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IN ADDITION TO BEING THE first northwestern city to install a water purification system, Grand Forks was the first city of its approximate size anywhere in the northwest to pave any of its streets. Street paving here began in 1896, and it was badly needed. The preceding winter had been one of heavy snow, and the spring was rainy. The stiff gumbo was worn away by traffic into a muddy mass, and all the business streets and many of the residence streets became not merely figuratively, but actually impassable. In many places teams hauling wagons and buggies were mired down in the middle of the streets, horses were unhitched and extricated and the vehicles were left where they were, hub-deep in the mud. Third street between the Great Northern crossing and the Northern Pacific station was so decorated for a week or two.

WHEN THE RAINY SPELL was succeeded by sunny weather the city authorities undertook to speed up the process of drying the streets by dragging loaded planks up and down, thus smoothing the surface. The mud was plastic as putty, and the smoothing operation left a beautiful surface, but the work retarded the drying process instead of hastening it. Water evaporated from the rough surface of the outlying streets faster than from the smoothed surface of the business streets, and there was much hilarity at the expense of the administration.

IT IS INTERESTING NOW TO recall the debates that occurred in the early months over the subject of paving. There were the conservatives who had always been accustomed to wading through mud after a rain, who had lived through it and prospered, and who protested against the effeminacy of a generation that was afraid of soiling its shoes as nature had obviously intended. There were others who recognized the desperate nature of the existing situation, but who felt that the cost of paving would be greater than the taxpayers could bear, and who feared that if paving were undertaken the whole town would presently be sold for taxes.

ALTERNATIVE PLANS WERE proposed. One was for graveling the streets, but it was obvious that under heavy traffic the mud would swallow gravel about as fast as it could be applied, and that the cost of maintaining graveled streets in even moderately good condition would be prohibitive. Covering the business streets with plank was also suggested. That would not be as costly as it would be today, for good lumber could be bought then for about $10 per thousand board feet. But the city had already its experience with plank crossings which were constantly going to pieces and requiring replacement. So the paving idea had a strong appeal. It was finally decided to pave with cedar blocks, and Paddy McDonnell of Duluth was given the contract at about $1.00 a square yard. The first paving district included most of the business section and extended a few blocks into residence territory.

STREETS WERE GRADED and the surface was smoothed and given a coating of sand. On this was laid a covering of 2-inch plank, eight of which, 6 inches in length, were stood on end on the plank floor. Fine gravel was spread over the surface and worked into the crevices, the excess gravel was removed, and the job was done. When new that pavement was ideal. It was resilient and almost silent, and horses would not slip on it. It was short-lived, however, for both plank and blocks rotted after a few years and the surface became very uneven. Nevertheless, as preparatory to a more durable job, the new pavement was well worth what it cost. None of it is left now.

THE BLOCK PAVEMENT which remains on several of the streets, including the business section of Third street, is often confused with the original pavement. The two are quite distinct. The former pavement was as described, of round cedar blocks, untreated and laid on plank. The present blocks are of pine, rectangular, treated with creosote, and laid on a concrete slab.

THE BLOCS FOR OUR PRESENT block pavement were prepared in a plant at or near St. Cloud. They were cut from green pine timber and were placed in batches into great air-tight retorts. Heat was applied and the blocks were given a thorough baking and air was exhausted from the chamber to insure the extraction of all possible moisture. Then a creosote mixture was poured over the mass and air pressure was applied to force the oil through all the pores of the wood. Parts of the same process are used regularly in some methods of kiln-drying lumber.
A FEW YEARS AGO A MILD tremor agitated North Dakota when it became known that the king and queen of Siam were to pass through the state. They were treated almost to zero on information that the transit of the royal couple would be accomplished at night and that there would be no opportunity to do honors which the world's absolute monarch and his consort were obviously entitled. The little king and his party came and went, and scarcely anyone knew the difference.

AT THAT TIME KING Prajadhipok visited the United States for the purpose of having his eyes treated by American specialists. Just now he is living quietly in a villa in the country of England while a decision is being reached whether or not he shall remain a king. A revolution in one's own country is probably not wholly pleasing to any king, but it seems that if there is to be a revolution it could be conducted under no circumstances more satisfactory to the party of the first part than those which characterize the potential revolution now under way in Siam. The king is pleasantly situated in a country whose language he speaks fluently, and he has more millions than most of us have dollars.

ONE OF THE TOPSY-TURVEY features of this situation, which has its appropriate place in a topsy-turvy world, is that while the threats to quit, the leaders in his government are trying to induce him to carry on. There have been suggestions that the king has known for some time of his children's deaths and has reached the point where he would prefer the quiet life of a country gentleman in England than the responsibilities of an absolute monarch in Siam. But, however, is not the surface element in the controversy. As the situation stands the king of Siam has the power of life and death over those of his subjects who have been convicted of crime, and the revolutionary party wishes to have that power withdrawn. To this the king objects, maintaining that in this position the ruler represents the will of his people, and that therefore he is acting in accord with the principles of true democracy. And sometimes we worry about mixed politics in America!

ON THEIR FIRST VISIT TO the United States the Siamese king and queen called on President and Mrs. Hoover, and in one of the chapters from the reminiscences of the famous White House chief usher, "Ike" Hoover, just published, there is given an entertaining account of that visit. It was the first time that a reigning monarch had ever been entertained at the White House, and nobody knew exactly what to do about it. Europian royalties often exchanged visits, and the rules governing visits were scanned for rules and regulations. Among others in tentative theory was evolved that the dignity and squareness of the president should back out of the presence of the king. But the staff couldn't see the president of the United States, as host in his own house, backing out of the presence of even a king, so that was out. Suitable arrangements were made finally, and everything passed off with reasonable smoothness.

PERHAPS THE INCIDENT OF greatest human interest in all the chapters of Ike Hoover's reminiscences is his account of the visit to the White House of young Bryan Untiedt, the Colorado schoolboy hero of "Colorado Snows." The papers carried the story of a school bus with 21 children and the driver being trapped in a blizzard, telling how the driver and children were saved by the quick action of young Bryan. With his quick thinking and cool head, Bryan saved the lives of the other fifteen by his courage and resourcefulness. Friends obtained for the boy an invitation to the White House, and there were many who felt that it was unfair to the lad to subject him to publicity which might easily turn his head.

THE CHIEF Usher's STORY of the visit paints a wholly delightful picture. The boy arrived in Washington plainly dressed, with a battered suitcase, and with a meagre supply of money, with which to buy a few simple presents for his mother. He was a wholesome country boy, unpolished, but by no means uncouth, and utterly without the artificiality that so often mars the visit of a boy hero of a Colorado blizzard. Without the slightest embarrassment he chatted freely with President and Mrs. Hoover, and he seemed quite unconscious, both as to the fact that he was being made the recipient of unusual honors. Seated with the president in the latter's study he threw one leg over the arm of the chair, and chatted like himself comfortable, and chatted as freely as if he had been at home. On one occasion, while plans were being made to take him to the White House of the future, Presently he was found strolling about the south grounds of the White House taking pictures with his little camera. He and the president became fast friends. Mrs. Hoover took him under her wing and talked and laughed with him as familiarly as if she had been his favorite aunt, and the evening was passed very agreeably. Hoover took pains to guard the young boy from any impression that he was being lionized. The papers made much of his visit, but they were kept from him during his entire stay. The whole incident has freshness and fragrance all the more pleasing for its contrast with the artificiality that surrounds so much of Washington life.
DOWN IN ILLINOIS A DAIRY- man had installed a radio in his barn, and after experimenting with it for some time he reports a materially increased flow of milk. But I'll bet that unless he is mighty careful in picking out his programs he will find that a lot of the milk comes sour. This is by no means the first time that music, and sometimes quite good music, has been tried on cows. While I never had anything to do with herding cattle on a large scale, I accept it as a fact that cowboys, herding their cattle at night, habitually sing to the animals. The idea is not that the cattle are particularly fond of music, or that the strains from cowboy throats always are of high artistic quality, but that the cattle like to know that somebody is there.

RANGE CATTLE ARE PRETTY wild animals and are easily startled. When the cowboy has his herd bedded down at night he knows that any sudden unusual sound is likely to frighten some of the animals and start them moving. That movement is likely to start others, and almost instantaneously the whole herd may be panic-stricken and starting on a wild stampede. The cattle accept the presence of the cowboy as a normal, natural phenomenon. So long as he is there, things are as usual and there is no occasion for worry. Therefore, the cowboy, as he rides his rounds in the darkness, keeps up a monotonous song in a sort of undertone. With that sound persisting, other sounds which might startle pass unnoticed. So when you hear some of the cowboy songs over the radio, it doesn't follow necessarily that they were produced in the first instance as works of art. More likely they were just composed to keep the cows quiet.

BACK IN THE OLD DAYS A more or less famous politician, checking up with the campaign committee, just before election, exclaimed "By gum! boys, we've 'em licked, if they don't manage to buy us."

THERE ARE STORIES, MANY of them apocryphal, of the manner in which votes were repeated during the early settlement of the Red river valley. One such story is that about the time the Great Northern was built to Neche, a train was loaded with construction hands and started north, and at every stopping place between Grand Forks and the boundary the train stopped and all hands got off and voted, repeating the process at the next station. There are also stories of steamboat men voting as often as the boat could reach a voting place on election day.

ANOTHER STORY, FOR which some of the old-timers have vouched, is that during an election contest in Grand Forks the lieutenant of one of the factions collected about twenty roustabouts in a barn, gave them a drink all around, marched them to the polls and voted them, then returned them to the barn for another drink. This is said to have been continued all day, and the vote cast in that ward greatly exceeded the total population—men, women and children—of the ward.

ANOTHER YARN TOLD ME by a man who said that he had participated in the affair related to the ancient contest between Walsh and Winship for control of the local county convention. My informant, at that time a Walsh man, said that he and one other had started out in a buggy to round up precinct committeemen for their faction. Precinct caucuses were going on, and quite often no caucuses were held. My friend and his partner drove out into the country, found a man working in the field, enlisted his support, and then and there held a precinct caucus, passing the necessary resolutions and electing a suitable committeeman. The partners then drove on to another precinct and repeated the process. The committeemen so selected claimed and were awarded seats in the convention, which gave the Walsh faction control. That is the story which was told to me. I do not vouch for its accuracy, for I wasn't there. It is a fact, however, that many of the early day politicians were men of almost unlimited resources and considered everything as fair in politics as in love and war.
IN RATIO OF RADIO RECEIVING sets to population the nation holding first place is not the United States, and not any one of the greater European nations, but little Denmark. A compilation by the Danish government gives the number of receiving sets per thousand inhabitants in Denmark as 150.1. Denmark’s population is given as 3,550,651. Next in order in radio density stands the United States, with 147.9 per thousand—almost a tie with Denmark—followed by Great Britain with 133.4. The only other country with a greater ratio than 100 is Sweden, with 108.1. Norway, Sweden’s next neighbor, for some reason stands rather far down on the list with 48.5.

FROM SWEDEN’S RATIO there is a fairly long jump to ratios below 50, and in the group between 70 and 80 are the following, with their several ratios: Canada, 73.5; Cuba, 77.5; Australia, 78.1; New Zealand, 70.3; Austria, 75.5; Germany, 77.4; Holland, 72; and Switzerland, 73.5. The ratio of France, for some unknown reason, is only 33.1. Most of the other nations have ratios below the forties. Japan has 18. India, with its enormous population at the peasant level or below, has a ratio of .004, with 10,914 sets in a population of 270,000,000. Russia’s ratio is 14.7. In a few cases the compilations are for the end of 1932. In all the others the figures are for the close of 1933.

RADIO BROADCASTING IN Denmark is a government monopoly under the immediate direction of a wireless council of 15 members constituting a bureau of the Public Works department. Of the fifteen seven are appointed by various government agencies, two by the press, and six by approved associations of listeners. Each owner of a receiving set, large or small, pays an annual fee of 10 kroner—about $2.20—all license revenues being employed exclusively for broadcasting purposes. The programs have wide variety, and no advertising is permitted.

AN INTERESTING FEATURE in the report from which these facts are culled is a picture of a native Greenland girl sending her parents a Christmas greeting by radio from a station in Copenhagen, Greenland, of course, is a Danish colony and the government has established radio communication with it. Another picture shows a choir of Greenlanders in their picturesque native dress, singing folk songs for the entertainment of their home folks far away in Greenland as they stand before a Copenhagen microphone.

BRITISH BROADCASTING, as well, is now paying an increasing contribution wholly by the government. Broadcasting is conducted on Sunday, as on other days, but on Sunday no jazz or light comedy goes out over the air from the government stations. Many of the British listeners, however, with an ear for the light and frivolous, bootleg their jazz by tuning in on continental stations, which observe no such restrictions. And the government can’t do a thing about it.

"THE LAMENT FOR THE PAST," says an editorial in the New Yorker, "runs like a sweet weed through literature today." The article goes on to say that modern writers find pleasure in recapturing their childhood and recalling with longing the joys of long ago. There is noted, too, the feeling that childhood is a period of such that brightened the earlier childhood, at least as that childhood is now seen through eyes that have grown old.

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE believes that in this very perceptible literary tendency, which is not confined to reminiscences, but extends to a vast proportion of what is written, there is an unfortunate and unjustifiable assumption that our times are decadent, that humanity is on the downgrade, and that there will never again be days as good as the good old days which we once knew.

THE SOUNDNESS OF THAT belief is questioned, and it is suggested that the pleasant memories of what is written, there is an unfortunate and unjustifiable assumption that our times are decadent, that humanity is on the downgrade, and that there will never again be days as good as the good old days which we once knew.

IT IS UNDOUBTEDLY TRUE, as suggested in the editorial, that quite a part from recollections of child life, there is a decided depressing trend in much modern literature. There is too much of the morbid, introspective and psychological to make for a cheerful living and a cheerful outlook. At least a partial return by good writers to the romanticism of the Victorian age and earlier might not be a bad thing for our spiritual digestion.
GAMBLING NEVER OCCUPIED much of my time or made any noticeable change in my financial condition. I have bet nickel chips on the performance of a roulette wheel, but that does not require much capital or yield great returns. I never bought anything on margin. But at one time I played the wheat market on paper. A telegraph operator named Cummings, who took The Herald’s pony Associated Press report at night, had charge of the Van Dusen-Harrington commission offices here in Grand Forks during the day. Between shifts he loafed around the editorial rooms, and he was continually telling me how easy it was to make money in wheat. The process, as he explained it, was simple, and I got to making “mind” transactions, just to see how they would come out. I would decide on a purchase or sale, record the figures on an old envelope and put it away in my desk until next day, when I would check up on it. The game got to be rather interesting, and to my surprise I found that I was making money—on paper—hand over fist.

I KNEW THAT THAT WAS contrary to the usual experience and I was acquainted with several men more shrewd than I who had burned their fingers badly in the market. I wondered why I was doing so much better than other people. I discovered the reason. I was betting pencil marks, not money. I did things that I would not have dared to do if I had been putting up cash. I changed my method and imagined that with each transaction I was risking actual money which I could not afford to lose. Luck changed immediately, and before long I was dead broke, still on paper.

SOMETIMES WHEN SUGGESTIONS are made that government, and business, and the affairs of society in general be placed in the hands of specialists whose knowledge has been acquired only from books and in the classroom, I think of that experience. My theory may have been all right, but there were factors in the equation which no mere theory could be made to fit. Theories, however, excellent, in order to be effective must be applied to facts quite apart from the desk, and the printed page and the classroom. One might study for a lifetime rules for riding a bicycle. He might have at his finger-tips the knowledge of just what to do in every conceivable set of conditions. Yet when he undertook actually to ride a bicycle about his first performance would be to fall off.

SPEAKING OF BICYCLES, I owned what was said to be the first one that ever came to my town, Brantford, Ontario. Two or three other people had owned it before I did, but it was in good shape when I bought it for $45. There were not over a dozen bikes in town at that time. Mine had a 48-inch front wheel, which was about right for my build. Some day I’m going to get hold of one of those things and see if I can ride it yet.

THE BICYCLE WAS THE first vehicle other than the buggy which lent itself to joy-riding, and it started an evolution which had gone a long way and covered many fields. Not everyone could afford to own and maintain a horse and buggy, but anyone, with a little determination, could own a bicycle. Many of us did. One of the questions that arose quite early was what to do with the bicycle on Sunday. Many good people frowned on Sunday riding. I knew of some who thought it permissible to ride one’s wheel to church, but not otherwise. But the urge to go places was too strong to be resisted, and the bicycle was largely responsible for a changed attitude toward the first day of the week. My grandparents would have been horrified at the thought of getting into a machine and riding over to Bealiji on Sunday just to look at the scenery, see the folks and return.

IT IS GRATIFYING TO NOTE that steps are being taken to reorganize the museum at the University of North Dakota. A considerable part of the original collection has been scattered because of lack of proper housing facilities, but the remainder is now to be preserved and additions are to be made as opportunity is afforded. There are available specimens representing the life of earlier generations. Much of value can also be done by collecting specimens which are now commonplace, but which before long will be rare. In his museum at Dearborn Henry Ford is making provision for this, and his collections there includes items which, now are familiar, but which will soon have passed out of use.
ONE OF THE HIGHLY PRIZED
constitutions privileges of the
Englishman is his right to write a
letter to the London Times. One
Englishman, H. R. Tate, once a
resident of North Dakota, has avail-
abled himself of that privilege to tell
the readers of the "Thunderers" some-
ings about pioneer days in this state.
Mr. Tate’s address in England is Shill-
ing Okeford, and his letter is evi-
dently prompted by one from an-
other correspondent which had appeared
in an earlier issue of the paper. The
clipping from the Times containing
Mr. Tate’s letter is forwarded
by Dr. A. W. Gauger, a former
member of the faculty of the Uni-
versity of North Dakota, and now
of the Pennsylvania State college,
who writes that on a recent visit
to England he found considerable
interest in North Dakota, espe-
cially as to drouth conditions. In
his letter Mr. Tate does not indi-
cate in what part of North Da-
kena he lived. I wonder if any
reader remembers him. His let-
ter follows.

"AS ONE WHO PIONEERED
in North Dakota 45 years ago,
when the prairie was still marked
by buffalo trails and heaps of their
bones, I read your correspondent’
article with great interest.

The situation there to-day was
paralleled at the end of the last cen-
tury, when a succession of de-
vastating drouths accompanied by a
disastrous fall in prices laid low
wheat-farming interests for sev-
eral years. Mortgaged up to the
hilt, with all their money sunk in
their prairie holdings, some of the
pioneers of those days hung on by
the skin of their teeth to the bitter
end while others “pulled out”
peniless, ruined by the drouth,
low prices, and borrowed money.
In a Southern State the situation
was worse, and the homesteaders ran-
ched, after three dry years in suc-
cession, struck northward in prairie
schooners, on the covers of some
of which was written, according to
current report:

Good-bye to dear old Texas,
Good-bye to you for ever.
We may migrate some day to hell,
But back to Texas, never!

"IN THE EARLY NINETIES
North Dakota was booming, and
in the famous Red River Valley
alone the Dalrymple Brothers’ hold-
ing was a 15,000-acre wheat farm.
Dollar wheat, 40 bushels to the
acre, was the slogan then, and it
was realized before the slump
came, which was at its height in
1893, when the Baring crisis in
England reacted on business inter-
est across the Atlantic. That win-
ter you could buy a store in the
Northwest neither a bag of flour
nor a packet of Arbuckle’s coffee
without a “greenback” in
your hand. Credit was frozen as
hard as the prairie itself. The Rus-
sian thistle, imported in seed from
Europe, completed the farmer’s
downfall, for in a dry year it cut
out thousands of acres of growing
wheat, and a fifth of my own crop
was smothered by it in 1894. The
yield was only nine bushels to the
acre, and was sold at 43 cents a
bushel!!

IN THOSE DAYS THERE
were no State-owned banks in
North Dakota. We “rustled” for
ourselves, sowing our own crops
singlehanded, helping one another
at harvest, and working on travel-
ing threshing machines at two dol-
ars a day. When it froze up we
donned fur caps and coats and did
our own chores sometimes in 40
deg. below zero.

*I WONDER IF THE PRESENT
generation of Dakotans will stick
it out. Good luck to them! The
pioneers of my generation served
their apprenticeship in a hard
school of experience, but the daily
grind of running a prairie farm,
the sickening disappointment of
crop failures, unredeemed mort-
gages and low prices, and the paraly-
sing cold of northern winters
broke the heart of many a farmer
and his better half; and the wom-
ens pioneers of those days bore the
stoutest hearts and met adversity
with a braver front than I have
since met in a fairly long expe-
rience in three continents. And
in the sober nineties, be it well re-
membered, there was no wireless,
no wireless, no radio, no tele-
phone, no telegraph, no wireless,
no wireless, no wireless.

THOUGH THE RAILROADS
will haul less wheat this year than
usual they will haul more straw
than they ever hauled before, for
never before was there such a
quantity of straw baled as is be-
ing baled in the Red River Valley
now. O. J. Barnes spent the lat-
ter part of the week up north,
and he reports that at St. Thomas
there is baled straw piled up in
railroad yards sufficient to load
350 cars. Twenty-nine trucks have
been hauling straw to St. Thomas
steadily for some time and they
are still at it. Hillsboro has about
a similar quantity. There is an
immense pile at Drayton, and an-
other at Thompson.

THIS STRAW IS BOUGHT BY
the government to be used in feed-
ing stock in the drouth area. Bal-
ers who have contracts with the
government pay farmers from $1
to $2 per ton for the straw, the
price varying with distance from
the railway. The government is also
buying other material for rough feed, including ground sweet
clover, sugar beet pulp and even
the refuse from tow mills. Some
of this material is to be mixed with
crude sugar cane molasses
from Louisiana, as it appears that
beet molasses is not suitable for
the purpose.

MISS OR MRS. NELLIE HALL
of Fresno, California, has seen in
The Herald the reproduction of a
part of Irving Cobb’s speech on Up-
ton Sinclair and does not agree
with Cobb at all. She writes that
she has met Upton Sinclair and
heard him address large audiences,
and is sure that he is "a noble,
Godfearing man, fighting for jus-
tice for the poor and rich alike, to
the betterment of all concerned,
and to make the world a better
place in which to live."
IN THE LATEST WILL ROGERS play, "Judge Priest," based on one of Irvin Cobb's stories, the shrewd old judge employs a group of negroes to play southern war melodies outside the courthouse window at a critical period in a trial. He inquires of their leader, a tall black with a mouth-organ, if he can play "Dixie," and the boy replies that he can. He also adds that he can play "Marching Through Georgia." But the judge warns him to leave that tune alone. He knows how the old confederate veterans who are on the jury would react to that tune.

I SUPPOSE IF ONE WANTED to start a riot in short order in some Georgia village he could get results immediately by standing on a street corner and whistling that tune. We of the north sing it, or whistle it, or march to it, enjoying its martial swing, without giving a thought to the tragic significance which it has in every part of the old Confederacy, and especially in that broad belt "from Atlanta to the sea," which was devastated by Sherman and his men.

THERE IS ANOTHER LITTLE touch in that play in which a witness, asked if he served in the War of the Rebellion, replies indignantly that it was the War of the Confederate States and wins the obvious approval of the Kentucky crowd. Down south it is not polite to mention the "War of the Rebellion," for there the Confederates are not understood to have been rebels. Neither is the conflict characterized as the "Civil War," for a civil war is a war within an undivided country, and, from the southern viewpoint the nation had already been divided. Usually the term employed is "The War Between the States," which implies equality and carries no suggestion of rebellion against lawful authority.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," which was laid away to rest, supposedly for all time, two or three years ago, and was then revived for a brief revival with an all-star cast, was so unpopular in the south that it was never safe to produce it below Mason and Dixon's line. And its disturbing influence was feared when it was first produced. In a new book on "The American Theatre, as Seen by It's Critics," by Montgomery Moses and John Mason Brown, it is recorded that in 1852 the New York Herald denounced "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a bad blunder, saying: "The thing is in bad taste, not according to good faith to the constitution, or consistent with either of the two Baltimore platforms; and is calculated, if persisted in, to become a firebrand of the most dangerous character to the entire country."

JUDGED BY ANY ACCEPTED standard of dramatic criticism "Uncle Tom's Cabin" scarcely rises above the quality of a thousand little melodramas which had their day and were forgotten. Yet it swept the northern half of the nation and mere mention of it angered the southern half. But, though mawkish in spots and course in others, it provided a means whereby those who saw it could dramatize something which was in their own hearts, and therein lay its power.

THE MOSES-BROWN BOOK on criticism refers also to the castigation given "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in the New York Herald in 1905, not because of its dramatic quality, but because of its subject matter. The attitude of the reviewer of that day was that if one wishes to preach a sermon or present a sociological treatise he should find some place other than the theatre for his purpose. There is raised a question concerning which there will never be complete agreement.

ANOTHER QUESTION PRESENTS itself in the situation which Brooks Atkinson says exists in New York, where practically all the news plays presented this fall have been panned by the critics and the producers are denouncing the critics for keeping the audiences away from the theatre. Shall the critic look at the play from the standpoint of real dramatic value, or shall he estimate as best he can how the public will like it regardless of its real value? In Aible's Irish Rose," for instance, we have a historic example of a play in which no critic could see anything good, and which no regular producer could be induced to touch, yet which, produced in desperation by the author herself, surpassed all records. Had the play, after all, a kind of value which the experts failed to recognize?
IN JOHN HIX’S LITTLE COLLECTION of things which are true, “Strange As It Seems,” on the back page of The Herald the other day there was reproduced the text of a cynical epitaph said to have been inscribed on an English tombstone: “God works wonders now and then; Here lies a lawyer and an honest man.” There have been many variations of that theme. In one of them it is told that the epitaph read “Sacred to the memory of an able laywer and an honest man.” A lady tourist reading the lines said to her husband: “But I wonder why they buried them both in the same grave.”

W. P. Davies

THE PRACTICE OF INSCRIBING on tombstones epitaphs intended to be humorous, and some of which are decidedly so, is an ancient and peculiar one. It seems not to have been especially common on this continent, but innumerable examples of it are found in old English graveyards. A Dr. John Kippax, of Chicago, a native of my home town, Brantford, Ontario, amused himself one summer during a tour of England by visiting cemeteries and copying odd epitaphs which he found on the tombstones. He published his collection of oddities in a clever little volume which he called “Graveyard Literature.”

NOT MANY PERSONS, PROBABLY, would think of browsing in graveyards as the most pleasant way of passing a summer, but Dr. Kippax got a lot of fun out of it. While the little book was devoted principally to epitaphs, it also contained interesting descriptions of the settings in which the epitaphs were found, with bits of history cleverly worked into the picture.

ONE EPITAPH WHICH HAS often been quoted was actually inscribed on a stone over the grave of an infant only a few months old. It runs: “Since I so soon was to be done for, I wonder what I was begun for.” Another, less familiar, seems not to have been placed on a tombstone, but to have been written and circulated by some wag as an appropriate epitaph for Sir John Vanburgh, the architect of Blenheim castle during the reign of Queen Anne. The versifier objected to the design of the castle as being too heavy, and he wrote of the architect: “Lie heavy on him, earth, for he Laid many a heavy load on thee.”

TRACY BANGS TOLD US THE other evening that he once ruined a suit of clothes carrying a torch in a parade for Grover Cleveland. Those were the days of real parades. The parade for Henry Holt was a creditable affair, but automobile headlights rather dim the effect of a torchlight parade. The flares used would be quite effective if all other lights were dimmed.

I SUPPOSE THE BIGGEST torchlight parade ever seen in Grand Forks was the Budge parade the night before the Republican state convention here in 1896. There were no carriages in that parade, only marchers, with ever so many bands, and the line of march was all over town. The torches were real parade torches, kerosene-burners consisting of metal containers with wicks, mounted on handles five feet long. The torch was carried over the shoulder, and I suppose Tracy’s torch leaked kerosene, which is what happened to his suit. I have often mentioned the Budge parade and told how, while the Budge people were parading, the enemy signed up enough delegates to control the convention next day.

IF I HAD BEEN QUALIFIED to vote in each of the three Cleveland campaigns I should have been on the winning side each time. I was for Cleveland against Blaine in 1884, but at that time I had not acquired voting rights. In 1888 I voted for Harrison. In 1892 I concluded that, after all, Cleveland was the better man of the two, but a change of residence prevented me from voting that year. Since then I have voted in every presidential election, and every candidate for whom I voted was elected, with the exception of Hughes in 1916 and Hoover in 1932. Some critic might say that I have made a practice of going with the crowd. I prefer to put it that I have usually had the crowd with me.
PITY THE CHILD WHO never sees snow! To the adult members of the family the first snow may carry the suggestion of a long winter, of fuel bills which is not easy to meet, or hours of labor shovelling paths, of breaking through deep drifts, but no child ever fails to welcome the first snow, especially if it comes in the form of big, soft flakes which float rather than fall, in that form which suggested the old saying that "the old woman is plucking her geese and scattering the feathers."

TO THE YOUNGEST THE first snow means snowballing, and sleighriding, if there is a convenient hill, with visions, to be realized later on, of snow forts, tunnels and igloos. The tropical child misses all this living as he does, in a monotony of unchanging seasons. And of those who move from northern latitudes, where snow is the normal accompaniment of Christmas, to milder climates where snow is unknown, there are few who do not confess to a sensation of homesickness once in a while and a longing to see once more a landscape clothed in white.

IN THE NORTHWEST THE possibilities of road maintenance in relation to the automobile have not yet been severely tested except in rather small and scattered areas. One runs across the theory here and there that the scarcity of rain in recent years is due to the development of radio, which keeps the air filled with electrical impulses and prevents the proper condensation of moisture, with equal reason, I suppose, our comparatively snowless winters of late may be attributed to the automobile. Before we had automobiles we had lots of snow. Since the use of the automobile became general, heavy snowfalls are rare. If that isn't a clear case of cause and effect, what is it?

THE FACT IS THAT, REGARDLESS OF CAUSE, throughout most of the territory covered by our northwestern road builders there has been comparatively little trouble with drifting snow, and most of that trouble has been toward the end of winter, when the snow was due to disappear before long. But if we should have heavy snow, blown into deep drifts, early in the winter, with frequent storms during the season, the possibility or road maintenance would be given a real test. The snow-plow, making light work of the first set of drifts, would build walls of snow on each side of the road, leaving the roadway in a depression which would be filled by every wind, and each operation with the plow would build the walls higher and add to the difficulties. In some localities that condition has existed and it has been necessary to abandon the effort to keep the roads clear. In such cases there was reversion to first principles and the good old bobbled was again brought into service. A real "old-fashioned" winter would block all the roads in the state and keep them blocked until spring.

NEXT WE ARE TO HAVE talking books, so we are told by an accomplished musician. Details are not given, but it is understood that by means of some peculiar light and sound controls one is to be able to hear the words of the book spoken, possibly by the author himself. I have never been able to interest myself greatly in any plan either for projecting printed matter on the screen or for making the words audible, except of course, for their scientific bearing. No two people read a book or a newspaper in the same way. No. Two persons are interested in exactly the same reading matter. Practically everyone who reads pauses in his reading to get the full import of portions of the text, or as sentences suggest personal thoughts and experiences in which no other person has a part. Radio and the screen have done wonders, and in certain directions their possibilities seem to be almost unlimited. But no acceptable substitute for the printed page has yet been found, and it is not at all likely that one will be found.

A GROUP OF MINIATURE dancing images, beautifully carved of ivory, was found recently during the excavation of an Egyptian tomb. From their form and pose it is accepted by scientists that the images represent pygmies from interior Africa such as are known to have been used by wealthy Egyptians for purposes of entertainment. The figures are said to be about 4,000 years old. They are considered remarkable because of the liveliness of their features and attitude, whereas most of the ancient Egyptian carvings are stiff and conventional. The figures are said to have been used by wealthy Egyptians for purposes of entertainment. The history of man as an intelligent being, with a high degree of manual dexterity and of artistic sensibilities, runs back a long way.
WE HAVE HAD RECORDS OF late of several cases of two pairs of consecutive twins. Now begins another series. A friend sends me a picture of three pairs of consecutive twins born to Mrs. Henry Bates of Heber Springs, Ark. They are Earl and Mur­rill, boys, aged 4, Leola Fay and Naomi Ray, girls, aged 3, and Billie Jean, a girl and Willie Dean, a boy, aged three months. Of the three-year-olds one is fair, with light hair, while the other had thick hair which in the picture seems to be black. Thus far I have seen no other record of three sets of consecutive twins. The lists are now open.

IN A COLUMN CLIPPED from an unidentified Los Angeles paper a year or two ago there is given a sketch of Maxwell Anderson, University of North Dakota graduate who has achieved remarkable success as a playwright. Anderson is quoted as saying about his work:

"IT REALLY WAS MY NEWSPAPER training which taught me how to work. The fact that there were deadlines to beat, or to meet, got me into the habit of getting to work and doing something in a given time. I work hard but don't enjoy it much. I dread the idea of writing a long thing like a novel—that's one reason why I prefer to write plays. Twenty thousand words make a play, while it takes four times that many to make a novel."

THE INTERVIEWER SAYS that in his studio office Anderson has a luxurious chair, supplied by the management, but that he seldom uses it because when he works he is serious about it and doesn't want anything too conducive to indolence. I have often mentioned Anderson and his work in this column, as he worked for a time on The Herald, but the California writer mentions some facts which are not generally known here.

ANDERSON, IT IS SAID, WAS conscientiously opposed to war, and it was because Whittier was a Quaker college that he joined its teaching staff for a while. But he found that the quakers, fearful lest their patriotism be doubted, were more warlike than he was. He returned to San Francisco and went to work on a paper there.

"I WAS DISCHARGED," he said, "for refusing to write an editorial holding that Germany should be compelled to pay all the costs of the war—the thing everybody agrees on now. I said it was impossible, and that was considered highly unpatriotic. I landed on another paper there and wrote editorials until I got a chance to go to New York. I wrote editorials for the New Republic, Evening Globe and Morning World there. Then I turned to play writing.

"I NEVER WROTE ANY PLAY as propagandas, but I have to write what I believe. If I tried writing anything I didn't believe I'm sure they'd catch at it. I have no hope of saving the world through my plays, but I would like to help save the theater. It seems to me there is really some chance to do that. But I don't see why they make so much of winning the Pulitzer prize. I still am so far short of the goal I have hoped to reach that I can't get excited about it."

SHORTLY AFTER HIS GRADUATION from the University of North Dakota in 1911 he married Margaret Haskett, a fellow student, who died a few years ago. He has three sons in the east and is 45 years old.

WILL ROGERS HAS A TERSE classification of newly elected congressmen. Some, he says, are Republicans, but New Dealers; some are Democrats but not New Dealers; some are Democrats just to use the label; and some are Republicans just to try to keep an old custom alive. The next congress, he says, is sure to be a pack of mongrels.

AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE British duke of Kent and Princess Marina all the women guests are to wear hats, so runs the edict of the lord Chamberlain. As that will mean that hats are to be worn at elaborate functions for some time thereafter there will be unkinder hints that the lord Chamberlain has been subsidized by the hatmakers. If he were in the newspaper business he would be accustomed to insinuations of that kind and would be able to let them roll off like water off a duck's back.
NEXT JANUARY THERE WILL be more Democrats in the North Dakota legislature than in any previous session. While the check is not complete, it seems that more than 30 Democrats were elected to the two legislative bodies last week, and a few more may be added when the returns are all in. While still in the minority the Democrats will form a sizeable and influential group. From a hasty survey of the record I conclude that the election of 1904 was the one in which the Democratic party made the least impression in the election of legislative candidates in North Dakota. In that year Tobias D. Casey, of Grafton, was the only Democrat elected to the house. In the same year E. K. Spoonheim of Northwood, was the only Democratic senator elected, but as there were several Democratic holdovers he was not as lone-some in the senate as was Casey in the house.

IN 1906, THE YEAR MARKED by the election of John Burke, the state's first Democratic governor, the Democrats had better luck with their legislative candidates, electing 11 to the house and six to the senate. In the earlier years of statehood members were classified, some of them as Republicans and Democrats, and others as Fusionists, Independents, Populists and Farmers' Alliance members. Not all of those designations appeared in any one year, but they occurred at intervals during the first dozen years of statehood. This year is by no means the first to be marked by a decidedly mixed political situation.

THE CHICAGO LADY WHO got a ticket for overstaying her parking time while she did her shopping was not as resourceful as another Chicago lady, an acquaintance of mine, who also shopped too long. Stopping her little car in a block reserved for 10-minute parking, she stepped into a store, intending to be right out. She was delayed some time, and she approached the exit with a distinct consciousness of wrong-doing. Strolling up and down on the side-walk in the immediate vicinity of her car was a cop. Ignoring his presence she went to her car, and, instead of climbing in and stepping on the starter button, she reached instead of climbing in and stepping on the starter button, she reached the crank, which lay on the car floor. The officer stepped forward. "That your car, lady?" he asked. "Yes." "It's been here too long," he said, reaching for his pencil and pad of tickets. "I know it's been here too long," she exploded, angrily. "And it would have been out of here long ago if I could have found a man decent enough to help me get the blamed thing started." "Oh," said the officer. "Is that what's the matter? Let me see what I can do." And, taking hold of the crank, which she had fitted in place, he gave it a twirl, and the engine spun merrily. "Thank you so much," said she. "Don't mention it," said the cop. And away she went.

IN AN OUTLYING SECTION the same lady once crossed a through street without stopping and was immediately halted by a burly cop who sprang out of nowhere, and whom she hadn't seen. "Now why did ye do that?" he demanded. "Why did ye do it? Tell me why ye done it, and don't tell me no lies." "I did it," she replied. "Ye've told the truth, anyway," was the response. "Now git out o' here, an' watch your step."

IVY LEE, MOST FAMOUS OF publicity men, among whose clients were giant business corporations and eminent personages, is dead. I never knew him, but I have thrown a lot of his stuff into the waste basket. Part of his job was to supply newspapers with advertising matter dressed up as news. Some of it got by, but, I think, no very large proportion, for advertising matter is not easy to disguise successfully. Dexter Fellows, dean of circus press agents, and himself a royal good fellow, knew Ivy Lee well, and he told me once of a method regularly followed by Lee to establish visible contacts with prospective clients. Lee learned to play golf, tennis, and perhaps some of the more sedentary games, and he would waste invitations to play those games with notablees. But he was always careful not to play too well. His plan was to give the other fellow a good game and allow himself to be beaten by a narrow margin. That left everybody happy, and the way was open, perhaps, for a fat contract.
IN A RECENTLY PUBLISHED magazine article Kenneth S. Clark discusses the lack of originality in the music—not the words—of college songs. It is well known that in their songs several colleges use the music of former popular songs, but I don’t suppose many persons realize the extent to which this borrowing of tunes has been going on or the number of colleges which use the same tunes.

I suppose that every University of North Dakota student knows that when Professor Macnie wrote “Alma Mater” years ago he fitted the words to the Austrian national hymn. Mr. Clark makes note of that fact, among others. He also tells us that “Fair Harvard” is a modern version of “Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms”; that the Army has made similar use of “The Wearn’ of the Green”; and that Colgate has appropriated the music of “Juanita.” Brown has made use of “The Old Oaken Bucket,” and South Carolina of “Sweet Afton.” “The Pirate’s Chorus appears as Michigan’s “The Yellow and the Blue,” Nebraska’s “Scarlet and Cream,” and Colorado’s “Silver and Gold.” “Men of Harlech” has served a similar purpose in Oklahoma and Georgetown, and “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” at Colorado college.

PROBABLY NOT FIVE PER cent of the students who sing those college songs ever heard “Annie Lisle,” which was a popular song sixty years ago, but which has scarcely been heard for a generation. In an old book which I have the song is attributed to H. S. Thompson, of whom I know nothing. Some older readers who still remember the tune, but have forgotten the words, may be interested in having the verses in print. Here they are:

* * *

ANNIE LISLE.

Down where the waving willows
Neath the sunbeams smile
Shadowed o’er the murm’ring waters
Dwelt sweet Annie Lisle.

Pure as the forest lily,
Never thought of guile
Had its home within the bosom
Of sweet Annie Lisle.

CHORUS—

Wave, willows, murmur waters,
Golden sunbeams smile!
Earthly music cannot waken
Lovely Annie Lisle.

* * *

Sweet came the Hallow’d chiming
Of the Sabbath bell,
Borne on the morning breezes
Down the wooden dell.

On a bed of pain and anguish
Lay dear Annie Lisle;
 Changed were the lovely features,
Gone the happy smile.

* * *

“Raise me in your arms, dear mother,
Let me once more look
On the green and waving willows
And the flowing brook.

Hark! those strains of Angel music,
From the choirs above;
Dearest mother, I am going;
Truly, God is love.”

* * *

THE VERSES FOLLOW strictly the pattern considered appropriate for popular songs of that period. The more weepy a song could be made the better:
COLLEGE SONGS, OF WHICH mention was made in this column yesterday, are by no means the only songs whose music is merely that of earlier songs once popular. Our “America” is identical with the British “God Save the King.” The British borrowed the tune from Germany, and think I have read somewhere that the Germans got it from Italy. “The Star Spangled Banner” is sung to the tune of an old drinking song, “Anacreon In Heaven.” Innumerable attempts have been made to produce a truly national American patriotic song, with words and music original and appropriate which will be accepted and adopted as the national anthem. But nobody has succeeded in doing it. “America” is easy to sing, and the words of the first and last stanzas, which are commonly used, have become quite familiar. But the tune is not American, and it is the tune of the national hymn of another nation. “The Star Spangled Banner” has a fine musical setting, but it is too high for most voices. The words, too, were written for a special occasion, and have not the general applicability essential in a truly national song.

IN THE WRITING OF MELANCHOLY songs the writers of the middle of the last century were in the company of one who has been acclaimed as one of the great writers of English poetry—no less a person than Edgar Allen Poe. Through all his writings runs the note of sadness. Some of Poe’s writings carry the suggestion of manufactured sentiment, like the tears of professional mourners at an Oriental funeral. But however genuine the feeling, Poe held to the theory that the expression of sorrow is the highest function of the poet. Describing the processes used in the composition of his famous poem, “The Raven,” he wrote:

“The death of a beautiful woman is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world—and equally is it beyond doubt that the lips best suited for such topic are those of a bereaved lover.”

FROM THAT STANDPOINT Poe would have considered, for instance, Tennyson’s “Brook” and Shelley’s “The Cloud” and “To a Skylark” graceful verse, perhaps, but rather low-grade poetry.

* * *

A LITTLE ADVERTISEMENT the other day announced a pocket adding machine which it is said will add, subtract, multiply and divide, and which costs only $2.50. I have my doubts about it. If I hadn’t I would get one of the things and have some fun with it. To me an adding machine is a fascinating thing. Somewhere in its bowels is concealed mechanism which I should like to investigate to find out why the thing performs with such regular and unfailling accuracy. I never caught one of them in an error, and I am conscious of a strong desire to take one apart. The possibility that I might not be able to get it together again deters me, for most adding machines cost real money.

* * *

I DISSECTED THE FIRST REVOLVER I ever owned. It cost me $2.50, brand new, and I spent another quarter for a box of cartridges. It had taken me a long time to accumulate so much money in nickels and dimes, and nobody else knew that I had it. But I was determined to own a revolver, and I saved my pennies secretly for months for that purpose. It was a beauty, all glistening with shiny nickel. When I could get away I went down to the woods beyond the pasture and shot at a mark, sometimes hitting it. I went there so that no one would hear the bombardment.

* * *

THAT BOX OF CARTRIDGES lasted me two or three weeks. Then I had to find out what made the thing go, and I took it apart. After satisfying my curiosity I put it together, all but one little piece, which I couldn’t find, and which didn’t seem very important, anyway. It seemed to go pretty well, and I sold it to Albert Haines for $3.00. He was perfectly satisfied, and so was I. I had had a lot of fun and was a whole quarter ahead.

* * *

ALBERT HAINES WAS THE wagon-maker’s son. After school and on Saturdays he ground paint. In those days paint came in dry powders, white and red lead, ochre, amber, sienna, and so forth, and before a painter could do a job he ground the dry powder with linseed oil in a little hand mill from which the mixed paint trickled in a tiny stream. I never saw a can of mixed paint when I was a boy.
MANY YEARS AGO A MAGAZINE ARTICLE, TELLING OF THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN, BUT WERE NOT, SHOWN PICTURES, AMONG OTHERS, OF JULES CAESAR RIDING A BICYCLE, WITH A FLOATING MACHINE GOING GRACEFULLY IN THE WIND, AND OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS OPERATING A TYPEWRITER. THERE IS NO EVIDENCE THAT MARY EVER ACTUALLY HAD ACCESS TO A TYPEWRITER, BUT HER GREAT-GREAT-GREAT DAUGHTER, MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, MIGHT HAVE DONE SO HAD SHE BEEN DESIRED. JULIUS CAESAR RODE A BICYCLE, AND AT LENGTH THE WRITING MACHINE WAS READY FOR MANUFACTURE. THE REMINGTON COMPANY BECAME INTERESTED IN THE MACHINE IN 1873 AND THEN BEGAN MANUFACTURE ON A COMMERCIAL BASIS.

THERE WAS AT THAT TIME LITTLE CONCEPTION OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE TYPEWRITER IN THE BUSINESS WORLD. THE FIRST ADVERTISEMENTS WERE ADDRESSED TO COURT REPORTERS, LAWYERS, EDITORS, AUTHORS AND CLERGymEN. MARK TWAIN WAS ONE OF THE FIRST PURCHASERS, AND HE IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE FIRST AUTHOR TO SUBMIT A TYPED MANUSCRIPT TO A PUBLISHER.

IN THE EARLY DAYS NO THOUGHT WAS ENTERTAINED THAT WOMAN'S PLACE IS AT THE KEYS OF A TYPEWRITER. WHEN THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN NEW YORK OFFERED COURSES IN TYPEWRITING TO WOMEN THERE WERE VIOLENT PROTESTS. IT WAS FEARED BY MANY THAT THE FEMALE MIND AND CONSTITUTION WOULD BREAK DOWN UNDER A SIX MONTHS' COURSE IN TYPING. HOWEVER THERE WERE FOUND EIGHT 'STRONG WOMEN' WILLING TO UNDERGO THE ORDEAL. THEY WERE GRADUATED AND PLACED IN OFFICES. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THERE CAME A DEMAND FOR MORE FEMALE TYPISTS, AND THE REVOLUTION HAD SET IN.

THE FIRST WRITING MACHINE CONSTRUCTED IN THE UNITED STATES WAS THE INVENTION OF WILLIAM AUSTIN BURT, OF DETROIT. HE DEVELOPED THE MACHINE IN 1828 AND HIS PATENT OF JULY 23, 1829, WAS SIGNED BY PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON. THE MACHINE WAS CRUDE IN OPERATION AND IT IS SAID TO HAVE RESEMBLED IN APPEARANCE A BUTCHER'S MEAT BLOCK. THE ONLY MODEL WAS DESTROYED IN THE PATENT OFFICE FIRE OF 1836.

ON JULY 14, 1868, A PATENT FOR A WRITING MACHINE WAS ISSUED TO C. LATHAN SHOLES AND CARLOS GLIDDEN, OF MILWAUKEE. BEFORE THAT TIME MORE THAN 50 MEN IN THIS AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES HAD DEVISED WRITING MACHINES, OF ALL Kinds. ALL WERE MADE BY HAND AND A FEW WERE SOLD, BUT NONE PROVED PRACTICAL IN ACTUAL USE. SHOLES WAS A MILWAUKEE PRINTER AND GLIDDEN AN ATTORNEY WHO SEEMS TO HAVE HAD A DECIDED BENT FOR MECHANICS, FOR WHEN THE TWO BECAME INTERESTED IN THE TYPEWRITER, GLIDDEN WAS AT WORK ON A MECHANICAL SPADER WHICH HE HOPED WOULD REPLACE THE PLOW. IN TRYING TO WORK OUT A DESIGN FOR A MACHINE TO NUMBER SERIALLY THE PAGES OF BLANK OR PRINTED BOOKS, SHOLES AND GLIDDEN ASSOCIATED WITH THEMSELVES SAMUEL W. SOULE, A MACHINIST.

FROM PLANS FOR THEIR NUMBERING MACHINE THE THREE FRIENDS PROGRESSSED TO ONE WHICH WOULD PRINT LETTERS, AND BY SEPTEMBER, 1867, THEY HAD COMPLETED A MACHINE THAT ACTUALLY WORKED. FOR FURTHER PROGRESS THEY NEEDED CAPITAL AND FOR THIS THEY APPEALED TO JAMES DENSMORE, AN OIL MAN OF MEADSVILLE, WHO, WITHOUT SEEING THE MACHINE'S BOOKS, GAVE THEM A CHANCE TO THE EXTENT OF $600 FOR A QUARTER INTEREST. WHEN HE DID SEE IT HE PRONOUNCED THE MACHINE GOOD FOR NOTHING EXCEPT TO PROVE THE FEASIBILITY OF AN IDEA, AND IN ORDER TO IMPROVE THE DESIGN MORE THAN 30 MODELS WERE BUILT, EACH BETTER THAN THE LAST, AND AT LENGTH THE WRITING MACHINE WAS READY FOR MANUFACTURE. THE REMINGTON COMPANY BECAME INTERESTED IN THE MACHINE IN 1873 AND THEN BEGAN MANUFACTURE ON A COMMERCIAL BASIS.

W. P. Davies.
MISS MARGARET CABLE, head of the University ceramics department, has a spray of wild plum blossoms in her garden. In the opening of plum blossoms in November, however, is not to be attributed wholly to weather peculiarities, as the blossoms opened indoors. A short time ago Miss Cable cut a small branch from a wild plum tree and on reaching home placed it in water. Presently the buds began to swell and the twig is now a mass of bloom.

LATE WEATHER CONDITIONS, however, have had their influence on outdoor growth. Numerous cases of swollen lilac buds are reported. I have heard of no fall lilac blossoms yet, and it is to be hoped that there will be none, as that would interfere with the regular spring blossoms. Fall and winter blooming of plants which normally bloom in the spring is not at all unusual, but it is just enough out of the ordinary to have been regarded with superstition in times when almost every process of nature was believed to have a hidden meaning and to be intended as a warning of evil to come. It is rather strange that in the multitude of signs and symbols which they found in nature our forefathers found so little that presaged good.

DOWN IN LOUISIANA THERE is one person who gives some evidence of sanity. He is Mickal, the 20-year old university student and football player who was "appointed" by Huey Long to a seat in the senate as a reward for prowess on the football field. Mickal ignored the whole fool proceeding and continued with his school work, leaving Huey to find some other subject for clowning. It appears that Mickal is Syrian born. Evidently there are native Americans who have something to learn from Syria.

MENTION IN THIS COLUMN of the inspiration that there is in familiar songs, as in the playing of "Dixie" outside a Kentucky courthouse window in the play "Judge Priest," has reminded Jim Lyons of an incident which occurred away back in the late nineties, when bicycles had not achieved the prominence as automobile racing does now. Six-day bicycle races were all the rage, and a great international race was being run in Madison Square Garden, New York. There were contestants from all the principal countries in the world, each supported by his own crowd of enthusiastic fans. Fine orchestras provided music for the entertainment of the crowd as the racers sped around the track.

TOWARD THE CLOSE OF ONE of the big races Ted Hale, an Irish rider, was well toward the front, although not quite in the lead. At the most critical stage in the race Hale's manager, having taken a number of his visiting compatriots into his confidence, persuaded the orchestra to play "The Wearing of the Green." Hale, who had seemed to be putting forth the last ounce of energy that was in him, heard the music of the instruments and then the voices that took up the familiar strains. He seemed actually to lift his machine from the track as he achieved a burst of speed as no one had believed possible, and won the race.

JIM LYONS HIMSELF WAS a bicycle man before he graduated into the automobile class. For several years he ran a bicycle shop on lower DeMers avenue, knew all the racers, kept track of all the honest riders, and was friendly with many of them. In the east there were some paved roads and a number of well-sustained bicycle paths, but in North Dakota there were neither. And the earth roads were nothing to race over. Graded roads were of clay, which rutted badly after a rain, and they were never dragged. Wagon traffic rolled down a fair surface if there was sufficient time between showers, but even then they were apt to be choppy. The best bicycle roads that we had were the cross-country prairie trails. The sod, worked down an inch or two, gave a perfectly smooth surface, with just enough loose material to provide a little resiliency. But those trails came dangerous with age, because when they were worn deep one's pedal was apt to catch on the sod at the side. At high speed that was almost good for a spill.

BICYCLE RIDERS LIVING IN railway villages developed the dangerous practice of riding the rails from town to town. Someone invented a contraption which enabled one to ride a bike on one rail, by means of a pair of guides and an extra little wheel that was held on the opposite track by an extension like a Fiji island outrigger. Mounted on one of these things a rider could make wonderful time, but the railroad people in their power to discourage it. I never rode a bicycle 10 equipped, but I picked out occasional miles of railway track where the ballast came even with the ties and made pretty good going.
I HAVE JUST BEEN TOLD OF an ancient novelty—if there is such a thing—in the form of a single ox yoke, which was doubtless used during the early settlement of Grand Forks county and is now in the Farmers' elevator at Emerado. My informant had never seen such a thing before, and it was entirely new to me. The ordinary ox yoke is built for two oxen. It is a heavy wooden beam the under side of which is hollowed near each end to fit over the top of the necks of the animals. It is held in place by means of bent wooden bows one of which passes under the neck of each ox and up through holes in the yoke. A chain is fastened to the center of the yoke and this completes the outfit.

* * *

ALMOST ALWAYS OXEN were driven in pairs. For hauling heavy loads several teams might be strung out. Oxen were used singly on the Red river carts, but so far as I know they always wore a crude sort of harness instead of any form of wooden yoke. The outfit was very cleverly arranged so that during a rest period the ox could lie down without being unhitched.

* * *

I HAVE BEFORE ME A PICTURE of a cart used for hauling sugar cane, the picture illustrating a book on Cuba. I have seen these carts in other of the West Indies, and they are all built about alike, and are a striking resemblance to the old Red river cart, with wheels five or six feet in diameter and a light rack to hold the load. Usually the sugar carts are hauled by a team of oxen. The big wheels serve the same purpose as the big wheels of the Red river cart—to give plenty of bearing and prevent the vehicle from sinking in soft ground. I wonder which was invented first, the sugar cart or the Red river cart, and whether one was copied from the other or each was invented independently.

OXEN, AND, IN FACT, ALL cattle in the West Indies differ from the animals with which most of us are familiar by having on their shoulders a perceptible hump, less prominent than that of the circus menagerie zebu, but suggestive of that formation. Our ordinary domestic cattle do not last long in the Indies because of the presence of ticks, which are irrepresible in the tropics. Native cattle were imported from India or South Africa, I have forgotten which, and these, crossed with our ordinary breeds, gave a strain immune to ticks, and possessing in modified form the humps of their Oriental progenitors.

* * *

SPEAKING AT THE GREAT gathering at Williston in honor of Governor-elect Moodie, Governor Olson said he believed this to be the first time in the history of North Dakota that Republicans had joined in celebrating the election of a Democratic governor. Does Governor Olson forget that John Burke was a Democrat? A lot of North Dakota Republicans assisted three times in the election of Burke as governor, and each time they joined in the celebrations.

* * *

I SUPPOSE THERE IS NO state in the union in which political allegiance has been shifted as readily as in North Dakota. About two-thirds of the population has always been classified as normally Republican. Yet the state has gone Democratic for governor four times, usually by substantial majorities.

* * *

IN ITS FIRST PRESIDENTIAL election the state divided its three electoral votes among the Republican, Democratic and Populist candidates. It gave its presidential vote to Wilson. In 1928 it went overwhelmingly for Hoover, and in 1932, it went overwhelmingly for Roosevelt.

* * *

NORTH DAKOTA ELECTED one Democrat in the United States Senate, W. N. Roach, of Larimore. Two other Democrats were appointed for brief periods to fill out parts of the unexpired term of Senator M. N. Johnson, who died in office. No Democrat has been elected from North Dakota to the United States House of Representa-
WILL ROGERS PROPOSES

that Huey Long's team play Stan-
ford on New Year's day, with a
debate between halves between Hu-
ey and Upton Sin-
clair with Rogers and Sister Aimee refereeing the de-
bate. And Rogers, 55 years old just
the other day, has expressed a de-
sire for a quiet and dignified life.
Anybody can pilot an airplane, after
just a few simple
lessons. I have
watched them at
it, and it's just as
easy. But the

trick is in getting them off the
ground and landing again without
breaking up. Landing one of those
things is too much like taking a
sharp curve with an automobile to
80 miles an hour to be attractive to
me. Therefore my hopes have
been pinned on the auto-gyro, or
something similar, so that one can
stop wherever he happens to be and
take his time about coming down.

IN NEW YORK THE OTHER
day a wingless auto-gyro
was brought down vertically at the foot
of Wall street and landed lightly on
the end of a pier, with a roll of its
landing wheels of only two feet.
That's something like, and that's
the sort of flying machine that I
am going to have—when I get one
at all.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE
New York Times recalls the presi-
dential election of forty years ago,
when he was a member of the
Times staff. Cleveland and Blaine
were the candidates, and much had
been made during the campaign of
the letters written by Blaine to
Mulligan, with the postscripts
"Burn this letter." Democrats pa-
raded the streets with banners
bearing the inscription "Burn this
letter," and setting fire to scraps
of paper on the way. Republicans
retaliated with other parades and
inscriptions offensive to the Demo-
crats. The Times supported Cleve-
land. The Tribune, just across the
way, was for Blaine. It took three
days to determine who had been
elected. Once, in that interval,
somebody in the Times
office set
fire to a bundle of newspapers and
threw them from a window. That
angered the Tribune people, who
gathered a mob and raided the
Times offices. Windows were
broken and wreckage was general
before the police arrived and took
charge. Nobody ever discovered
who set fire to those papers.

THERE WERE OTHER
things than sweetness and light in
the election campaigns of forty
years ago. Grand Forks never had
a real election riot, so far as I can
recall. Occasionally there were
fights, but they were strictly on an
individual basis, and nobody was
badly hurt. There were election
parades, but the only interference
from the opposition was in the na-
ture of good-natured jeers and cat-
calls. Once a Democratic meeting
was being held in a vacant Third
street building about where the
Council now is, and while the
speaker was in the middle of an
oration a fire alarm was sounded
and hose carts and hook and lad-
der trucks went speeding by, mak-
ing a terrible din. The room was
emptied in a moment and the
speaker was left to finish his ora-
tion to empty seats. It was a false
alarm, and the Democrats held the
Republicans responsible for it. Per-
haps they were right.

LAST THURSDAY AND FRI-
day four of us had the two finest
days of the fall for a drive to
Jamestown and back. It was reg-
ular summer weather. Pastures
were showing green, cattle were
grazing, and farmers were plow-
ing in the fields. Saturday the
weather changed, but our trip was
over. Everywhere vegetation has
been showing signs of life instead
of becoming dormant. Shrubbery
has been budding, and some of our
people have been gathering pussy-
willows, just as in spring.

THIS IS NOTHING, HOWEV-
er, to what has been going on out
west. At Walla Walla, Washington,
apple, cherry and crabapple trees
are blooming, iris is in flower, and
in some cases the trees have act-
ually produced fresh fruit.

SHORTHAND, AS AT PRESENT
systematized, is quite modern,
but writers of many periods have
developed systems of their own for
shortening up the labor of writing.
Charles Dickens wrote shorthand,
much of his method being his own
invention. Pepys, the world's most
famous diarist, committed his ob-
servations to paper in a shorthand
of his own which was not decipher-
ered until long after his death.
Now tablets have been found in
Grecian excavations which bear in
shorthand records made more than
two thousand years ago.
A CLIPPING FROM A RECENT issue of the Los Angeles Times contains an announcement of a "Pageant of the Constitution" which was to be staged last Friday and Saturday at the Shrine auditorium under the auspices of the Los Angeles Bar association. One of the features was to be a patriotic tableau with Mrs. Gretchen Gollinger Wellman in the role of Miss Columbia. Mrs. Wellman was formerly Gretchen Gollinger, of Grand Forks. She has won distinction in the practice of law in California, where she served as deputy city prosecutor of Los Angeles. She is past president of the California council of the National Association of Women Lawyers, and she was chosen as one of the few women to have a part in the historical spectacle in which leading members of the California bench and bar were assigned leading parts.

ANOTHER CLIPPING FROM the Los Angeles Times contains an editorial congratulating the people of California on their sound judgment in rejecting the visionary promises held out by Upton Sinclair. Nevertheless, the Times is convinced that there is yet work for the people of California to do. The editorial concludes:

"THE DANGER CALLS FOR co-operation on the part of all loyal Californians. They must follow up Tuesday's victory, not only by ridding the state of genuine radicals and radical propagandists, but by removing, so far as possible, the causes of dissatisfaction and unrest. The latter constituted the chief source of Sinclair's strength and of the radical movement generally. The great majority of those who voted for Sinclair did so in the honest conviction that his camouflage program would benefit them and the state. By and large they are as good citizens as the commonwealth possesses and their help is urgently needed to rid it of the relatively small element which sought to use them for subversive purposes. Radicalism is scotched, but not killed. It is up to the people of California to finish the job."

YEARS AGO I READ TWO OR three of Sinclair's books. They made considerable noise at the time of their publication. But after reading them I dismissed the writer as an unsound thinker, an inefficient investigator, and a writer of those half-truths which are always misleading and often dangerous. It was quite in keeping with the fitness of things that the Sinclair of some thirty years ago should become the author of the "EPIC" fantasy of 1934."

"GLORY-HUNTER" IS THE title of a new book about General Custer. Its author, Frederic P. Van de Water, has stripped from a once popular hero much of the romance with which the tragedy of the Little Bighorn invested him. Several years ago a Bismarck writer, P. E. Byrne, published a book entitled "Soldiers of the Plains" which dealt in some detail with the battle of the Little Big Horn, and which criticized severely the handling of his command by Custer. Custer, it was shown in that book, flagrantly disobeyed the orders of his superior and needlessly led his command into an impossible situation. The only reasonable explanation of his conduct is that he coveted the honor of defeating the Indians all by himself.

BYRNE'S BOOK DEALS ONLY incidentally with the character of Custer. Van de Water gives in detail Custer's history from childhood, and the picture presented is not a pleasing one. Custer is shown as a youth and man everlastingly spoiling for a fight, reckless of discipline, and with an almost insane passion for personal glory.

ANOTHER BOOK PUBLISHED two or three years ago, which is given new interest by recent events is "Green Hell," by Julian Duguid. It is the story of a trek across the Chaco, that almost impenetrable wilderness over which Bolivia and Paraguay have been fighting. There are passages in the book which seem to place the reader right in the middle of that awful jungle. I remember mentioning the book in this column about the time of its publication. It can be obtained from the public library.
AN INTERESTING CONTRIBUTION of the mail today is a large booklet, beautifully illustrated, describing points of interest on a journey through one of the most picturesque sections of Germany, from Heidelberg to Baden-Baden. There are illustrations, many of them in color, of castles, bits of forest and interiors of historic buildings. Aside from the artistic beauty of the publication the thing that interested me particularly was the fact that the descriptive text is in German, English and French. That it should be in German goes without saying. The English text, also, is natural, for notwithstanding the assumed contempt of Hitler for everything that is not German, Germany looks to both Great Britain and the United States for tourist traffic. But the inclusion of the French text indicates that notwithstanding the faces that are being made and the growling and grumbling that go on, there is recognition somewhere in Germany of the need for cultivating friendly relations, even with France.

I HAVE AN INTERESTING letter from J. M. Learn, of Bowesmont, who writes: "I was much interested in your recent article on inventions of the typewriter. It recalled to my mind a conversation which several of us boys of the 1908 class at the University of North Dakota had with the late E. J. Babcock who was then dean of the School of Mines. The dean was of an inventive turn of mind, and I believe the present lignite briquet of this state is largely the result of his research.

"HE TOLD US ON THAT OCCASION of the work along the line of typewriters that he and his brother carried on when they were boys in their early teens. As I recall his account, he told how he and his brother attended a county fair near his home town in Wisconsin. A typewriter was on exhibition at that time. It was about three feet long. The type was stationary on a rigid device and the paper slid along a rod which stopped at the letter which was to be typed.

"IT WAS A CUMBERSOME affair, and of course it didn't do a neat job. The boys figured on the way home that if the paper could be held stationary and the type brought to it, the invention would be much more practical.

"FROM THAT DAY THE young chaps forgot all about farm chores and everything else, to the disgust of their parents, for a period of several months. Finally the youngsters had a contraption that they knew was much superior to the one they had seen at the fair. They had the paper on a rod which carried it one space to the left for each letter to be printed. The letters were hung in a half circle and worked on a swivel-like arrangement that brought the letter to the paper on the pressure of a key.

"ONE CAN IMAGINE THE pride and enthusiasm of the young inventors when their relatives and neighbors pronounced their machine, crude though it was, a success. With care the boys took their typewriter forty miles by ox cart to Madison, Wisconsin, to have it patented. But they arrived at their destination only to learn that Remington had patented their idea only twelve hours earlier. That return forty miles home by ox cart was the bitterest ride the dean ever experienced. And thus, by a matter of hours and a "happenstance," as Elbert Hubbard would say, the machine we have today missed being called the Babcock typewriter.

"I MAY BE SOMEWHAT OFF in some of the details of this little account, but I think in the main I have the story correct. I wish I could recall for sure some of the classmates that were with me on that occasion. Perhaps some of them may see this article, and if I have made any errors or omissions can set me right. I believe two of the boys were Earl Rodgers of Ontario and J. W. Bliss of Minot, North Dakota."

"IT WILL BE NEWS TO MANY friends of the late Dean Babcock that he participated in the invention of a typewriter. But he was, as Mr. Learn says, inventive. Not only did he develop a process for briquetting lignite, but according to my recollection he designed much of the machinery which was required in the process. In addition to all that, he was a grand man.
PERSONS WHO SCAN THE
market reports for bond quotations, assuming that there are still those
who are interested in bonds, are
often surprised to learn, if they do learn, that while the decimal sys-
tem is used in stating the prices of all other bonds, United States
government bonds are quoted in
thirty-seCONDS in-
stead of in tenths
and hundredths. Thus if a com-
mercial bond or a foreign govern-
ment bond is quoted on the
New York stock exchange at 99.16
that means that the price of the
bond is 99 dollars and 16 cents. But
if the same figures are used in a
United States bond quotation it
means that the price is 99 dollars
and 16 thirty-seconds of a dollar, or $99.50. I have asked many per-
sons familiar with bond transac-
tions the reason for this difference,
but I have never received an ex-
planation of it. The practice of
stating the price in thirty-seconds
is only a little awkward than divid-
ing money into pounds, shill-
ings and pence.

CUSTOM, OF COURSE, FAMI-
lizarizes one with any sort of mon-
ey system, no matter how incon-
venient it may be essentially. My
maternal grandfather, reared in
Yorkshire, England, lived in Can-
ada for more than forty years, and
during that time he had been ac-
customed to transacting business in
dollars and cents. But when he
wanted to get down to exact values
he made rapid mental calculation and reduced dollars to pounds.

OF COURSE, THAT KIND OF
experience is quite common. Few
persons other than those engaged in
professional or technical work have
made much use of the metric, or decimal system of weights and
measures. Although the term “me-
ter” is in fairly common use I al-
ways think of meters in terms of
yards in order to get an idea of the
approximate distance meant. To me “100 kilometers” has only the
vaguest sort of meaning, but when
I find that it is about 60 miles I
can visualize the distance and
guess how long it will take to drive
it.

THE ADOPTION OF THE ME-
tric system in all American indus-
try is a subject that has given rise
to much controversy. On paper it
seems that the thing could be done
with the greatest ease, merely by
substituting one set of figures for
another. But it is not as simple as
all that. Most of our existing
measurements are in terms of the
old long measure, and there are
billions of them represented in all
sorts of records and in sizes of
commodities in general use. So it
is with weights. Calibratons in
inches cannot be expressed exact-
ly in metric terms. New sizes for
almost everything would be neces-
sary in order to avoid long deci-
mals and replacements would not
fit. The new system would call,
not merely for the readjustment of
machinery, but for the complete re-
building of much that is costly. An-
other objection is that the number
10 does not lend itself to subdivi-
sion. Half of it is 5. Below that
we get into fractions. With the
present system we can use halves,
quarters, eighths sixteenths, and
so on indefinitely. The change can
be made, but it involves much
more than appears on the surface.

ONE OF THE CHANGES
which has come about in this coun-
try and in Canada is the dropping
of the shilling from popular use.
Long after the colonies had aban-
doned the British designations the
York shilling of 12½ cents was a
popular monetary term. In one
store where I worked many of our
goods were priced in shillings and
were so marked. An article priced
at 75 cents would be marked 6
shillings, with the old English sym-
bol to represent the shilling. In
this country the slang “bit” has had
some vogue, but it is not in general
use.

AT. HOBART, TASMANIA,
down at the other end of the world,
they had a display of wood chop-
ping and sawing the other day for
the entertainment of Prince Henry,
duke of Gloucester. Two axmen
chopped through a log 4 feet 8
inches in diameter in 2 minutes
15½ seconds. Two men with a
cross-cut saw cut through a log
6 feet 4 inches in diameter in 31 1-5
seconds. I never saw chopping and
sawing done at that speed, but
that's what the paper says. Lum-
bermen on this continent have told
of the exploits of Paul Bunyan, and
it seems that it would have taken
somebody about Paul’s size to equal
the record of the Tasmanian ex-
erts.
BOOK-REVIEWING IS A PROFESSION by itself, a profession with which that of literary criticism is closely associated. The association is so close that the two are often, and, to some extent, necessarily mingled. As examples of criticism in its nearly pure state we have, for instance, the imposing essays of Macaulay, in which he tears to shreds the "Colloquies" of Southey or heaps praise on Moore for his life of Byron. There is a vast difference between criticism of that sort and the review which merely aims to inform the reader as to the content and general character of a book without indicating the writer's opinion as to its merit.

* * *

BUT, WHILE THE BOOK REVIEW may be in itself little more than an expanded table of contents, reviews themselves may be as different as books, and quite different impressions of the same book may be gained from reviews by different writers, both presumably honest and accurate. For this reason it seems that there might be added to the other professions that of reviewer of book reviews and that there might be some interest in collecting and comparing the treatment given of the same book by different writers.

* * *

THESE OBSERVATIONS ARE suggested by two reviews of "South of the Sun," the book just written by Russell Owen, who accompanied Byrd on his first Antarctic journey as official historian of the expedition. The book tells the story of that expedition more frankly and intimately than was done in the official publication which was published soon after the return of the party.

* * *

OWEN'S BOOK IS REVIEWED in the New York Times Book Review and in the Literary Digest, and the treatment is as different as two writers could make it. The Times writer deals with the literary form of the book, its excellent descriptions, and touches on the humorous incidents of months spent in the ice and snow. From the Digest review one gets the impression that the book is devoted quite largely to a debunking of the expedition, and that the debunking might have proceeded much further if the author had not been governed by a "self-imposed restraint" which caused him to refrain from telling all that he knows. I have no doubt that both reviewers have been both honest and accurate in their treatment. But each has told of the features of the book which seemed to him significant, and the result is that one seems to be reading reviews of two different books.

* * *

THIS YEAR CHRISTMAS comes on Tuesday. Next year it will be on Wednesday, and so on. I have before me the World Calendar, by means of which it is proposed to avoid some of the confusion attendant on the use of our present calendar without going the entire distance and adopting the thirteen-month calendar which has received considerable support. According to the World calendar, Christmas would fall on Monday this year and every other year.

* * *

ACCORDING TO THE WORLD Calendar the present division of the year into twelve months would be continued, but the 365th day would not be included in any month, but would be added as a separate day between December and January. The extra day in leap year would be inserted between June and July. Each quarter would have one month of 31 days and two of 30 days each, and each quarter would begin on Sunday.

* * *

WHILE THE DATE OF EASTER is not necessarily involved in the framing of a calendar, that festival being fixed by church authorities, a fixed date for Easter is one of the objectives of all the calendar makers. In the proposed world calendar Easter would come always on April 8. As it is the date may vary by a month, and this variation in a festival which plays such an important part in many activities has been a source of great inconvenience.

* * *

IT WILL BE REMEMBERED that in the nursery story the mice were all agreed that the cat should be required to wear a bell, so that she might know when she was coming. The difficulty arose in the attempt to decide who should bell the cat. Just now there is a movement to require all cats to wear bells as a protection to bird life, and some slight progress toward that end is noted. But the universal belling of cats may be a little difficult to achieve. There is merit in the idea, however. In most city homes where cats are kept they are kept as pets. The problem of mice is treated in other ways. And any cat at large is a menace to birds. The gentlest and most lovable pet will hunt birds as industriously and kill him as ferociously as if it were still in the jungle. In some communities the practice of equipping cats with small bells has become quite popular, and there are indications that it may spread. The cat soon becomes accustomed to a small bell, and its tinkle will give just the momentary warning that some unsuspecting bird needs in order to save its life.
NEW YORK—DIARY: OUT IN
the crakle of a crisp morning over
the park meadow. And a lady
flung from a horse landed aston-
ingly on her feet unhurt. So
down the avenue, marveling at the
go to life, came upon Bruce Bar-
ton, Heywood Broun, Ina Claire
home, finishing my · stint chop-. Boys."

Charles G. Norris, newly from
Europe, and Fannie Hurst to din-
er. Also Hattie Belle Johnston
who told of a fearsome motor bus
journey across the desert to wicked
Bagdad and of Damascus and the
Home, finishing my · stint chop-
and a honeymoon wire from
Buster West and an autographed
copy of Royce Brier's brave San
Francisco newspaper tayle, "Reach
for the Moon." This day the Ben
Ali Haggins’ beautiful Boston Nim-
ble came to live with us. So to
Mary McKinnon’s tea.

THE CARICATURIST PETER
Arno is not done with the show
business. He had one joust with it
several years ago which cost him a
bankroll an elk couldn’t hurdle.
But he dusted himself off, hied
to Hollywood and began again for
another foray. He has the phil-
osophic poise to believe it is more
fun to lose angeling a show than
in most Broadway spending. And
one might win!

BERT LYTELL’S EXPERI-
ment with the drama this year has
caused as much talk as any dra-
matic offering on Broadway. It is
an all-male cast, laid in a monas-
tery, and its dramatic grip lies
solely in the astonishing sweep of
its modulated talk in the dark al-
coves. While it has a Catholic
background, it is shorn of dogma
and Lytell appears before the cur-
tain to emphasize that it has no
element of propaganda.

PERSONAL NOMINATION
for the smartest of the society cafe
performers—Mrs. Eve Symington.

THE NEW WALDORF BAR
for men only has taken shape—bigger,
better, grander. Yet for most
New Yorkers there is a nostalgia
for the dark mahogany bar in 34th
street. Likely it acquired the mellow-
ness that comes only with years and which the newer one in
the brightly modern decor must earn. In the old stand at 5 o’clock
there began a parade through the
famous Peacock Alley to the sanc-
tuary, of colorful figures—the big
Wall Street men, race track plung-
grers, reigning novelists, star re-
porters, actors, producers and the in-
evitable sprinkle of those con-
scienceless sharpers known as “We
Boys.”

I REMEMBER SEEING AT
the Waldorf’s sweeping brass rail
one summer evening John J. Mc-
Graw, Bet-a-Million Gates, Richard
Harding Davis, Augustus Thomas,
Diamond Jim Brady, Tod Slone,
The Gondorf Brothers (confidence
kings), and Charles B. Dillingham.
And over alone at a corner table
was Eugene Walter, caught in the
whip-fleck of one of life’s stinging
moments and brooding over a play
he could not sell. Six weeks later
he was to be the most discussed
playwright.

A LADY WHO CONDUCTS A
mannequin academy tells me a few
tricks of the trade. When the man-
nequin parts the curtains and ap-
ppears before the customer she must
glance first at M. le Directeur. If
that elegante holds one finger aloft
so: she must express dignity. The
customer is of that ilk. If two
fingers, sway a bit from the hips.
Three fingers means expressing
personality, as the buyer is not
much on looks. Four fingers
means to turn on the big smile—
the husband is there and he has
the last word when it comes to
buying.

BAGATELLES: JACK DEMP-
sey spends $1,000 a month aiding
the down and out pals of his cham-
ionship days . . . Tallulah Bank-
head, instead of her male escort,
sits on the aisle seat at first nights
. . . William Seabrook, professional
traveler, suffers constantly from
sickness . . . Frank Crumit and
Julia Sanderson motor from the
outskirts of Springfield, Mass., for
their broadcasts.

THE BIGGEST LAUGH IN THE
hit “Merrily We Roll Along” is
when a bored house partyer com-
ing languidly downstairs inquires
of another victim: “Know what I’m
having?” And at a niggling nega-
tive replies: “Not much fun!”

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cate, Inc.)
ON THE SAME DAY, FROM different sources, I have received two copies of The Herald, both of ancient date and of decidedly ancient experience. The first is a copy of the first issue of The Herald, June 26, 1879, which was found by Nelson Berg in sorting over some old material at his residence, 415 Cottonwood street. This paper, however, is not an original, but a copy that was made from photographic plates and printed as a part of the fiftieth anniversary issue in 1929. The original, kept in the bound files in The Herald's vaults, became mutilated in some way and the lower right-hand corner of the first sheet is missing. In the reproduction that part of Pages 1 and 2 appears as blank white paper. The copy was distributed to all subscribers, and doubtless there are many in existence. A genuine original would be a rarity, but persons finding among their possessions copies with the blank corner may be assured that they are copies and of comparatively recent date.

THE OTHER COPY IS A GENUINE original of the issue of February 15, 1888. It was brought to the High school by Phyllis Buchholz and was found in a wall space at her family home, while repairs were being made. Its genuineness is beyond question, as no copy of the paper other than that of June 26, 1879, has ever been reproduced.

AT THAT TIME THE HERALD was an evening paper, and, like all newspapers of that period carried advertising in its front page. The principal news item on the front page of the February 15 issue is an extended account of a fair for the benefit of St. Bernard's Ursuline Academy (now St. James' Academy) which had been recently established. Among the prize winners in drawing contests were Mary Handrahan and Bruce Griggs. Thomas Neville and Geo. H. Walsh were rivals for the title of "dudest dude," and Neville won in a landslide vote.

AN ITEM CLIPPED FROM THE Moorhead News tells of a movement in Fargo to divert the channel of the Red river around by the big slough west of Fargo, thus cutting that city off from North Dakota and annexing it to Moorhead, where it would be known as West Moorhead. Reasons alleged for the movement were the tardiness of congress in admitting the territory into the union, the prospect of voting for president at the fall election, and the desire to get the benefit of the Minnesota liquor law.

WILD STORIES HAD BEEN published concerning the number of deaths in Dakota territory in the great blizzard of January 12. Eastern papers had published stories of 100,000 Dakota deaths, but these figures had been taken to correct such exaggerations. The Herald reported that according to a canvass made by school superintendents there were but four deaths due to the blizzard in the North Dakota half of the territory. Losses were more severe in the South Dakota section. Ex-Governor Pierce said that the total number of deaths counted for was 149. The Yankton Board of Trade issued a statement which said: "The storm was phenomenal in its suddenness and severity. Nothing just like it ever occurred before. For fifteen years nothing comparable with it had happened. The day had been pleasant and many thousands of people were out upon the prairies upon every kind of business, mostly clad for the pleasant day. There were probably 75,000 children in school. Of all these, caught by the storm, over an area in Dakota of 150,000 square miles, not over 175 lives were lost." Even at that, it was some storm.

THE HERALD WAS THEN running advertisements of the Louisiana Lottery company, which advertised generally throughout the country. A year or two later George B. Winship, owner of The Herald, was one of the little group of state senators who succeeded in blocking the move to charter the Louisiana Lottery as a North Dakota institution.

FACSIMILE COPIES OF OLD newspapers are numerous, and some of them are so well done that they are taken quite often for the originals. One paper of which a multitude of imitations have been published is the issue of the Uli-stor Court (New York) Gazette containing an announcement of the death of George Washington. I suppose there are in existence thousands of copies of that paper, treasured by their owners as genuine numbers of that notable issue. Many of them have been offered to museums and collectors for sale, but invariably they have been found to be republications of comparatively recent date, with typography and paper skillfully treated to give the appearance of age. It is practically impossible to deceive experts in these matters as the ancient inks and papers were different composition from anything now used. Inaces are hard to imitate so that the deception will not be apparent under the microscope.
ON HIS SPEAKING TOUR OF Canada in denunciation of the munitions racket Senator Nye of North Dakota addressed enthusiastic crowds, made the front pages of the newspapers, and achieved the distinction of being nominated for president of the United States by a newspaper interviewer. In Toronto he spoke before the Empire club most select of Toronto's clubs, and was described by the president of that organization as "the arch enemy of graft." The Globe's Ottawa correspondent says that the senator was accorded a tremendous ovation after his address at the Canadian club in the capital, where his audience included members of the cabinet and other distinguished Canadians.

IN THE CANADIAN CITIES Senator Nye made substantially the same address that he made on the subject of munitions in Grand Forks a few weeks ago. When it was known that he was to speak in Canada there was some curiosity as to his reception there after the incident in which the name of King George was brought into the record at a hearing before the Nye munitions committee in Washington. It is one of the traditions of the British dominions that the name of the king is not to be brought into any controversial discussion, and there was a little flurry over the implication in one bit of testimony that King George had intervened in a munitions contract with Poland to snatch it from an American and have it handed to a British firm.

A CLIPPING FROM THE Mills County Tribune, of Glenwood, Iowa, submitted by Mrs. Basil Westacott, indicates that they have a sociable way of dealing with prisoners down there. The paragraph reads:

"Deputy Sheriff and Mrs. S. V. Cooney have as guests this week in the Mills county jail the four Fremont county prisoners who are being entertained here while Sheriff Redenbaugh of Sidney is away on his vacation. The four prisoners were brought to Glenwood yesterday, and Sheriff DeMoss said this Thursday morning that they would be kept here until the Fremont county sheriff returns from his vacation."

MRS. WESTACOTT COMMENTS: "Mills county is in the southwestern part of Iowa on the Nebraska border, just south of Council Bluffs. Fremont county is directly south, and is located in the very southwest corner of the state. I can't quite understand why they have so few patrons unless it is because the people are so very good or that being so close to the Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska border lines they think it cheaper to chase the evildoers across the lines."

A FEW WEEKS AGO I PUBLISHED a jingle from an unknown source about the farmer who was ready for a full day's work. Mrs. Westacott sends in a clipping containing the following reply which the versifier, one N. S. Mason, puts into the mouth of a farmer's wife:

THE ONE WHO WEARS THE SKIRT.

I have read with interest what this man has to say
As he jumps into his trousers at the breaking of the day;
How he feeds a lot of chickens and the pigs
While the hired man is feeding himself and currying Nancy and stripping Jiggs.

He seems to think that on the farm he is doing all the work.
Did he ever sit and meditate on the one who wears the skirt?
Does she ride behind the harrow?
Does she ride upon the plow?
Does she ride down through the corn, or to chase the errant cow?
Does she ride while chasing chickens that have crawled in through the fence?
And are eating up the garden that was to be her recompense?
She don't do any riding when washing day has come, or she stands before the ironing board, or the baking's to be done.
If I remember rightly, and my mind is still alert, the one who feeds the pigs and chickens is the one who wears the skirt.
He may have fringes upon his pants and eat like the terrible Turk,
But I'm thinking that the farmer's wife gets in a full day's work.
OVER IN GODERICH, ONTARIO, they are having a time over radio interference. Owners of receiving sets complain that during much of the day and evening it is impossible for them to use their machines. Electrical machines used by local chiropractors are blamed for about half of the trouble, while faulty electrical installation and defective electrical appliances are held responsible for the rest. Canada’s radio broadcasting is controlled entirely and operated largely by the government, and only a small proportion of advertising is permitted. The government collects a fee of $2 a year on each receiving set. Goderich people have refused to pay, on the ground that it is the duty of the government to keep the air free from artificial interference. The government commission says that it has done all that the law permits it to do. The listeners declare that they will take the case into the courts and demand a showdown there.

MOST OF THE TROUBLE AT Goderich seems to come from the use of high-frequency appliances. Other interference may come from the interruption of even an ordinary domestic current. Two years ago about Christmas time a whole neighborhood in Grand Forks was annoyed by interference which was found to come from the intermittent lighting system on a Christmas tree several blocks away. A short circuit in East Grand Forks was found responsible for deafening noises in many Grand Forks receivers. One family could always tell when the people next door were using their vacuum cleaner because its loose connections put their radio out of commission.

CERTAIN TYPES OF HEATING pads have given much trouble. Many of the early oil burners drowned out all the radios in their vicinity. This trouble seems generally to have been remedied. A thermostat will play mean tricks with a radio. There is no trouble when it is definitely “on” or definitely “off,” but when it is just at the critical position of change the points will sometimes touch and separate even with the vibration caused by a voice. That trouble is easily overcome by moving the control forward or back temporarily. When one considers the variety of conditions through which the electrical impulses must pass between the sending and receiving stations the wonder of radio becomes more impressive than ever.

A HAMILTON, ONTARIO, news dispatch says that Charles Maher, no address, was warned in court that if he did not cease showing up at police headquarters every time he had a little too much to drink he would be sent to jail. He explained that whenever he felt himself passing “under the influence” he made for police headquarters, feeling that he would be safe there.

GERMANY’S PRESS CENSOR-ship is having its natural result in filling the country with rumor and gossip of the wildest and most exaggerated kind. Publication of news and comment distasteful to the administration is prohibited, and secret gossip takes the place of a free press. A barber, arrested for speaking disrespectfully about local Nazi officials was released with a warning, and public notice was given that hereafter every gossip and rumor-monger will be turned over to the secret police. In dealing with the sort of personal gossip for which they are responsible the Nazi authorities have a task similar to that of fighting off a swarm of hornets with a pitchfork.

SINCE MUSSOLINI HAS TAKEN to offering premiums for big Italian families, many persons have wondered what he will do with all the people when he gets them. He has solved that problem, too. He is now offering premiums to all who buy airplanes. That should serve to keep the population in check.

DOWN AT INDIANOLA, MISSISSIPPI, there was born the other day a little girl who was welcomed into the world by a representative of each of the five generations that had preceded her. The great-great-grandmother is 99 years old, the great-great-grandmother 74, the great-grandmother 59, the grandmother 40, and the mother 19. All these are in good health, even the eldest being active and mentally alert.
**ON THANKSGIVING DAY**

President Roosevelt carved a mammoth domestic turkey which had been sent him by a friend. The bird was for certain guests who were entertained by the president. On his own private table there was a wild turkey, shot for this special occasion by a hunter in Florida. The president is said to prefer the wild turkey to the domestic fowl.

There is a popular impression that the domestic turkey is the lineal descendant of the wild turkey which figured in the dinners of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. Specialists in such subjects tell us that this belief is wrong, and that the modern turkey of commerce is only remotely related to the wild fowl of New England. The modern commercial turkey is said to be a descendant of a bird which the Spaniards found in Mexico. Specimens of this bird were taken to Spain, whence the species became distributed to the Mediterranean countries. The bird was brought to England on ships trading in the Orient, and thus it became known as the "Turkey" fowl. From England it was re-imported to North America as a valuable domestic fowl.

**TURKEY IS GIVEN CREDIT**

for having been the source of another favorite, the pumpkin that goes into the Thanksgiving pie. The pumpkin, like the turkey, is of American origin, but it also seems to have re-entered its native country in a roundabout manner. In the same way it was taken to Turkey, and from that country was brought to Germany, where a Berman botanist in 1542 called it the Turkish cucumber.

**INDIAN CORN, ALSO A NATIVE OF AMERICA**

was credited by the same botanist to Turkey and Greece and to have reached northwestern Europe from those countries. Corn, however, was cultivated by American Indians during the time of Columbus, and continued to be cultivated by many Indian tribes, throughout subsequent history. It was a regular part of the diet of many of the North Dakota Indians.

**BOTA N I S T S KNOW CORN TO HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED FROM A SPECIES OF GRASS**

by what method of selection and cross-fertilization it was given something approaching its present form nobody knows. Luther Burbank, however, accomplished in a few years of intensive and scientific work what centuries had been required to achieve. Starting with the native grass which is recognized as the parent of corn, he developed from it a plant practically identical with the modern corn plant. It was merely a case of speeding up evolution.

**IN THE UNION RAILWAY**

station in Baltimore some years ago there was a sign which read "Men's toilet, out there," with an arrow indicating the direction. To me that sign had a chilly and inhospitable look. And Maryland is pretty much a southern state, too.

**WHAT MAY BE CONSIDERED**

a hang-over from prohibition days is the industry of still-renting, recently discovered in New York city. Being satisfied that liquor was being made illegally in a certain neighborhood the authorities raided one residence and found in the basement a barrel of mash actively fermenting. No still was visible, so a search for one was instituted, but none could be found. Questioned closely the lady of the house insisted that she had no still, as the mash was not ready and she had not rented the still yet. It was learned that somewhere in the vicinity there is a still on wheels which is rented for a consideration to householders as they need it. Questions as to who owns the still and where it is to be found remained unanswered.

**SORTING OVER A PILE OF CLIPPINGS AND OTHER MATERIAL**

I found this anonymous jingle, which will just about fit what is left of this column:

**THE FRAILTY OF MAN.**

The horse and mule live thirty years.
And nothing know of wines and beers.
The goat and sheep at twenty, die,
But never taste of Scotch or Rye.
The dog at fifteen cashes in,
Without the aid of rum or gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks,
And then in twelve short years it croaks.
The cow drinks water by the ton,
And when eighteen is almost done.
The hog when young is laid to rest
And never knows a cocktail's zest.
The modest, sober, bone dry hen,
Lays eggs for nogs and dies at ten.