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William Preston Davies

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WHEN KING ALBERT OF Belgium visited the United States several years ago he distinguished himself by the ease with which he met and mingled with people. He possessed the dignity of real manhood, and had none of the false dignity which is dependent on place and power. Quite accurately he has been called democratic. That term has often been used to describe a pose which expresses itself in hand-shaking and back-slapping, with nothing of the spirit of real cordiality beneath it. Albert was democratic in the sense that he liked people and was intensely interested in them, just as human beings.

W. P. Davies

DURING A CAMPING TRIP on his tour of the West the king was placed in charge of a veteran frontiersman named Bill, who had been chosen for that duty because of his experience, skill and absolute trustworthiness. He was to be the king's personal guide and attendant during the trip. Bill was a good guide, but he was not up in court procedure. The committee in charge undertook to instruct Bill in advance in the niceties of behavior. Among other things he was to address the king as "Your Majesty.

IN A MOMENT OF PRIVACY over their first camp fire Bill addressed the monarch about like this:

"I been brought up here in the west, and I know something about mountains, and animals, and such, but I don't know how they do things in big cities, or where you come from. These folks have been tellin' me how I should talk to you, and about callin' you 'majesty,' and all that, but I don't seem to get it. I'm sure I'll get it all balled up. So if it's all right with you, I'll just call you 'King,' and you call me 'Bill.'"

The king assured him that it would be all right, and it was "King," and "Bill" thereafter. And the two became fast friends.

MANY YEARS AGO I STOOD in a crowd in Brantford, Ont., and saw the new governor general, the marquis of Lorne and his wife, the royal princess Louise, go by. As their carriage came opposite where I stood the parade was halted by some temporary obstruction ahead, and we onlookers crowded up close to get a good look at the distinguished pair. An old Indian from the Six Nation reservation nearby elbowed his way through the crowd, and, putting up a brown paw, shouted cordially in quite good English "How are you, Marquis?" The marquis shook hands and laughed heartily. The incident went off quite as smoothly as if the old fellow had been officially presented.

I TALKED ONCE WITH A railroad man who had had charge of special trains on which royal or other dignitaries were being carried about the country, and I gained the impression that such a job is not one to be coveted. As a railroading job alone it is exacting, for everything must be made to work with perfect smoothness. In addition there is to be considered the temperament of the guest; and royal guests may be as temperamental as famous actors sometimes are.

IN HIS EXPERIENCES OF this kind the railroad man looked back with pleasure on having charge of the tour of the crown prince of Sweden. The prince was remembered as a splendid fellow—courteous, companionable, and always thoughtful of the comfort and convenience of those around him. But when mention was made of Queen Marie of Rumania my friend wouldn't say a word. He just held up both hands and shook his head.

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JIM MILLOR, THEN SECRETARY of the Greater North Dakota association, and still a director of that body, was responsible for a unique bit of North Dakota publicity in connection with Queen Marie's visit. Wherever she went, delegations of dignitaries boarded her train and had to be introduced to her, and it would not be strange if her nerves became somewhat frayed.

JIM DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION to dignitaries. He arranged that the queen's train crossed the state it should be boarded at various points by little groups of farm women—right off the farms. The queen was immensely pleased. She had had little opportunity to meet people except on parade, and she enjoyed the experience of meeting those of her own sex fresh from their domestic duties, and talking with them as woman to woman. That stunt got more attention in the eastern papers than did all the meetings with officials and professional greeters on the rest of the trip.
A FEW DAYS AGO I QUOTED from a letter from a correspondent concerning the shipment of finished lumber from southern Ontario to Grand Forks in 1879, which would be immediately after the first railroad reached Grand Forks. The Red river valley has drawn on distant sections for other building material such as was produced later much nearer home. In the late seventies I assisted in shipping brick from southern Ontario to Winnipeg. That seems a long way to send to a district which is underlaid with clay suitable for brick making.

PRIOR TO THAT TIME BRICK had been made on a small scale in the vicinity of Winnipeg, but the outfits were small and crude and the product was rough. Then came Winnipeg's first boom. There was violent speculation in city lots, and buildings were erected in anticipation of the real growth that did not materialize until some years later. There was urgent demand for more brick than could be turned out by the small local yards, and of a better quality than could be turned out by the "slop" machines which had served well enough until that time.

OUR NEWPORT YARDS drew their material from an inexhaustible bank of blue clay, and for moulding and burning they had the latest appliances then in use. The product was considered remarkably fine, and there may still be in Winnipeg buildings that are faced with brick that I helped to haul.

THAT BLUE CLAY WAS PECCULAR stuff. In the bank, in a moderately moist condition, it was a dark blue—almost black. Exposed to the weather until it became dry it was a medium gray, and it burned still lighter. We youngsters were in the habit of whittling crayons out of the blue clay and letting them dry until they were quite hard, when we used them for decorating fences. With a little excess moisture the clay became exceedingly plastic, almost fluid, but very tenacious.

I AM TOLD THAT UNDER our own yellow clay, which extends down in some spots for many feet there is blue clay quite similar to that in our great eastern clay banks, and it seems that it is the plasticity of this clay under certain conditions of moisture and pressure which accounts for the instability of our river banks and many of our building foundations.

PRESIDENT KANE, OF THE University, tells me that he has examined the slide on the river bank at Crookston, and has found blue clay oozing up through the crevice along which the settling occurred, although the layer of blue clay at that point is many feet below the surface. Apparently that clay has been sufficiently plastic to flow under great pressure, and the upper strata has forced it out of place.

IN THIS SITUATION SECURING heavy buildings becomes quite a problem. Deep footings do not seem to serve. Some engineers have reached the conclusion that in much of our territory it is necessary in effect to float out heavy buildings by means of unusually broad footings, so that the weight will be well distributed, and as far as possible to tie the structures together so that there will be no distortion even if some settling does occur.

THIS EARTH OF OURS IS AN unstable structure, anyway. California has its quakes, but everywhere there have been vast changes in the form of the surface of our planet. For many miles the Burlington road runs along the left bank of the Mississippi, almost level with the water, with the great ricky bluffs on the other side of the track. Scattered along on the level ground between the foot of the bluffs and the river are occasional villages and numerous farm houses. In the farm yards, sometimes within only a few feet of dwellings, are great rocks which at some time have broken off the crest of the escarpment and plunged down to their present position. Other rock hangs almost over the farm yards, and I have often wondered who will be at home when some of that rock lets go, as it surely will, some day. It may be years, or centuries, but down it will come.
DOWN ALONG THE NORTH

Atlantic seaboard the people are probably in some doubt whether they are digging out or digging in. Digging they are, with all their might, after another in a succession of the worst storms and heavy snowfalls that have been known for years. In New York city surface traffic was practically suspended during the latest storm. The subway trains continued to run, of course, but when suburbanites got to their home stations they still had to get home. Sometimes they had to travel blocks, and sometimes miles.

AS ONE RESULT OF THE storm the sporting stores have done the biggest business in years. People have bought out their entire stocks of certain kinds of goods, not for purposes of sport, but for the sober purposes of utility, ski, snow-shoes, heavy stockings, high overshoes, ear muffs and stocking caps have been sold out and factories have been unable to keep up with the demand for more. It has become common practice for those living in the suburbs to travel on skis or snowshoes from home to station, check their outfits there, reclaim them on their return, and so travel home through or over the drifts.

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN some spectacular performances with those outfits. Skis are tricky enough for the novice, but for the inexperienced person to make any headway at all on the regular web snowshoes is next to impossible. R. M. Ballantyne, author of some of the best stories ever written of outdoor life in the northwest a century ago gives some amusing descriptions of the efforts of the tenderfoot to get the hang of passing the broad part of one shoe over the other at each step instead of straddling in order to keep them from tangling.

THE DIRTIER THE WEATHER the more enthusiastically do loyal residents of the locality come to its defense. Thus we find Dr. Huntington of Yale, assuring the world that the best climate in the United States, and necessarily, one supposes in the world, occurs along the Atlantic coast from Boston to Atlantic City. There, he tells us, because of the temperature, which averages about 40 degrees, man's mind works at its best.

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FAR BE IT FROM ANY RESIDENT of the northwest to question the mental stimulus that comes from low temperatures. It may be recalled, however, that men reared in climates quite different from that of a New York-New England coast have done some rather notable thinking. Columbus belonged to the Mediterranean area. Da Vinci seems to have been able to think to good purpose in any desired direction. Greece produced some interesting works of art and is thought to have considerable influence on political, moral and philosophic thought. The Egyptian pyramids bear evidence of careful planning and skillful execution. Assyria gave to the world a great code of morals. Arabia gave us the laws of Moses, the psalms of David and the Christian religion.

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THE MAIL BROUGHT A CARD advertising a grand roundup May 24-25-26 at Miles City, Mont., in connection with the golden jubilee of the city. The show will be staged under the auspices of the Montana Stockgrowers' association. The card is in red and gilt, and printed with a crazy assortment of type. I was only mildly interested until I found that the general chairman of the arrangements committee is J. D. Scanlan, which makes it different. Joe was a Herald advertising man way back when. Falling from grace into politics he got himself elected chief clerk of the house at Bismarck. Then he went to Montana and got into the newspaper business on his own account, and he has built up a fine business in spite of the fact that he has continued in politics. He is, or was last year, Republican state chairman for Montana. I'd like to go to his show.

* * *

SOMEONE ASKED ME THE other day how the tulips are coming along. They have not been coming. During the severe weather they have just stayed there, less than an inch above the ground. But there they are, and during these mild days they have shown signs of activity. They know when to move and when to stand still. A warm day brings them up a little, and on a cold day they just hold everything. They are indetiffatigable and unconquerable.
WHEN I INTENDED TO write that President West, of the U. N. D., had told me something about the slipping of the river bank at Crookston my fingers, having been accustomed to a different movement, wrote President Kane instead. I'll make it right with President West first time I meet him. As for Dr. Kane, he is in Florida, and will know nothing about it. Anyway, if he had inspected that clay bank he would have told me about it if I had asked him. He was always accommodating that way.

* * *

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A kindness to the memory of Charles A. Lindbergh Sr., former congressman from Minnesota, to refrain from resurrecting his book, "Your Country at War," which has just been published. The book, scheduled for publication while America was in the World war, seems to have been suppressed, wisely or unwise, by the government at that time. The theory on which suppression was based was that the publication of the book would tend to obstruct the government in its prosecution of the war by interfering with the sale of Liberty bonds and by promoting resistance to the draft.

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THE BOOK MAKES CHARGES of graft and corruption in high places, and that selfish interests would make money out of the war. Because some of these charges, made in general terms, have been proven in particular instances, the author has been credited with profound economic knowledge and the gift of prophecy. The simple fact is, of course, that similar charges could be flung, broadcast in any country and in any age, past, present or future, and specific facts could be found to justify them, no matter how little those specific facts might be typical of the general situation.

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MR. LINDBERGH HAD NOT the economic and political genius that has sometimes been attributed to him, for obviously commercial purposes, since his death. Nor is there reason to believe that he was actuated by the sinister and unpatriotic motives that were sometimes charged against him in the emotional distortion of the war pe-

period. He was a man whose mind traveled in a narrow track, who had been fascinated by and had accepted in full and with slight examination a social philosophy which has swept many more profound thinkers beyond their depth. His absorption in that philosophy impaired his sense of timeliness and proportion, led him into exaggerations and false conclusions and caused him to take a position which constituted, in effect, defiance of his government in time of war, though in his book he is careful to avoid declaration of that purpose in so many words.

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THE BOOK ITSELF IS DEVOID of literary merit. Much of it is made up of long extracts from speeches delivered by the author in Congress and elsewhere, carelessly thrown together. Its arguments, whatever their value, have been familiar for generations. The only interest which the book has at this time lies in the fact that the author was the father of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, and its publication at this time is understandable only on the theory that there was seen the prospect of making a few dollars by capitalizing the father's fame, and even his terrible tragedy. An introduction is signed by Walter E. Quigley, formerly of East Grand Forks, who appears as one of the owners of the copyright, and who was for a short time associated with the elder Lindbergh in the practice of law in Minneapolis.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH Dakota library has received a handsome collection of the compositions of Stephen Foster, presented to the library by the Foster Hall association. Hywel C. Rowland, head of the music department of the University, describes the collection as complete and valuable. It is contained in three large files which are enclosed in a metal cabinet. The music is fac simile of the original editions as far as possible, and the collection is well indexed. Lovers of Foster will be interested in looking over this valuable collection.
IF THE PICTURE "ESKIMO" is accurate in detail, and presumably it is, the language spoken by those far northern people makes no use of the first or second personal pronouns. The speaker refers to himself, to the person addressed and to an absent person by the Eskimo equivalent of "one." Stefansson, in some of his works on the Arctic, devotes some attention to the Eskimo language and Eskimo dialects, of which there are many, but I think he does not mention this feature. He does, however, make the statement, very surprising to me when I read it, that the Eskimos use a vocabulary of about 15,000 words.

THIS IS QUITE DIFFERENT from what is usually found among primitive peoples. The black peasantry of Haiti, for instance, are said to have a vocabulary of not more than 300 words, about half French and the other African. Perhaps the word "primitive" is not the correct one to apply to the Eskimos. While they have had little contact with white civilization they are skillful and resourceful and have developed a civilization of their own which bears evidence of keen intelligence. It is probable that because of their multiplicity of words there are few outsiders who ever become completely familiar with their language.

A COMPARISON OF HUNTING methods is suggested by the bit in the picture dealing with the stalking of a seal. A white hunter approaches the unsuspicous seal behind a small screen of white sailcloth mounted on a little sled and pierced with a hole for the rifle barrel. Thus concealed the hunter is able to get within range of his quarry.

STEFANSSON DESCRIBES describes a different method which he used with success. The northern seal, he says, has learned that the white bear is a dangerous enemy, and is certain to seek safety on the approach of a man dressed in white fur. Quite naturally the man is mistaken for a bear. Stefansson made his approach by crawling on the ice toward the seal, wearing dark clothing and imitating as closely as possible the appearance and movements of a seal. The real seal, he says, is thus deceived, as it is an animal of limited vision, and in this way the hunter is able to approach within range. Each of the several methods of hunting the seal has its advantages, these depending on the conditions surrounding the hunt. In winter the hunter waits with spear poised over the hole in the ice to which the seal must come to breathe.

KIDNAPING IS BY NO MEANS a new industry. Twenty years ago the newspapers were prompted by the mysterious disappearance of a young girl to list cases, unnumerably of kidnaping, which had occurred in half a century. The girl whose disappearance prompted the summary was Katherine Winters, a girl of 9 who disappeared mysteriously from her home at Newcastle, Ind., in 1913 and was never seen again.

Her father, Dr. W. A. Winters, was convinced that she had been kidnapped, although there never was any definite evidence to that effect and no demand for ransom was made. The father, whose means were scarcely sufficient to tempt kidnapers, spent years searching for his daughter, but found no trace of her.

MOST CONSPICIOUS OF THE earlier kidnapings was that of Charley Ross, of Germantown, Pa., who was stolen in 1874. His story has been told many times. In the case the father spent the rest of his life searching for his son. In later years numerous men in various parts of the country either alleged themselves or were alleged by others to be the missing Charley Ross, but in no case were such assertions verified.

IN 1903 LITTLE EDWARD Cudahy, son of the packing house magnate was stolen and later returned on the payment of a substantial ransom. In 1909 Billie Whitla was stolen from Saron, Pa., and later returned upon payment of ransom.

OTHER CASES LISTED TWENTY years ago were those of Walter Sander, of Atchison, Kansas, of whom nothing was ever heard; Johnnis Navin, of Boston, who just disappeared and was never heard from; Stephen Hasenon, of Philadelphia; and Sadie and Martin Jamison, who were kidnaped on their way to school and were never heard from.
IT WAS AGREED THAT THE carcass should be sold to local dealers, but as the meat was of prime quality, Kingman suggested that a chunk should be reserved to be served at a dinner to be given to friends of the two owners. Each agreed to make up a list of five or six friends and submit it to the other before invitations were sent. When they got together each found that the other had omitted several who should be included, and presently they had a list of about 30. That, it was decided, was too many or too few, that the thing had to be done in a big way or not at all, and it was decided to do it in a big way.

INVITATIONS PRINTED ON paper made from flax made in a Grand Forks plant, were sent to railroad men and bankers in the Twin Cities and to prominent men throughout the state, and greatly to the surprise of the committee, which by this time consisted of Goodman, Kingman and J. D. Bacon, everybody accepted. Not only did everybody accept, but clamorous requests for invitations came from all sorts of unexpected quarters. The committee threw up its hands and said: "Come on! We can't tell where we'll put you, for the Dacotah dining room will be full. But we'll try to squeeze you in somewhere."

ON THE MORNING OF MARCH 7 James J. Hill arrived with a party of friends on his special car. He was told that rooms had been reserved for him at the hotel. He inquired: "Where are the boys?" He was told that the "boys," some of them in their seventies, would be at the Commercial club rooms during the day. "All right," said he, "take me there." He spent most of the day, visiting with old friends, many of whom he had not seen for years, but whom he recognized, and who were to him "Jim," and "Tom," and "Pat," as of old.

LATER IN THE DAY A SPECIAL train arrived from the Twin Cities, bearing other distinguished men, and in the evening close to 400 men were packed in the hotel dining room for the dinner, at which choice bits of "King Richard" were supplemented by cuts from other animals less celebrated. All available members of the Commercial club served as waiters, and the service was speeded up by the informal dumping of empty dishes into a promiscuous pile in the kitchen. The breakage must have been enormous.

GRAND FORKS PEOPLE WHO have come in during the past fifteen years or so have heard of the King Richard banquet as one of the outstanding events of the past, but not many of them have any clear idea of what it was. Even those who participated in that remarkable gathering have no idea how it came about. On this, the twentieth anniversary of the banquet, I am able to tell the world of the origin and progress of one of the most spectacular events in the history of the northwest, which was started without plan, and which, freeing itself from the control of its originators, grew of its own vitality and spontaneous momentum to a dazzling and impressive climax.

* * *

SO FAR AS ITS ORIGIN CAN be traced the affair grew out of the need of Don Moore for a beef steer for the Corn and Clover convention, an annual gathering devoted to agricultural betterment and the demonstration of agricultural possibilities. Moore was secretary of the Commercial club, and by virtue of that office, manager of the Corn and Clover convention. For the convention held early in 1914 Moore needed a beef steer which he could use on the platform for demonstration purposes. He made his wants known to Fred Goodman, who may have been president of the club at that time.

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GOODMAN HAD NO STEER right at hand, but he was interested with Dick Kingman of Hillsboro in a bunch of range steers which were being fed on their joint account. He telephoned Kingman, and Dick agreed to have the right kind of steer on hand when the time came. He picked out a likely young animal, fed and pampered him, and trained him until the animal would follow him around like a dog. That steer, known as King Richard, after being used in the demonstrations, was slaughtered with imposing ceremonies at the official opening of the municipal abattoir.

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FORMER GOVERNOR SARLES presided as toastmaster. Mr. Hill was the principal speaker, and he had the time of his life. An address on agricultural topics was delivered by Dean Russell, of the University of Wisconsin. Short talks were made by Governor Hanna, Joseph Chapman, of the Northwestern National bank of Minneapolis, Mayor Nye of Minneapolis, Major Murphy, of the Soo road, President McVey, of the U. N. D., and others. A kangaroo court which preceded the dinner was presided over by Frank B. Feetham, who rendered decisions and imposed sentences unparalleled in the history of jurisprudence.

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THUS CAME AN EVENT which grew to magnificent proportions out of nothing, whose originators were carried along by forces which they had let loose, but could not control, and which brought together a larger group of men outstanding in the development of the northwest than ever met before or since.
THE FIRST FLY OF THE SEASON to be brought to my attention was exhibited by Bob Purvis and Bud Cadwell, who caught the insect on the Cadwell front porch on Sunday, March 4. That is pretty early for flies to be flitting around outdoors, but this one had evidently been misled by the warmth of the two or three preceding days into the belief that summer was really here. This was not a house fly, but one of the larger, bluish insects that seem to come suddenly from nowhere in particular with the first warm days of spring. One associates them with the movement of the sap in the trees, for, in real “sugar weather” clusters of them are to be found on the sunny side of the box elders, feeding on the sweet sap that flows from chance wounds in the bark of the trees. I suppose warm weather hatches them from eggs that have been laid the preceding summer and have remained dormant all winter. Either they die off early in the season or they become so distributed among vegetation and other insects that their presence is not noticed.

THESE FLIES RESEMBLE IN appearance the deer flies that are numerous in the woods later in the summer, but they are quite different in habit and seem to be much more amiable in disposition. The deer flies are vicious creatures. Their bite gives one a terrible wallop, and they torture horses, cattle and the larger wild creatures.

IN HIS ACCOUNT OF HIS first journey to Pembina, in 1851, Charles Cavalier tells of the manner in which these pests torment ed himself, his companions and their horses. The party came from St. Paul, following the trail along the ridge which became known as the Pembina trail, and had forded stream after stream, sometimes with difficulty, and on reaching a point some distance southeast of the Pembina settlement it was necessary for them to leave the ridge and cross miles of low land to reach the Red river. Much of this land was swampy and the heavy spring rains had left it full of water. Progress was slow and difficult, and when a few miles from Pembina one of the horses gave out and had to be left over night. Next day some members of the party returned to where the horse had been left, but found the poor animal literally bitten to death by flies. Lying down, exhausted, the horse had been unable to brush off the fierce little creatures.

THE FLOW OF SAP IN THE trees is one of the mysteries of nature which I suppose scientists are able to explain, but remains a mystery to me. Warm weather is essential to it, but early spring weather affects the trunks and branches of the trees without doing much to the roots. Sap often flows freely while the earth is frozen almost solid, yet in some cases the volume of sap moving is so great that it seems impossible that it could be contained in the trunk or withdrawn from the small area of thawed earth.

IN THIS TERRITORY WE miss the sugar making of the east, which will be in full swing now within a short time. Those who came from New England or the eastern Canadian provinces, including Ontario, remember sugar making as one of the great events of the year. Quite often the maples were tapped before the snow had disappeared, and the sap was collected daily in wooden troughs hewn from logs. These troughs were emptied into barrels mounted on a low sledge and the sap was boiled down in great kettles over outdoor fires until it had been brought to the consistency of thick syrup. When enough of this had been collected the sugaring-off process was in order, and this was usually the occasion for a gathering of neighbors and a general merrymaking at the close of the day.

THOSE REARED IN A MAPLE country are apt to find the maple syrup of commerce thin and watery. Most of us were accustomed to a syrup that had real body, but that requires lots of boiling. There is told the story of a man who, accustomed to the older methods, took a barrel of thick, heavy syrup and could find no sale for it because it was too heavy. The townspeople had seen nothing like it and did not know what to make of it. He took the syrup home, diluted his one barrel of syrup with two barrels of water and sold the whole mess for a good price.
EARL HENDRICKSON, 1115
Fourth avenue, North, writes: "I believe very few readers of O. O. McIntyre's 'Daily Comments from New York' actually have a clear vision as to his now and then sub-title of 'Diary of a Modern Pepys.' Why not inform them that Mr. McIntyre is attempting to imitate Samuel Pepys' (1663-1703) diary and its charm which lies in its artless revelation of the man himself? Pepys did not publish his diary, but it was found among his books, a very long document written in cypher. A century later, it was rediscovered, translated and published, and it has proved to be one of the most entertaining books of the world.

"HE TELLS OF THE MOST trivial matters as though they were matters of moment, what he had for dinner, an accident to his foot, his liking for sleep, his quarrel with his quarrel with his wife and the attractions of that good lady when she was presented at court, etc.

"I IMAGINE YOU REALIZE O. O's mockery, but how about thousands of readers? By the way, those numerous readers, I am sure, would delight to find your article in The Herald every time it isn't there.

THE ACCOUNT I GAVE of Samuel Pepys is abstract from the text I was studying this evening: "Literature and Life, Book Hour, by Greenlow Miles. It is our text book for English IV B at Central High school."

NATURALLY EACH COLUMNIST runs his own column to suit himself. Doubtless McIntyre takes it for granted that Pepys (I understand they pronounce it Peeps over in London) is as familiar to his readers as any literary personality is likely to be. At the same time he must realize, if he gives it thought, that there are readers to whom the celebrated diarist is a stranger. To explain might be interpreted as the manifestation of a patronizing air of superiority which might be resented. For me to volunteer an explanation would be presumptuous meddling with another man's work. The problem is solved neatly and happily by my young correspondent, who supplies the necessary information in such form that it can give offense to no one.

THAT MAN PEPYS WAS A REMARKABLE fellow. Whether or not he expected his diary ever to be published nobody knows. Opinions on the subject are in conflict. Certainly he left no instructions for publication, and his use of a secret cypher and the extraordinary frankness of the revelations in the diary seem to indicate an intent that they should lie unpublished. Yet, if the diary were not to be published, why was it not destroyed?

* * *

THE ANSWER SEEMS TO BE that the diary was begun, and in general was carried on, as a personal, intimate and secret record, but that there was in the back of the writer's mind also the scarcely conscious thought of publication, concerning which no definite decision was ever reached.

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WHATEVER MAY HAVE been the intent of Pepys, the world is indelibly to him for what is in many respects the best autobiography ever written. He was able to make the best picture ever drawn of the more intimate phases of London life in the Restoration period and the years immediately following. As an autobiography the work is incomplete in that it contains little suggestion of the writer's public activities and his really substantial services to the nation.

* * *

PEPYS WAS ONE OF THE delegations sent to the continent to receive the invitation to Charles II to return to the throne, and one of those who accompanied him home. He was made secretary of the admiralty, an office which he held for several years. He was a capable administrator and under his direction the navy was brought to a high state of efficiency. By many writers he is credited with being the founder of the British navy of today.

* * *

CAPABLE AS HE WAS, PEPYS reflected in his own conduct the characteristics of the times. Bribery was one of the accepted ways of getting things done, and the public official was expected, as a matter of course, to feather his own nest. While giving the nation splendid service as an administrator Pepys amassed wealth in ways which in these days would have landed him in prison. There are still those who seek to make public office a means of profit to themselves, but the things which they find necessary to conceal from public observation were done quite openly and as a matter of course three hundred years ago. In spite of the persistence of a good many undesirable things, we do seem to have made some progress.
THE MAIL HAS JUST bought me an envelope, all properly addressed and sealed, which on opening I found contained nothing. The envelope is the regular government stamped envelope, but does not contain the sender's name. It was stamped at the Grand Forks postoffice at 7 P.M. March 7 and the address was written with pen. If the person who thought he was sending me a communication which called for a reply and failed to receive acknowledgement happens to read this he will know why and may hunt up the missing missive. If it was a bill there's no hurry. Any old time will do.

SOME TIME AGO REV. W. Murray Allen sent a copy of Dr. Hult's "Peer Gynt" to Dr. John A. Hutton, editor of the British Weekly, the outstanding journal of social and religious progress in Britain. Dr. Hutton has won distinction throughout the English-speaking world for the ability and sound judgment of his literary reviews. His interpretations of Francis Thompson and Robert Browning have gained him world recognition, and he is recognized as an authority on Ibsen. His review of "Peer Gynt" in the February 15 issue of the British Weekly is the first review of Dr. Hult's translation to be published by a European. The review closes with the following paragraphs:

"'PEER GYNT' IS IN VERSE; and this new translation by Professor Gottfried Hult of the University of Dakota is probably as near an approach as we shall ever have in a foreign tongue like English to the very thing which came from Ibsen's so fruitful and glancing pen (as it was in those days.)"

"THE TRANSLATION IS ACCOMPANIED by a scholarly introduction and by most helpful notes—these together of special value for a teacher with a class. The translation pays proper respect to the part which William Archer played in bringing Ibsen amongst English speaking people; though he does not mince words over the verisimilitude of Archer's translation of Peer Gynt. Yet there is this curious thing. Having read this new translation, we re-read afresh Archer's translation. With what result? Well, we probably are prejudiced. It was easier for an old love to be rekindled than for a new fire to be lit. The fact is Archer's text sometimes gave us a surer sense of what Ibsen meant to convey than this doubtless more accurate and more identical form. Yet Hult may be nearer to Ibsen even in those critical passages. Hult's version, with its seemingly gay metre, might, on the lips of a great actor, be a still more poignant thing. The new translation sent us back to Ibsen."

ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING the World's Fair at Chicago, which is to be continued through the coming summer say that the area covered by the exhibition is to be lessened this year by the exclusion of the long, narrow strip along the lake shore to the south, a change which will save visitors a good many miles of walking. The main features which occupied the southern extension will be moved to the northern section.

I SUPPOSE THAT IT IS NECESSARY to have a lot of noise at a big fair. Those in charge seem to think so. In the old days barkers in front of the tents made a good deal of noise, and they were ably assisted by bands playing, colored persons beating tom-toms, and so forth. But science has come to the aid of the noise-makers and has provided machines and loud-speak ers for whose force and volume there is no limit. I enjoyed the fair last year, but I should have enjoyed it more if it hadn't been so noisy.

THEY USE YELLING, screaming devices which fill the air with a deafening barrage of sound, the main purpose of which, as nearly as I can gather it, is to persuade people to buy something. Maybe it works that way with others, but not with me. There are certain products whose names I can't hear even yet without having my ears begin to ring with the reverberations of the horrible din from those loud speakers. I don't expect to attend the fair this year. If I do I shall stuff my ears with cotton and wear ear muffs.

MY NEIGHBOR, MRS. P. J. Ferguson, has the first butterfly of the season, at least in this neighborhood. Last fall one of the family brought in a caterpillar on a twig, and grub and twig were placed temporarily between the window and the screen. Next day, when it was planned to remove the caterpillar it was found to have enclosed itself in a cocoon. From this a large brown butterfly has just emerged, making its exit through an opening about the size of a lead pencil.
WORKING AS A YOUTH IN
the office of a biscuit and confectionery factory back East, I had occasion one day to visit one of the candy rooms on an errand to the foreman. At one end of the room were the boiling kettles and the marble slabs on which the hot melted mixtures were poured. At the other end a dozen girls were at work packing candy. They were nice girls, and I approved of them—all of them, but when the whole gang got to razzing one fellow, which they did on the slightest provocation, they made it tough going for him.

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MY BUSINESS WITH THE foreman being completed, after the usual light persiflage with the girls I started on the return trip. On one of the great slabs was a 50-pound batch of candy which had recently been poured and was lying there until it was cool enough to be pulled. The exterior of the mass was already cool enough to touch. Idly I handled this slab. I passed—our notions of sanitary measures then were somewhat sketchy—when I applied too much pressure and my fingers broke through the crust and into the boiling hot interior.

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UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES the proper procedure would be to jump up and down and yell and wave one's arms, for the stuff was scalding me like fury. But I did nothing of the kind. There were those pesky girls just at the other end of the room. If they knew I had burned my fingers the whole gang would laugh at me, and I wouldn't have any comeback. I had been whistling when the thing occurred, and I just kept on whistling, and with that scalding mass of sweetness sticking to my fingers I walked with my usual dignity, and considerable alacrity, to the exit.

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I HAD A FINE ASSORTMENT of blisters, but I had my own secret and I kept it until a decent interval had elapsed and I could divulge it with good grace. I suppose there are many occasions when, even without a flock of girls in the picture, a fellow will whistle valiantly while he is secretly clutching a handful of boiling hot taffy.

THE PROCEEDINGS AT VALLEY CITY and Jamestown during the past week were strongly reminiscent of the days preceding the enactment of our primary election laws. The avowed purpose of the primary law was to abolish the convention. The convention system is sometimes mentioned, with unconscious humor, as a thing of the past, when, as a matter of fact, there has never been a year since the primary law was enacted when political conventions have not been held, and no recent year in which conventions have not been far more numerous than they were under the system which was supposed to be abandoned.

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IT WOULD BE INTERESTING if McKenzie, LaMoure or others who figured in the early political history of the state could return and visit one of the conventions which we are in the habit of holding now. Those men would find most of the methods with which they were familiar in full swing now. It may be that there has been some loss in forceful personality, but the machinery is almost a duplicate of the old, and it operates in the same old way.

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WE HAVE ONE MAN IN THE state whose public career is not likely ever to be duplicated. In 1906 John Burke, who had won a reputation as one of the leading lawyers of the state, was nominated as the Democratic candidate for governor. In preceding elections the Democrats had polled as a rule about 30 per cent of the total vote, and their state candidates were regarded as sacrifices on the altar of party loyalty. But in 1906 the opposition which Governor Sarles had encountered in the convention which renominated him was carried into the fall election, and Burke was elected. For the first time North Dakota had a Democratic governor.

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BURKE WAS RENOMINATED in 1908, and although in that year Taft was given the presidential vote of the state, Burke survived. He was re-elected in 1910. In 1912, having almost completed his third term, he was endorsed by his fellow Democrats of the state for vice president. He did not receive that nomination, but President Wilson appointed him treasurer of the United States. Not long after his retirement from that position he returned to North Dakota to round out his career on the supreme bench of the state. Three times governor, United States treasurer, and state supreme court justice! That is quite a mark to shoot at.
I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT EVERY newspaper man in the state has wished, hundreds of times, that the state government would resume publication of the biennial Blue Book, and that wish must have been shared by a multitude of others who have need for statistical information about the state and its government. Lack of such a publication brought down to date necessitates the keeping of cumbersome files, examination of newspaper records, and inconvenience in a dozen different directions. In the early days of statehood a Blue Book was issued after each legislative session. The first Blue Books were modest affairs, containing the texts of federal and state constitutions, the act admitting the state to the union, summaries of the votes cast in former elections for federal and state candidates, and some miscellaneous information.

WITH THE PASSAGE OF years the volumes became more bulky. Repetition of election statistics accounted for some of this, as each election added another collection of figures. Then there developed a tendency to add extraneous matter until the book began to assume the proportions of a young cyclopedia. One interesting addition to the contents was made quite early in the century by the inclusion of the text of Magna Charta with the other constitutional matter.

THIS WAS DONE ON MOTION of State Senator Leslie Simpson of Dickinson. Simpson made the point that the Great Charter of King John is of historic importance to Americans, as in the development of our democracy the principles and guarantees set forth in Magna Charta have occupied an important place. He considered it fitting, therefore, that means be provided for familiarizing our people with a document which had played such an important part in our history. The plan was approved and in all succeeding Blue Books Magna Charta appeared.

PUBLICATION OF THE BLUE Book was discontinued after the issue of 1919, the legislature being of the opinion that the cost of the book was too great to permit its continuance. The volume of 1919 justifies that criticism. It is an imposing volume of about 700 pages, at least half of which might just as well have been left out. In these there is presented a heterogeneous collection of material, historical, scientific, biographical, together with a lot of junk. Much of this material is interesting, in its proper place, but there is too much of it for a Blue Book and not enough for a cyclopedia.

THERE IS CONSTANT DEMAND for election statistics. They ought to be published in convenient permanent form so that they will be readily available. There should be published next year a Blue Book bringing election figures up to date, with such other facts relating to state government as have a proper place in such a publication. Thereafter the detailed election figures could be confined to those of the preceding state election, with the others summarized. Such a book would be small and compact, and with a complete set one would be provided with all necessary information of that particular kind.

BIOGRAPHIES OF OTHER than official persons, tables of weights and measures, instructions how to measure a stack of hay, history of the flag, and the text of numerous statutes, all of which served to pad the 1919 book, should be left for other publications in an entirely different field. Publication of a book containing the essentials would not be costly, and it would save a vast amount of digging into miscellaneous records.

ONE OF THE OLD BLUE Books served me in a curious way. An election was approaching, and I was checking over the figures of a previous election for purposes of comparison. The desk telephone rang and a voice said: “How many votes did John Burke receive for governor in 1908?” It happened that I was working on that particular table and had the figures right before me. I replied instantly, giving the exact figures. The other man said: “Thank you,” and was gone. I never knew who had inquired. I have often wondered if he credited me with a remarkable memory or found some other explanation of the promptness with which the information was given, down to the last vote.
IT IS ALMOST TIME FOR THE first robin to make its appearance. Earlier in the season it takes a long period of warm weather to tempt the robins this far north, and in the case of those early early cold discourages them and they are likely to strike out for lower latitudes. But when the season gets along to about the middle of March the birds are ready to undertake a northern flight on slight provocation. At this season two or three days of mild weather are likely to bring a few of them here, and almost any time now, if the weather should continue mild, we may expect to hear a robin chirping from some near-by tree.

W. P. Davies

SOME OF THE BOOKS SAY that our robin is of a different family from the European robin. Our robin is said to be allied to the thrush, while the European red-breast is akin to the wren. The European robin builds its nest on the ground, while ours always builds in a tree, or occasionally in an open shed. Many of the references to robins which are familiar in English literature, therefore, do not fit our bird at all.

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN of the "song" of the robin. It may be that the European robin is a singer, which the American bird most decidedly is not. Its call is a cheerful chirp, and this is followed sometimes by a few notes which may be said to border on song, but as a musician the robin does not compare with any one of a dozen birds with which we are familiar. Nevertheless, its note is a happy one, and it is especially pleasing because it is the first bird note to suggest to us that spring is really at hand.

ONE OF THE THINGS FOR which John Dillinger and those responsible for his escape have to answer is the publication of verified accounts of the escape. The Akron, Indiana, News, has a rhymed version of the story, written more or less after the fashion of Longfellow's "Paul Revere." As poetry the verses leave much to be desired, but probably the writer could find no other medium in which to express his scorn of all the parties to that farce-tragedy.

PRESS DISPATCHES QUOTE Mrs. Holley, sheriff of the Indiana county as denying that she posed for that picture. She explains that when Dillinger was brought in it was her business, as sheriff, to be there, and that while she was there, photographs were taken. That will sound pretty thin to those who have seen the picture. The figures are too evidently posed to have got into their places by chance. It will probably be some time before another sheriff and prosecuting attorney have their pictures taken in like manner with a professional thug like Dillinger.

GENERAL JOHN HENRY RUSSELL has been promoted to the position of commandant of the marines. Announcement of the promotion recalled to me one of many pleasant experiences in Haiti while General Russell represented the United States as high commissioner in Haiti. The members of our party were hospitably received and pleasantly entertained by him at Port au Prince.

AT THAT TIME THE COMMANDANT of the marines was General LeJueune, who was retired several years ago on reaching the age limit, and who accompanied us on our tour of the islands. There were then only a few marines left in Haiti, and their job was to train the native militia, which, at that time, had become a very efficient body.

WANDERING ALONG through the native open market, which was packed with blacks who had brought in their bits of produce to sell or trade, I had an illustration of the wisdom of attending strictly to one's own business when in a strange place. A naked child, playing on the sand, grinned at me as I passed, and, unthinkingly, I gave the youngsters a nickel. Immediately I was the center of what looked to me alarmingly like a riot. Men, women and children surrounded me, vociferously demanding nickles, and when nickles were not forthcoming there were decided evidences of anger. While I wondered how I was to get out of the mess an elderly black man whom I supposed to be a professional man came along. He shouted at the crowd which surrounded me, and in what I suppose was French ordered them away. The disturbance subsided, the crowd yielding to his eloquence and the brandishing of a heavy cane which he carried. He then turned to me, and in more French, and with additional waving of his cane, he indicated that I had better get away from there. I did just that, without stopping to ask any questions.
A RECENT ISSUE OF THE Langdon Republican on the origin of the tubular steel landing ski for airplanes, the invention of which has been attributed to Titus Richards, of Fargo, but which, according to the statements in the Langdon paper was invented and used several years ago by Claude Skinner of Langdon paper, deceased. Langdon men who had known Skinner felt it to be due to his memory that the facts should be made known and their statements are so circumstantial as apparently to remove all possibility of doubt.

THE MEN QUOTED, ALL OF them Langdon residents, are Walter Ramaga, automobile dealer, W. J. Murie, implement dealer, Roy M. Wells, mechanic and pilot, and Homer Agar, pilot and flying instructor. All of these men were acquainted with Skinner, and all assert that the tubular ski was Skinner's idea and that such landing gear was made and used by him.

MURIE, WHO LEARNED TO fly under Skinner, says that the tubular skis were designed by Skinner in the latter part of 1927 and were made by him and Roy Wells. Murie was one of many who witnessed the first take-off with them. Skinner, he says, used the skis that winter in flying 18,000 miles while patrolling the Ottertail high line and found them perfectly successful. Murie reports further that during that winter he flew to Grand Forks with Skinner in a plane using the new skis, which, he says, worked perfectly on the Grand Forks field while it was found impossible to taxi with a pair of ordinary board skis. He says that on that occasion Richards, to whom the invention has been attributed, was in the crowd at the Grand Forks airport and took measurements of Skinner's skis.

WELLS REPORTS THAT IN the winter of 1927, at the request of Skinner, he ordered tubing for the skis which Skinner had designed, and that in his own welding shop he did the welding and bending necessary in the construction of the skis. He says that the same skis which he then helped to make are still in successful use on a plane owned by R. R. Halstead, of Beach, N. D.

AGAR SAYS THAT IN 1928 Skinner designed a similar pair of skis for Richards' plane. These friends of Skinner feel that although he is gone he should not be deprived of credit for an invention which was entirely his own and which has proven thoroughly satisfactory. It does not appear from the newspaper story that at any time Skinner attempted to protect his invention of having it patented.

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE pie if any? A nation-wide census of pie-eaters, involving an analysis of 12,000,000 meals, shows that apple pie is the most popular of all American foods. Among pies, apple is the men's choice in all parts of the country. Women also prefer apple pie in the East, but in the West they show a slight preference for lemon.

THE PIE CENSUS, REPORTED today by the Woman's Home Companion, indicates that cherry pie is growing rapidly in favor everywhere in America. In fact, cherry is going ahead so fast that if it continues its present rate of gain, it may be expected to outstrip apple pie in about 65 years. The most popular luncheon menu in America today consists of a sandwich, a cup of coffee and a piece of pie.

THE PIE INDUSTRY, HOWEVER, has suffered quite seriously from the depression of the past four years. Americans eat one-third fewer pies than they did at prosperity's peak. They ate 75 million dollars worth of pie in 1929, but only 55 million dollars worth last year.

THE 20 MOST POPULAR PIES, after apple, cherry and lemon meringue, are: pineapple, mince, pumpkin, prune, custard, raisin, rhubarb, strawberry, cranberry, chocolate, apricot, coconut, blackberry, raspberry, cream, date, huckleberry, cheese, squash and peach. The peak season of the year for the consumption of pies varies considerably in different parts of the country, but is usually either September or February. The most intensive use of pie is still found in the pie belt of New England, and here the consumption is fairly steady throughout the year, with no particular peaks or valleys in the curves of supply and demand.
NEW YORK CITY'S "BLIZZARD Men of '88" held their annual luncheon on Saturday, March 10, the day being the anniversary of the great blizzard of forty-six years ago, and the members being survivors of that memorable storm. While the title of the organization suggests a membership of men only, many women participate in the exercises, this being quite in keeping with the spirit of the age, which frowns upon the exclusion of women from anything which any man may wish to be or do. Saturday's luncheon was held to the accompaniment of falling snow and howling winds, and New Yorkers who had come upon the scene in later years thought that they were experiencing a real blizzard. That idea was treated by the old-timers with merited contempt and derision, and the youngsters were assured that those who had not come through the storm of '88 were not.

FROM THE NEW YORK standpoint that was quite a storm, with two feet of snow, wind 60 miles an hour, temperature below zero and drifts 20 feet high. Roscoe Conkling, former New York senator, was found exhausted on the street during that storm and died later of exposure. Henry W. Taft, brother of President Taft, one of the survivors, told of his experiences at the luncheon. He spent eight hours on a stalled train, and then, with a friend, fought his way for five hours through drifts. At times they crawled on hands and knees over trestles for fear of being blown off. At the end of the trip their ears and fingers were frost-bitten and their eyelids were frozen open.

IT IS ALL VERY WELL FOR those old New Yorkers to boast of that storm. Doubtless it was the biggest one they ever saw, and it was a sizable one, at that. But any old North Dakotan would listen to their stories with amused tolerance, somewhat as a Californian might listen to a man from Florida telling about the climatic advantages of his state. Out here we could match any one of a score of our storms against that of New York, give them big odds and beat them all hollow.

A MAN, HIS WIFE AND FOUR or five small children set out from Los Angeles for Rio de Janeiro the other day in a 40-foot fishing boat. The man expects to do evangelistic work in Brazil. He knows nothing whatever about navigation and no more than the rawest landsman about the mechanical handling of a boat. He expressed the cheerful conviction that "God would look after them."

IT IS REMARKABLE THAT individuals, innocent of the most elementary knowledge of every other subject, so often consider themselves competent to interpret the divine will and are willing to expose themselves to hazards which would tax even Omnipotence, expecting the laws of nature to be reversed for their benefit. One of these days that boat is likely to be found bottom side up, with nobody in it. Or it will be found in distress and other lives will be risked to save its occupants from drowning.

EVEN THOUGH GROWN PEOPLE may be supposed to have the right to expose themselves foolishly and needlessly to great danger, how about those children? Would a couple of weak-minded parents have the right to embark with their children in a row boat for a trip over Niagara Falls in the calm assurance that the Lord would take care of them. Somewhere, it would seem, there must be public authority to protect young children from the insane acts of their parents.

IN ANOTHER FIELD MANY fatalities have resulted from the performance of aviation and other stunts by inexperienced and improperly equipped persons. The embryo aviator starts out on an obviously impossible flight, and presently turns up missing. Then the real flyers of two continents organize a search, and in just such searches valuable lives have been lost.
IF I DID NOT KNOW ALREADY that there are many North Dakotans and former North Dakotans either temporarily or permanently in California, who like to maintain contact with the old home state, I would be convinced by the number of clippings which I have received, describing the annual picnic of the North Dakota society of southern California, which was held recently at Long Beach. From one of the clippings received several weeks ago I stole a poem by Jim Foley, who was the orator of the day at the picnic.

THE LATEST CLIPPING comes in a roundabout way from Mrs. J. T. Cockburn, formerly of Pembina, who moved to California shortly after the death of her husband, a pioneer Pembina merchant. That clipping presents pictures taken at the picnic. In one of these we see, right in the center, Mark Forkner, Langdon publisher and secretary of the North Dakota Press association, who is shown with his pipe and his flowing black bow tie. Mark has been there all winter visiting a brother and having the time of his life.

AT MARK’S LEFT IS JIM FOLEY, poet and columnist, looking just about as he did years ago. On the right is Oscar J. Seiler, who is practicing law at Long Beach, and at his left J. H. Worst, former lieutenant governor of North Dakota and former president of the Agricultural college.

A STRAY CLIPPING FROM across the water gives a brief description of the funeral at Little Malvern, Worcestershire, England, of Sir Edward Elgar, who bore the official title “Master of the King’s Musick.” The unusual feature of the funeral was that, in accordance with the request of Sir Edward, made shortly before his death, there were no flowers to adorn the casket or the grave, no music to mark the passing of a soul, and no outward evidences of mourning. The body of the great musician was laid to rest with a brief and simple service in the presence of only a few intimate friends. Sir Edward Elgar was famous as organist, conductor and composer. “Pomp and Circumstance,” which he wrote for the coronation of King Edward VII, is often heard over the radio. In 1906 Sir Edward conducted his oratorio, “The Apostles,” at the Cincinnati May Festival.

THE PAST YEAR HAS BEEN marked by an unusual number of reports of “sea serpents” alleged to have been seen in various parts of the world. The most sensational of the stories came from Scotland, where seemingly veracious stories were told of the appearance of a strange monster in Loch Ness, an inland lake. Some have attributed the monster to the heavy dew which is prevalent in the highlands. Others have called it a hoax. Still others insist that the lake contains something concerning which science is at present ignorant.

A STRANGE SEA CREATURE was actually cast up not long since on the French coast, a fish or animal some 25 feet long and 5 feet in diameter, which no one has yet been able to classify. However, a search of the records brought to light a picture of a creature of similar size and form which was beached a century ago, and which was labeled as a rare individual of the whale family.

ON THE SUBJECT OF SEA serpents in general Charles Haskins Townsend, director of the New York aquarium, says that accounts of monstrous animals which people see, or think they see, result from lack of knowledge of known animals or from faulty observation. Science has neither the bones nor the hide of such a creature as a sea serpent to work on. In spite of the fact that thousands of stories of such marvelous creatures have been told Mr. Townsend says that while hundreds of whaling vessels have for three centuries cruised all the seas, at all seasons, killing the largest whales, there has been no tangible evidence produced to indicate the existence of any sea animals that are unknown.

PROBABLY MR. TOWNSEND would have doubts concerning the sea serpent which once was reported to have its home in Devils Lake.
I HAVE A LETTER FROM E. A. Mills, formerly of the Great Northern, who is visiting a brother at Brigham, Utah, and who was right in the middle of the recent earthquake without knowing anything about it. At the time of the quake the two brothers were out on the lake, and there they noticed no disturbance. On their return they found the inhabitants all excited over the tremor. In one store canned goods were shaken off the shelves and the merchant hung onto the counter to keep from losing his balance. No serious damage was done there, however. As the letter was written messages were being received telling of chimneys being demolished and other damage done in Salt Lake City.

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Mr. Mills had just read in the Herald the story of the King Richard banquet which was held 20 years ago. The manner in which the meat from the animal was made to do duty for so many reminded him of the resourcefulness of the Crookston butcher, who bought a 500-pound buffalo, dressed it and from it sold 1,000 pounds of buffalo steak, and everyone was happy.

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Brigham, named after the famous prophet, is described by Mr. Mills as a pleasant little city of about 6,000 population, nestled at the foot of the mountains, with fine buildings of native stone and marble. The pavement on the main street is 100 feet wide, and a fine Carnegie library has a beautiful setting in half a city block. Most of the shade trees are mountain ash.

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A fine paved road to Salt Lake City winds among mountains so close that one has to look almost straight up to see their snowy peaks, and past peach, apple and cherry orchards, with the trees budded and almost ready to bloom. Farmers are busy in the fields, as there is no snow on the ground, and very little frost. Old settlers say that the past winter has been the finest in 60 years.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES are somewhat cheaper than in Grand Forks, with other commodities about the same price. Local people attribute the fine flavor of their fruits to the salt in the soil. The Brigham people obtain gas for heating and cooking and hot water from the same well, which is about 100 feet deep. Some people have all the luck.

The State of Utah, says Mr. Mills, has scarcely felt the effect of the depression. It is currently reported that in 1928 one of the long-bearded prophets told his people to stop speculating in stocks and bonds, to sell whatever they could, and to live simply and within their means, as there were going to be seven lean years for which they must make preparation. One might suppose that a few Mormon prophets would have been useful in the rest of the country, but probably we wouldn't have paid any more attention to them than the people did to Noah when he warned them of the flood.

The Utah lakes are refuges for millions of wild fowl. White swan, geese and ducks spend the winter there, and this year the lakes did not freeze over. Mr. Mills mentions one lake three miles long and a mile wide which he saw literally covered with white swans. One would scarcely believe that there could be so many of those birds in the entire continent.

Letters from Ontario tell of weather, and especially snow conditions as varied within a short distance as between Grand Forks and Pembina. In Huron county the snow is still deep, with most of the roads impassable except for sleighs, while in Toronto, only 100 miles away, the snow has been gone for weeks.

A stray clipping from an eastern paper says that a piece of the original wire used by Alexander Graham Bell in his initial telephone experiments has been added to the collection of relics at the Bell homestead at Brantford, Ont. The wire was turned over to the museum by Mrs. Emily Sanderson, who, with her husband, occupied the Bell place for some time after the family moved away. The wire had been strung around various rooms in the house during the young experimenter's tests. The property is now kept as a public memorial. Sliding river banks have threatened the residence, which has recently been moved forward 80 feet for safety. Last summer, when I visited the place it seemed as if the next slide must take the house down.
ON THE EVE OF THE APPEAL TO BE MADE FOR FUNDS FOR THE Y.M.C.A. IN ORDER TO STABILIZE ITS POSITION AND INCREASE ITS USEFULNESS TO THE COMMUNITY, IT IS OF INTEREST TO THE ASSOCIATION, AS WELL AS TO THE PUBLIC, TO KNOW THE HISTORY OF THE Y.M.C.A. IN GRAND FORKS.

THE INCORPORATORS WERE J. E. CLIFFORD, R. B. GRIFFITH AND R. M. CAROTHERS. IN THE FIRST ORGANIZATION THERE WERE TEN DIRECTORS, EIGHT OF WHOM ARE STILL LIVING, BUT ONLY TWO OF WHOM ARE NOW RESIDENTS OF GRAND FORKS. THE NAMES OF THE TEN FOLLOW:

J. E. CLIFFORD, FORMERLY ENGAGED IN REAL ESTATE AND MORTGAGE LOAN BUSINESS IN GRAND FORKS. NOW LIVING IN MINNEAPOLIS.

SIDNEY CLARKE, ENGAGED IN BANKING IN GRAND FORKS FOR MANY YEARS. MOVED BACK TO HIS OLD HOME IN NEW YORK STATE. DIED SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

A. S. ELFORD, DISTRICT AGENT AT GRAND FORKS OF NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. STILL IN INSURANCE WORK IN SEATTLE OR PORTLAND.

R. B. GRIFFITH, PIONEER MERCHANT OF GRAND FORKS. STILL IN BUSINESS AT THE OLD STAND.

H. L. WILSON, FORMER BUSINESS MANAGER GRAND FORKS HERALD. NOW OWNER OF A PROSPEROUS COMMERCIAL PRINTING BUSINESS IN ST. PAUL.

M. A. BRANNON, UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA PROFESSOR AND DEAN. NOW COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION IN MONTANA.

W. A. CURRIE, MEMBER OF ORIGINAL GRAND FORKS MERCANTILE COMPANY. NOW IN MINNEAPOLIS, WHERE HE IS PROMINENT IN BUSINESS AND CIVIC AFFAIRS.

A. D. SKINNER, PROPRIETOR OF PALACE HOTEL, GRAND FORKS. MEMBER OF LOCAL BOARD OF EDUCATION FOR MANY YEARS.

R. M. CAROTHERS, LOCAL ATTORNEY AND COUNTY JUDGE. DIED SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

THOMAS PORTE, FORMER LOCAL JEWELER AND OPTICIAN. NOW LIVING NEAR BEMIDJI.

THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING IN GRAND FORKS WAS FINANCED CHIEFLY BY LOCAL SUBSCRIPTIONS, THE ORIGINAL COST OF $40,000, ALL OF WHICH WAS RAISED BEFORE THE BUILDING WAS COMPLETED.
CULTURALLY SPEAKING, Florida is not exactly a southern state. Most people resident here, like in Southern California, have come from some other state in the past 30 or 40 years. During the winter months the tourist influx generally accounts for about 40 or 50 per cent of the population along both the Atlantic and the Gulf coasts. This year Florida is reaping an especially large tourist crop. The most picturesque figure is the original Floridan. The Seminole Indian. I am told that these Seminole tribes really never accepted the overlordship of 'Uncle Sam.' They are a calm and stoical people. Nothing seems to ruffle them. The Seminole women do not seem to pay the slightest attention to the fashions and beauty antics of their white neighbors. They proceed with their customs and culture of the past—and why not? We can learn much of both intellectual and spiritual value from primitive folks, whether they be white, black or brown.

"FLORIDA'S GREAT ASSETS" are of course her balmy winter climate and her wonderful sand beaches for bathers to play on and —autoring. The soil is composed principally of sand and coral shells and consequently very poor for agricultural purposes. Many are the people who invested their life savings in farm lands that were, and are, nothing but sandy plains mostly covered with water; or they bought a lot in a fictitious city where there never was anything but a few, thin, cement sidewalks, placed there by the realtors. Another example of 'rugged' individualistic greed!—always at the expense of humanity!

AND HERE IS A PARAGRAPH which makes pleasant reading in the office, and which I can't refrain from passing on to readers in general:

"I WISH TO COMPLIMENT you, Mr. Davies, and the members of the Herald staff for the exceptionally good paper you are editing. I know of no city below one hundred thousand that has a newspaper that can compare with the Herald. Grand Forks and the people in the Red River Valley can be proud of their newspaper."
BRITISH BROADCASTING IS controlled directly by a government commission, which provides all programs and pays for them out of a fund created by the collection of a tax of $2.50 per annum on each receiving set. No advertising is permitted. Provision is made for political addresses to the effect that equal time must be allotted to opposing candidates or to advocates and opponents of any proposed public program. I assume that political parties must pay for the time thus used by them, though I have no information on that phase of the subject.

W. P. Davies

* * *

AMERICAN LISTENERS OFTEN comment favorably on the freedom of Canadian national chain programs from advertising, and I have shared what I have found to be a very prevalent opinion that no advertising is permitted on such programs. This seems to be not quite correct, as the following excerpt from a letter from Lieutenant Colonel R. P. Landry, secretary of the Canadian Radio Broadcasting commission will show:

"THE REVENUE OF THE commission is received largely through the license fee paid by the owners of receiving sets in the dominion. This fee is $2.00 each year. The advertising content of programs broadcast on commission stations is restricted to 5 per cent of the time of the program. This provision is made in the Canadian Radio Broadcasting act."

* * *

THUS IT APPEARS THAT IN addition to the programs placed on the air directly by the commission, which contain no advertising, stations included in the national hook-up may use programs in which not more than 5 per cent of the time is devoted to advertising. The arrangement appears to work out very well. Some excellent programs are presented, and the cost to the listener is negligible.

A CLIPPING FROM A CALIFORNIA paper contains an account of a gathering of society notables at the studio of Madama Ivey de Verley at Las Palmas for the unveiling of the artist's portrait of Mrs. Gretchen Wellman, "lawyer, noted wit and society matron." Mrs. Wellman will be remembered by Grand Forks friends as Miss Gretchen Gollinger.

* * *

JUDGES OF THE SUPERIOR, appellate and federal courts attended the reception, and among the guests were several former Grand Forks people or persons known here. The list includes Colonel and Mrs. E. J. L'Esperance, the former being a brother of E. C. L'Esperance of Grand Forks, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rorke, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hall, Mrs. Anne McMullen, Mrs. Dan Dow, Miss Lou Hall and Miss Cassie Cummings.

* * *

JIMMIE McCORMACK, WHO delivers milk to the residents of Sudbury, the northern Ontario town off from the east end of Lake Superior, where they mine the nickel, hasn't worn a hat in the winter for ten years, even though the thermometer marked 58 below zero, as it did one day during the past winter. He is out of doors eight hours every day, and he has never suffered frozen ears or any other frostbites.

* * *

JIMMY ASCRIBES HIS IMMUNITY to the fact that almost every night he strips to the waist and rolls in the snow. He is convinced that the treatment is highly beneficial. Like most others he finds a vast difference between low temperature with and without wind. He thinks nothing of 50 below zero if the air is still, while 30 below with a stiff wind may be very trying.

* * *

IN MY OWN VERY MUCH younger days I experimented with snow baths in the altogether. It is a fact that one can stand almost any low temperature for a short time if one's circulation is good. On one occasion I persuaded a chum to join me in a snow bath, but I neglected to warn him that except for the particular spot into which I plunged, the drifts were all crusted over. I can still see Charlie sliding across the drift on his stomach, frantically trying to stop.
PROMINENCE IS GIVEN BY
the Jacksonville, Illinois, Courier
to a description of exercises cele-
brating the centennial of the Metho-
dist church at Winchester, Ill.,
which occurred March 14. The
principal feature of the exercises
was a pageant il-
ustrating epi-
sodes in the his-
tory of the
church. The script
of the pageant
was written and
its scenes arran-
ged by Mrs. Tem-
ple Grout, who
will be remem-
bered by Grand
Forks friends as
Temple Irwin. The congregation
showed its appreciation of the serv-
ices of Mrs. Grout by a vote of
thanks and a suitable gift.

* * *

J. W. WOLFORD, OAK street, has relatives in Indiana
who may be related to the victim
of one of the notorious recent kid-
apings. One of them, Ad. Urschel,
is head of the Indiana Lawrance
Bank and Trust company, of
Akron, Ind. A friend showed Mr.
Urschel a photo of a youth which
he said was a picture of John Dil-
linger, taken in early life. Mr. Ur-
schel looked the picture over and
said, "Well, you can't expect much
from anyone with a face like that.
It has all the characteristics of a
criminal." When those around him
laughed he looked more carefully
and discovered that the picture
was one of himself, taken years
ago.

* * *

I HAVEN'T MUCH FAITH IN
physiognomy as a basis for char-
acter reading. Label any ordinary
picture with the name of a crimi-
inal and there are those who will
at once see in it indisputable evi-
dences of wickedness. The eyes
are too close together. The mouth
has the wrong twist. Something
is the matter with every feature.
Place a different label on it and the
same person will find in it evi-
dences of poetry, integrity and
benevolence.

* * *

THIS IS NOT TO DENY THAT
there are features which attract or
repel, but the interpretation placed
on them may be entirely wrong.
One old fellow whom I knew, who
could have played the part of
Scrooge without make-up, literally
bubbled over with human kindness.
A young fellow convicted of mur-
der by a Grand Forks jury some
thirty years ago, had a refined, in-
telligent face and a pleasing ex-
pression. While he was under sen-
tence he dug his way out of jail
and made good his escape. After-
ward he figured in several bloody
affrays, in one of which he was
killed. He was about as desperate
as they come.

* * *

I AM INDEBTED TO J. LLOYD
Stone, superintendent of schools at
Inkster, for excerpts from a letter
from Walt Arneson, former Grand
Forks golf professional and teach-
er of golf at the U. N. D. Walt is
in Denmark, giving instructions in
golf, and his friends here will be
interested in his comments, not
only in golf, but on European things
in general, as he sees them. He
writes:

"GOLF IS A COMING SPORT
for the Danes. My interests now
are not confined to Helsingor and
Copenhagen but to the entire land.
I anticipate the construction of
several more courses this coming
season. A few moments ago I was
interrupted by a telephone call
from Count Holstein who asked for
a golf lesson this afternoon. The
count reminds me of the many in-
teresting people with whom I
come in contact in a professional
way.

* * *

"I HAVE PUPILS WHO RANGE
from Russian Plebs to barons and
nobles. One of my Russian friends
is a member of the Rigsdag (par-
liament)—another is a high official
in the Landbrugs ministeri (min-
ister of agriculture), a former
teacher to the prince of Denmark,
a captain of the king's guard, a
representative to the League of Na-
tions, a representative to the
Hague tribunal, a former Russian
diplomat under Czar Nicholas, a
Swedish actress, a French capital-
ist, a former tennis champ who de-
feated LaCoste, a Siamese engineer,
a Danish consul to the Canary
islands, a Danish consul to Morocco,
an American Ziegfield Follies star,
etc. A really fascinating collec-
tion.

* * *

"IN REFERENCE TO THE
late civil warfare in Austria it was
alleged by government officials
that the apartment houses in
which the Social-Democrats took
refuge, were built in view of just
such a situation. In other words,
the buildings are on a fortress-
scheme—the idea of which has
been handed down since the days
of feudalism. It was alleged fur-
ther, by the way, that within these
houses there were secreted stores
of ammunition, guns—yes, even
cannons—in anticipation of the
very thing which occurred. It was
surprising indeed, how well and
how long these civilians held out
against the well equipped Dollfus-
rian forces. This man Dollfuss
is quite a fellow, isn't he? I have
his picture before me; 'tis in this
morning's paper. Innocent-looking,
childish, unpretentious, but oh boy
what a man! A veritable Napoleon.
It's funny how a little runt like
that can make such big splashes.
I'll bet you that he sits in a high
chair and has his napkin tucked
under his collar. I can see him on
a field of battle with an all day
sucker! Somehow my estimation
of him has gone bad since that hor-
rible slaughter in Vienna which,
according to Dollfuss was for the
'glory and peace of Austria!'

* * *

"BELIEVE ME THERE'S
trouble brewing in Europe—or I'll
eat my shirt. Paris and Stavisky
—the Nazis and Hitler; Mussolini
and his apparent ambition in Aus-
tria; Spain and revolutions; Rus-
sia-Soviets and Dilmorf.
This world's a cockeyed world old
fellow—and things are going to hap-
pen before long or I miss my
guess."

* * *

WE SHALL HOPE TO HEAR
more from Walt later on.
ONE OF THE MARVELS OF plant life is the distribution of color in the blossoms. In some blossoms the color appears as an original part of the petals, these showing, even before opening, all the color that is to characterize them later on. In other cases the color seems to be the result of chemical reactions which take place in the petals on exposure to light. A very interesting example of color distribution is found in the hyacinth, in which the coloring material is transmitted mechanically from the lower part of the plant through the stem to the petals.

BEFORE UNFOLDING THE petals of the hyacinth are almost colorless, a pale, neutral green, although traces of other color are often found. Examination of the stalks, particularly of the strongly colored varieties, shows these to be streaked with color, and this color moves quite rapidly up the stem into the petals. Often the movement of the coloring material up the stalk can be traced easily from day to day.

MY SUCCESS WITH HOUSE bulbs has been variable. Several years ago I had a fine collection of hyacinths and narcissus which gave a succession of fine bloom through the winter. I tried indoor tulips two or three times and got no blooms whatever. Then the narcissus began to blight, and I gave them up for a time. Last winter I planted a few bulbs, which began to root, but were very sluggish in their behavior. Tulips produced fine blossoms, but without any stems at all, and some of the hyacinths bloomed in the same manner, close to the ground.

I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION that the earth which I used was too rich. I dumped out what was left and repotted with clear sand. There has been a decided improvement, and I now have the first fairly good hyacinth that has bloomed this season. Others are giving good promise. Of all the plants that I have observed the hyacinth is the most sensitive to water, or the absence of it. I have noticed plants which, if watering was overlooked until the earth became fairly dry, dropped as if they were dead, but which, upon being freely watered, would freshen and straighten up so rapidly that the movement was as plainly visible as the slow pointing of a finger.

ANSWERING SEVERAL IN- quiries as to the condition of the tulips, I can report that they are doing well. The small spikes that made their appearance early in February have responded to the varying weather conditions. Standing still when it was cold, and pushing up a little farther on a mild day, until some of them are now about three inches tall, and broadening out into regular leaves. The late Darwins, which have occupied the same space for three years, were the first to appear. Earlier bulbs, planted last fall, are just sending tiny shoots above the ground. They will probably catch up with the others when spring comes.

W. P. DAVIES

SINCE I WROTE THE ITEM about snow baths the other day I have had word of the boy who joined me in that form of entertainment. About my age, he lives in Toronto. Our average weight would be just about right. He makes up for what I lack. Last week the fellow who is involved in this country reminded him of the snow bath episode, which he remembers as clearly as I do. Perhaps he remembers it more distinctly, for he was the fellow who got the scratches.

WILL F. GIUFFRE, FORMER local telephone manager at Grand Forks, runs a column of "Odds and Ends" in his Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, News. In that column he gives the following description of a deserted house:

"IN YONDER CORNER, where a dull sun endeavors to break through drab panes, stands a stove, now rusted, that once diffused warmth and cheer. An industrious spider spins its web, hoping to entangle a belated fly. Some where a door bangs and you are startled. On the Rogers avenue side, where in an alcove there is an entrance, are huddled crisp brown leaves, now swirling in the wind, making music that remains in their winter haven as if for a breath of warmth and companionship.

BECKS have become loosened from a chimney, and here and there shingles have been dislodged. Also, on the Rogers avenue side, at the rear entrance, a window is missing. Not even twittering sparrows hover under once friendly eaves. Debris is in the yard where a door once stood. A deserted house—a place called home. Debris has been a shelter—a place called home. Debris has been a shelter—a place called home. Debris has been a shelter—a place called home.

And when the night is still and leafless trees throw their skeleton-like forms athwart a star-sprinkled sky, they but serve to intensify the utter loneliness and ghostliness of a spot that for many years was a shelter—a place called home.

It is a deserted house—a grim relic of a day that was."
NO MATTER WHAT THE weather is or what the calendar says, spring is here. Dexter Fellows has been making the rounds of the New York newspaper offices, and that settles it. Fellows is advance man for the combined Ringling and Barnum and Bailey shows. He has held that position ever since the two greatest shows on earth were combined and for years before that he was advance man for Barnum and Bailey. He has preceded or accompanied the circus all over Europe, and he has visited the newspaper offices in every town in the United States and Canada where the circus has planted its tents. Each year when the show comes out of winter quarters it plays for several weeks in Madison Square garden, New York, and when Fellows appears, with his silver-mounted cane, to announce the opening of the big show, the newspaper boys know that spring, if not right here, is immediately around the very first corner.

** **

THE LAST TIME THE BIG circus was here it was featuring the triple somersault by Cadorna and the aerial spinning act by his wife, Lillian Leitzel, who was so small and slight that it seemed impossible that she could perform a feat requiring such tremendous muscular strength and endurance. I think it was sometime in the next year that she was killed in a fall while performing her act in one of the European continental cities. I have always admired feats of skill, in the circus or elsewhere, but tests of endurance have never appealed to me.

** **

CIRCUS PRESS-AGENTING IS an occupation all by itself, and among those who follow it there is a strong spirit of comradeship. Many of them shift from company to company, and especially in earlier years their work was acutely competitive. Nevertheless, they have always been conscious of a strong bond of fellowship—which is not intended as a pun on Dexter’s name. One of the oldest and best known of the advance men many years ago was Major Burke, who had spent the greater part of a long life in the circus business. I think his last appearance in Grand Forks was with the Buffalo Bill show. Gossiping with him I asked if he knew Fellows. “Fellows!” he exclaimed, Dexter! Fellows! Why, Dexter’s one of my boys!” And then he proceeded to give me the story of Fellows’ life and to tell me what a wonderful boy Dexter was.

** **

MAJOR BURKE HAD TRAVELED all over the world. At one time he interrupted his circus career to serve as special adviser to Chulalongkorn, king of Siam, who, I think was the present king’s grandfather. The bold king was a very progressive man, and he was ambitious to have his little country derive every possible benefit from western civilization. It was quite in keeping with his character that he should find in the experience of a widely traveled circus man something which could be made beneficial to his people.

** **

AT ANOTHER TIME MAJOR Burke was conducting a circus through Europe and had billed performances in several German cities. Almost at the last moment he found that the circus would be barred from entry into Germany because of regulations prohibiting the importation of foreign animals as a measure of protection against contagious disease. Elephants, camels, lions and all the rest of the beasts, with the hundreds of horses which provided motive power, all were barred. Major Burke made a rush trip to Berlin and accomplished what everyone considered the impossible feat of having the regulations suspended to permit the entry of his animals. This might not have been possible had it not been for the fact that the Kaiser and court all wanted to see the show.

** **

DURING AND IMMEDIATELY after the World war, before Samuel Insull had built the financial pyramids that later collapsed, but when he was, nevertheless, at the head of many important enterprises. The War Camp Community Service had offices in a building owned by one of Insull’s concerns, and in which he had headquarters. A clerk in Community Service often brought her eight-year-old son down to the office with her during the school vacation, and the youngster had the run of the building. The building was so arranged that strangers had trouble in finding their way about, and young Billy, roaming about the corridors, was often asked the way to this or that office.

** **

THE BOY CONCLUDED THAT something was lacking in the management of the building, and he went to headquarters about it. He presented himself at the Insull offices, demanding to see “Sam” Insull. The clerks tried to shoo him away, but he would not be denied. He said he had important business to discuss, and he would discuss it with no one but “Sam” Insull. With some amusement the clerks admitted him to the presence of the great man. There he explained that people had a good deal of trouble finding places in the building, and that there ought to be someone to show them around. He proposed to take on that duty himself. Gravely Mr. Insull installed Billy as door man, usher and guide, at a salary of several cents a week. Informing his mother that he had a job, Billy decked himself out in a club uniform that he had worn, and for some time thereafter he guided strangers through the mazes of the building.
THE MOON, TRAVELING SLOWLY AROUND THE EARTH FROM WEST TO EAST, MAKES A COMPLETE CIRCUIT IN 29.53 DAYS. AS FEBRUARY USUALLY HAS 28 DAYS, AND NEVER MORE THAN 29, ON THIS BASIS THERE SHOULD BE MANY FEBRUARIES WITHOUT A FULL MOON, AND IT SHOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR TWO FULL MOONS TO OCCUR IN THAT MONTH. CERTAIN IRREGULARITIES, HOWEVER, OCCUR IN THE MOTION OF THE MOON WITH REFERENCE TO SUN AND EARTH, AND THESE UPSET THE THEORETICAL CALCULATIONS. THE LITTLE "PATHFINDER" MAGAZINE QUOTES AS FAR AS FROM AN OLD BOOK OF MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION BY ONE HOTALING:

"THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1866, WAS THE MOST REMARKABLE IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY. IT HAD NO FULL MOON. JANUARY HAD TWO FULL MOONS, AND SO HAD MARCH, BUT FEBRUARY HAD NONE. IT HAD NOT OCCURRED SINCE THE CREATION OF THE WORLD. IT WILL NOT OCCUR AGAIN, ACCORDING TO THE COMPUTATION OF ASTRONOMERS, FOR 2,500,000 YEARS."

MR. HOTALING, WHOEVER HE WAS, SEEMS TO HAVE GOT HOLD OF THE WRONG SET OF FIGURES. THE PATHFINDER POINTS OUT THAT THIS YEAR, 1934, FEBRUARY HAD NO FULL MOON, AND NEITHER HAD FEBRUARY, 1915. IN EACH CASE THE LAST FULL MOON IN JANUARY OCCURRED ON THE THIRTY-FIRST AND THE NEXT ON MARCH 1. THE RECORD WOULD PROBABLY SHOW THAT THIS HAS OCCURRED MANY TIMES.

A FEBRUARY WITH TWO FULL MOONS IS A DIFFERENT MATTER, WHEN THE LONGEST FEBRUARY HAS ONLY 29 DAYS AND THE THEORETICAL TIME BETWEEN FULL MOONS IS 29.53 DAYS. MY FRIEND, JIM CALDWELL, WHO FARMED AND BOUGHT GRAIN AT MANVEL FOR MORE YEARS THAN SOME PEOPLE CAN REMEMBER, SAYS THAT THERE IS A RECORD OF A FEBRUARY WITH TWO FULL MOONS, AND HE REMEMBERS WHEN IT WAS WIDELY COMMENTED ON IN CANADA. HE WANTS TO KNOW IF ANYONE ELSE REMEMBERS IT, AND WHILE HE HAS GIVEN ME THE DATE HE HAD CHARGED ME TO KEEP IT UNDER MY HAT UNTIL THERE IS TIME FOR REPLIES. DOES ANYONE RECALL THE PHENOMENON?

W. P. DAVIES

EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT DRY MOONS AND WET MOONS. THE DRY MOON IS THE ONE WHICH LIES ON ITS BACK, AS IT WERE, CONCAVE SIDE UPPERMOST, SO THAT IT WILL HOLD WATER. THE WET MOON IS THE ONE WHICH IS TILTED SO THAT WATER WILL RUN OUT. THERE ARE THOSE WHO INTERPRET THE SIGNS IN JUST THE OPPOSITE WAY, BUT IT OUGHT TO BE PERFECTLY Plain THAT WHEN THE MOON IS IN SUCH A POSITION AS TO HOLD WATER WITHOUT SPILLING ANY OUT, NOT MUCH RAIN CAN FALL UNTIL THE MOON CHANGES.

THEN THERE ARE THE WARM MOON AND THE COLD MOON, CONCERNING WHICH THERE IS SO MUCH CONFUSION THAT I AM NOT PREPARED TO SAY WHICH IS THE CORRECT THEORY. ACCORDING TO ONE SCHOOL THE WEATHER WILL BE COLD WHILE THE MOON IS FAR SOUTH, WHILE ANOTHER GROUP HOLD JUST THE CONTRARY. IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD DURING RECENT YEARS WE HAVE HAD DRY WEATHER REGARDLESS OF THE MOON, AND WE HAVE HAD COLD WEATHER IN THE WINTER AND HOT IN THE SUMMER, NO MATTER WHETHER THE MOON WAS HIGH OR LOW IN THE HEAVENS.

SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN PUZZLING OVER THE CASE OF THE LADY WHO CONSUMED A PACK OR SO OF ASORTED HARDWARE, CARPET TACKS, WIRE, NAILS AND SUCH, FOR NO REASON AT ALL THAT SHE COULD ASSIGN. SOMEWHERE DICKENS TELLS OF A MAN WHO TOOK ISSUE WITH THE STATEMENT OF CERTAIN MEDICAL AUTHORITIES THAT NOBODY COULD CONSUME A DOZEN CRUMPETS—I THINK IT WAS A DOZEN. THE MAN INSISTED THAT THE THING COULD BE DONE, BUT HE COULDN'T GET ANYONE TO AGREE WITH HIM. IT PREYED ON HIS MIND. HE RESOLVED TO DEMONSTRATE THAT HE WAS RIGHT. HE ORDERED AN IMMENSE LOT OF CRUMPETS, ATE THE REQUIRED DOZEN, AND THEN SEVERAL MORE FOR GOOD MEASURE. IT KILLED HIM, BUT HE DEMONSTRATED THE SOUNDNESS OF HIS CONVICTION. WHEN I READ THE STORY I HAD NEVER HEARD OF CRUMPETS, BUT THE DICTIONARY TOLD ME THAT THEY ARE OF THE NATURE OF PANCAKES, OR FRITTERS.

ACCORDING TO AN INVESTIGATION CONDUCTED RECENTLY, OF 1,000 MOTOR ACCIDENTS IN WHICH PEDESTRIANS WERE KILLED, SOME 600 WERE CAUSED BY THE VICTIMS WALKING INTO TRAFFIC FROM BEHIND PARKED CARS OR OTHER SCREENS. THE REST WERE DISTRIBUTED AMONG A DOZEN CAUSES. OF THE PEDESTRIANS KILLED ON HIGHWAYS TWICE AS MANY WERE WALKING WITH TRAFFIC AS THE NUMBER WALKING AGAINST IT.
P. R. FIELDS HAS A DOG that seems to have a decided opinion about the effectiveness of advertising. Several times of late the animal has turned up missing, and each time an advertisement has been inserted in the Herald asking for its return. Each time, immediately upon the publication of the ad, the dog has returned voluntarily, from nobody knows where. Yet there are those who insist that dogs are unable to reason.

W. P. Davies.

A FEW WEEKS AGO WILL Rogers, who had been broadcasting over the radio before a large studio audience, spoke from the privacy of a small studio room, saying that what he had to say was very confidential, and he didn't want all those people in the auditorium to hear it. His following broadcasts, until he went off the air, were delivered in similar privacy.

IT WAS INTERESTING TO SEE just a little later two famous broadcasters, George Cohan and John Charles Thomas, quoted in the same issue of the New York Times on the subject of broadcasting before a visible audience. Both opposed the practice on the ground that with a studio audience present the broadcaster was likely to address himself too much to that audience, to the impairment of his effectiveness with the larger radio audience for whom the program is intended.

COHAN TRIED BROADCASTING before a studio audience, but abandoned the practice. He found that applause, giggles and staring faces took his attention off the manuscript. As to the studio audience itself, he thinks that seeing the wheels go round destroys the illusion which is a part of the show and puts a damper on the imagination. He says:

"I JUST COULDN'T STAND FOR a studio audience; it made me self-conscious. Why the public wants to attend a broadcast I really don't know; they can't hear in the studio as well as at home—that isn't radio. I think right now too many radio entertainers are playing to the studio audience; they are forgetting the great big radio audience outside. It seems to me as a listener that some of the performers get too intimate with the visible audience and the unseen audience resents it; so, to avoid that error I have gone to a smaller studio. For me it is better."

I SUPPOSE THE MOST POPULAR mathematical puzzle given to the public is the original "How old is Ann?" puzzle generally attributed to Harold Lloyd. In attempts at improvement several variations and elaborations of the original have recently appeared, but they do not click. The old puzzle, which drops out of sight every once in a while and is revived and started on another round, is as follows:

MARY IS 24 YEARS OLD. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?

THAT PUZZLE REPRESENTS the maximum of simplicity in the number and statement of its terms, in the ease with which it can be solved without the aid of pencil or paper, and in the difficulty which most persons find in trying to keep its elements straight. The preparation of a puzzle containing many terms and a lot of involved statements is easy. But to present one at once so simple and so confusing is a triumph of the puzzle-maker's art.

J. H. GRIFFIN SENDS LATE copies of Florida papers, and enclosed in the bundle is a folder about motor trips through Virginia, from which I gather that Jim is working his way north, or intends to do so before long. If he postpones his tour of Virginia until a little later he will reach that state in apple blossom time, when it must be a sight to behold, to say nothing of the historic associations, reaching away back to Captain John Smith, and through the Revolution and the Civil war.
ON SATURDAY, MARCH 24, Dr. Charles N. Bell, of Winnipeg, recalled that on the same day of the month, fifty-six years before, he had arrived at the port of Winnipeg as a passenger on the steamer Manitoba, Captain Alex Griggs commanding. That was the first trip of the season, and through succeeding years it remained the earliest opening of navigation on the Red river. The next earliest, according to Dr. Bell, was the previous year, 1877, when the Manitoba arrived at Winnipeg on April 23. Thus the season opened in 1878 a full month earlier than in any other year.

SEARCHING A FILE OF THE Winnipeg Free Press Dr. Bell found a record of the arrival of the boat on which he was a passenger, with a complete passenger list. The doctor thinks that no other member of that company is now living. Captain Griggs reported the river free from ice all the way from Grand Forks. Telegraph dispatches had reported the steam-er on her way from Grand Forks, but Captain Griggs, arriving in the early morning surprised the Winnipeg people by navigating his ship to her berth without even the toot of a whistle. The boat was tied up in the Assiniboine, about where the Main street bridge crosses that stream today.

* * *

DR. BELL CAME TO THE northwest as a cadet of the Wolsey expedition which had been sent out to suppress the Riel rebellion of the middle seventies. Louis Riel, heading a company of disaffected whites and mixed-bloods, was for a time in possession of what there was of the city of Winnipeg, then known as Fort Garry, and established a provisional government there. George B. Winship, later of Grand Forks, was at Fort Garry at the time of the outbreak, and it was while he was there that the murder—or execution—of Scot took place, stirring sentiment through eastern Canada.

* * *

RIEL SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN born an insurgent. In 1849 his father, another Louis, led a revolt against the Hudson's Bay company. In the seventies the son headed the rebellion which was suppressed by Wolsey. Escaping upon the arrival of the troops, he returned after a few years and was not molested. Several times he was elected to the dominion parliament, but he was not permitted to take his seat, In 1884-85 he headed another rebellion which was suppressed by Canadian forces, chiefly the 90th battalion of Winnipeg, of which Dr. Campbell, of Grand Forks, then a youth was a member. Following that episode Riel was captured, tried for treason and executed.

* * *

PRESIDENT STENOIO VINCENT of Haiti, arrived in New York the other day, and was saluted with the cannonade with which the heads of foreign governments are granted. During the Coolidge administration his predecessor, President Boro arrived in New York, and not a gun was fired in his honor. Haiti is only a little country, but its president as the head of a sovereign state, is entitled to the same courtesies that are given the head of the most powerful nation in the world. Omission of the salute in this case brought insistent inquiries from Washington, as the military people in New York had been notified of the foreign guest's arrival and had been expected to do the honors in the usual way.

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IT DEVELOPED THAT THE officer in charge of the port had given the necessary order to his next in rank, who had transmitted it to his subordinate, and so on down the line, and the man who was to have done the shooting had forgotten all about it. Mr. Borso was good-natured about it and had a good visit in Washington. But when he left the country also by way of New York, the usual salute was fired in his honor. Imperative orders had been issued to the commandant, his next in rank, and all the subordinates in order, not only to transmit the proper orders to their respective subordinates, but to be present in person to see that the orders were carried out. They were all there, from general down to corporal.

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THERE ARE SOME THINGS which it is just as well to keep to one's self, but if one has something good to say about a friend it is a pretty good thing to tell him about it while he is living. That is the theme of the following verses by Nellie Chapin Burns, of Crookston, which appeared recently in Patton's Monthly:
CONSIDERABLE LIGHT IS well into third century. Among these are green ash, bur oak, American elm and white birch. Several of these trees are three feet in diameter, their age has been determined by boring with a specially constructed augur and counting the rings on the extracted cores. The trees on the island are larger and older than any found elsewhere in the neighborhood. This is attributed to the protection from fire given the island trees, while those in the open were often swept by fires.

The city of Cincinnati is situated on the Ohio river, in which there is always water. But when the city built its first waterworks plant the intake was placed in Deer Creek, a small tributary, in order to escape the sewage that flowed down the Ohio. Many years ago a distillery near the mouth of Deer Creek burned, and thousands of barrels of whisky burst and their contents ran into the creek. Although the intake was away above the distillery, the people of Cincinnati were treated next day to a species of highball, exasperatingly mild, but with the true flavor, nevertheless.

IT MAY BE SAID IN PASSING that the Red Lake river dam is serving its purpose well. It is impossible for sewage from either Grand Forks or East Grand Forks to get into the intake of either city.
A WRITER IN THE WINNIPEG Tribune sees possibilities of a new industry for the northern prairie states and provinces in the fact that Russian experimenters have discovered that the ostrich, though a native of South Africa, can withstand the winter climate of northern Russia, and birds for stock raising are now being bred in Moscow. The writer sees no reason why, if the birds can exist in northern Russia they should not thrive in Manitoba or adjacent territory. According to the story from Moscow it has been ascertained that the thick layer of fat under the skin of the ostrich, which protects the bird from the fierce heat of the tropics, protects it equally from the cold of northern regions. Who knows that we may not yet see ostrich farms all over the northwest?

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USUALLY WE THINK OF THE camel as a tropical animal, and associate it with the blistering heat of the Sahara and Arabian deserts. But camels are used extensively in Siberia, and caravans of these animals bring down to India bales of wool from Tibet, the very "roof of the world," which is continually swept by winds of almost polar frigidity. Somebody should try a setting of ostrich eggs here.

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M. L HILLIGOSS, 626 North Fourth street, thinks that the year 1866 was one in which February had no full moon. He was born in that year and remembers hearing that month called the moonless month. As was pointed out, this is not as rare an event as seems once to have been supposed. Several moonless Februarys have occurred within the past century or so, last month being one of them. Full moons are a little over 29 days apart, therefore in any year except leap year, if a full moon occurs late on January 31 there can be no full moon in February. A February with two full moons, however, is a greater rarity, and I am holding my friend Jim Caldwell for the statement that there was one such February. I have not looked it up.

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SEVERAL FRIENDS HAVE asked me if, during my residence of half a century in the northwest, I ever saw dust storms worse than some of those during the past few days. My answer is that I don't know. The usual tendency is to think of the storms of long ago as bigger and better—or worse—than anything in recent times, but it is not easy to make accurate comparisons. The same storm whether of dust or snow, has a different appearance when viewed in town and in the open country. In town trees and buildings break the force of the wind and lessen the effect of the storm.

FROM THE APPEARANCE OF things in town I imagine that in the open country especially where the soil is light, the air must have been as thick with dust the other day as in any of the storms that old-timers can recall. As to visibility, I can recall dust storms in which it was impossible to see 50 feet in any direction, and in which it was necessary to keep lamps lighted during the day.

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THE RECENT STORMS, OF which there were several, seem to have been unique in the distance from which most of the dust came. The earlier storms, as they are now recalled, came later in the season, when the fields were thawed to the depth of several inches and good dried out. Wind much stronger than in the recent storms loosened and picked up this surface soil and sometimes piled it into huge drifts. The dust was mostly of local origin.

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IN OUR LATE STORMS THE dust seems to have been brought chiefly from great distances. Locally the earth is still frozen except at the very surface, and there is not much loose soil to move. Presumably much of the dust brought by the south wind came from South Dakota, while the north wind brought clouds of it from Saskatchewan. A few days ago D. R. Green, in a conversation with a friend in Cavalier, was told that a great dust cloud was approaching Cavalier from the north, and that it would probably reach Grand Forks before long. It did, with a vengeance. All the dust in the old storms seems to have been kicked up locally, while in these later storms the dust has come from everywhere.