to be right—though violating the spirit of the rabbie.

Anyway, a friendship was then struck that has endured, and which it would be dangerous now for an outsider to attempt to disrupt.

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.

FROM TIME TO TIME I HAVE heard of Gomer T. Davies, for a great many years editor of the Kansan, published at Concordia, Kansas, and have been asked if we were related. The name makes the question a reasonable one, but I can claim no relationship. Presumably the Kansas editor's ancestry, like mine, on one side of the family, at least, is Welsh, but our name is merely one of several variations of the name "David" which have been adopted by Welsh families ever since St. David became the patron saint of Wales. Those who bear the name the characters in the picture & are may be descended from Adam.

GOMER DAVIES IS ONE OF the group of sturdy and original newspaper men of which William Allen White and E. W. Howe are members, and who have done much to make Kansas famous. I have just received a copy of his paper from Geo. F. Graham, of Edmore, N. D. who perhaps thought of a possible relationship, but who has also marked it in an interesting article relating to the origin of one of the characters in the picture play "Cimarron." The article was so interesting to me that I am reproducing it in full, with thanks to Mr. Graham for sending it. He it is:

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* * * * *

The Greatest Cinema play of the year, very likely, is Cimarron, presented at the Brown Grand here, last week. The part of Dixie Lee, played by Estelle Taylor, Jack Dempsey's wife, is based on an editorial appearing in the Concordia Daily Kansan, on June 6th, 1907, reproduced here:

* * * * *

The Editor Man of the Kansan was present at the council meeting on Monday evening when Mr. Marshall made his plea to the distinguished body for the release from jail of a woman, Dora Grimes, recently convicted in police court of unlawful habitation and sentenced by the court to a fine of $25 dollars and costs. The Kansan believes the woman should be released. We do so, aware of the fact that it may be a rather dangerous stand to take and may have it "unpopular." We are not finding fault with the court for finding her guilty under the evidence—we heard the evidence and it was conclusive. There can be no fault for the fine imposed—it was, and is, right. That is all we know now—except the cold facts stare us in the face that an unfortunate women, though a sinner, is incarcerated in the county jail because she hasn't got $25 dollars in cash to pay the fine. She is imprisoned against her will for bad living. She has a little boy, about six years old, an innocent, bright little fellow, who seems old enough at least to understand their humiliation while in police court and cried pitifully at their sad plight.

* * * * *

The Mother is in Jail because she hasn't the $25—that's what she is in jail for, don't forget that, and if that money she need never have gone there. Has not the purpose of the law been accomplished, anyway? Was the fine imposed for the purpose of punishment or are we wanting her money? If it was a punishment we demanded to inflict, then hasn't she been already punished and humiliated enough by being placed in jail, and the brand of shame placed on her to last through life? Are we asking the part of Christian men in this? Do you remember what the Saviour said to the people who had accused the woman. Do you know He gave to any one of them a formal vindication, "he that is without sin, let him cast the first stone?" This woman should have been punished—let us concede that—but let us not be brutal about it. She has had with the "unwritten work" in the great fraternity commonly called "the brother the necessarily Man," and both willing to "go down the line" for the things we deemed to be right—though violating the spirit of the rabbie.

Anyway, a friendship was then struck that has endured, and which it would be dangerous now for an outsider to attempt to disrupt.

For the book, Mr. White says: "I hope you will note in my book the incident I got out of The Kansan a year or so ago. The whole book is

That Reminds Me—W. P. D.
SOME DAYS AGO, IN REFER-
ing to the possibility that the wel-
ing salute to the king of Siam
might be fired at Portal, North Da-
kota, I said something to
the effect that
this would be the
first time that the sound
of guns had been heard on the
Canadian border since the
war of 1812. George K. Mun-
ro has taken me
to task for over-
looking the Fenian raid of the sixties. In a
way he is right. There was some
shooting, off and on, along
the Ontario border, but it was of a very irreg-
ular kind. There was no war be-
tween the two
countries.

THE FENIAN SOCIETY WAS
an organization of Irishmen and their sympathizers who were com-
mitted to the separation of Ire-
land from the British empire. The society had a large membership in
New York, and its leaders conceiv-
ed the idea of freeing Ireland by mussing up Canada. A military or-
ganization was effected, not quite secretly, but "incognito," just about
as kings and princes travel incog-
nito. Everybody knew what was
going on, but everybody was too
polite to mention it. At different
times group of these warriors slipp-
ed across the Niagara from the
New York side. There were a few
skirmishes and one or two real en-
gagements, in all of which the in-
vaders were worsted. Similar raids
were made from New England, and
one party entered Ontario by way
of the Detroit river. Each of these
efforts was futile.

TWO MAIN ELEMENTS EN-
tered into the calculations of the
Fenian leaders. One was the fact
that during the American Civil war
many thousands of men of Irish or-
igin had served in the Union ar-
mies and had had the advantage of
military training. It was believed
that this training would be of great
service in the invasion which was
contemplated. The other considera-
tion was the belief that whenever a
military showing was made great
numbers of Canadians would join
the movement, welcoming the oppor-
tunity to separate their country
from British sovereignty.

THE MOVEMENT, HOWEVER,
did not attract sufficient support to
result in the creation of a force
large enough to make military
training of much account, and the
expectation of support from the
Canadian side of the line proved
altogether illusory. Canadians vol-
unteered eagerly for service
against the raiders, and the regu-
lar who were then in the country
could have dealt alone with the
disturbance without much difficul-
ty. The last Fenian movement was
suppressed by the United States
government, which, after several
years, became aware of the fact
that its territory was being used as
the base for military operations
against a friendly government.

I KNOW THAT I HAVE MEN-
tioned at some time that Judge W. J. Kneeshaw, of the Seventh judi-
cial district, served as a Canadian
volunteer in that disturbance, and
that he has a medal which was
awarded him on account of such
service. I have no doubt that there
are other North Dakotans who saw
similar service. A list of them, with
some account of their experiences,
would be interesting. Information
on the subject will be welcomed.

I WAS A SMALL YOUNGSTER
during the period of those raids,
but I remember well the sight of
the red-coated soldiers who were
stationed in our town, and the spec-
culations among the children as to
whether the Fenians actually were
coming, and how far they would get.