

*We know our readers will join us in welcoming back Mr. Davies' daily column, which was suspended during his recent illness.*

WHEN THE CALENDAR indicated that winter should be drawing to a close, but while all the landscape was still buried beneath its thick blanket of white, it was suggested that the time would be appropriate for me to take a trip. The precise destination was unimportant. There were southern California, Texas, Florida, all warm and sunny, with flowers blooming and mild breezes blowing, and no hint of the cold winter of the north. There, in sub-tropical surroundings, I could escape the raw winds and the slush of melting snow, and after two or three weeks of bliss I could return to find that spring had actually arrived and I had avoided all the variableness attending the transition.

IT WAS A PLEASING Suggestion, and I gave it due consideration. I actually took a trip, though not in any of the directions that had been suggested. One day I experienced a violent disturbance in what Charlie McCarthy would call my "abominable region." Somewhere I have read that the capacity of the human stomach is about a pint. That may be so, but, if so, the rated capacity may be amplified until it is measured in gallons rather than pints. That was my experience, and it hurt like the mischief. In order to create the illusion of comfort they pumped into me some of the stuff that they use in those little squirt-guns, and the subsequent proceedings had little further interest for me.

SOMETIME DURING THE night strange men appeared mysteriously from nowhere, rolled me in a blanket, and took me for a ride. I didn't understand why. Later, when I began to take notice of my surroundings, I found myself in a strange place which clearly, was neither Texas nor California nor Florida. There were girls around me, wearing white uniforms, whom I discovered to be nurses, and I learned that I was in a hospital, though what hospital, or in what town, I couldn't figure out. Upon inquiry, I learned that I was in a hospital in the old home town, and my spring trip had taken me only a mile from home.

IT WAS A REAL TRIP, JUST the same. When it began the weather was that of mid-winter, with snow piled in enormous masses all around. During my period of retirement the snow disappeared as if by magic, the river rose, lawns showed decided tints of green, the chirp of returning robins was heard, and I escaped the raw, inclement spring winds as completely as if I had been in the tropics. I experienced none of the discomforts of travel, nor did I have to worry a moment about what to do next. That was all arranged for me.

I REMEMBER THAT ON Another occasion I wrote something about the pleasing irresponsibility of residence in a hospital. The patient has no problems to solve, no tasks to perform. His affairs are in other and perfectly competent hands, and he need not fear that the world is going to wreck during his retirement. The world is continually surviving such shocks.

OF COURSE, ONE IS ALWAYS glad to be home again after a trip even though the causes that impelled the journey leave one somewhat wobbly and uncertain. But there is at least the promise of warm days, an occasional glimpse of tulips ready to bud, the suggestion of swelling buds on trees and shrubs, the consciousness that life is surging around one, and that soon the soil will be ready for spade and rake and seed. And there lingers the memory of kindly and thoughtful ministrations, and of messages from friends so many that personal acknowledgment is beyond my strength, and, for which I can only return a heartfelt "Thank You."

FROM OUR PAGAN Ancestors we have inherited custom and attitudes, some of which might well be abandoned, while others are of continued value because of their symbolism and their beauty. Among the most persistent of the latter is our interest in the operations of nature, the changing seasons, and our retention, in some form, of ways of observing and celebrating the latter. No longer do we ascribe separate personality and beneficial or malign-purpose to sunshine and rain, the flashing of lightning and pealing of thunder and the growth of plants, but we retain many of the customs of our ancestors with references to them, though our observances may have changed from the literal to the symbolic.

OUR DISTANT Progenitors observed with elaborate ceremonial the completion of the harvest, the beginning of the sun's return from the distant south, and especially the advent of spring. No festivals of theirs were more joyous and full of meaning than those associated with the springing of nature into new life after the long sleep of winter. The season was one of hope and expectation, because the earth was being prepared for seeding, and all nature held forth its promise of renewed abundance in all that was needed for the sustenance and comfort of man.

IT WAS, TOO, A SEASON OF Beauty and to celebrate it there was pageantry which drew upon all that was beautiful in nature and in primitive art. And when man became able to record his thoughts in written form, the voice of spring became one of the most entrancing subjects in literature. In this field the Song of Songs contains lines which attain the maximum of beauty:

For lo, the winter is past, The rain is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth; The time of the singing of birds is come, And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, And the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell.

IT IS AT THIS SEASON that the Christian church throughout the world celebrates the miracle of the Resurrection, and no other time could be so appropriate for it. And in the fact that many of the customs of primitive peoples to express their hopes and aspirations for larger and better life have become associated with a gospel of which those untutored children of nature never heard we may find a symbol of the unity that runs through life and the divine order which governs it all.

IT IS WELL, THAT AT least once a year our thoughts may be turned to the Resurrection, for in that is contained all that is hopeful for the human race. We see around us much that prompts misgiving. Hate and greed, anger and intolerance, rear their ugly heads, and there is much that seems to warrant despair. We need something on which to anchor our souls, and as each Easter season comes, that need is met in the knowledge that in our physical surroundings life renews itself in beauty and graciousness from year to year, there is a spirit that can renew men's souls and lead them among higher and better ways.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED from Mrs. T. W. Robson, 507 North Sixth street, a copy of a poem written for Easter, 1918, while the events of the great war were still fresh. Since then the scene has changed greatly, but the thought in the poem is as timely now as it was then, and for that reason I include it in this column:

**OUR EASTER PSALM.** God, in Thy gracious mercy intervene 'Twixt man and man, and bid this tumult cease,  
Oh, fill the earth with harmony serene,  
Supplant this strife by universal peace. Yea, from the dark, chaotic turmoil bring  
An end to warfare, fed by direful hate,  
And from blood-sodden turf command to spring  
An atmosphere of love immaculate.  
Oh, sheath the sword, and by Thy awful might  
Silence the battle's din, the cannon's roar, Transform this world of darkness into light,  
That shot and shell shall rend the air no more. And bring to breaking hearts this  
Easter morn The blissful message of the empty tomb— Of sweet reunion, life eternal, borne  
On wings of gladness, wafted thru the gloom.

To every nation, God, thy power proclaim, And bring us ever nearer to Thy feet,  
Seeking in fear and reverence of Thy name  
The haven of repose, the soul's retreat.  
Awake the stricken world to higher ends  
Than those by deadly selfish ire is sought,  
And bid them see Thy sovereignty forfends  
The issues of a "peace" so dearly bought.  
—Viola.

THE WISE AND WITTY TOM Marshall, while governor of Indiana, made the historic remark that what this country needs is a good five cent cigar. I agree in principle, although personally I stick to the pipe. But there are other things needed to make life perfect, and I submit that one of them is a regular course in hospitalization.

We have courses in almost everything, with degrees representing work performed in those courses. Columbia, I understand, has regular courses in base—running and fly-casting, with credits given for proficiency attained in the theory and practice of those subjects. I have not heard that any college has yet established a course in goldfish-swallowing, but that seems to be on the way. But hospitalization has been strangely neglected.

I AM NOT REFERRING HERE to those whose duty it is to give service in the hospitals. The doctors have their guilds and associations, and the nurses their grades and degrees, representing their years of service and the proficiency which they attained in their several departments. But there is no corresponding provision for their patients, who certainly are entitled to some recognition.

I AM PROPOSING, Therefore, that there be established regular courses in hospitalization in which suitable credits shall be given for various types of hospital experience, with degrees to be conferred upon accumulation of sufficient credits. Thus, after a few trips to the hospital for treatment for the milder maladies, colds, indigestion, and so forth, one might be awarded a bachelor's degree, moderately dignified, but not especially impressive. Postgraduate courses in severer ailments might be rewarded with a master's degree, while one might win a Ph D. by specializing in brain tumors or automobile collisions.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SUCH a plan would be numerous. Official recognition would be given to actual experience on a standardized basis. Present chaotic conditions invite exaggeration in the recital, of hospital experiences. An unworthy person may pose as a hero by over-emphasizing the swabbing of a throat or the administration of a capsule. The talkative person who boasts of a sprained ankle may deprive the subject of a major operation of the attention to which he is entitled.

ALL THIS COULD BE Corrected by proper classification, the conferring of degrees and the presentation of diplomas. Diplomas, suitably framed, could adorn walls of one's office or living room, embellished on certain occasions by X-rays showing the precise position and condition of the organs affected in a given case. Lapel buttons could be used to identify the wearers as members of a distinguished branch of a great and growing company,

EASTER THIS YEAR CAME on April 9. If the new world calendar had gone into effect this year, as its promoters hoped, Easter would have been on April 8, and it would have continued to be observed on that date for all time to come. That might have been a good way to stabilize the seasons, for one of the familiar beliefs is that an early Easter means an early spring and a late Easter a late spring. It seems odd that the idea that juggling the calendar could affect the weather or the climate could ever have been entertained, but we believe a lot of foolish things, some of which do no harm.

I HAVE NOTICED THAT Radio announcements from Fargo have often given the river level there as so many feet above sea level. Few persons keep sea-level figures in mind, and while that method is quite accurate it is less intelligible to most listeners than the more familiar method of comparing present and past levels with some arbitrary "zero" mark established years ago by the engineers. The zero mark at any given point was fixed at the then lowest recorded water level at that point. In most cases water levels have since gone lower, so that zero marks have been shifted downward. At Grand Forks the flood of 1897 reached 47 feet 6 inches above the zero mark then established. I understand that since then the zero mark has been shifted about 2 ½ feet downward, hence the flood stage of 1897 was approximately 50 feet above the present zero mark.

WRITING FROM HER HOME at Pekin, N. D., Mrs. Oscar Stromme says that robins have not yet appeared in her vicinity, although there are plenty of crows, black-birds, ducks geese and gophers. Meadowlarks have also made their appearance Mrs. Stromme also encloses two short poems, both based on the ancient legend which has taken root in many countries, that the robin's breast became dyed red with the Savior's blood when the little bird in pity plucked the thorns from the head of Jesus. The first of these, by Hoskyns - Abrahall, published in English Lyrics, is an adaptation of a Breton legend:

**THE REDBREAST.**

Bearing His cross, while Christ  
passed forth forlorn, His God-like forehead by the mock crown torn, A little bird took from that crown  
one thorn, To soothe the dear Redeemer's  
throbbing head, That bird did what she could; His  
blood 'tis said, Down dropping, dyed her tender  
bosom red. Since then no wanton boy disturbs  
her nest; Weasel nor wild-cat will her young  
molest;

All sacred deem the bird with ruddy breast.

THE OTHER SELECTION IS by Delia W. Norton, a writer of lyrics:

**TO THE ROBIN REDBREAST.** On fair Britannia's isle, bright  
bird,

A legend strange is told of thee, 'Tis said thy blithesome song was  
hushed While Christ toiled up Mount Calvary,  
Bowed 'neath the sins of all mankind;  
And humbled to the very dust  
By the vile cross, while viler man  
Mocked with a crown of thorns the Just.  
pierced by our sorrows, and weighed down  
By our transgressions, faint and weak,  
Crushed by an angry Judge's frown,  
And agonies no word can speak, 'Twas then, dear bird, the legend says  
That thou, from out His crown, didst tear  
The thorns, to lighten the distress, And ease the pain that he must bear,  
While pendant from thy tiny, beak The gory points thy bosom pressed,  
And crimsoned with the Saviour's  
blood The sober brownness of thy  
breast! Since which proud hour for thee  
and thine,  
As an especial sign of grace God pours like sacramental wine Red signs of favor o'er thy race!

I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT thousands of residents of our own state, as well as visitors from elsewhere, have found in the meandering lines and timbered borders of the Burtness Scenic highway south of Devils Lake a welcome relief from the rigid straight lines of the prairie roads and the bareness of much of our prairie landscape. In an indignant letter published in the Devils Lake Journal H. A. Samuelson protests against operations now in progress for the "streamlining" of this bit of picturesque highway, work which he is informed calls for the removal of some three thousand live trees, many of which have already been cut down.

"LAST YEAR," WRITES MR. Samuelson, "I was told that this highway was going to be raised and widened. That would have been a fine thing, with not much expense and without spoiling the scenic beauty. Everyone knows that we have enough speed ways through our state. It is mostly a prairie state with no trees or shrubs and little change in scenery. Road after road is the same. Then all at once we come upon a stretch of road like our Burtness Scenic highway entering the city of Devils Lake—one of the most beautiful highways in the state and a credit to our city. If only there were more like it. This is the comment heard from visitors who call on us from other states. What will be the reaction now? They will see a desolate road with waste on either side—the dried up lake bed on the one side and the ruins of the old road on the other."

I HAVE NOT DRIVEN OVER the Burtness highway for several years, but I recall it as a road of unusual beauty and variety, winding pleasantly through stretches of natural forest such as are altogether too rare in North Dakota. It is not as fast as a straight road would be, but who is there who would not willingly spend a few extra minutes in order to enjoy beauty which the art of man can never duplicate?

AT ENORMOUS EXPENSE WE establish parks in order that their beauty may be enjoyed by our own people and those who come to spend a few days among us. We plant trees to check the fury of the winds and to break the monotony of an unclad landscape. And to gratify a mania for speed, we deliberately destroy beauty which nature itself has provided, and which is ours without money and without price. It doesn't make sense.

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH the late W. L. Straub began more than 40 years ago when for two or three summers we worked together on the Herald, he as man aging editor and I as reporter and general factotum. Straub walked with a crutch, one leg having been rendered useless by an infantile malady. While he moved rapidly and with out difficulty, his defective member was sensitive to cold, and for several years he spent his winters at what was then the village of St. Petersburg, Fla., where he could enjoy the warm weather and the opportunities for fishing, of which he was passionately fond. About 1898 he made his home in St. Petersburg, where he spent the rest of his life.

ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO I recorded in this column the fact that one of St. Petersburg's city parks had been named in his honor, and that a bronze bust of him was to be placed in the park in recognition of his public services. It was due largely to his effort that the city's magnificent water front was preserved for public use, and the recognition given him was well merited. It is pleasant to know that it came before his death.

I LAST MET STRAUB AT ST. Petersburg in 1926. He had just , finished a game of outdoors bowling, had gained many pounds in weight, and was the picture of health and vigor. He had lost none of the sense of humor which had characterized him in earlier years, and his comment on men and affairs was spiced, as always, with flashes of wit and picturesque forms of expression. His life was a useful and successful one, and I have no doubts that he had extracted from the years as they passed their full measure of enjoyment.

SIR REGINALD J. T. Hilyard, governor and commander-in-chief of Bermuda, has tendered his resignation and it was accepted because the colonial assembly used to allow him the use of an automobile. Private automobiles are not allowed in Bermuda, and residents who go from place to place must do so by boat, on foot, on bicycles or by horse and buggy. In a moment of absent mindedness, apparently, the assembly voted to motorize the colonial army, which consists of 100 men. This action, however, provided only for a few motor trucks—no passenger cars. The governor requested, as his predecessor had done without effect, that he be provided an automobile to facilitate his visits to various parts of his domain, the largest part of which is an island some 20 miles long and about a mile wide. The request was refused. Thereupon Sir Reginald changed the form of his request and asked that he be given an automobile, not as governor, but as commander-in-chief of the colonies armed forces. That request also was refused, the assembly being unable to see the need for an automobile for inspection and direction of a force of 100 men. One member went so far as to say that he would not vote to permit even the king of England to desecrate the island with an automobile. That settled it. Sir Reginald tendered his resignation, which his majesty King George VI was graciously pleased to accept. Sir Reginald will retire to his estates in England, where he can have his own car, and tourists visiting Bermuda will not be kept jumping by the honking of horns behind them—unless the army goes on a rampage with its trucks.

WINTER LINGERS IN THE lap of spring after a fashion utterly inconsistent with the old fellow's age. But we are not alone in enjoying unseasonable weather. Here's what the New York Times had to say about the weather the day before Easter:

"NO REMARK WAS MORE frequent this week, in casual conversation, than deprecatory comment on the kind of Spring we were having. The bare boughs bending under pitiless northeast rain, the low and un-springlike temperature even on occasional days of sunshine, the overcoats buttoned to the chin, presented a picture seemingly more appropriate to December than to April. But the disappointment must in fairness be ascribed to quite mistaken tradition regarding this particular time of year. A year ago the first week of April was distinguished by snow and freezing temperatures, and the testimony of many other Aprils has been similar."

THE ARTICLE GOES ON TO say that in our northern states spring is an uncertain quantity, anyway, some having gone so far as to say that there is no such season, as we are apt to be plunged from winter right into midsummer, without warning. An English guest is quoted as saying that she enjoyed the glories of the American autumn, and, she said. In England you know, we have no autumn. But she was glad to be returning home in April so that she might enjoy the English spring. "And here," she said, "you have no spring." Well maybe so. But let's wait a week or two and see.

PREMIER CHAMBERLAIN'S umbrella has become a symbol almost as familiar and quite as distinctive as was the famous big stick of Theodore Roosevelt. How long the British premier has been addicted to the umbrella habit is not revealed but we are told that the present instrument of appeasement which he carries was the gift of his wife some 12 or 15 years ago. It came from an old London shop where Queen Mary and Lord Baldwin also buy their umbrellas, and it cost 10 dollars. It is of the finest silk, and periodically it is returned to the shop for recovering. The umbrella maker says that it has never been unfurled.

IN ITS HEYDAY THE Umbrella was used both as a protection against rain and as an article of dress. The umbrella of utility was likely to be a clumsy, baggy affair, covered with cotton. Its handle and ribs were heavy and strong to prevent its being turned inside out by erratic winds. It was distinctly not graceful or ornamental. The dress umbrella was different. With slim handle and slender ribs, it was covered with fine silk, and with patience it could be rolled without a wrinkle into small compass. With its case of oilcloth drawn smoothly over it, it resembled a cane, and the well-dressed man was as careful of the appearance of his umbrella as he was of the cut of his trousers. Usually it was less trouble to take a wetting and then dry out than it was to get the dress umbrella wet and then have to dry it out and roll it up. A wrinkle on its surface was evidence of bad taste.

MANY YEARS AGO AN English artist crossed over to France for a vacation. It was his first visit, and he knew nothing of the language. Seated in a Paris restaurant he recalled that the French were famous for their mushrooms and he decided to have some. His order, delivered in his own language, brought only a blank stare from the waiter. He couldn't think of the French "champignons," so he resorted to gestures, which brought no result. He had a brilliant idea. On the back of a card he sketched hurriedly something resembling a mushroom. "Oui, oui, Messieu," said the waiter, and he departed, smiling. Presently he returned, all smiles and bows bearing an umbrella.

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL there has been complaint of what was considered exorbitant or unjust taxation, of which enforced labor was but one form. In the lays of Moses the Children of Israel groaned under the burdens imposed on them by Pharaoh, and, failing relief, they escaped from the land of Egypt. Their descendants protested to young King Rehoboam against the oppressions which they had suffered at the hands of his father, King Solomon. The young king replied, "My father chastised you with whips but I will chastise you with scorpions." And the kingdom was divided.

KING CHARLES IMPOSED Unjust taxes on the English people. John Hampden refused to pay tax of a few shillings, and as a result of the ensuing war, Charles lost his head. King George insisted on the collection of inequitable taxes from the American colonies, and England lost her colonies. The Hudson's Bay company, once monarch of the great northwest, was compelled to surrender its sovereign rights, but for certain privileges which it retained, it was and still is required to pay to the British king certain elk and other big game animals. If the visit of King George VI to Canada is not prevented by wars and rumors of wars, the king will receive that tribute on his stop at Winnipeg next month, though mounted heads will be received in lieu of the live animals.

IN THE DAYS OF KING Arthur one of his knights, living at Chetwode, killed a man-eating boar. For that feat of prowess he and his heirs were privileged to collect a tax on all cattle passing through the town between October 30 and November 7 of each year, and the tax is still collected.

UNDER CHARLES II OF England taxes were levied on hearthstones and stoves, and to escape the tax many of the English peasantry shivered in the cold. A tax was imposed on English windows on the theory that the wealthy, who lived in large houses, would be required to pay the bulk of the tax. But the poor, who had only small houses, often got along without any windows at all, a fact which contributed to ill health and a high death rate. Between 1821 and 1831 such, high taxes were placed on soap that 70 per cent of the English manufacturers were forced out of business. The people just quit using soap. One lesson to be learned from the history of taxation is, that exorbitant taxation tends to defeat its own purpose, but it takes time and experience for the lesson to sink into each generation.

TODAY'S COLUMN IS BEING turned over to J. W. Foley, poet laureate of North Dakota and for many years columnist on the staff of the Pasadena, California, Star-Telegram. I am informed that he is seriously ill in a Pasadena hospital, and I have before me a copy of a letter written by him to the editor of his paper in which, among other things, he refers to the disposition to be made of the collection of photographs which adorn the walls of his office. During his long years of newspaper activity Foley has come into contact with many persons who have made history, and from many of them he has obtained the autographed portraits which now constitute a priceless collection. Because several of the pictures are of persons or scenes intimately associated with the history of North Dakota it had been hoped that at least some of them might be returned to this state when their present owner has no further use for them, but the letter expresses the writer's purpose that the collection shall remain intact in its present position in the newspaper office.

TWO OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS are of Gall and Rain in the Face two Sioux chieftains who were conspicuous in the historic engagement with Custer on the Little Big Horn in 1876. Foley tells of chiefs on a river steamer while, as a boy, he fished in the Missouri near the site of old Fort Abraham Lincoln:

"ONE DAY AS WE FISHED, we looked out and saw an old paddle wheeled steamboat passing down the river. On the deck were Indian chieftains, with full war dress of buckskins, beads, eagle feathers and all the panoply of war. They were the Sioux Indian chiefs who had surrendered to General Miles, several years after the Custer disaster, and were coming in from the far western and northern country to enter upon the Indian Reservation at Standing Rock, on the Missouri River a few miles below old Fort Abraham Lincoln. Gall and Rain in the Face were among the chiefs on that steamboat. My mind flashes back to that spectacle, seen from the bank of the muddy stream. It was the ending of an era, the passing of the Sioux tribe as a great and warlike nation.

"THE INDIAN CHIEFTAINS I did not ever talk much about the Custer fight. Possibly they feared the government had it in its mind to punish them. But many years later a group of Indians brought me a buffalo robe, beautifully tanned, and bearing what they said was a picture writing of the battle of the Little Big Horn. And they asked me to send it to the Great White Father—the president at Washington—then Theodore Roosevelt. I was then a kind of managing editor of the old Tribune at Bismarck, that had sent a correspondent with Custer in 1876. He was among those killed, but his body was not mutilated. The Indians seem, to have recognized him as a non-combatant.

"THE PRESIDENT WAS prompt to acknowledge this gift of the Indians. His letter is also framed here, alongside his own Pirie MacDonald photograph and that of the Indian chiefs. The letter is dated October 31, 1904:

"I wish to thank you most cordially for having forwarded me the buffalo robe, the gift of the Indian chiefs of the Sioux tribe at the Standing Rock agency. It is a very noteworthy thing that this account of a massacre less than a third of a century old should now be sent me by some of those who were in it as a testimonial of their loyalty to the government personified by the president. I am pleased also to know that the chiefs have such a pleasant feeling for me personally and understand that I try to do all I can for them. Will you please deliver the enclosed letter to Chief Justice John Grass? "With regard,

Sincerely yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

FURTHER ON THERE IS given this reminiscence of Theodore Roosevelt:

"AMONG THE TREASURES OF frontier memory that same, blessed old T. R. As a boy of 12 I knew him at Medora, out on the Little Missouri river, where he cattle-ranched and hunted big game, or outfitted on the way to the Rockies. And from then on until 1916, I saw him once in a while, and heard from him when he read something of mine somewhere. How thoughtful he was of a youngster, struggling to make his way. When there was a poem of mine called The New Dawn of Labor in the Century in 1912, a note from him:

"Are you in New York and are you the Jim Foley of Medora I knew? If so, Mrs. Roosevelt and I both want to see you.

"I wasn't in New York, but I had a visit with him at Oyster Bay, in 1916. But that is another story. It was then he did a foreword for a book of mine published by Dutton, dating it July 4, 1916. Surely that is something for a young man to be glad for. Busy as he was, he had always time to do something more for somebody.

"SO MY PERSONAL Memories of him are sweet and fine. His picture is here on the wall. So are some of his framed notes. And in my heart is the memory always of his explosive greeting, his broad smile and his warm hand. Strangely enough, two of his ranch associates came to California when their time for ranching was done, and the three of us met and talked over the old Bad Lands days with T. R. as the principal subject of conversation. And now, as Lamb said, they are gone, all gone, the old familiar faces."

TWO NORTH DAKOTA MEN, Charles Bryant, of St. John, and the late J. D. Bacon, of Grand Forks, were honored Thursday evening by having their portraits placed in the Hall of Fame of the Agricultural college at Fargo. I know Mr. Bryant only by reputation, but he has long been known as an outstanding citizen, devoted to the work of agriculture, and I feel sure that he merits fully the recognition given him. Long and close association with Mr. Bacon invests the tribute paid to him with peculiar interest for me. He spent years in the promotion of a soundly diversified agriculture for North Dakota, and his Lilac Hedge farm was at once a show place, an experiment station and a demonstration plant. His activities covered grain growing, stock raising, dairying and gardening, and in each of these departments, he made valuable contributions to agriculture.

BETWEEN HIM AND ME there developed a friendly rivalry in gardening, and he made frequent trips of inspection to my little back yard to see how my garden products compared with his. No matter in which direction superiority happened to lie, always there would be animated discussion of types and methods of treatment in order that whatever was good might be made still better. The enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to agriculture was carried into everything that he touched. His convictions were positive, and they were defended vigorously and uncompromisingly, and under all circumstances his pledged word was sacred. To pay tribute to the memory of such a man is to demonstrate that the eternal verities still have their place in human life.

A METHOD EMPLOYED BY some participants in certain games of chance is to double the stake after each loss. Sooner or later the winning number or color must appear, and the winnings will recoup all losses and leave the player ahead by the amount of his original bet. It's just a matter of simple arithmetic, but the success of the plan depends on the staying power of the player and on whether or not the banker imposes a limit on the size of bets. For the purpose of restoring prosperity the government has been spending money right and left, donating here, subsidizing there, but the winning number has not yet turned up. Each subsidy calls for another and greater one, until the process becomes not unlike that of doubling the bets in a roulette game. Thus far there is no fixed limit in sight, and the question is how long the taxpaying powers of the people can stand the continual increases. The player at the wheel of fortune quits, dead broke, if his cash is exhausted before he wins a bet.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS there has been in progress a tentative movement for the co-ordination of the work of the principal civic and commercial bodies of Grand Forks in a manner which will insure a greater measure of unity and efficiency. That movement has now assumed concrete form. Representatives of the several organizations have been at work on the preparation of a definite plan, and before long that plan will be submitted to the different units for their approval or for such further suggestions as may seem appropriate.

THE NEED FOR SOME FORM of consolidation has long been apparent. Each organization has its special field, but each is a member of the community, and the interests of the community are paramount. Operating separately each group lacks that contact with the others which is essential to an approach to community problems on the broad basis of community interest, and conflicting attitudes are apt to be substituted for a united front. It goes without saying that if reorganization is to be made effective concessions must be made by each group. If the united organization is to speak and act for the community as a whole, means must be provided for the examination, of each major problem by the entire body. The special group can render valuable assistance by means of its experience and the intensive study which it has been able to make in relation to subjects within its particular field. But the community, through the operation of such a joint body, should be able to speak with one voice. Under those circumstances its expressions will carry weight.

THE CITY PARK Commission has recently adopted an ordinance providing specific regulations for the planting and care of trees on the city berms. It is not as fully understood as it should be that trees planted along the streets, outside the private property line, are the property of the city, and not of the private owner before whose property they stand. The Park commission has complete authority over all such planting, both as to the species of trees to be used and as to their subsequent care. In the adoption of the recent ordinance the board merely makes provision for the orderly regulation of activities in which the law invests it with authority and charges it with responsibility.

BEFORE ANY OF THE streets were paved the space between the sidewalk and the gutter was seldom more than three or four feet, and those who planted trees had no choice other than to plant them close to the walk. That accounts for the present position of many of the older trees. The need which once existed has disappeared, and the modern practice is to plant down the center of the berm. That is a requirement to be followed in the future. In the designation of trees which may be planted there is provided a sufficient choice to insure variety, but trees which experience has shown to be unsuited to street planting are prohibited. The park superintendent will be glad to furnish information to prospective planters.

FROM R. D. HOSKINS OF Bismarck, I have received a copy of the St. Petersburg, Florida, Times, containing several columns relating to the character and career of W. L. Straub, editor and part owner of the paper for nearly forty years, who died a week ago. Expressions of appreciation by newspaper associates and by men influential in the city indicate some thing of the place Straub occupied in the life of the city and of the regard in which he was held by its citizens. An editorial tribute in the Times closes with these words:

"BILL STRAUB WAS MORE of a parallel to a great provincial editor like William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, than a national thunderer like Joseph Pulitzer or Henry Watterson. He wanted to see his community grow and to see its government kept clean. He realized that democracy will work on a national scale only when it works successfully on a local scale and he helped to make .it work by leaving a county, a progressive and beautiful city as tangible evidence that democracy can work here."

IN THE EDITORIAL FROM which the above is taken it is said that Straub wrote always with a pencil, never having acquired the typewriter habit. The statement surprised me, for during my association with him on the Herald he gave evidence of leanings toward the typewriter, which was then just coming into use. The Herald owned a secondhand typewriter, bought for the use of the business office, which was operated chiefly by a young fellow in the advertising department named Joe Scanlan, now owner of the Miles City, Montana, Star. Occasionally Straub would borrow the machine on which to write a letter. I don't think he ever did any other writing on it. He picked on the letters slowly and carefully, sometimes having to hunt for them, but I would have supposed that long ago, like most of the rest of us, he would have come to use the typewriter as a regular convenience. Apparently not. At any rate, he discontinued the use of the Herald's typewriter because of circumstances beyond his control. Scanlan, a nimble operator, doctored the machine. With sandpaper he erased from the keys the letters, which he didn't need, but which were indispensable to Straub, who went back to pen and pencil.

I HAVE JUST BEEN Watching a man of John Westlund's street force picking up papers from the berms and lawns of the neighborhood. In a single block he gathered many armfuls. That is a bit of work which must be done periodically by someone if the city is to be kept neat and tidy. The material gathered consists principally of circulars and handbills which are habitually thrown right and left, and which accumulate during a winter in astonishing quantity. At any season they are unsightly and constitute a general nuisance. The ordinances against the reckless scattering of such stuff are not easy to enforce, but a few impressive object lessons might have a salutary influence on those who are addicted to the practice.

BOB HOSKINS, TO WHOM I am indebted for a copy of the paper containing material with reference to W. L. Straub, was about to leave Florida for his Bismarck home on the 14th stopping en route at Kingsport, Tennessee, to visit a grandson. The young man is a graduate of the University of North Dakota. After graduating here he took a master's degree at the Virginia Polytechnic, and he has since been employed at Kingsport as a chemist for the Tennessee Eastman company, a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak.

FROM JAMES W. MOORHEAD comes a queer little paper which purports to be a regular newspaper, the Bucksport Hen, "published twice a week" at Bucksport, Maine. The issue is dated December 11, 1877, but on inspection I find that it was copyrighted in 1894 by Richard Golden, of New York, and that it is devoted to featuring the down east play, "Old Jed Prouty," and its star, Golden, who appears to have been a native of Bucksport. It is an unusual and rather clever bit of advertising, with local "news" items such as were often to be found in obscure weekly papers of half a century ago.

GOLDEN BROUGHT "OLD Jed Prouty" to Grand Forks in 1900. The play followed somewhat the pattern of "Shore Acres" and "The Old Homestead," but contained more of the burlesque, and Golden gave a competent representation of the old New England' tavern keeper and village oracle. Golden failed to keep himself in trim for stage work and the play went into cold storage in California.

A LOADED TRUCK AND A sedan collided on a highway in Lancashire, England. Each driver accused the other of responsibility for the accident, and the argument followed much the usual course. The drivers looked around for an eye-witness. They found that there had been only one, a Mrs. Smith, and she had fainted. While they were considering what to do about it another car came along and took the lady away. Further examination showed that little damage had been done; an amicable adjustment was made, and the two men parted on excellent terms. Within a few days each was served with a summons to appear in court and answer to the complaint of Mrs. Smith, who demanded \$25,000 as compensation for the shock which she had received in witnessing the accident. The court awarded the lady \$12,500. Here appears an entirely new source of revenue. If one can contrive to be near the scene of an automobile accident, and to be sufficiently shocked by the spectacle, he may profit richly from the experience, provided the precedent set by the English court is followed.

WE THINK OF WILLIAM E. Gladstone as the serious-minded statesman whom Queen Victoria did not like because he always addressed her as if she were a public meeting. Not many would credit him with a sense of humor. But Gladstone, at least in his younger days, had a strain of frivolity. His college friend, Robert Lowe, wrote for himself an epitaph, which he wrote originally in English and then translated into both Latin and Green. Gladstone didn't like his friend's Latin and made his own translation in that language. The original English version, which Gladstone thought it worth while to translate, reads as follows:

Here lies the bones of Robert Lowe.

Where he's gone I do not know. If to the realms of peace and love, Farewell to happiness above. If to a place of lower level, I can't congratulate the devil.

THE BRITISH Mediterranean fleet has been concentrated in the vicinity of Malta. That part of the American fleet which belongs in the Pacific, but which has been in Atlantic waters for maneuvers, has been ordered back to the Pacific. That will be bad news for the New York world's fair, for the entrance of the fleet into New York's harbor was to have been one of the great spectacles associated with the opening of the fair. How do they keep track of all those ships and know where they are from time to time?

SOME YEARS AGO I SAT IN an office in the navy department at Washington, chatting with the lieutenant in charge of that particular section. The telephone rang and the officer responded to the call. "Just a moment," he said, "and I'll see." He consulted a loose-leaf book on his desk and then spoke into the phone. "No," he said. "We have nothing at Constantinople now, but the Blank will be leaving Malta for Constantinople tomorrow. She should arrive on such a day."

I ASKED IF HE WAS Supposed to know where all the ships were. He replied "We keep in touch with them and have a record of the movements of each. That call was from another department office. Probably they want to send something or somebody by one of our ships from Constantinople, and in this office we have pretty definite information of the position of every government ship, no matter in what part of the world it may be.

SAMUEL PEPYS, WHO Practically founded the British navy, had not that sort of information. Neither did Nelson, who won the battle of Trafalgar. In the war of 1812, and in our own Civil war the authorities had to guess where their ships were and even as late as our war with Spain it might be days before a ship could report at the nearest cable office. Meanwhile, much might have happened. It was not until Marconi discovered how to send a tiny electric spark across an ocean or a continent that a government was able to know at any moment the position of any one of its ships, and to transmit instantly to that ship orders for its next move. One wonders, what effect that change has had on the responsibility and initiative of naval commanders at sea.

THE INCIDENT IN WHICH the Clark sisters who "gave their show" at the Dakota theater Saturday in spite of the receipt of a telegram telling of the death of their sister in Los Angeles, recalls to some old theater goers the reason Al G. Fields quit singing one of his hit songs, "She Was All the World to Me."

The story that Fields, an old time minstrel, told was that he was playing with his own minstrel show in the McVicker theater in Chicago in the late nineties. Just before he started the show, he received a telegram that his youngest daughter had died in New York. Fields found out that he could reach New York almost as soon by taking a late fast train that left shortly before the end of the performance, so he decided to go ahead with the performance. His big song was "She Was All the World to Me." He sang the first verse and chorus, but when he came to the title lines in the second chorus, his voice choked for a time. The gallery hissed. It was the last time he sang that song.

THERE ARE NUMEROUS Schools and systems of salesmanship, and from time to time "discoveries" in the art are announced. I am inclined to doubt the originalities of such discoveries. I am inclined to believe that all of the principles underlying salesmanship have been put into practice here and there for a long time. Modern students of the subject have classified and systematized what was already being done, often without recognition of its underlying philosophy.

MY OWN EXPERIENCE IN salesmanship was limited to a few years in my teens spent in clerking in stores, and I emerged from that experience ignorant of the existence of any such thing as a science of salesmanship. But one incident in which I was at the receiving rather than the delivering end has seemed to me to contain an important lesson in sales psychology.

FORTY-ODD YEARS AGO, when I began work on the Herald, the firm of Elford & McManus was in charge of the New York Life Insurance agency at Grand Forks. Later A. S. Elford moved to Portland, Ore., where for many years he was one of the top-notchers in the insurance business. C. H. McManus became local manager for the International Harvester company and died several years ago.

ONE DAY ELFORD, WHOM I had known for some time, dropped into the office for a chat. In the course of our conversation he said:

"Some time, when you're not busy, I'd like to tell you about some of the features in our new contracts."

Like most others I needed insurance, and, like most others I had postponed taking any on. If Elford had then tried to sell me insurance he would have met stiff resistance and I would have had numerous reasons for not entering into a contract just then. But there was no effort to make a sale, merely a pleasant suggestion that at some indefinite future time I look over what was being done in that field.'

IN COURTESY I COULDN'T refuse, and I agreed that "sometime" we would get together and talk it over. Thus I committed myself to a conversation.

"How about tomorrow night?" asked Elford. "Will you be busy then." I didn't expect to be more busy than usual, and said so. "All right," said Elford, "suppose I drop in, say, at 8 o'clock. Again I couldn't very well refuse, and it was so arranged.

TOMORROW NIGHT CAME, and so did Elford. I had agreed to the meeting for a specific purpose. I couldn't dismiss him, saying that I wasn't interested. I had already displayed interest and had assumed a share of responsibility for the meeting. Before the evening was over I had signed a contract, which I never regretted.

IN THAT CASE THE Salesman used methods which have since been dignified with all sorts of scientific terms. I don't suppose that at that time Elford had ever heard any of those terms, but he had the real article, just the same.

SEVERAL TIMES IN THIS column I have mentioned the Bible and communion service presented by Queen Anne to a Mohawk Indian church in the state of New York and now among the precious possessions of a little Mohawk church just outside the city of Brantford, Ont. The Bible and silver service are interesting because of their antiquity, their association with the American Revolutionary war, and the autographs of distinguished persons which have been inscribed on the blank pages of the Bible. A Toronto paper publishes pictures of the old church, the communion service and Bible, and a page of the latter containing the signatures of several members of the British royal family. From the accompanying article I have extracted some additional facts which may be of special interest to some of my former Canadian neighbors.

THE QUEEN ANNE BIBLE and a set of communion plate, presented in 1712, were used by Christian Indians and by early English settlers, including such notables as Sir William Johnson. The Bible, heavily bound in leather, and adorned with silver clasps, and the communion plate, engraved with the queen's coat-of-arms, and the inscription of presentation, were jealously guarded by Chief Joseph Brant, Six Nations chieftain and warrior, 60 years after their presentation. Along with a finely embroidered altar cloth and napkins of fine damask, they were kept in a large wooden box of which Brant had the only key.

FOR YEARS THE TREASURES were guarded in a little chapel surrounded by the walls of Fort Hunter, in the Mohawk valley of what is now New York State. Then came the Revolutionary War and the Indians went on the side of the loyal Englishmen. Fort Hunter and the Mohawk chapel were deserted. Before leaving, under cover of darkness, Joseph Brant and Chief Deserontyou, another Christian brave of the Mohawks, buried the Bible, communion plate they lay buried, then were unearthed and brought to Canada.

CHIEF DESERONTYOU brought the precious possessions across Lake Ontario to land at the bay of Quinte, where the town of Deseronto and an Indian reservation are now. On landing he opened the box and, placing the communion service on the bottom of an upturned canoe, conducted the first Christian service held by Mohawks on Canadian soil.

CHIEF BRANT AND THE other Indians joined Deserontyou there. When Brant decided to move to the valley of the Grand, near Brantford, where a grant of land had been set aside for his tribesmen, Deserontyou objected. He said it was too near the United States. A split resulted, and even now all the ill feeling between the Indians of the Grand river valley and those of Deserontyou has not died away.

THE COMMUNION PLATE consisted originally of eight pieces. Half of it was taken, with the Bible, to the Brantford reservation, to remain in what is now known as "St. Paul's, His Majesty's chapel of the Mohawks," erected in 1785. Still in good preservation, the pieces are kept for safety in the Mohawk institute near the chapel.

THE COMMUNION SERVICE has the inscription "The gift of her majesty Anne, by the Grace of God of Great Britain and Ireland and her plantations in North America, queen, to her Indian chapel of the Mohawks, 1712." Panels above the altar in the chapel, written in the Mohawk language, include the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Commandments. Above the door are the royal arms of George III. The old church bell, made by James Warner, Fleet street, London, hangs under a canopy under the church entrance.

DURING LAST MAY THE historic Bible and communion plate returned for two days to the United States, to be exhibited in the Buffalo museum during the centennial celebration of the Episcopalian diocese of western New York. They were closely guarded by mounted police from the church to the Peace bridge, then placed in an armored car escorted by mounted police to Buffalo. Overnight they were locked in a trust company's vault, and a \$50,000 bond guaranteed their safe return.

ON THE FLY LEAVES OF THE Bible are inscribed the signatures of governors general, premiers and other distinguished person who have visited the Mohawk institute. On one page appears the names of Edward, prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII, George, afterward King George V and his wife, Victoria Mary, now queen mother, Arthur, duke of Connaught, son of Queen Victoria and then governor general of Canada, his daughter Patricia (Princess Pat), and Edward, prince of Wales, alter King Edward VIII and now duke of Windsor. During the 15 minute stop which their train will make at Brantford next month King George VI and Queen Elizabeth will add their signatures to those of other members of their family, the Bible being taken to the train by some of its Indian custodians for that purpose.

AFTER TAKING 150 YEARS to think it over the state of Connecticut has given its approval to the Bill of Rights, the first 10 amendments to the federal constitution. After similar delay Massachusetts and Georgia have taken similar action. For some reason not explained the three states failed to join the other 10 in ratifying the first 10 amendments which had been submitted by the first congress, which convened in New York just 150 years ago. As the amendments were approved by the necessary number of other states they became binding on all without the action of the other three, but at long last, in this anniversary year, approval has been made unanimous.

THE FIRST 10 AMENDMENTS, known as the Bill of Rights, create no new rights for the American people. Instead, they guarantee to the people rights regarded as inherent, and it was because they were considered inherent that they were not specifically enumerated in the constitution as originally written. Such enumeration, however, was considered important, and it was upon the understanding that amendments defining them be submitted forthwith that the original constitution was approved.

WHILE CONNECTICUT, Georgia and Massachusetts neglected to ratify the amendments as presented, each of those states has had in its own constitution guarantees similar to those included in the federal document as to freedom of the person, freedom of speech, of the press, and of assemblage, and freedom of religion. A rather curious fact is that while Georgia has only just now given its formal assent, in 1861 that state voted to ratify the Confederate constitution, which contained the same guarantees of freedom in the identical language used in the United States constitution.

A NEWS DISPATCH FROM Washington says that Richard B. Black, formerly of Grand Forks, is one of those being considered of leadership of an expedition to the Antarctic. Dick spent two years in that region as a member of Admiral Byrd's expedition. More recently he has been in charge of the Interior department's work in the mid-Pacific, thus alternating between polar and tropical regions. His work has recently taken him to Washington, D.C., and in a personal note from the capital he says that he may be able to visit Grand Forks this summer.

PIONEERS HAVE BEEN Chosen to represent the several commissioner's districts of Grand Forks county at the Minor fair, which will be held June 19-24. Other counties will be similarly represented. Also, the fair management is anxious to get in touch with oldtimers still living who were members of the Red River Valley Old Settlers association, which was organized at Grand Forks December 27, 1879. Its membership was limited to those who had settled in the Red river valley prior or December 31, 1875. The secretary will be glad to hear from any survivors of that organization, of which there can be only a few left.

MINOT IS MAKING elaborate preparations for a fine week's entertainment at the fair. In addition to a long list of standard fair features, there will be presented a pageant representing "The Progress of North Dakota," appropriately recognizing the sixtieth anniversary of North Dakota statehood. Over 500 persons will participate in the pageant, which will include a parade of presidents from Washington to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Present and former governors of the state will be present, and official guests will attend from the surrounding states and the neighboring Canadian provinces.

MANY BOOKS HAVE" BEEN dramatized for stage or screen purposes, but there have been few dramatizations, if any, which have completely satisfied those who have read, and liked, the originals. The reason is obvious. The material in a book of hundreds of pages must be condensed into space which will occupy a couple of hours or less. The task is like that of attempting to reproduce with a few bold pencil strokes a great painting filled with figures, rich with color, and in which expression is given the similitude of life by meticulous attention to details of outline and the delicate play of light and shade. The best that the dramatizer can do with a real book is to suggest its content and spirit, leaving the spectator to fill in the detail for himself. That may be interesting to the person who has read the book, but it conveys only fragmentary knowledge to one who has not.

ONE OF THE MOST Successful dramatizations in the days of the legitimate stage was that of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" in which Mrs. Fiske appeared in the character of Becky Sharpe. The author's conception of the heroine was well preserved by the dramatist and well interpreted by the actress, but the person who had not read the book would obtain only a faint conception of it from the dramatization. This is true of the most recent film versions of "David Copperfield" and "Treasure Island," both excellent, but each lacking in much that was attractive in the original. In the nature of things a book cannot be condensed without leaving something out.

LISTENED ONE NIGHT TO radio broadcast giving a dramatization of Pearl Buck's most recent book, "The Patriot." I had read the book only a short time before, so that it was still fresh in my mind, and as I listened to the broadcast, much of which was in the form of a monologue by Orison Welles, I could supply much that was omitted, so that the effect was, somewhat like that of re-reading "the book. I wondered, however, how much of the spirit of the book would be conveyed to those who had not read it. That, and similar experiences, convinced me that the best way to get the real spirit of a book is first to read the book itself. Dramatization may fit in well enough later.

THE PROGRAM WHICH Included the dramatization of "The Patriot" closed with a brief talk by the author in which she spoke of the change which is being wrought in China as a result of the Japanese invasion. The Japanese, said Mrs. Buck, occupy the principal Chinese seaports and the territory for some distance into the interior. That is the China which the western world knows and which has been influenced by contact with it. But in the interior is another China, a vast territory inhabited by millions who are practically untouched by western influence and who live and think as their fathers did many centuries ago. Into that territory the Chinese in the invaded east have been moving themselves, their possessions and their industries as rapidly as possible. New roads are being built westward, and new contacts with the west are being established. As a result of the invasion, said Mrs. Buck, China may be said to be returning to her ancestors. She has done so many times before, and in doing so has outlived and outworn much that seemed to threaten her existence.

HERR HITLER HAS Deferred until April 28 a public statement of his attitude with reference to the appeal of President Roosevelt for pledges of peace. His statement then will be made before the reichstag, which has been called into session for that purpose. There was a time when the German reichstag was a representative, elective legislative body. Hitler has changed all that. Now the members of the reichstag are practically appointed by him; the body does not even go through the form of passing on legislation; and it exists only that at the pleasure of the dictator it may be called into session to hear from him such declaration of his purposes as he may choose to make. To such announcements the members are expected to furnish applause at the proper moments.

THERE IS NO CERTAINTY as to whether or not Hitler will transmit to Washington a direct reply to the president's appeal. The prevalent belief seems to be that he will not, but that he will tell the Reichstag that he will have nothing to do with any such pledge as is proposed by Mr. Roosevelt, and let that suffice for an answer. In the Roosevelt communication he was asked to pledge himself not to invade or threaten the independence of 31 nations which were listed. It is reported that Hitler is now inviting several of those nations to say whether or not they consider themselves to be threatened with German aggression. It would be interesting to observe the next move if one of those little nations should have the temerity to answer "yes."

ONE CAN IMAGINE A CASE in which a school bully should seize a small boy by the collar and say to him: "They're telling a lot of lies about me, and I want you to tell 'em the facts. Am I a brute and a bully? Do I abuse little boys, pull their hair, kick them on the shins and take their marbles away from them? Are you afraid that I'm going to do any of those things to you. Speak up, and you better say "no."

THEY HAD A RUNAWAY down town one day last week, a most unusual thing in this day of grace. In the horse-and-buggy days runaways were quite the usual thing. There were more horses to run. As a spectacle a runaway is much more satisfactory than an automobile collision. The auto crash is too sudden. There isn't an instant's warning of it, and it is all over in an instant. The runaway could be watched for blocks, and it might be blissfully exciting all the way.

THE MOST THRILLING Runaway that I ever saw occurred away back when Art Turner was in the building business. Turner did his own trucking with heavy horses and equally heavy drays. He had one pair of splendid animals that must have weighed well on to a ton apiece, and the loads that they hauled were enormous. With the windows open one summer day we in the old Herald office were startled by a sound from up north as if an avalanche had broken loose, and immediately there were loud cries of "Runaway!" Down the middle of Third street came galloping Turner's big team, with dray attached, and on the high spring seat almost over the horses, perched Turner's little daughter, Echo, who was probably four or five years old.

THOSE HORSES WERE BUILT for pulling rather than running, but when they did run they were very sincere about it. They made up in power what they lacked in speed. Down the street they came, and on south, and as they passed every building shook with the impact of their feet and the bouncing of the heavy truck. The child, with hair flying, clung desperately to the seat, in imminent danger of being thrown under the wheels or between some other team or vehicle. Other rigs on the street were met or passed, and futile efforts were made to catch the runaways by their heads. At such times the runaway team would swerve, swinging the truck from side to side of the street, and wheels were thus taken off two or three vehicles.

HORSES, TRUCK AND CHILD disappeared from sight down south Third street, and we were left in doubt whether the horses would try to swing onto the bridge and wind up in a wreck there or keep' straight ahead and plunge over the river bank. They did neither. They kept on until they reached the ground of the old brewery property, which had been cultivated and was loose and mellow, Their feet sank deep into the soil, as did the wheels of the heavy truck, and the horses, already windied by their unaccustomed run, found the going too heavy to suit them, slowed down and stopped, with little Echo still on the high seat unharmed.

TWELVE! BOYS FROM NEW York's East Side went to see the circus last week on what they supposed was Free Day for them. They found that they were a week ahead of time, and while they were considering their next move they found underfoot an envelope containing an order addressed to one of the circus offices which read: "Please deliver to bearer the 900 tickets arranged for." They went to the office, presented the order, and received the 900 tickets, which they calculated had a commercial value of about \$1,500.

THE ORDER WAS FOR Tickets being provided the inmates of an orphanage by a local philanthropist, and it had been lost by the messenger who had been sent for the tickets. At first the finders devoted themselves to the problem of distributing the tickets among themselves on the basis of age size and merit, and all had vision of wealth. But they had learned in some way that the tickets were intended for orphans. That made it different. One boy said, "Why should we keep them on orphans?" The other eleven said it couldn't be done. So they marched back and returned the tickets so that the orphans might not be deprived of their day at the circus. There were conversations, small donations, and the youngsters went home, happy in the knowledge that the orphans were to have their treat, and that their own turn would come within a few days.

A CORRESPONDENT WHO wishes to remain anonymous for the present sends an outline of a plan for promoting safety on the highways with a request for comment. The plan, as I understand it, is for the creation of an organization, county by county which shall brand as "unsafe" those drivers who have been negligent or reckless in the handling of their cars, and by publishing the names of delinquent drivers, will shame them into better behavior. It is hoped that in this way accidents will be prevented which, of course, is much better than fixing the blame after accidents have occurred.

I AM SURE THAT THE PLAN is well intended, but I question its workability. The proposed organization would be purely voluntary, without legal standing or authority. It would have no authority to call before it persons charged with improper driving, and persons publicly designated as unsafe might proceed against the society for libel or slander. The proceeding would be quite different from that of the court, which may suspend a driver's license for reckless driving. The court is an official body, with power to compel the attendance of witnesses and it must grant the defendant the right to be heard before sentence can be pronounced against him. The proposed society would have no powers of any kind, and with a Promiscuous membership it could easily be misled by mischief makers seeking notoriety or acting through malice.

THERE IS IN OPERATION, I have forgotten where, a system of quiet espionage and report by unofficial observers selected by the chief enforcement officer to assist him in his work. That official selects from different localities persons known to him to be trust-worthy and of sound judgment and able to keep their own counsel. When one of those assistants, all' of whom serve without pay, witnesses a case of dangerous infraction of highway regulations he reports to his chief, describing the facts, giving the number of the car and the name of the driver, if known to him. A little later the car owner or driver receives a polite note from headquarters calling his attention to his error, giving place and date, and urging him to be more careful in the future. A second offense by the same person brings a stern rebuke, and after a third the offender is persistently trailed by regular enforcement officials and is likely soon to find himself in court. Those voluntary observers are not known as such to the public or to each other. The system is said to work well. Obviously its success must depend on the care with which the observers are selected and on the good judgment and secrecy with which their work is performed.

COMPLAINT OF THE Backwardness of this spring is general, but it is difficult to determine just how backward the spring is. I have an idea that much of the trouble is psychological. Here we are in the last week in April, with farm seeding well under way, and much of it done, whereas it is not at all unusual for the beginning of seeding to be delayed until May.

THE PRESENT SPRING IN this locality has differed from many others in that it has been marked by no great extremes of heat and cold. The snow disappeared fairly early, and immediately we began to look for leaves and green grass. But nature seemed to have declared a sit-down strike, and moved scarcely at all in either direction. In the comparative warmth of the past few days each day has brought visible changes. Elms, lilacs and other trees and shrubs present a different appearance each morning. Tulips that were scarcely budded a week ago are in full bloom. Perhaps by the middle of May we shall have forgotten that this was a backward spring.

AMERICAN SCHOOL Children in certain grades are—or were—taught the system of numbering the sections of a township of government land. Perhaps some of them have wondered, as I have often done, why that peculiar system of numbering was adopted. I never could see any reason for it. Those who read English, or any other of the western languages, begin at the upper left - hand corner of the page and read toward the right. When the first line is read we begin the next at the left and on, line by line. Because of its familiarity that system is employed in almost all cases where consecutive numbering is required. The squares of a checkerboard, for instance, are numbered just as we read lines of print.

FOR SOME MYSTERIOUS reason sections of land are numbered differently. We begin at the upper right-hand corner and work backward to 6. Then we drop down one square and read to the right, zig-zagging all the way down. I suppose there is a reason for that peculiar method, which has seemed to me to be clumsy and wrong end to. In the Canadian prairie provinces the numbering begins at a different point, but there, also, is followed the plan of working back and forth instead of reading always in one direction.

OUR SECTION LINES ARE A mile apart, except for meridian corrections. But the owner of a section does not have the use of a square mile of land. The public appropriates for highway purposes two rods on each of the four sides of the square, a total of about 16 acres per section. In this matter also the Canadian system is different. Space for Canadian highway is not deducted from the sections but is surveyed independently leaving the section acreage intact. The unoccupied strip of land adjoining much of the international boundary is not, as is often supposed, neutral territory, owned jointly by the United States and Canada, but is a strip of Canadian territory, reserved, as usual, for highway purposes.

A LITTLE GIRL EIGHT YEARS old, a refugee from Nazi persecutions, was placed in a New York school. She was a bright child and acquired English rapidly. Asked how she and her little brother liked America she replied: "We like it much. When we walk on the streets people don't throw stones at us." There is a whole volume in that.

LAST SUMMER A BIG elephant in a New York zoo pushed his mate into the concrete moat, 12 feet deep, which surrounds the enclosure in which the animals are kept. The fall injured the victim of the assault so that it was necessary to kill her. The other day the belligerent elephant fell into the moat himself and had to be hoisted out with a derrick. His injuries are not believed to be serious. It seems strange that they should have a moat into which valuable animals may fall, but I suppose they know their business.

EARLY IN LIFE I BECAME addicted to circus-going, and I have never got over it. My first circus, Barnum's, had only one ring, and, as I recall it now, only one clown, whose entertainment was one of the standard features of the show. Nowadays they have whole armies of clowns, for what reason I never could quite figure out. The larger circuses put in two rings, then three, then added several stages, so that half-a-dozen acts would be in progress at the same time. The result was confusion. The Barnum-Ringling show now in New York has gone back this year to three rings, leaving out the stages, which seems to me an improvement.

AMONG CIRCUS FEATURES I have enjoyed only a few types of animal acts, and I have never had any use for the "cat" acts in which lions, tigers, and leopards are put through their paces to the crack of a whip or the firing of a pistol. Those acts always convey the impression that the animals are performing under fear of punishment, and I don't like them.

ONE INCOME TAXPAYER who has a passion for the races won many thousand dollars on the ponies, and lost about half that sum. Deducting his losses from his gains he tendered to the revenue department the tax which would be due on the difference. He learned that while the government collects taxes on all such gains, it allows no deduction for losses. That settles it with me. I'm off horseracing at least until the tax laws are changed. The present arrangement is too one sided.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, A NEW Yorker stepped on a piece of soap while getting out of his bath, skidded out of the bathroom, through the kitchen, crashed through a window and fell five stories to his death. The moral there seems to be to shut the door while bathing, or use a different kind of soap.

THROUGHOUT THE Country, from time to time, there have been coordinated efforts in various cities to stimulate sales throughout a specified period, because when buying begins people are put to work. In short, sales means jobs. This sequence is explained in the words of one W. G. Fern, who said:

"When someone stops buying,  
Someone stops selling;  
When someone stops selling,  
Someone stops making;  
When someone stops making,  
Someone stops working;  
When someone stops working,  
Someone stops earning;  
When someone stops earning, Someone stops buying!"

Reverse the entire process by substituting the words "starts" for "stops" in the above quotation and we have the ascending spiral which puts business again on its feet.

I STRUCK A NEW ANGLE IN conservation the other day. A young friend expressed himself as opposed to the rabbit drives which result in the killing of dray loads of rabbits in a single day. He said: "If they wouldn't slaughter the rabbits wholesale that way a fellow could go out and get a rabbit once in a while without much trouble and the foxes would have something to eat, so we could have some fun hunting foxes. But with the rabbits all killed off the foxes take after the chickens and partridges and kill them, and fall hunting is spoiled." There may be something in that.

EVERY SPRING I SEE MEN and boys fishing, several below the dam and some around Minnesota Point. I don't know what they catch, but years ago the river was full of catfish. In the very early days sturgeon were plentiful, but now they are rare. Goldeyes also were abundant, though at the Hudson's Bay store in Winnipeg they will tell you that goldeyes are found only in the Red river near Winnipeg, and the company specializes in smoked goldeyes. But oldtimers here know better, for goldeyes were once taken from the Red river here by the ton.

I DO NOT RECALL HAVING heard of eels being found in the Red river, although there may have been many of them. In my boyhood we often found eels in Ontario streams, but how they got there is a mystery. We are told that eels hatch in the Sargasso sea in mid-Atlantic and make their way thence to fresh water, going great distances upstream. But our river emptied into Lake Erie, which is above Niagara Falls, and I can't imagine any eel swimming up those falls. Many persons refuse to eat eels because they look so much like snakes, but I am told that an eel pie, known in England as a jack pie, is a delectable dish.

SWEET PEAS SHOULD BE, planted as early as the soil can be got into shape. Years ago Grand Forks had as fine sweet peas as could be produced anywhere, but of late there has been general complaint of scant growth, poor blossoms and early browning of stalks. Excessive heat may have had something to do with it, for sweet peas thrive best in cool, moist weather. The books recommend planting in trenches four to six inches deep and gradually drawing earth around the growing plants. I did that for several years, with poor results. Last year I tried level planting, and the results were much better. Perhaps our soil here is too heavy for deep planting. I don't know.

ABOUT THIS TIME OF THE year 57 years ago I began work at Jamestown as a raw and untutored surveyor's assistant. Traveling by day coach from Ontario, I awoke one morning to get my first view of a prairie. Accustomed as I was to hills and woods, the level plain was something new to me. It didn't look level at all. I seemed to be in the middle of a gigantic saucer, with the earth sloping upward in every direction and the rim of the saucer represented by the horizon. It took a long time for that impression of the prairie to wear away.

THAT WAS A WET SPRING, the spring of one of the big floods in the Red river valley, but I was too early for the flood. Farther south there was flood a-plenty, and as we came north over what was known as the Albert Lea route we crawled along in spots at about five miles an hour with water covering the rails, and in other places where the track was not quite covered the mud would squirt from beneath the ties as the train passed over them.

MY TICKET READ TO FARGO, and there I stopped for a few days. The principal hotel, and perhaps the only one, was the Headquarters, which either occupied part of the Northern Passenger station building or immediately adjoined it. It was a big frame building which burned years later. It was supposed to be quite a swanky place, quite out of my class, so I got a room at a cheap boarding house and looked around for a few days. A lot of other new arrivals were doing the same thing. Even so long ago as that I found the unemployment situation \_\_, and the government wasn't doing a thing about it. The youth problem seemed to be about as difficult as it has been at any time since, for it appeared that all the jobs were taken.

PROSPECTS IN FARGO NOT being encouraging, I moved on to Jamestown, which was said to be a coming place. There again jobs were scarce, and the first one that I tackled was unloading the piling lumber, at which, by working hard, I could make just about enough to pay for my room and board. I learned afterward that the lumber man made a practice of hiring \_\_\_ and paying them about \_\_\_ what the job was worth. I quit the lumber job and went to unloading coal, at which I could make fair wages, but summer was coming, and there was not much coal to unload.

BY CHANCE I MET E. H. Foster, a surveyor, who needed a man next morning to help lay out the foundation for the James River National bank building. I got the job and worked with Foster all that summer. The bank building is still standing, so I suppose we did a good job. On May 1 that year I saw my first wild antelope. We were laying out one of the numerous additions to Jamestown, and climbing the steep bluff just west of the town I came face to face with an antelope at a distance of only a few feet. The sharp edge of the bluff had concealed us from each other until we almost met. The antelope gazed composedly at me and the scene in the valley, turned tail and galloped off. Later I was to see many herds of antelope on the plains farther north.

OUR WORK WAS THAT OF surveying town sites, and it took us up and down the James river valley and along the main line of the northern Pacific. We surveyed additions to Jamestown all over the flats and up on the bluffs all around the city. One of the additions, platted by Anton Klaus, seems to have been turned into a park, but I find it difficult to check the present appearance of the city with my recollection of it from that early period.

NORTH OF JAMESTOWN THE country was practically empty, but homesteaders were coming in rapidly. Grading was started that year on the railway north, and we surveyed a whole string of towns away ahead of the graders. Every coulee and pot-hole was full of water, and we had lots of wading to do. There were ducks by the million, and for the first and only time in my life I shot wild ducks with a revolver. I didn't attempt any wing shooting, but the birds were so tame that we could often come within revolver range of them, and occasionally one could be picked off.

THE BUFFALO WERE GONE, but there were evidences of their presence in the thousands of skeletons on the prairie. A little later those bones were gathered and shipped east in trainloads to be used for various industrial purposes. I never spent a finer summer. Our work was out of doors and we slept under canvas at night. We walked many miles a day, which was fine exercise, but not laborious, and there was never-ending interest in watching the changing aspects of plain and sky, sunrise and sunset, the stars twinkling in the quiet darkness of night, and occasionally the rolling of storm-clouds as they advanced from the west.

IF THE ATTITUDE TOWARD racial minorities which is being emphasized in many parts of Europe were to prevail in this c o u n t r y , it would be necessary to revamp our whole political system. There is not a state in which the population is not of mixed racial origin, and there is scarcely a state which has not one or more fairly large groups racially quite different from the majority. North Dakota is a fair sample.

IN THIS STATE WE HAVE a fairly large proportion of native-born Americans who are two or more generations distant from the original immigration stock, but we have large groups whose contacts with the Old World are more recent. The Norwegian family is represented by settlements distributed quite generally through the state. The Goose river valley was settled almost altogether by families of Norwegian stock, speaking the Norwegian language and adhering closely to the social and religious customs of the old country. While many of those customs have been modified, the family relationship remains. In Pembina county is a large and thriving settlement almost exclusively Icelandic. Richland and other counties have their groups which originated in Germany proper, and in the western part of the state there are still other groups of Russian-German origin. Sections of Pembina and Cavalier counties are inhabited almost wholly by families that came from Canada, or their immediate descendants, and while Canada is North American and not European, politically it is a foreign country.

IN OUR POLITICAL, System so recognition is given to the racial origin of any of these groups. They have no autonomous rights which separate them from the rest of the population. They are governed by one set of laws. They are entitled to no special representation on legislative bodies or in executive or administrative offices. If me procedure which has become current in Europe should prevail here, we should be confronted with demands from the governments of Norway, Denmark, Germany, Russia, Canada and probably several others, for special rights for the respective rights over which those governments would still claim authority, and whose rights they would feel bound to protect. And if such claims were recognized we should have within every state governments and laws differing from those of the state itself, with each minority exercising the rights of self-government distinct from the state.

FORTUNATELY WE HAVE no such state of intolerable confusion in this country. Immigrants coming from abroad have assumed the status of American citizens, and while there has persisted very properly a sentimental regard for associations running far back into history, there has been no separation of group from group, no claim for special recognition or special treatment. That highly desirable state of affairs is due largely, of course, to the relative newness of our social and political conditions. For centuries Europe has been subjected to a process of racial crystallization which has tended to accentuate racial differences. We have cause for thankfulness that thus far we have escaped that blight upon our progress.

I DIDN'T GET UP AT 4 o'clock Friday morning to listen to Herr Hitler's speech. Even if I could have understood it, anything that it might have been necessary for me to do about it would keep until I could read the story in the paper. By the German press, which is merely the Hitler press, and by some persons in this country, American newspapers, are charged with deplorable ignorance or malicious falsehood concerning what is going on in Germany. American newspapers obtain their information on foreign affairs from their own special correspondents abroad or from the correspondents of associations with which they are affiliated. Those correspondents, at least as well trained and as widely experienced as any in the world, are generally in agreement in their presentation of observable facts. Often they disagree in their interpretation of those facts, and the papers which they serve differ still more widely in the conclusions which they draw. In that kind of disagreement there is compelling evidence, if evidence were needed, that American newspapers are not engaged in a conspiracy of misrepresentation against Germany or any other nation, and that they are not being misled by others engaged in any such conspiracy. There will be expressed about as many varying opinions of the Hitler speech as there are newspapers.

ON ONE FEATURE THE newspapers, correspondents and public opinion both here and abroad were in substantial agreement before the speech was delivered. It was agreed that Hitler would refuse to comply with President Roosevelt's appeal for a pledge of non-aggression against the smaller states. The forecasts made proved absolutely correct. But while the pledges urged were refused, while the speech was full of the bombast which we have become accustomed to expect from Hitler, and while it bristled with accusations and counter-charges, its tone resembles that of the braggart who, having promised another a trouncing, goes his way, grumbling and defying, but without action. The conclusion which, it seems, may fairly be drawn from the speech is that Hitler has no intention of provoking a way now, and that he is not quite sure that he wants a war at all.