

I THOUGHT WHEN I READ the platform adopted by the North Dakota Democrats the other day that if some of the Democrats of a few years ago who have left this vale of tears could hear the reading of the document they would turn over in their graves. Probably they couldn't hear it. There was a time when North Dakota Democrats prided themselves on their conservatism and were in the habit of viewing with alarm the dangerous radicalism of the Republicans, but they seem to have forgotten all that. The idea now seems to be to convince the other fellow that you are as radical, as he is, and then some.

IT IS HARD TO OVERCOME the spirit of denominationalism Three branches of the Methodist church are trying to get together They are the Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Protestant and Methodist Church South, the latter being the product of a secession from the main body during Civil war days when the question of slavery came near dividing the nation. An influential group in the southern body is now vigorously opposing the plan of union and promises again to recede if the majority votes for union. The curious thing is that there should be such passionate adherence to a particular group when in most cases among Protestant bodies it would be impossible to tell from the sermons preached, the general form of exercises or the lives of members to what denomination a particular group belongs.

SENATOR MINTON WANTS newspaper men fined and imprisoned if they publish what they know to be false. And he complains that the newspapers will not publish anything favorable to the administration. In the campaign of 1896 certain Democrats complained that the Associated Press was unfair to Bryan in that McKinley was given the lion's share of publicity. Someone took the trouble to check the political news stories handled by the A. P. and found that Bryan had been given several times as much space as had been given to McKinley. There had been no effort to show partiality to Bryan, but Bryan made more news and the A. P. handled it. If Mr. Minton would make a similar check he would find that the newspapers have given more space to the sayings and doings of this administration than was ever given any other administration. Incidentally, the newspapers published what Mr. Minton said about them. And there are the libel laws, which Mr. Minton seems to have overlooked.

A BRITISH MEMBER OF parliament was called to order the other day for making uncomplimentary reference to the president of the United States. He was reminded mildly that he was wandering from the subject under discussion. We do it differently over here. A member of congress is not expected to stick to the subject, and he may say what he pleases about any prince, potentate or foreign government without being called to account for it.

ON THE OTHER HAND, there is extreme sensitiveness in some foreign quarters about what American individuals and American newspapers say. Thus an Italian paper objects to articles published by Ernest Hemingway reflecting on the valor of Italian troops in Spain. There seems to be an idea that the American government has some sort of control over what a novelist writes or a newspaper publishes. I can't imagine what it would be like to live where what one shall say and think is ordered by the government.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE to see any prospect of ultimate success for Japan in her invasion of China. Japan may realize some temporary advantage in picking off a bit of China here and another there, although the advantage there is doubtful, but conquering China is another matter. One effect of the Japanese invasion has been to arouse the national spirit in China in a manner unknown for many years. Radicals and conservatives have forgotten their differences and are making common cause against the foreign enemy. Japan has won battles, and she may win more, but her progress is becoming increasingly difficult and her costs in men and money and material are mounting daily. The farther she goes the tougher he going becomes, and she has not men enough to maintain control of the country, inhabited as it is and will be by a hostile population.

READING OF THE PLANS of the LaFollettes to make their 'regressive party the major arty of the United States I am reminded of a somewhat similar effort by their father. The elder Senator LaFollette was elected as a Republican, but in congress he was found more often co-operating with the Democrats than with the Republicans, an example which has been followed by several other representatives and senators. He hoped to head a successful revolt and made his final bid for leadership in his independent candidacy for president in 1924. He had been greeted by enthusiastic audiences in many parts of the country, but that enthusiasm did not register at the polls.

HISTORIANS MAY KNOW of such cases, but I do not recall any other case in which, in time of peace, two great nations entered into such a compact as that which is reported to have been made by Great Britain and France. The two nations, according to the report, have agreed to pool their resources, military and economic, in time of war, with a French general commanding the combined armies and a British admiral the combined navies. In the latter part of the World war Foch commanded the Allied armies on the western front, but there was no such unified command of sea power, and the appointment of Foch was born of the actual stress of war. This reported agreement may be interpreted as a means of serving notice to all concerned that an enemy will be confronted by the combined strength of the two nations, organized in advance for that purpose.

A FEW YEARS AGO WE were advised, and very properly, to use elms for street planting rather than the box elders and cottonwoods that constituted the greater part of the early planting in the city. Now the appearance of the Dutch elm disease has raised the question whether or not our elms are destined to go the way of the chestnuts, and it appears to be prudent policy at least to diversify our planting and to include in it trees of some other varieties, even if the planting of elms is not altogether suspended. Mention of the subject in this column some days ago brings the following letter from Mrs. M. B. Kannowski, superintendent of parks of Grand Forks:

"RESULTS OF YOUR ARTICLE in this morning's paper are already apparent, for we have had one property owner in the office today who wants something beside elm on the berm. Now that really puts us up against it this year for we have nothing but elms to offer! However I agree most thoroughly with Mr. Goodman.

"THERE ARE A GOOD MANY hackberry trees on the berms around the city, some of which were planted no doubt under the impression that the owner was getting elm. It is similar in growth and shape to the elm and makes a very desirable choice for street planting. Although I have seen many hackberrys in the woods ' along the river, they are all fairly young trees and do not compare in age with the elm. It would be interesting to have an explanation on that.

"WE HAVE A FEW Hackberry under cultivation in the park nursery. I understand it is used considerably in the shelter belt plantings and according to the survival percentages made in 1937 by the Forest Service it ranks the highest in North Dakota. It would seem that here is the tree to share honors with the elm in this part of the country, and one which should be planted more extensively

"AS REGARDS THE DUTCH Elm Disease in the United States sanitation seems to be the only preventative, if there is any. The carrier beetles are bred in dead and wakened trees, but in feeding go to the healthy young shoots thus carrying the spores of the fungus from diseased trees to elms which were free of the disease. So it would seem that the removal of dead and weakened elms, and the pruning of dead branches from healthy trees would be assistance n preventing the spread of the Dutch Elm disease.

"IN THAT CONNECTION THE WPA has done invaluable work in the parks. The removal of dead trees, and the pruning of healthy trees carried on under our supervision is worth thousands of dollars to the city in the preservation of the small amount of native timber left to us. No park budget could ever have provided for this work."

YEARS AGO A BLIGHT Killed practically all of the chestnut trees on the continent. Recently Fred L. Goodman told of seeing the bare trunks of some of those trees still standing at his former home in New York state. In southern Ontario, too, chestnut groves were numerous, and I can remember well how on a still Indian summer day after a light frost, the chestnut burrs would open and the nuts would drop "plunk!" into the leaves below. Lying on one's back and listening to the sound was supreme luxury.

THOSE GROVES WENT LONG ago, and no chestnuts are now dropping there. The boys of today are missing something. But I have read or heard that there is a prospect of chestnut growth being revived. Here and there a few trees were left, and there are those who thing that the disease has run its course and that it will be safe to start over again. I hope so,

DID YOU EVER WATCH A big dog scratching in fresh, soft earth? It is an interesting spectacle. How those claws can make the dirt fly! and what a fine time he is having! And he has just as; fine a time if the earth where he is scratching happens to be a newly planted vegetable or flower bed or is filled with perennials which the owner has nursed carefully through several seasons and are just putting forth their first spring shoots. The dog doesn't know that he is doing irreparable damage for which no money payment would be appropriate compensation. The dog doesn't know, and the owner doesn't think, otherwise the dog wouldn't be at large, running over other people's premises and destroying the fruits of their labors.

I LIKE DOGS, PROVIDED they are kind and courteous, but I have a sympathetic feeling for the housewife who discovers that the neighbor's dog has scattered her seeds and rooted up her precious plants, and an active dog, poorly trained, unregulated and left to his own devices, can do as much damage in a short time as a cow, and we have a law about cows.

GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE have given assurances in Berlin that their recently effected compact of mutual assistance in time of war is aimed at no particular country. That reminds me of the libel suit once brought against a newspaper that "a well-known local man" had been guilty of reprehensible conduct in a manner specifically set forth. One man believed that the statement was aimed at him, and almost everybody agreed with him. He brought suit for a considerable sum as actual and punitive damages. On the witness stand the publisher denied that the objectionable statement referred to the complainant. "To whom did it refer?" he was asked. "To nobody in particular," was the calm reply.

SPRING IS THE SEASON OF wanderlust. There is something in the air that prompts one to go places, fishing, camping, or just playing hookey. No age is immune from that influence. The octogenarian feels the thrill of it running through his system, and the infant just able to toddle responds to the call.

RECENTLY THE GRAND Forks police have picked up or had turned over to them six or eight youngsters three or four years old who had gone adventuring a long way from home. Some of them had not yet been missed at home. For others frantic S. O. S. calls had been sent out. One of them, a boy of three, had ridden his tricycle fully a mile, crossing railroad tracks and streets full of cars. He was still going happily when picked up.

THIS YOUNGSTER HAD been promised for next Christmas an automobile—one that goes by foot-power. Discussing his adventures at home he told of the wonderful time he had had, and he remarked: "When I get my automobile I'll go far, far away." This had been just a little jaunt.

A GRAND FORKS TEACHER, who is fond of children, as all Grand Forks teachers are, met a four-year-old boy on a down town street and something about his appearance prompted her to speak to him. She stopped and asked his name. He glared at her. Glared is her word for it. He demanded: "Why do I have to talk to all the women on the street?" She had no answer for that.

A YOUNG WOMAN MEMBER of the University staff reports that she began her money-earning career at the age of four. She earned 10 cents for keeping still for 10 minutes. Her success was due to the fact that she fell asleep before the time was up. Another University staff member started out at about four earning money by sewing on buttons for a cent apiece.

ONE GARDEN THEORY IS that the time is right for planting when the angleworms are close to the surface. That theory wouldn't have worked here in pioneer days, for then there was no angleworms in this part of the country. Like the potato bug, and the rats, the worms followed civilization. Back east there were plenty of worms, but we didn't call them angleworms. They were fishworms, a term which carries the same suggestion, only a little more pointedly.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE WAS said to be no true fisherman because he used worms for bait. But from time immemorial that's what worms have been for. Fishing, in my time, was a simple process. One's fishpole—we didn't call it a rod—was cut from the wood-lot, and with a stout line, hooks, sinker and a can of worms, one was equipped for catching mullet, suckers and such like. For bass, pike and muskies minnows and frogs were used for trout. But the fish-worm was the standby, and it was used for all sorts of fishing.

WHILE THE HOME-GROWN fishpole was standard, a few of those who went in for classiness acquired bamboo rods, which were the limit of luxury. I never saw a reel in our neighborhood. We just pulled them in hand over hand. Our practice had not the refinement of scientific angling, but it was lots of fun, and we got our share of fish.

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS to The Bismarck Tribune on its being awarded the Pulitzer prize for the performance of outstanding public service. This is the first time that such an honor has come to a North Dakota paper, and credit for it belongs to Kenneth Simons, editor of The Tribune, who has planned carefully and carried out consistently a program for the conservation and utilization of the resources of that section of the state which is served by the paper, and for the preservation of the morale of the inhabitants of that territory during an unusually trying period.

EVERYONE IS FAMILIAR with the phrase "room to swing a cat," which is used often when cramped quarters are under discussion. Probably to most of us the expression has been merely a fantastic one, similar to many others which have sprung into existence, no one knows how but which because of some picturesque quality have caught the public fancy and have persisted. It will be remembered that in Dickens' "David Copperfield" that when Mr. Dick is forced by the temporarily straightened circumstances of his friend and patron, Miss Betsy Trotwood, to take up his abode in a small room, a caller criticizes it because there is not room in it to swing a cat. "But," remarked Mr. Dick, cheerfully, "I do not wish to swing a cat, so what does that signify?"

THE PHRASE WAS TAKEN literally by Mr. Dick as having something to do with the familiar domestic cat, the "harmless, necessary cat," of some other writer, That has been my idea, but it seems that we have all been wrong, and "swinging a cat" has nothing to do with gymnastic exercises with poor tabby. The cat to which the expression relates is not the familiar four-footed animal, but the cat-o'-nine-tails which was once a standard instrument of punishment.

THAT IS ON THE Authority of Lieutenant Frederick J. Bell of the United States navy, whose book "Room to Swing a Cat" has just been published. The book is descriptive of life in the American navy, when ships were of wood and men of iron, with glimpses of naval life under other flags. Flogging with the "cat" was a standard method of punishment, in general use for many years in the British navy, and less commonly practiced on American ships. The "cat" was a whip with nine lashes, each lash tied in one or more hard knots, and sometimes loaded with small shot. An expert could make each of those "claws" take hold on the bare back of the victim, but to do a good job he had to have room to swing his cat. Hence the phrase.

FLOGGING IS STILL A Legal form of punishment in Delaware, and it is said that tough characters give that state a wide berth. Jail sentences may be viewed with indifference, but flogging hurts. I think I have heard of criminals being flogged quite recently in Manitoba. During my early life in Ontario there was a case of flogging in our town, the only one of which I ever knew. The person who wielded the whip on that occasion was a retired British army or navy man, I have forgotten which,

FORTY LASHES WITH THE cat was not an unusual sentence in the old days, but for some reason which I never could fathom the sentence was often for 39 lashes, or, as the sentence read, "forty lashes, save one." I suppose that limited form was used in a manner similar to that used in the leasing of land for 99 years instead of for a full century. That, also, has always been mysterious to me.

THERE ARE SOME CURIOUS features connected with the rental of property, and all sorts of commodities have been specified as rent payment. Thus, in 1733 the city of New York leased to three citizens for park purposes the little tract known as Bowling Green, the lease to run perpetually upon the payment as rent of one peppercorn per year. To the modern housewife the peppercorn is just a whole pepper. The other day, in order to avoid the routine of annual payments, the custodians of the property turned over to the mayor of New York 2,000 peppercorns as rental for Bowling Green for the next 2,000 years. The peppercorns were counted by the controller, who certified that the number was correct and a formal record of the transaction was entered on the books of the city. The Peppercorns will repose in the museum of the city of New York.

MEMORIES OF AN OLD friend, Dr. J. S. Chapin, of Euclid, Minn., are revived by a letter from his daughter, Nellie Chapin Burns, of Crookston. For many years Dr. Chapin practiced his profession at Euclid, beginning his work there when there were few settlers in the surrounding territory, and no roads. Winter and summer, through all kinds of weather, he traveled on errands of mercy, giving to all the best that a trained mind, skillful hands and a warm, sympathetic nature had to give. He died as he would have wished, in the performance of the work which had been his very life. Called to a farm home in the vicinity he examined and prescribed for the patient, then, feeling the need of rest he lay down on a couch and passed quietly into his last sleep. On a recent rainy day Mrs. Burns wrote:

THIS CLEAR, GRAY, RAINY day is such a good time for reviewing other days. The leaves and berms are so fresh and green and the robins' breasts so red against the gray tree-trunks. The tight-curved leaves of the plum tree outside my window are unfurling against the green and red tinged gray of the bud-fuzz, and in the pavement pools the tufted branches of the elms are clearly mirrored. A discarded orange peel on the green berm makes a splash of color interesting to a slim and glossy blackbird strutting along the curb. There is a drowsy breeze laden with the fragrance of freshness coming in my open window—so very welcome after the dusty cloudiness of the past few days.

"Thumbing through the current 'Good Housekeeping' I found a little poem entitled 'My Doctor.'" Perhaps you have seen it. If not, here it is:

**MY DOCTOR. By DAISY THORNE GILBERT.**

"Kind angels, when you meet him  
there, let one Bright wing droop helplessly, as if  
in need; Or dim, if but a little While, the  
Of your perfection; for his healing  
plead. And down the golden streets of  
those sweet lands Point out some heavenly homes;  
and promise then That some of these will seek restoring hands And kindly cheer, as did the sons  
of men. For if he cannot help and come at  
call, It will not heaven be to this brave  
soul, Whose life was spent a ministry  
to all But self; love of humanity his  
dole. Let him believe, until he learns  
you way, That need of him will bless each busy day."

HERE MRS. BURNS QUOTES from a letter written by her father telling of his decision not to take advantage of an offer to take a special course at his alma mater because, he wrote:

"I fee I cannot leave the practice here at this time. You see, the people here depend on me. I have driven over these prairies for 18 winters, and I am good for another one, but I could not leave now and return in February. I should be so soft after a winter in the city that I could not stand the exposure. Even if the people who depend upon me were willing to let me go, it would be at too great a cost. They could not afford to call Crookston or Grand Forks doctors. A lot of them are going to be in pretty poor shape financially this fall. They will bring me some wood, or some meat, or some hay for the horses to pay other doctors that way, and lots of them have no money.

TWENTY YEARS LATER Dr. Chapin wrote to his little grandson from California, where failing strength had compelled him to pass his winters, expressing confidence that "We'll soon be going again." That letter is full of expression of regard for the welfare of the families for whose members he had cared through so many years. Always his thoughts were of them, and for some of them he was planning to bring rose slips, flower cuttings and other little gifts which would give them pleasure. He embodied the fine spirit of the country doctor.

AS A RESULT OF AN Enterprise which meticulous persons might consider gambling, I own one of those little rubber images of Grumpy, that member of Walt Disney's collection of dwarfs who is determined to be displeased with every thing, even though he likes it. A little earlier in a similar game of chance, I became possessed of a miniature reproduction of Charlie McCarthy, top hat, monocle and all. Millions of others have acquired objects representative or reminiscent of purely imaginative creations, that which existed only in the mind of its creator having become realities in the public mind and being commemorated by things of material substance. In the production and distribution of these things the imagination of the artist has set many hands at work and caused vast sums in property values to change hands.

WHEN POPULAR FANCY takes hold of an imaginative creation there is no telling to what lengths it will go. Without the employment of a single flesh-and-blood actor or the use of a single stage property, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" is said to have cost \$2,000,000. The thing was born in one man's brain, and a whole army was employed in putting onto canvas and the screen the things that he imagined. To view the immediate product of that work millions have crowded theaters night after night, and the vast outlay on the production has been richly repaid in box-office receipts. But that is only part of the story.

WE ARE TOLD THAT During the past three months 117, toy manufacturers have been licensed to use characters from "Snow White." More than two million dollars' worth of "Snow White" handkerchiefs have been sold, and factories producing "Snow White" material are running night and day. Charlie McCarthy is having a similar run of popularity.

ALL THIS MAY SEEM LIKE something new, but it isn't. It is not long- since Buster Brown and the Teddy bear were as popular as their successors are now. Somebody had imagined them, and immediately the country was filled with replicas. A little before that DuMaurier's book precipitated the Trilby craze, and we had Trilby shoes, and Trilby gowns and even Trilby hair cuts. Millions who had never seen the book and didn't know what it was about clamored for Trilby outfits.

IN THIS CONNECTION I suggested as a theme for some prospective Ph.D. "The influence of imagination on industrial activity." What a whale of a paper one could write on that! We may have our slumps in business; people may be afraid to lend money, or build houses, or buy railroad equipment; but let the magic wand of imagination be waved by expert hands, and economic theories and business cycles are forgotten, and we all join in the rush for Snow White handkerchiefs and Charlie McCarthy spoons.

A MODEST CORRESPONDENT who signs himself merely "Observer" writes:  
"In your column, "That Reminds Me," you consider it strange that Protestant worship being so much alike everywhere, there is opposition in the south to the union of Methodist churches. I suspect the opposition is not religious in origin, but sectional. The loser in a contest like the Civil war is slower to forget and forgive than the winner. I have visited the south."

UNDOUBTEDLY THE correspondent is right in his view that this particular division was sectional in its origin. And, while the wounds of the Civil war are healed, the scars are still there. If anyone doubts it, let him try singing "Marching through Georgia" in the presence of a man from that state.

NOT ALL DENOMINATIONAL divisions, however, are sectional. No sectional lines divide Methodists from Baptists or Presbyterians from Congregationalists. But the spirit of institutional rivalry is by no means confined to the churches. It is exhibited in our social groups and civic bodies, which are often too numerous for effectiveness, in the ambition of bureaucrats to maintain and expand agencies which ought to be abolished, and in the exaggerated nationalism which leads one to bite his thumb at the foreigner just because he is foreign.

A MAP OF EUROPE, Prepared by Professor Richard Hartshorne, of the department of geography of the University of Minnesota, shows the distribution of minority groups throughout Europe, with the number of members of such groups in each country. In almost all of those countries are large groups closely allied by race and language to the people of some neighboring country, and the demand for political autonomy for them, or for their outright annexation, with the territory which they inhabit by other nations has created one of Europe's most troublesome problems.

I WONDER WHAT WOULD happen if the principle which is sought to be applied in Europe were applied on this continent. There would be, necessarily, a demand for the setting up of a Norwegian nation in North Dakota or the government of considerable parts of the state in accordance with Norwegian custom. Minnesota would have its autonomous Swedish group. Hitler might demand that Wisconsin be made a German colony. France could properly claim suzerainty over much of Louisiana. New Mexico would naturally go back to Old Mexico. New York and Chicago would have their separate Italian, Greek and Jewish groups, each governed on the basis of race, language and ancient custom. Quebec, naturally, would be restored to France. The rest of Canada might be annexed by the United States on the basis of race and language, or perhaps, on the same basis, the United States would become a British possession.

IN EUROPE THE PROBLEM of minorities is a very real and perplexing one, but it has been inevitable that minority groups should be scattered promiscuously over the face of the earth. It isn't anybody's fault. Always people have moved in considerable numbers to where they thought conditions would be more favorable. In some cases they moved into territory almost or quite vacant. In other cases the strong moved in and dispossessed the weak. But it has been demonstrated on this continent that diverse groups can live together harmoniously without reference to national origin.

IN ATTEMPTED EXCUSE of Italy's annexation of Ethiopia, Germany's absorption of Austria and Japan's invasion of China it is often pointed out that other nations have habitually followed similar practice. Usually the criticism is aimed at Great Britain, because of her allegedly large outlying possessions. As a matter of fact most of the territory marked on the map as British is as independent as is the United States, which started out as a collection of British possessions.

BUT, WAIVING THAT POINT nations have habitually helped themselves to each other's possessions when they could and it was in their interest to do so. Spain and Portugal took possession of Central and South America, France of much of North America. The United States took New Mexico, Arizona and most of California from Mexico. And so it has been. Nor need we confine ourselves to recent history. A group of Germans known as Saxons invaded England and set up their own government despite the protests of the original inhabitants. A little later a group of Normans, originally Norwegians, followed and took what they wanted. Still further back the descendants of Abraham made war on the people west of the Jordan and took possession of their country because they liked the looks of it. But although highway robbery is an ancient practice, we discountenance and try to suppress it.

PROPONENTS OF THE Social credit scheme in Alberta, having failed utterly to make their plan work in their own province, are trying to make a national issue of it and are carrying on campaigns in the eastern provinces. The plan is to give everybody \$25 a month. Why not make it ten times that?

THE PUBLISHER OF A Chicago magazine has been summoned to appear before a committee of the senate to explain articles in his publication which Senator Minton, chairman of the committee, says have been "unjustly critical" of the administration. In the article in the constitution guaranteeing freedom of the press I find nothing relating to the character of criticism of this or any other administration which may be published. If the press is free, it is free to criticize. It may criticize fairly or unfairly. If it is unfair it destroys its own influence, and if its unfairness injures anyone that person, has his remedy at law, just as for any other injury. Senator Minton's attitude is that any conversation about the present administration which is not laudatory is unfair and ought to be suppressed. What a fine world this would be if the Mintons had their way!

DISPARAGING COMMENT IS often made on the public addresses of Herbert Hoover. I heard him speak in 1924 when, as secretary of commerce, he inaugurated the establishment of the Agricultural Credit corporation, one of the most beneficial agencies, for the northwest, ever; created under government auspices. He was by no means a pleasing speaker. But he had something to say, and he said it in a manner "which convinced bankers and captains of industry, and representative agriculturists" who had been all at sea concerning what were then pressing problems. He is said to have improved greatly in his speaking; manner, and from his radio addresses I judge that this is true. But his style of delivery, while full of punch, has a certain monotony which becomes tiresome. But he still has something to say, and his utterances are couched in good English, well phrased, and sprinkled with terse epigrams which are at least as good as anything heard in the suave tones which come from the White House.

H. H. WHITE, OF CARMAN, Manitoba, seems to have made a record of some sort as an automobile driver. In 30 years he has driven more than 2,000,000 miles. In that time he has been given two tickets for traffic law violations, once in 1907 for driving 22 miles per hour—locality not stated—and in London in 1919 for speeding at the furious rate of 26 miles per hour. In 1908, in London, he was involved in his only automobile accident, the nature of which is not stated.

THE GREATER NORTH Dakota association has issued a new tourist map of North Dakota. The map itself is a product of the offices of the state Highway commission, giving the latest road information. The G. N. D. A. has added useful descriptive features, with illustrations of parks, public buildings and places of interest in general. The issue is an attractive one, a convenience for travelers and a good bit of advertising for the state.

THE ACCOUNT OF THE Golden wedding celebration of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Tufte, of Northwood, carried my thoughts back more than 40 years to my first meeting with Mr. Tufte. Then, and for many years after, Mr. Tufte was an officer of the school district of Northwood township, which was organized as one district, with five or six schools in various parts of the township, all under one general direction. I had been engaged to teach at the school in the southwestern corner of the township, and I came to know Mr. Tufte well and to admire his sturdy character and progressive spirit. My congratulations and best wishes are extended to him and his good wife. May they live to celebrate happily many more anniversaries.

I WAS THE FIRST TEACHER to teach in the new school building which had just been erected in that corner of the township. The building still stands, though it has been moved to the other side of the lot and turned to face east instead of south. It was built on an acre of ground donated by A. O. Trageton adjoining his farm home. Mr. Trageton was then well along in years, and his English was difficult for me to understand, but he was an enthusiastic believer in schools, and we soon became good friends. He was proud of the new schoolhouse, and it was he who built the first fire in it. Unfortunately, the man who built the chimney had neglected to clean out the brick chips and excess mortar when he got through, and the flue was stopped up. Mr. Trageton started a fire with a lot of kindling, shoveled in a liberal supply of soft coal, locked the place up and went home. When I opened the door hours later smoke poured out as if from a smokestack. Inside it hung so thick that one could not see across the room. When the doors and windows had been opened and the air cleared the formerly spick and span room was a sight to behold. Greasy soot covered walls, ceiling, floor, desks, everything, so the first job in the new schoolhouse had to be that of housecleaning.

ALL THE EARLY SETTLERS of Northwood township were of Norwegian origin, and Norwegian was habitually spoken in all the homes. I was the first non-Norwegian-speaking teacher to serve in that district. With me the people were friendly, but, at first, reserved. As time passed restraint wore away. As I was leaving the late P. N. Korsmo referred to this change. "At first," he said, "we didn't quite know how to take you, for you know Americans are so clannish. But after a while we found that you were just about like the rest of us."

I THINK OF THAT REMARK when I hear it said, as I do quite often, that "Norwegians are clannish." Of course they are. So are we all. What more natural than that those who sprang from the same soil, speak the same mother tongue and whose associations are alike, should gravitate together? What would a group of Americans settled in Norway be likely to do?

INFORMATION COMES OF the death at the home of his son Frederick at Carmel, California, of Dr. Adolph Frederick Bechdolt, many years ago an instructor at the University of North Dakota. He was 89 years of age. A native of Germany, Dr. Bechdolt came to this country as a child and received his education at Franklin and Marshall colleges. He taught English literature at a number of western colleges, including those of North Dakota and the state of Washington. His son Frederick R. is well known as the author of magazine stories and articles. Other children surviving are Jack of New York, and Mrs. F. W. Smith and Mrs. Holden P. Gilbert, both of Seattle.

HOW THE SNOW DID COME down on Sunday! Not grudgingly, in icy pellets or almost invisible bits of frozen fog, but in great generous flakes as if coming from Jan unlimited store. Such a down-fall conveys an impression of abundance as few other things can I do. Such a snowfall always suggests to me a poem which I had lost for many years. I could remember a phrase here and there, and one line always presented itself: "And silent, on their silent march, down came the snow!"

THE RHYTHMICAL QUALITY of that line ran all through the poem, but I could remember neither the title nor the author's name. Its persistence was both fascinating and irritating. Last week I stumbled across it while looking for something else in an old book. It is entitled "The Road to the Trenches," and is by W. Lushington, an author of whom I know nothing whatever. On the chance that some of my older friends will be glad to read it again, and that younger readers may like to see it, I give it again as follows:

### **THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES**

By W. Lushington.

Deadly road to deadly toil—thickly strewn with dead!

Noonday sun and midnight oil  
light the soldiers' tread.

"In the trenches deep and cold,  
if I cannot save

England's glory, be it told—there

I dug my grave!" Faint the hero's voice and low— marching through the snow!

"Leave me, comrades, here I drop; on, my captain, on.

All are wanted, none should stop; duty must be done.

Those whose guard you take will find me as they pass, below."

So the soldier spoke, and, staggering, fell amid the snow. While ever, on the dreary Heights, down came the snow!

"Men, it must be as he asks; duty

must be done. Far too few for half our tasks, we  
can spare not one! Wrap him in this—I need it less;  
soon the guard shall know. Mark the place—Yon stunted larch\*  
Forward!" On they go! And silent, on their silent march,  
down sank the snow!

O'er his features, as he lies, calms

the wrench of pain; Close faint eyes; pass cruel skies,  
freezing mountain-plain:— With far soft sounds the stillness  
teems — church bells — voices  
low, Passing into home-borne dreams—  
there, amid the snow: And darkening, thickening, o'er  
the Heights, down fell the  
snow.

Looking, looking for the mark, now

his comrades came: Struggling through the snowdrifts  
stark, calling out his name: "Here, or there? The drifts are  
deep. Have we passed him?  
No! Look, a little growing heap, snow  
above the snow—

Where heavy, on his heavy sleep,  
down fell the snow!

Strong hands raised him — voices  
strong spake within his ears; Not his dreams had softer tongue:  
—neither now he hears! One has gone, for England's sake,  
where so many go— Lying down without complaint—  
dying in the snow! Starving, striving, for her sake  
Dying in the snow!

Daily toil—untended paid—danger  
ever by:— Ah! how many here have lain  
down, like you, to die! Simply done your soldier's part,  
through the months of woe; And endured, with soldier heart—  
battle, famine, snow! Noble, nameless, patriot heart—  
snow-cold in snow!

IN THIS MATTER OF, BIG trees I maintain a position of strict impartiality on the side lines, watching the contest with interest, but without taking sides. Long ago I mentioned the cottonwood in Central park in Grand Forks, as a possible "biggest tree in the state," but its measurements have been exceeded by other trees, and while it is a whopper, it is out of the race. Park River came forward with a bigger one, but its claim was successfully contested by Hillsboro. Now comes this letter from Harry A. Graves of the horticultural department of the Agricultural college at Fargo:

"NOT HAVING ACCESS TO The Grand Forks Herald every day, I only get to read your column occasionally. However, I did get a chance to read it for a few days last week while visiting my home at Cavalier. From that particular issue, I gathered that there had been some controversy as to big trees in the state, and since I have been interested in these large trees for the past year or so, I thought I would call your attention to the large tree growing southwest of Bathgate, North Dakota, near the Tongue river.

"THIS TREE, I AM SURE, IS much larger than either the Park River or the Hillsboro tree. I have seen the Park River tree and may have seen the Hillsboro tree. I am not sure whether this is the same one that is located east of Mayville on the Goose river. If it is the same tree, I am sure that the Bathgate tree is much larger than either of the two trees above mentioned.

"I AM INCLOSING THE September 1936 issue of the Horticulture magazine, on the cover of which you will find a picture of this tree, and an article I prepared at that time is also found on page 106 of the magazine. The dimensions listed here are some taken several years ago. The last time that I checked the limb spread, it was well over 100 feet. Most of the other large trees are rather upright in growth and do not have many large spreading branches, as does the tree at Bathgate."

THE ARTICLE TO WHICH MR. Graves refers, published September, 1936, describes the location of the tree as four miles southwest of Bathgate on the bank of the Tongue river, and its approximate dimensions, height, 90 feet, diameter breast high, 6 feet, diameter at base, 12 feet, and limb spread 97 feet. The article continues:

"S. W. HODGSON OF Cavalier, who with his son is pictured with the tree, recalls that it was known as "The Big Tree" when he immigrated to North Dakota from Ontario with his parents in 1881. Mr. Hodgson also recalls interesting tales recounted by an early trader named Lashmaniere who' passed through this territory with the long trains of Red River carts that carried freight from St. Paul to Winnipeg. According to Mr. Lashmaniere, the Indians used the tree as a landmark and camped; beneath its boughs while hunting buffalo in the region. Deep trails worn about the tree by these native bison as they wended their way from the nearby plains to the Tongue river for water could be easily discerned by early settlers.

"Located on a low-lying tract of ground often inundated by floods, the cottonwood has withstood well the years of drouth that have played havoc with so many trees in the Dakotas. Barring accidents, this patriarch of the fringe forest, of which it is a part, bids fair to serve as an object of interest for generations to come."

WARNING IS ISSUED, Especially to those who have a little money which they can invest, against fake promotion schemes which are being worked in several ways. One practice is to appoint agents for whatever article is to be marketed, requiring a deposit "as a guarantee of good faith, or on some other pretext. A job lot of goods is dumped on the agent, to be sold at a fancy price, and when the consignment is gone, if the agent is successful in selling, no more are obtainable and the agent is out the amount of his deposit. This sort of practice is said to be followed in connection with the distribution of various types of vending machines. A large business in this line is conducted by legitimate manufacturers, dealers and agents, but on the strength of this legitimate trade several rackets have been started in which prospective agents in good faith have been victimized as well as dealers who have been deceived by the attractive promises made.

W. T. BORDEN HAS Received a letter from Bert Coleman, who retired recently from the service of the Northern Pacific and moved with his family to California. The Colemans are now pleasantly located in San Diego and they have spent their first few weeks there getting accustomed to their surroundings. They are greatly pleased with the city and with the climate of southern California, and the luxuriant vegetation to be found there. Also, in order to become acquainted with their neighbors, they have made short trips into Mexico and viewed scenes of interest in Tia Juana and Agua Caliente. While they were at the latter place the famous running horse Seabiscuit was cleaning up everything. Bert doesn't say whether or not he had any money on him. We shall hope to hear more from the Colemans when they have become thoroughly established as Californians.

INCLOSING A CLIPPING from a Minneapolis paper telling of the organization of a group which offers a reward for the conviction of a dog-poisoner or dog-stealer in Minneapolis, a correspondent writes:

"I AM ONE OF THE Interested readers of your column "That Reminds Me." This article in the Minneapolis paper interested me so much I wish you would put a word or two in your paper concerning the low-down trick of poisoning dogs. There is a poisoner in Grand Forks, and if he had a spark of feeling it must have hurt him just a wee mite to see two little children with their beloved dog in an express wagon hauling him to be buried, and tears trickling down their faces. It was truly a sad home, not only for the children, for Skippy was a much beloved dog to parents as well. He minded his own business and was just getting old enough to be a real pal to the little boy who always loved his dog.

"I WONDER IF SUCH PEOPLE are capable of realizing what the loss of a dog means to little children. I know, because I had to shed a tear a short time ago over the death of a beloved dog that met a tragic end and saw the grief of his young master and companion. If a poisoner could only realize the feelings of others, how could he do it? I don't know how to explain how I feel about dog poisoning, but I don't know what could be more low-down or cowardly than killing a dog that way. Some of them are more human than people."

EVIDENTLY THE Correspondent writes out of the fullness of her heart. Her feelings will be shared in many a home to which sorrow has been brought by the cruel barbarity of the dog poisoner. Some dogs are permitted to become neighborhood nuisances, but that does not justify the laying of poison which may kill other dogs that have done no harm, getting out poison is a criminal offense, as it ought to be, but it is not easy to fix responsibility for a crime committed so secretly and stealthily.

DISPATCHES F R O M THE Chinese battlefields report that in this or that engagement this or that side lost so many thousand "officers and men." The expression, a very usual one, is an offensive survival of the aristocratic tradition which has attached to things military from time immemorial. The officer is a human being and a gentleman, while the private is a mere animal not to be mentioned in the same breath with his superiors.

THIS NOTION WAS Satirized many years ago in verses of which I can remember neither the text nor the author. But the story is told of a shipwreck, and a dramatic description is given of the storm which swept the seas, the wallowing of the ship in the waves, and finally, her sinking after part of her personnel had been saved. After its recital of all these thrilling experiences the poem ends:

"Reported lost but a single soul, and three-and-twenty sailors."

I HAVE BEEN READING about Japanese finances, which I judge are in a bad way. Income is falling behind expenditures at the rate of ever-so many million yen a month. Taxes are being increased at the rate of other millions of yen per year. And so on. Now if only I knew what a yen is the statements might have some meaning. I've looked it up, and I find that the yen, par value 49.85, is quoted in New York at 29.05 cents in our money. That helps a lot. But why should I have to go to the financial tables to find out what a simple news story means?

IT IS QUITE PROPER FOR the people of each country to have their own currency and to call it by whatever terms they choose, just as it is proper for them to have names for everything different from those to which I am accustomed. But in articles intended for English-speaking readers, foreign words are translated into English. Why not money terms as well? There are approximate equivalents in American terms for German marks, Russian rubles, French francs, Italian lira, Mexican pesos, Swedish kroner and Haitian gourds. Why not use them. The statement that the king of the cannibal island receives a salary of so many pecks of clamshells has no meaning until one knows the value of clamshells and how many there are in a peck.

I MADE A SPECIAL TRIP down to Riverside park just to see the water go over the dam. It isn't as spectacular as Niagara, but it is a thrilling sight, nevertheless, after seeing the tiny trickle that has escaped through the crevices in the dam during the late dry seasons. Now the water is actually pouring over in a sort of joyous abandon, as if there were plenty more where that came from, and the water below the dam is only a little lower than that above it.

AMONG THE VARIOUS Water projects that have been given some attention in the past is that of developing water power on the Red river. Years ago the idea was rather seriously put forth. For the development of water power two things are essential — water, and elevation. There must be enough water, and some place for it to drop. Except at odd times the Red river is deficient in the first requirement, and always in the second. A dam at Grand Forks high enough to provide the necessary head to be of much service would flood the country half way to Fargo, and a lower dam would be drowned out every time it rains. But it is refreshing just to see the water plunge over the top.

IN SPITE OF THE EARLINESS with which spring started, cool weather has held growth in check, and vegetation has seemed slow in starting. Some of the small birds arrived unusually early, and others have seemed slow in making their appearance. I have just seen my first wren for this season, a tiny brown fellow, industriously working his way along the ground through the shrubbery and picking! up stray insects as he went. The wren house is all ready for occupancy whenever the family chooses to take possession.

WILD PLUMS ARE IN BLOOM. Plum blossoms massed along the border of a grove are attractive when viewed from a distance. Near by they have nothing to commend them except their fragrance, for they are sparse and straggly, and a branch from a plum tree is mostly twigs and thorns. Also, they last but a few hours, and then the petals fall off. Yet every spring one may see cars coming in carrying armfuls of plum blossoms which have been wrenched from the trees and which, within a few hours will be dumped in the alley. A bit of beauty has been destroyed without giving more than momentary pleasure to anyone.

OF ALL OUR WILD SPRING blossoms none is more conspicuous or makes a finer appearance than the thornapple. Its flowers come in great clusters of white which often cover the trees with solid masses. The thornapple is not to be confused with the red or black haw, which is found almost everywhere along the woods and is quite distinct from its larger neighbor. The haw is strictly a shrub, while the thornapple is a small tree. The fruit of the haw resembles that of the rose bush in general characteristics, while the thornapple resembles a tiny apple and is edible, with a pleasing acid flavor. It makes excellent jelly, and I have been told that it has been used in making wine.

REDUCED TO ITS SIMPLEST terms, the North Central association is a voluntary association of colleges and universities, created for the purpose of maintaining certain standards in education and for mutual convenience in accepting at their face value the credits granted by each other. For such an agreement to operate each member must be satisfied that the prescribed standards are being made, and suitable means must be employed to provide assurance of that fact. How any court can assume authority to say how a mutual association, organized for such a purpose, shall conduct the business for which it was created is one of the numerous questions that are too deep for me. However we shall see what the Illinois federal court has to say about it when the subject comes up for argument with in a few days.

THERE HAS JUST BEEN Received in Ottawa a shipment of gold bullion valued at \$12,500,000, sent by the British government to be stored in the vaults of the Bank of Canada. While no one in authority will discuss the subject, the shipment is generally understood to be one of several that are to be made for the purpose of creating a large British reserve in Canada to be used, if necessary, in the purchase of war materials. Canada being one of the 'world's largest producers of gold, it is quite possible that this gold was mined in northern Canada, sent to England, and now returned to Me in a vault, as untouched as when it was mingled with the rock in Flin-Flon or some other mining district. I suggest that instead of going to all the trouble of digging gold out of the ground and toting it back and forth, checks be issued against it as it is in the bowels of the earth. There's an idea for some economist to work on.

THE AUTHORITIES OF Jersey City who assume the right to say who shall not make speeches in that city seem to overlook a fundamental fact. It is that people have a constitutional right to say what other people do not like. No one needs any constitutional guarantee of his right to say pleasing or popular things. He need fear no interference. It is the right to say irritating and unpopular things that the constitution guarantees, utterances such as those for which, not long ago, men and women were burned at the stake. Often I hear a public expression that makes me feel like heaving a brick at the speaker. Probably he objects with equal violence to what I say. The constitution protects both of us, and I am glad that it does.

THE STAGE HAS BEEN SET for the recognition of Italy's forcible annexation of Ethiopia. The League of Nations council does not of itself grant such recognition, but it concedes to its members the right to do as they please in the premises. That action was strongly urged by Great Britain and France, was supported by most of the others, and was opposed by a few. To those who maintain that Great Britain dictates all the policies of its associates in the empire it may be interesting to note that New Zealand vigorously opposed the action taken, and was one of the few council members to be recorded against it on the final vote.

PURSUANT TO THE ACTION taken Ethiopia will be recognized as a part of the Italian empire by most of the nations of the earth. Is that action right or wrong? In the situation there is created an apparent conflict between idealism and realism. The idealist protests against the utter inexcusability of the conquest and refuses to give it his blessing. The realist says that the job is done, that it cannot be undone, and that the problem now is to make the best of it.

WE CANNOT CLOSE OUR eyes to the fact that Italy has taken possession of Ethiopia. She made war deliberately on a nation with which she had no legitimate quarrel, killed its inhabitants, overturned its government and caused its ruler to flee into exile. The facts stand out, bold, bald and brutal, and for them there is no excuse or extenuation. Now, with the sinister facts before it, shall the world maintain the fiction that Ethiopia is still a nation and Haile Selassie its king?

THERE IS ONLY ONE Process by means of which that fiction can be made a fact, and that is by waging war on Italy. Application of sufficient force would, compel Italy to let go. But all the world knows that war will not be waged against Italy in this cause, and that Italy will not let go. Refusal to recognize, therefore, becomes a mere gesture. Gestures sometimes have a certain value. The value of such a gesture in this case is open to question. The question, which I shall not attempt to answer, is whether or not Britain, France and the other nations, should accept as accomplished that which has actually been done, in the hope of rendering more remote the prospect of world war. It is a knotty question.

I DO NOT EXPECT THE United States to send its army to defend the wild life reserve around Mud lake over in Minnesota, Aside from other considerations, there is too much water for the army to operate effectively, and while there seems to be enough water to float important parts of the navy, there would be difficulty in getting the ships there. In the early days of settlement one of the great problems in the Red river valley and the country adjacent was that of getting rid of water. Big ditches removed water from much of the swamp and semi-swamp lands at some distance from the Red river and dumped it on lands nearer the stream, and loud protests came from owners of the lower lands. Then came the dry years, and there was no water anywhere. The process was reversed, and instead of ditches being dug, dams were built. Nature has again deluged the district and the embattled farmers are tearing the dams out.

SOME DOG KILLER, I AM told, is using powdered glass mixed in .meat as bait for dogs that he wishes to destroy. Veterinarians, it is said, have found glass in the bodies of dogs that have died, apparently from poison. One little dog, whose symptoms were those associated with glass "poisoning," was a beautiful Pom which was the companion and aid of a lady who, because of impaired sight and hearing, depended much on the help of the little dog. The dog seemed to sense the need of its mistress and remained constantly by her side or within call. When the door-bell or the telephone rang he tugged at her skirt to call her attention and he seemed to understand that he must look after her. The little Pom is dead, presumably from a dose of ground glass.

UNDER THE TITLE "DON'T run over my little girl," the Insurance Field publishes this appeal to automobile drivers, written by Phil Braniff:

"DEAR DRIVER:

"Today my daughter, who is seven years old, started to school as usual. She wore a dark blue dress with a white collar. Her cocker-spaniel, whose name is "Scot," sat on the front porch and whined his canine belief in the folly of education as she waved "goodbye" and started off to the halls of learning.

"TONIGHT WE TALKED about school. She told me about the girl who sits in front of her— j the girl with yellow curls—and the I boy across the aisle who makes funny faces. She told me about her teacher, who has eyes in the back of her head—and about the trees in the school yard—and about the big girl who doesn't believe in Santa Claus. We talked about a lot of things—tremendously vital, unimportant things; then we studied spelling, reading, and arithmetic— and then to bed.

"SHE'S BACK THERE now — back in the nursery sound asleep, with "Princess Elizabeth" (that's a doll) cuddled in her right arm. You guys wouldn't hurt her, would you? You see, I'm her daddy When her doll is broken or her finger is cut or her head gets bumped, I can fix it—but when she starts to school, when she walks across the street, then she's in your hands.

She's a nice kid. She can run like a deer and darts about like a chipmunk. She likes to ride horses and I swim and hike with me on Sunday afternoon, but I can't be with her all the time—I have to work to pay for her clothes and education. So please help me look out for her. Please drive carefully, please drive slowly past the schools and intersections — and please remember, that children run from behind parked cars."

I HAVE BEEN IN DUST clouds in which it was impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction, but never until last Thursday was I caught in a cloud of alkali equally dense. Persons who drive on No. 10 between Valley City and Jamestown are familiar with the shallow lake across which the road runs in the vicinity of Sanborn. The lake bed is now dry and covered with a glistening white coating of alkali, which may easily be mistaken for water at a little distance.

APPROACHING FROM THE west we saw several miles ahead of us a great cloud of what we supposed to be smoke driven northward by the strong wind. The "smoke," however, was white, and as we came near the lake we found that it was dry alkali dust from the lake bed, picked up by the wind and sent across country in a dense cloud. From the cloud in the valley emerged a car, with lights on, which I had not seen at a distance of a few rods, and as a precaution I turned on my lights and entered the inferno. Midway the cloud was so dense that I could no see the road or even the front of the car and was compelled to come to a dead stop. I dared move only when a break in the cloud made the road momentarily visible.

ALKALI DUST IS NOT pleasant to breathe, and some coughing was required to overcome its effects. Presumably much of it wouldn't be good for an automobile engine. The road was covered as with a light snow and some of the stuff stuck to the car until we got home. I was told that alkali from that lake is often deposited on fields several miles away. I suppose the chemists have decided that this deposit is not commercially useful. Otherwise there are sections of the state in which there would be no need for gold mines or oil wells.

WHEN THE GOVERNMENT began using so many alphabetical designations we dropped a lot of periods and became accustomed to such combinations as NRA and AAA. The practice continues, and presently we may dispense altogether with periods in such combinations. The subject has an economic side which is of importance. If all the periods that we do not use were placed side by side—they haven't any ends—they would make a continuous streak equal in length to much of the red tape that is used in the transaction of official business. Think of the tons of ink that are not being used because of this practice. Think of the unemployment in ink factories that must have resulted. Perhaps that's what's the matter with the country.

A MAN SITTING ON THE River bank and watching the water flow by remarked that the subsoil is still dry, and that if one were to dig down a foot or two he would strike dry earth. What is needed, he said, is a t h o r o u g h soaking, clear down to hard-pan. That, it was suggested, would take several years.

"Two years would do it," said the whittler, "if the rain came right. About two good rains a week from spring until harvest, then a let-up for harvest, and then good rains in the fall, would do the trick in two years."

Again it was suggested that the rains didn't seem to come just that way.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Of course they don't. And why don't they? I'll tell you why. It's because the world is too full of people who are trying to grab all the money and hang onto it. That's why! Factories are full of machinery and a poor man can't get a job. Farmers are doing their work with machinery. There's no jobs to be had. And if a fellow out of a job gets hungry and helps himself to a loaf of bread they send him up for six months. Then when he gets out he takes a gun and goes on the road. That's what makes gangsters. Money-grabbing. They won't let go and give a poor man a chance.

"THEN THERE'S Prohibition. Prohibition filled the country full of gangsters. If there's anything to the Bible the world's coming to an end pretty quick just because of the money hogs. How can you expect it to rain when things are run that way?"

THE WHITTTLER CUT Savagely into his stick and spat into the stream. He was thoroughly honest. With perfect sincerity he felt himself an aggrieved and abused person. Somebody was keeping from him the money to which he believed himself entitled and the country had been smitten by drouth because of the iniquities of its monopolists. Obviously, argument was out of the question.

DR. R. D. CAMPBELL IS watching developments in Mexico with special interest because he was in Mexico City when the government order expropriating American and British oil properties was issued. "Expropriation" is a more polite term than "confiscation," but many persons believe that they mean about the same thing.

DR. AND MRS. CAMPBELL Occupied rooms in a hotel on the great public square in Mexico City and they had an excellent view of the throngs that crowded the square when the oil excitement was at its height. The populace demonstrated its enthusiasm with a parade, which unlike one of our parades, which marches past a given point in more or less orderly fashion, was a gigantic mass gathering, without system, which lasted all day.

IN ANTICIPATION OF THE demonstration all doors opening on the square were locked and kept locked all day to prevent ingress by unauthorized persons. Groups entered the square and walked around, cheering. Other groups followed, and so it continued through the day. Hour after hour the president was cheered to the echo for what the people believed to be his rescue of them and their friends from foreign oppression.

COMPLAINT HAD BEEN made by labor groups that the foreign companies were paying their workmen too small wages, and it was in part of this complaint that the expropriation order was based. The oil properties having been taken over, instead of advancing wages the government reduced them, and the immediate drop in the value of the peso operated as a further reduction. All this did not abate the enthusiasm of the populace.

THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT has neither money nor credit, and it has been in that condition for some time. If payment for the oil properties is made on government bonds the bonds will have practically no value, and the property values represented in oil wells, plants, buildings, homes of American employees, and even money in banks, will have vanished. The oil companies will be placed in a position similar to that occupied by many of the large land holders. The government has undertaken to break up the large landed estates and distribute that land among the peons. The tenant applies to the government for an order entitling him to the land which he has worked. he is given a bond representing the value of the land as appraised by the government. he goes to the owner of the estate, tenders his bond, and says "I want such and such a piece of land, and here's your money." And that's that. The owner has nothing to say in the transaction, and the bond which he receives is, at present, at least, just so much waste paper.

IN A NOTE FROM SANTA Ana, Calif., Mrs. Bentley Nelson, formerly of Grand Forks, writes: Perhaps you will be interested in hearing that one of the famous former citizens of Grand Forks opened his campaign for governor of California in this city. It was thrilling to sit in the audience and hear the Honorable J. F. T. O'Connor tell of his early experiences in his, native state of North Dakota, which is also my native state. He is proud of Grand Forks and of the fine University there which he attended. He recalled the fairs of early years, the flying of Hoxsey in his little airplane, and as I remembered the day Hoxsey tried to get his airplane to rise and finally succeeded, I became lonesome for the old days back home. Naturally I was happy to hear Mr. O'Connor tell of his experiences in Grand Forks. Anyone who has ever lived there has an enduring affection for your city."

LAST SUNDAY WAS Decoration day in Canada. In Winnipeg there were appropriate services in the churches, and as some Grand Forks visitors were leaving for home they saw a large gathering on the grounds of the parliament building participating in the exercises there. A surpliced choir sang. It was a perfect morning and an atmosphere of solemnity and reverence made the scene impressive.

OUR DECORATION DAY IS May 30, which may fall on any day of the week. I wonder if it might not be well to choose a Sunday instead. Years ago May 30 was a real Decoration day in Grand Forks. In the morning there were appropriate exercises at the cemetery, and in the afternoon a large parade led the people to the park, or in case of bad weather, to the Auditorium, for a suitable program. Usually the attendance was large. All that is over. Except for formal memorial exercises in the morning, attended by but a few, the day has become just another holiday, devoted to sports and outing excursions. If a Sunday were designated as the official Decoration Day, and the day following were made frankly a public holiday, more attention might be given to the memorial exercises, and then holiday would be observed for what it is.

NORTH DAKOTA OUTDOORS, the monthly publication of the state Game and Fish department, has as its front page decoration an admirable picture in colors of a group of chipping sparrows. If the bird which I have called a chipping sparrow appears again this year I shall use the picture as a means of identifying it. There has been some question whether mine was a chipping or a clay-colored sparrow.

FOR THREE SUCCESSIVE seasons a little bird of one of these groups has nested in one of our spruces, but each time something has happened. Cowbirds have laid their eggs in the nest, and the owner has abandoned it. Once I saw a cowbird in the act of destroying the nest, but the damage was done before I could interfere. I have no more use for cowbirds.

I DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL I WAS told the other day that there are beaver in the Red River close to Grand Forks. One evening last week one of our men walking along the river just above the Riverside dam saw a small animal swimming in the river, and at first took it to be a muskrat. Closer inspection showed that it was much larger than a rat, and presently it was identified as a beaver. It carried a twig in its mouth, and my friend Herringer watched it crawl upon a pile of brush, where it was watched at close range for some time. A local resident said that for several years there has been a family of beaver in the river at that point.

USUALLY WE THINK OF beaver as builders of dams, by means of which they create broad, shallow lakes, beneath whose waters are the entrances to their houses and their stores of food. However, there are beaver in running streams where, apparently, no dams are found necessary. The first beaver that I ever saw out of captivity was in the James River within the present city limits of Jamestown. That was in 1882. There was plenty of water in the river then, and no sign of a dam anywhere.

I HAVE JUST BEEN Reading about another of those cases in which a man committed suicide by jumping from a window on the twelfth floor of a hotel. If ever they find my body spread on the pavement after falling 12 stories from a hotel window, they may call it an accident or decide that I was thrown out. But they'll be dead w r o n g if they call it suicide, unless I've gone crazy. I know of a dozen ways of committing suicide more attractive than jumping 12 stories and coming down, splash! Not that I'm thinking of trying any of them.

IT SEEMS THAT SOME YEARS ago some persons, presumably employees of The Herald, were in the habit of making informal weather observations and keeping the records on the wall. The second floor of the Old Herald building on Third street is now used for storage by the Panovitz company. On the walls and posts of the old composing room remain inscribed remarks about the weather as it was then. Some of the inscriptions read:

"May 20, 1921. Snow and heavy frost."

"July 30, 1929. Temperature 102." "July 26, 1929. Hottest day; 100 in the shade, and no shade." "1925. Snow on May 5." "1925. First robin March 12. Froze to death."

"1923. Winter began August 1." "May 19, 1931. Snow May 19."

THE LAST NOTATION Mentioned above was made—or dated —after The Herald had left the building for its present quarters. Under date November 1, 1920, appears the prediction that Roosevelt will be elected president. The writer was looking some years ahead, as Harding was elected that year and Roosevelt was not elected until 1932.

WORK IS PROGRESSING ON the Fort Lincoln park out just a few miles from Mandan. The old fort, from which Ouster and his men rode in 1876, never to return, was situated at the foot of a bluff overlooking the Heart river and the broad expanse of the Missouri valley, with Bismarck in the distance. All the old fort buildings are gone, but their sites are marked by little piles of flat rock on which their corners rested, and the low mounds of earth, now green, with which they were banked up. Painted signs indicate the sites of Custer's quarters, officers' quarters, mess hall, etc., so that the visitor may have an accurate idea of the whole fort lay-out. A museum building is nearly finished, and in it will be house objects of interest associated with the history of the fort and of pioneer and Indian life in that territory. The ground around where the old buildings stood is strewn with bushels of the old square cut nails that were used in carpentry in those days.

I WAS TOLD BY OLD residents of Bismarck that the Missouri is lower than they had ever seen it at this time of the year. It is too early for most water from the mountains to arrive, and it was said that considerable water is being held back at Fort Peck. A friend who just returned from Stanton, some miles above Bismarck, says that sand bars in the river bed are so dry that the wind raised from the fine sand and sends it up and down the river valley in clouds of dust.

MANITOBA SCHEDULES AS many of its public holidays as possible for Monday, a plan that is popular with week-enders, as it gives them the Saturday half-holiday and all of Sunday and Monday for outings. A similar plan for which provision is made in a bill before the New Jersey legislature, providing for observance of all public holidays on the nearest Monday, has drawn fierce opposition from the American Legion and other veterans' organizations. One objector says that the state would be made a laughing stock if its Fourth of July fireworks went off on some other date.

NORTH DAKOTA MAY BE headed for another lawsuit to protect the standing of its public institutions. The Osborne Association Inc., of New York, makes an unfavorable report on the North Dakota penitentiary, criticizing it for "custodial insecurity" and "lack of constructive activities," condemning its parole system, and charging that its management is in the hands of inexperienced political appointees. Does that mean that credits earned in the North Dakota penitentiary are to be denied recognition elsewhere?

THERE IS SMALL PROSPECT that the New Jersey bill providing that each public holiday shall be observed on the nearest Monday. The opposition that has been brought to bear against the measure is too strong. This year the plan would involve less change than in some other years. Decoration Day and July 4 both falls on a Monday Labor Day is always on a Monday. Christmas falls on Sunday, which will mean a Monday holiday, and New Year's Day comes just a week later. Custom has fixed upon Thursday as Thanksgiving Day, but there is no reason why any other day would not do as well.

HOWEVER, AS THE YEARS roll, most of these holidays fall on other days than Monday, and it would cause confusion of great national holidays were observed in one state on one day and on another day in some other states. Certainly uniformity as to our great national holidays is desirable.

The "civic" holiday seems to be distinctly a Canadian institution. Each city sets apart one day during the summer, the date of which may be varied at will, as a local holiday. On that day there is no attempt at local celebration—no parade, no program, no speech-making, nothing at all. The idea is just to shut up shop and go places. And the closing is generally pretty complete, as persons can bear witness who have happened in Winnipeg on that city's civic holiday. Places of business of all kinds are closed tight. The people are away on picnics, at the beaches, and a lot of them come to Grand Forks.

SOME YEARS AGO THERE was in vogue in certain sections of Ontario which I visited at that time the practice of amplifying the civic holiday and extending it to the smaller places. By mutual agreement villages in a district would decide on a mid-week holiday during the summer months, and the days assigned would be so arranged that villages in the same vicinity would not have their holidays on the same day. Thus Ethel shut up shop on Wednesday, and Brussels, seven miles away, on Thursday. That was about a dozen years ago. I do not know whether or not the plan has been continued. At that time there seemed to be general satisfaction with it.

SPEAKING OF HOLIDAYS, dates, and so forth, what has become of the world calendar movement which, it was hoped by its sponsors, would be put into operation January 1, 1939? The idea is to rearrange the months so that January, April, July and October would have 31 days each and all the other months 30 days each. Each quarter would begin on Sunday. The rearrangement of months would provide for 364 days. The odd day would be inserted between December 30 and January 1 and would not belong to any month or week, but would be known simply as "Year day." In leap year an extra day would be inserted between June 30 and July 1.

THE CALENDAR THUS Provided would be perpetual. A given day of the month would fall on the same day of the week year after year. All the quarters, which are used extensively in business accounting, would be of exactly the same length and would have the same number of Saturdays, Sundays, etc. The plan has been approved by most of the great churches, which have agreed on April 8 as the fixed date for Easter. Advocates of the plan hoped to have it take effect in 1939 as that year begins on a Sunday according to the present calendar and the changes could be made almost imperceptibly. Agitation for the change seems to have subsided, possibly because attention has been diverted to the wars in China and Spain, the performances of Hitler and Mussolini and other matters considered of more immediate importance.

A CARD FROM MABEL WALSH of Larimore says: "Carl Neilson, of Larimore, N. D., claims the first ripe tomato in town. It was ripened on a vine in the house. "Perhaps the explanatory sentence is superfluous. There hasn't been much tomato-ripening weather outdoors his spring.

JUST RECEIVED IN THE mail are copies of statements and addresses made by President Cardenas of Mexico setting forth his reasons for expropriation of foreign oil properties in Mexico. The utterances were intended for the Mexican people, and it was evidently intended that they should appeal especially to the "forgotten man." In that respect President Cardenas may have taken his cue from President Roosevelt. Those to whom the messages were addressed are invited to contrast the care taken to provide for the health and comfort of the officers of the foreign oil companies with the poorer accommodations provided for the laborers in the oil camps.

I JUDGE THAT THE Impression made by these statements on the uninstructed Mexican masses would be that the Mexican government had<sup>7</sup> presented to the companies vast quantities of oil all ready to be gathered up and sold, that the companies had waxed fat on their unearned profits and had selfishly refused to share their good fortune with the oppressed peons. Statements of that kind would go well with those who know no better. I am told that they were cheered enthusiastically when made, which is quite natural.

THERE ARE, HOWEVER, some rather important facts not brought out by President Cardenas. Up to 1900 Mexicans had lived for a long time over their toil fields without recognizing their existence. They possessed neither the capital nor the enterprise to discover and develop what lay under their soil. At the urgent invitation of the government foreigners sent in trained men to see what they could find. Those men found oil in some places and bored dry holes in many others. Before they had established a going industry they had spent \$500,000,000. They made uninhabited jungle productive, developed modern cities where there had been only primitive hamlets and paid out in wages some \$50,000,000 a year and half that sum in taxes. The story of oil in Mexico is a long one, not altogether one-sided, but the oil companies have had their share of grief.

PERHAPS SUN SPOTS AND other conditions are about to inaugurate changed weather conditions in the northwest and we are in for a wet cycle. I wouldn't know about that. But I am quite certain that our experience during the past few years has been such as to demand that there be no relaxation of interest in water supply and conservation, whether in cities or on farms. We cannot afford to follow the example of the shiftless householder who couldn't mend his leaky roof when it rained and who didn't mend it in fine weather because then it didn't leak. To paraphrase an old adage: In time of rain prepare for drouth.

READERS OF WAR NEWS have learned to take the statements of rival commanders with large doses of salt. Invariable the winning side claims much more than has been accomplished and the losing side denies that there have been reverses. That-tendency is by no means confined to Orientals or to physical warfare. Did you ever know an election campaign manager to admit defeat after the votes are in and the count, well under way, shows clearly that his side is snowed under? It just isn't done. The rule is to claim everything and concede nothing even when the making of claims cannot affect the result.

AS ONE MEANS OF curing the depression and preventing another an "American Citizens" organization proposes the building by the federal government of super double-track highways from coast to coast and from border to border. Before committing myself on the subject I want to know whether or not No. 81 is to be made the north-and-south highway.

A "NATIONAL BASIC Income" plan proposes to levy a federal tax of 2 per cent on all retail sales and all incomes, the proceeds to be divided equally among the inhabitants of the United States without respect to age, sex, color or creed. The plan has certain attractive features, but the estimates sent out from headquarters indicate that the payments would amount to only \$10 per month per person. In what sort of luxury can one live on ten dollars a month?

IF THE QUESTION WERE asked what disease is most fatal to childhood, probably few persons would think of whooping cough. But whooping cough it is, according to the statisticians. There has always been a tendency to invest whooping cough with a sort of humorous aspect, or at any rate to belittle it. But it imposes strains from which many tiny human beings never recover.

IT IS GRATIFYING TO KNOW however, that while whooping cough heads the list of four diseases most fatal to childhood, its death rate has decreased from 10.7 per 100,000 30 years ago to 2.9 per 100,000 as of last year. The diphtheria death rate has decreased in the same period from 32.8 to 2.0 per 100,000. It is chiefly in control of diseases of childhood that science has increased average longevity. Most of the children born years ago never had a chance to grow old.

ONE PLEASING FEATURE in the weather reports during the past week has been the record of good rains in the far west and southwest. In the southwest particularly rain was badly needed. Seeded grain has generally sprouted and many of the fields are green, but the moisture has been all on the surface, and a few hours of wind started the dust blowing. Let's hope that the drier sections are well drenched before the season is far advanced.

CONSIDERABLE INTEREST is being developed in what is popularly known as "soilless" farming, but for which scientists have coined the term "hydroponics." The system, which thus far has been applied only to garden vegetables, involves the feeding to plants of the chemical elements necessary to their growth by means of solutions without the use of soil. Plants are rooted in straw or litter so that the roots can reach down into water in which the chemicals are dissolved. So far the experiments have been conducted in California chiefly with the tomato, and the results have been gratifying to the experimenters. Tomatoes grown under this system are being served on the dining tables of some of the southwestern elites. One commentator says they are superior in flavor, texture, appearance and keeping qualities to tomatoes grown in soil. All of which I doubt, if the comparison is made with the splendid tomatoes grown in the Red river valley under right conditions.

SOME YEARS AGO THERE was some interest in growing "soilless" potatoes. Instead of being planted in the ground the cuttings were imbedded in straw placed on shelves in an enclosure, and it was said that in this manner as many potatoes could be grown on a few shelves as could be produced outdoors on an acre.

IT IS QUITE TRUE THAT Potatoes can be grown under many peculiar conditions. Often potatoes stored in a cellar that is not too cool will begin to grow, and in the earth that has shaken down to the bottom of the bin will be found quantities of sizeable new potatoes. The young tubers are often of excellent appearance, but watery and flavorless. There may be better ways of growing things than in the ground, but I'm waiting to see.

YOUNG WARREN WAXVIK, who lives on Chestnut street, brought in an interesting plant oddity in the form of a dandelion stalk which were growing twin blossoms. The blossoms are per- feet and completely separated, but the stem is a single hollow tube. Along its length, however, are two slight ridges, indicating that in the early stages of growth two embryo stems had started and then had decided to join forces and become one.

ANOTHER ODDITY IN PLANT growth is a large tulip blossom which tips the end of what is partly stalk and partly leaf. One side of the combination is a perfectly developed stalk, while the other is about half of a broad leaf. The stalk side has grown faster than the leaf side, resulting in a sharply curved design.

SOME TIME AGO I Published a request from Mrs. E. Louise Garske of Lakota for a copy of a reading entitled "The Keeper of the Stables." No copy was sent in, but a letter from Mrs. Garske encloses another from Mrs. Burton W. Driggs of Devils Lake, saying that the sketch is one which she has given on several occasions, based on a story which appeared in a book owned by her mother years ago. Mrs. Driggs had recalled the story from memory and worked it into dramatic form. There is no written copy of it.

MORE NOTICEABLE TO ME than usual this spring is the different behavior of the elm trees in putting out their leaves. On almost any street one may see an elm almost in full leaf while the buds on the tree next to it are just beginning to open. Are the trees, although all elms, of different varieties, or is the difference among individuals within the same variety? Differences in soil conditions within a few feet, occurring all over town, would scarcely account for it.

MANY NORTH DAKOTANS know, either personally or by reputation, Solomon Levitan—often known irreverently as "Solomon Levi"—for many years treasurer of the state of Wisconsin. Mr. Levitan recently delivered an address on "The Jew in Politics," in which he described himself as a Jew who had been in politics 56 years. In that address he gave a history of his career. He was born in East Prussia, moved to the Crimea, studied with a view of becoming a rabbi, but was compelled to change his plans. After a youth spent in hard work at meager pay he came to the United States. He came to Chicago, then to Wisconsin, where he started peddling notions, carrying a pack on his back as he made his way on foot from village to village and farm to farm. He became acquainted with the elder LaFollette, campaigned for him, and remained through life his friend and supporter. In his address he told of his first meeting with LaFollette. Here is the story in his own words:

"I USED TO PEDDLE IN Primrose, the town where La Follette was born. One day I was invited to dinner at the home of Eli Peterson, and while we were eating a young man from the city came to the house. The moment Eli saw him he jumped up from the table and said: 'Hello Bob! What brings you here?'

"UNCLE, I AM GOING TO RUN for District Attorney, and I want to enlist your help. After the uncle had assured the boy that he would help him all he could I heard Eli say under his breath: 'Why don't you get acquainted with this Jew? He is a peddler in these parts and knows all the farmers. They like him and he could do you a lot of good.'

"THEN LA FOLLETTE TOOK me aside and instructed me in the art of politics. He told me what to tell the people, and gave me cards, pamphlets, etc. to distribute. After we got through talking politics, because of a certain natural inheritance I have, and because business is business, I right away sold him a pair of suspenders."

ANTOERH STORY, TOO GOOD not to pass on, is of his entrance into a Greek letter society. Here, again, is the story as he told it:

"I RECEIVED A LETTER from Mr. Allen, the president of Kansas university stating that they had elected me an honorary life member of Pi Gamma Mu. As I am not much a scholarly Greek I told my private secretary to send my regrets, since I thought it was a sort of a Ku Klux Klan, but she told me that it was a great honor to have been selected. They only selected people who had received a college education and that I should feel flattered to have been made an honorary member of this fraternity. I had to fill out the names of the schools I had attended. To this question I answered Kovno and Villna in Slabotka. They wanted to know what degrees I had? I told them V.O.B., meaning in Jewish poor boy as all those who attended the college in Villna were called. Then they gave me a pin to wear, and described my education and degrees.

UNTIL RECENTLY NEW York City's radio patrol cars were painted green, a color not specially distinctive in a street filled with cars. People on the street might hear the siren of an approaching patrol car, but couldn't always pick it out from the others. This created a large accident hazard. Now they have changed the color scheme and added white and black to the green. The color combination itself almost creates noise enough to be heard blocks away.

A MAN WHO HAS SPENT many years directing the activities of others says: Among the requisites for success in dealing with men, or with boys and girls, I should place near the top a sense of humor. That alone will not insure success, but I am unable to see how success can be attained without it. It protects the possessor from innumerable irritations, and by means of it one can do much to prevent or allay irritation in others. I have seen able and conscientious men fail dismally because they lacked this quality. Their presence aroused antagonism and their simplest statement operated as a challenge.

MANY YEARS AGO, Sometime in the early eighties, Dr. E. P. Robertson, then a young pastor, preached one Sunday evening in a little church at Hamline, Minn. During the singing of the hymns he heard one voice, rich and clear, which stood out from all the rest. He identified the singer as a young woman, quietly dressed, a stranger to him, who was among the worshippers. After the service the young woman came and shook hands with him, spoke pleasantly about the service, and introduced herself as Emma Abbott. Already famous, she was filling an engagement in Minneapolis or St. Paul.

IT WAS SEVERAL YEARS Later, in November, 1890, that the voice of Emma Abbott was heard from the stage of the Metropolitan theater in Grand Forks. It was the formal opening of the Met, which, just completed, was the finest theater between Minneapolis and the Pacific coast. The building was packed with people who had come from far and near to celebrate the opening and to hear the glorious voice of Emma Abbott in the opera "Martha." From that time on for several years Grand Forks audiences enjoyed the best in music and drama that was given on any stage. Two months after the Grand Forks opening Emma Abbott died in Denver of pneumonia.

NOT SO MANY MONTHS AGO a stocky man stepped up to the (window in a Grand Forks bank and tended a check which he had just written. The banker looked him over and said that it would be necessary for him to be identified. The stranger said that would be all right, and stepped out. In a few minutes he returned with a local man well known at the bank and was introduced as United States Senator Lynn J. Frazier. Yet there are those who insist that all bankers are continually dabbling in politics.

MRS. ROSE L. RADLIFF OF Hankinson, candidate for the Republican nomination for state treasurer, watches with interest the news from Czechoslovakia, for she herself is of a Czech family. Her mother attended the University of Prague (now Praha). Because of family associations Mrs. Radliff is naturally sympathetic toward the Czechoslovakians in the disturbed conditions which surround them, but she feels that; their problems are not for Americans to solve.

IN RECOGNITION OF Empire day, which is celebrated in Canada on May 24, the birthday anniversary of Queen Victoria, the Winnipeg Free Press had an article descriptive of the development of the British flag, or Union Jack, with illustrations in color showing the changes that have been made. From that article I obtained my first knowledge of the origin of the term "jack" as applied to a flag. It comes, we are told, from the French word "jacque," which was the name given to the surcoat worn by the crusaders of the middle ages in their campaigns to rescue the holy sepulchre from the Mohammedans. On their white surcoats were worked crosses in various forms and colors to indicate the country from which each group of crusaders came. The English wore the cross of their patron saint, St. George, which is an upright, rectangular cross of red on a white background. That was the original English "jack."

WHEN JAMES VI OF Scotland succeeded Queen Elizabeth as James I of England, he caused the St. Andrew's cross of his own land—in which was a diagonal cross against a blue background—to be combined with the cross of St. George, making what was known as the "union flagge," although the two countries still maintained separate parliaments. James ordered the union flag to be flown from the mainmast of any English or Scottish vessel, and the distinctive jack of the country to be flown at the foremast. This arrangement continued until the reign of Queen Anne, when the two countries were formally united, and the flag prescribed by James was adopted as the national flag of Britain. During the reign of George III the cross of St. Patrick—diagonal in red on a white background—was added and there emerged the present "union jack," containing the crosses of the three saints, George, Andrew and Patrick.

ON MY DESK I FOUND A copy of the program for the charter party of the Kiwanis club of Stuart, Fla. Like other members of the Grand Forks club I often receive programs and announcements from other clubs, but I was a little curious as to why I should receive a program from such a distant point as Stuart, Fla. I understood when I found on one corner a penciled notation, "Greetings, Bert D. Keck." Mr. Keck, an architect, was for several years a resident of Grand Forks and will be remembered by many local people.

THE STUART KIWANIS CLUB is a new one, and the gathering on May 6 for which the program was prepared was for the presentation of the club charter. The program was an elaborate one, and among the speakers were several whose names are well known in club circles. Bert D. Keck is vice president of the club and he delivered the address in acceptance of the gong and gavel which were presented by the lieutenant governor of the district.

DOWN IN SOUTH AFRICA they have a system of trapping locusts which at this distance seems too elaborate for practical use, but which is used on a considerable scale on farms near Durban. Walls of oilcloth are strung along the line of march of a swarm of locusts, these walls, too slippery to be climbed by the insects, converging in funnel form to a narrow opening. Where the funnel narrows walls of tin plates are placed to prevent the locusts from retreating their steps. The swarm is directed to a ramp covered with sacking to give good foothold. The ramp ends abruptly over a trough into which the insects fall. Where water is plentiful the trough is kept full of boiling water. The dead hoppers are carried to a bin at the end of the trough where they are bagged and sold for fowl food or fertilizer.

IN SOMEWHAT SIMILAR ways farmers in the Argentine trap hoppers in ditches. The insects are sometimes burned, and sometimes used for poultry food or fertilizer.

THE SCHOOL BOARD HAS been planting shrubbery around the Central High School building, having the soil carefully cultivated for several feet around each shrub. One day from my window across the way I watched an employee loosening the soil, which had partly dried after the rain. He worked it to a fine texture, and seemed to make a good job of it. An hour later a dog came along. He was a big dog, mostly yellow, if yellow is the proper name for that color, with white markings. He was rather a fine looking animal, and probably is somebody's pet. He stopped at a patch of freshly worked soil, looked it over, smelled it, and apparently found it to his liking. It was fresh, light and mellow. The dog braces himself, and then went to work with all four feet, and how he made the dirt fly! When he had removed enough soil to satisfy him and scattered it over the grass, he went to work on the grass, and for a while the air was full of enough grass to make quite a mound of hay. He was a nice dog, and probably somebody's pet.

THE FAMOUS CHILDS Restaurants have gone carnivorous. Originally they were almost entirely vegetarian, but in recent years their menus have contained "increasing quantities of meats. Now it is reported that the Childs concern has paid an enormous price for exclusive restaurant privileges at the New York World's Fair, and that the concession will be operated by the restaurant concern in conjunction with one of the big packing companies.

VEGETARIANISM AS A CULT, while it has many devotees, does not seem to be making much headway. A certain proportion of vegetable food is generally considered necessary to maintain health, although the Eskimos live almost exclusively on meats and animal fats. There are those who live entirely on vegetables, which, of course, include the grains. The average diet is a mixture, and it seems to be a pretty good idea to follow the advice of the doctor who said: "Eat what you like, so long as it agrees with you."

A DAY OR TWO AGO THIS column mentioned the change in the policy of the Childs restaurants from vegetarianism to the inclusion of a liberal variety of meats in its menus. I have just read an announcement of the death of William Childs, the founder of the famous chain, which occurred at his home in New York state last Sunday. William Childs was born on a New York farm 72 years ago, and, though he made a fortune in the restaurant business, his biographer says that through his life he remained at heart a farmer.

MR. CHILD'S STARTED HIS career on his father's farm by establishing a milk route and selling vegetables, and it was to those surroundings that he returned when his business life was over. It was there, where he and his nine brothers and sisters spent their childhood, that he died. As a young man he, with a brother, came west. They worked in the Dakota harvest fields, but they saw no prospect of success in the western territory and returned home. After working in a New York restaurant for a short time William was fired and his brother quit, but with the experience that they had gained and a joint capital of \$1,600 they started a restaurant of their own. That was the beginning of a chain valued at \$36,000,000.

IN ORDER TO OBTAIN Capital for expansion stock in the business was sold. While other members of the family were interested in the enterprise, William was the dominant personality in the business. Other stockholders complained that his insistence on vegetarian ideas impaired the business of the company, and in 1929, after several years of dissension, control, of the property was wrested from the Childs family.

BUDDY, DESCRIBED AS THE first of the "seeing eye" dogs trained to lead the blind, died the other day at the home of her master, blind Morris Frank, in New Jersey. To describe her as the first dog trained to lead the blind is inaccurate and misleading, for thousands of dogs have performed that service through the years and through the centuries. But Buddy' was the first of the group of dogs, now numbering 350, to be given scientific training by the organization known as the "Seeing Eye." The society was formed by Morris Frank about 11 years ago, and Buddy was his first pupil. She was a German shepherd, born in Switzerland. For years she and her master toured the country in the interest of the society's work.

THE SPECTACLE OF A DOG leading and guarding a blind man has long been a familiar one. Many dogs trained for that service have shown remarkable intelligence and have enabled their owners to move about in safety on lonely roads and through crowded streets.

CIRCUSES ARE HAVING A tough time. A strike threatened to tie up the Ringling-Barnum & Bailey show in New York, but settlement was effected and the show went on. In Pittsburgh strikers picketed the Hagenback-Wallace show and unsuccessfully sought to have an attachment filed against the show for a claim of \$100,000. The company brought suit for \$635,342, claiming damages in that amount and charging that the picketing was illegal. And the courts are struggling with claims against the McCoy Wild West show which went on the rocks and closed up in Washington, D. C.

RECEIVERS OF THE M'COY properties held an auction sale to dispose of the show's horses. Several thousand persons attended, many attracted by curiosity, and many in the hope of picking up a desirable animal at a low price. The 200 horses brought altogether about \$24,000. The cheapest horse sold for \$80, and one pair of fine baggage animals brought \$800. One "painted" pony, for which the show paid less than \$100, brought \$250. Spotted ponies used by the Indians, which cost the show an average of \$35, brought \$150 to \$175. Bronchos sold for \$35 a head.

THE STATES U P R E M E court has ruled against Secretary of State Gronna's plan to number the initiated and referred measures. It is not for me to tell the court what the law is, but if Gronna's plan is not legal now — and the court says it isn't — it should be made legal by suitable legislation. There are this year thirteen measures to be voted on. To read the thousands of words that comprise their text would require several hours. That can't be done at the polls. If the voter doesn't understand the measures before he goes to vote he will not gain enlightenment at the polls.

HOWEVER, ALTHOUGH IT is not legal to have the measures numbered on the ballot, there is no law to prevent the voter from carrying a card in his pocket with the measures designated on it in their regular order as they will appear on the ballot. With "yes" or "no" placed against each on his card he can mark his ballot accordingly. There are voters who, as an alternative, will vote "no" on the whole list as a protest against the whole initiative and referendum business.

THEY TELL, OF THE MAN who, falling from the roof of a forty-story building, as he passed a window on the sixteenth floor shouted happily "I'm all right yet." So, at this week-end, we can say that we're all right yet so far as world war is concerned — unless Hitler pulls something while the presses are running. No commentator on world affairs can expect to be up to date. The situation may change over-night so as to render today's comment futile and nonsensical.

OCCASIONALLY I SEE Reproduced a copy of some newspaper published in Boston of Philadelphia before the days of telegraph, cable and steamship. Such a paper will contain "news" from Europe from several weeks to several months old. In such a case the commentator had the advantage that no matter how the situation might have changed after the comment was written, his readers didn't know about it until weeks later.

CONGRESSMAN L E M K E will enter the primary as a candidate for renomination on the Republican ticket. Having been denied endorsement by his erstwhile Nonpartisan League associates, he will run anyway, which is his political privilege. Not long ago I was assured by one of the states' most experienced politicians that Mr. Lemke would be a candidate for the senate instead of the house. I find that even experienced politicians may be mistaken. Of course my informant's statement may yet prove correct. If defeated at the primary Mr. Lemke could still run for representative or any other position as an independent in the fall. Or if successful at the primary he might run for both offices at once. Two years ago he ran for congress and for president at the same time on two different tickets, and though he was a Republican candidate for congress, what he had to say about the Republican party as a Union party candidate for president was plenty.

PREMIER DE VALERA OF Ireland seems to have run into a spell of unsettled political weather. He was successful in having the new constitution adopted; the man whom he favored for president was elected without opposition; he returned from London with a treaty with Great Britain which made important political and economic concessions to Ireland. But he suffered a parliamentary defeat the other day and is now confronted with the demand for dissolution of parliament and a general election.

ANNOUNCEMENT T H A T the entire American fleet is to be transferred from Pacific to Atlantic waters next winter has attracted attention throughout this country, and doubtless the fact will be noted with interest in foreign capitals. The official explanation is that the fleet is to provide one of the spectacular features at the World's Fair in New York. Unofficially it is suggested that the transfer of the fleet is intended as a hint to Old World powers to keep their hands off South America, with the further thought that if by any chance a world war should break out and the United States should be dragged in, our ships will be promptly where they are likely to be most needed.

IT ISN'T EASY TO MOVE A fleet about without starting a war scare. For several years we have kept the major part of the fleet in the Pacific. The fleet being in the Pacific, maneuvers' were conducted in Pacific waters. And we have been told repeatedly that all this was with the deliberate intent of making war on Japan. Bringing the fleet into the Atlantic will be interpreted as a warlike gesture against some European power. But, if we are to have a fleet it must be kept somewhere. And if it is to be kept fit, it must engage in war games. Of course from one standpoint the Pacific is the more desirable ocean — there's more room there.

LORD NUFFIELD, BRITISH automobile magnate, who narrowly escaped being kidnapped a few days ago, started business as a bicycle mechanic — just like Henry Ford. He is now the largest motor manufacturer in Europe. In recognition of his large public benefactions he was made a baronet in 1934 and this year the rank of viscount was conferred on him. Under other circumstances Henry Ford might have become Baron Greenfield and perhaps Duke of Dearborn.

WHEN THERE'S A WAR ON one likes to know where the fighting is, and I have been studying the map to get some idea of the campaign that is being waged by our Japanese friends against our Chinese friends over across. For some time the town of Suchow occupied a critical position in the campaign. One can't get much of an idea of Suchow without knowing where it is. Therefore I started to hunt for it on the map. I didn't have to hunt long. Suchow was one of the first places to meet the eye, I found it almost immediately, just this side of Linchong and an inch or so to the right of Kaifeng. I hope I make that clear.

JUST AS I WAS GETTING MY plan of campaign organized I struck another Suchow, spelled just like the other one, but with a double dotted u. Maybe a suburb. It was only a quarter of an inch away. So I passed it up. It didn't look as if it would be much of a place, anyway. Then a little farther this way I came across Chu-chow, and still farther was Soo-chow. To one accustomed to our western pronunciation that is confusing, but I understand that in China the meaning depends not on what you say, but on the way you say it. And I haven't got that campaign mapped out yet.

I DID DISCOVER, HOWEVER, a preponderance of "chows" in the names of Chinese places. There are Ichowfu, Yenchowfu, Chow Hu, Juichowfu, Hsuchow, Kiangchow, Hwochow, Liaochow, Suitechow, Chinchow, and a lot of others, all sprinkled over the map. To me the constant repetition of that syllable is mystifying. But a Chinese searcher after knowledge, looking over the same atlas would find on the maps of England and the United States innumerable names ending in "town," as Georgetown, Johnstown and Hagerstown, or "ville," as Nashville, Brockville, etc. And he might think the English-speaking people a queer lot.

MANY OF OUR CITY NAMES were transplanted from England, where Boston, York and, a host of others are centuries old. Some of them are variations of ancient British forms. Others, such as Chester and its combinations, came from the Roman occupation. The Saxons contributed a goodly number, and the Normans injected a lot of French names. All these, with numerous contributions from almost every country in the world, have become attached to American places.

IN THE NAMING OF OUR places there has sometimes been shown deplorable lack of imagination. North Dakota's largest lake was known by the Indians as Minnewaukan, "spirit water," a beautiful and distinctive name. But the name was given a prosaic twist and the lake became Devils Lake, a term whose meaning, if it has any, is quite different from the mystical name given by the Indians.

OUR PARKS HAVE BEEN cluttered up with a lot of silly names. It is hard to find one without a Devils Gap or Lover's Leap without the semblance of local legend to support them.

VEGETATION SPEEDED UP over the week-end. About the middle of the week it seemed that there would be few lilacs in bloom by Decoration day, but in the warm air and sunshine of Saturday the blossoms fairly burst open. This may be called about a medium year for lilacs. Some of the buds were killed by frost, but even where they were untouched the bushes did not bloom as freely as in some other years. Nevertheless there are some beautiful displays, and it is hard to beat the lilac for beauty and fragrance.

LAST YEAR I DIVIDED SOME old peony plants and set out fairly large sections in a new place. I expected to have to wait at least a year or two for blooms, but I find good buds on every one of the new plants. It is a pleasant surprise.