

THAT THERE HAVE BEEN tough times before is generally understood. Information to that effect is available on every hand. One of the depression periods was that of the nineties, concerning which I recall a story told me by Dr. A. A. Bruce, once dean of the law school of the University of North Dakota, later North Dakota supreme court justice and now a member of the faculty of Northwestern university. During the early nineties Dr. Bruce was engaged in practice in Chicago, and at that time he became greatly concerned over the mental condition of an intimate friend who had been wealthy, but who had suffered severely in the general collapse.

THIS MAN HAD PERMITTED his mind to dwell on his misfortunes until he had reached an alarming state of despondency and Bruce was afraid that his friend's mind would be permanently affected. He urged the despondent man to snap out of it. "Of course you're hard up," he said. "So is everyone else. It isn't any worse for you than it is for the others. You have lost money. All right. You'll make more, if you keep your head. You can't pay your bills. Who can? Make up your mind that this thing isn't going to beat you."

CALLING A FEW DAYS Later Bruce found his friend seated at his desk opening his mail and whistling as he did so. Some of the letters were laid aside for future reference, but anything that looked like a bill went into the waste-basket. The man had got hold of himself. He had made up his mind that nothing could be gained by mourning over what couldn't be helped. He had told his creditor; that he couldn't pay, but that he would do so if and when he could and for the time being he had dismissed the subject of debts and set himself to the problem of getting a fresh start. When Dr. Bruce told me the story he said his friend had started again on a solid basis, prospered, and cleaned up his indebtedness.

UNTIL RECENTLY CALIFORNIA people have been sensitive in the matter of earthquakes. It has not been considered polite to mention earthquakes in the presence of a son or daughter of California, native or adopted. Now they are beginning to advertise their earthquakes. Mrs. S. W. Rutledge, widow of one of the old-time physicians of Grand Forks, who has lived in Long Beach for several years, sends a collection of earthquake pictures published in folder form mailing by a Long Beach printing company. The collection gives views of demolished buildings and cluttered up streets, all done up neatly and ready for the mail. That's the true California spirit! Tell the world about California! Bigger and better earthquakes! Visit California and enjoy the marvelous sensation of having the earth shimmy!

SEVERAL YEARS AGO ON AN ocean trip I had as one of my shipmates F. W. Eldridge, at that time managing editor of the Los Angeles Examiner and an enthusiastic Californian. Like all of his fellow townsmen Eldridge was proud of Los Angeles, and no matter what remarkable thing was described by anyone else, Eldridge was pretty sure to claim supremacy in that particular line for Los Angeles. The other fellows liked to egg him on by making slighting remarks about Los Angeles, and it was easy to get a rise out of him in this way. He was accused of claiming that Los Angeles had more murders per year per thousand population than any other city in the world. If he is in Los Angeles now he is undoubtedly insisting that the recent earthquake there was superior in every way to the one they had at San Francisco twenty-seven years ago.

HERE IS A LITTLE Problem which was given me by a young schoolboy and which had me going for a while:

Assuming the earth to be a perfect sphere, without any irregularities, and with a circumference at the equator of 25,000 miles, and that there is placed around it at that point an iron band one foot longer than the earth's circumference, how far from the surface will the band be? It is understood that the band will be at equal distance from the surface at all points.

ROBINS ARE HERE IN Considerable numbers. Several days ago The Herald had a note about the first arrival being seen in the north end. Since then several others have reported seeing the birds and their cheerful chirp reminds one that it is time to look over the, garden tools.

THAT ONE OF THE Beverages familiar in the early days but in which there has been no lawful traffic for a dozen years will soon be available to residents of Minnesota and those who visit that state is now; assured. Under recent acts of congress and of the Minnesota legislature beer may be sold lawfully on and after April 7 in those Minnesota municipalities which have made suitable provision in their local ordinances. As the required ordinance cannot be finally passed in East Grand Forks in time for the general opening, legal sale in that city will be postponed another week or two unless a way is found to issue temporary permits for the interim.

A GOOD MANY YEARS AGO East Grand Forks came into prominence as a saloon town because when the state of North Dakota was organized in 1889 its constitution contained a provision prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor within its borders. Until that time liquor was sold under license in North Dakota and, practically speaking, there was no such place as East Grand Forks.

IN TERRITORIAL DAYS Grand Forks had a brewery and saloons in the business district were thriving establishments. Not only did they serve as places for the quenching of thirst, but some of them became political headquarters where plans were laid for the handling of the affairs of city and state.

THERE WAS A VILLAGE OF East Grand Forks, but it was small and remote. The Great Northern station stood where it does now, and around it were grouped a few residences, two or three grocery stores, a drug store, and in process of time a schoolhouse. It was a country village, having little contact with Grand Forks.

THE MAIN APPROACH TO Grand Forks, then as now, was by way of DeMers avenue. A dirt road led down a steep hill to the river and on the Dakota side it was necessary to climb another steep hill to get into town. Near the top of the hill on the Minnesota side was a saloon bearing a sign which, approached from the east read "Last Chance," and seen from the west read "First Chance." I am not sure whether or not that sign was used before North Dakota went dry.

CROSSING THE RIVER WAS, accomplished by means of a ferry in the very early days, and at a later period by means of a pontoon bridge. This bridge consisted of a series of flatboats which supported a driveway for teams and pedestrians. As the water level varied greatly the driveway was sometimes higher and sometimes lower than the road and it was reached by means of a gang plank. At low water it was not an easy task for a team to hold back a loaded wagon on the way down the gang plank, and at high water it required a vigorous pull to negotiate the steep upward incline.

BRIDGE BUILDING AND North Dakota statehood came about at nearly the same time, and the combination wrought a decided change in East Grand Forks. The bridge made it easy to cross the river and the fact that alcoholic beverages were available on the east side and not on the west induced many to make the trip. The saloons, banned in Grand Forks, were re-established in East Grand Forks and there was keen rivalry among their owners for sites near the river. At first the building was confined to the relatively high ground at some distance from the river, but gradually the building was continued westward until the more recent structures were built on trestles almost overlooking the water.

NONE OF THE ORIGINAL buildings erected at that point are now standing, as two or three fires cleaned out the greater part of the first block. Most of the buildings destroyed, however, were replaced so that the general appearance of that end of the street is about as it was during the liveliest saloon days. One fire starting on the north side of the street early one winter morning crossed under the trestled street under the force of a strong wind and cleaned out all the saloons in the section. Some of them were palatial in their fittings and equipment. Several of the saloon men built wooden buildings on or near the ice and there conducted their business during the rest of the winter. Billy Franklin had a large place just at the edge of the river and Dan Sullivan planted his right in the middle of the stream. One or two others were distributed in the same vicinity. The buildings were of rough boards, tarpapered outside and were kept quite comfortable by means of stoves. Rough board floors were raised off the ice by means of two-by-fours and the floors were kept covered with sawdust. Bars were also of plain boards and the places throughout were of the typical frontier type. But there was no crudeness in the liquors or the service.

THE UNUSUAL APPEARANCE and location of those river saloons made them objects of interest to visitors and visitors from the east were often surprised in the way of beverages that they could find in the more pretentious establishments of eastern cities. In addition to serving drinks, Billy Franklin operated a cafe in his shack. He had a chef who could grill a fowl or broil a steak to perfection, and he was familiar with the little touches that have made some of the eastern chefs famous.

**EARTHQUAKES** PLAY strange tricks with human nerves. Many stories are told of the nervous shock suffered by persons in the recent California earthquake, this shock resulting sometimes in paralysis, and rarely in death. In some cases the shocks has had the opposite effect. A California friend writing to Mrs. T. A. Rees of this city tells of the experience of a woman in her neighborhood who had been paralyzed for years and had been unable to move about except in a wheel chair. When the first earthquake shock came this woman jumped from her chair and ran outdoors. She was cured completely, and, so far as it is possible to know at this time, permanently. In the hospital to which she went for observation there were seven other cases of like character, all having been cured of some form of paralysis.

**THERE HAS BEEN** celebrated recently the sixtieth anniversary of the commercial production of the first typewriter. While the practical use of the typewriter has thus been confined to sixty years, men have experimented with writing machines for centuries. The first patent for such a machine was given in England in 1714, and W. A. Burt patented a machine in the United States in 1829. It was not until after the middle of the last century, however, that a writing machine was actually placed on the market. This was the invention of Christopher L. Sholes, whose machine was manufactured by the Remington company.

**SHOLE& AND THE** Remington people parted company later and for some years there was produced a machine known as the Remington-Sholes, popularly known as the "Rem-Sho." One of those machines was in use in The Herald I editorial room thirty-odd years ago. It belonged to a young chap who served as telegraph editor for a short time and who borrowed eight dollars on it with which to go on west. It was an old-timer then and had seen hard usage. Some of the bearings were so worn that it was impossible to guess within half an inch of where a letter would strike, but by shimming up some of the bearings with sheet brass and reinforcing other parts with wire it was possible to pound out a lot of copy with it.

**THE EARLIER** Typewriters had the type-bars hung from a circular support and they struck upward so that the writing was on that the under side of the sheet. To see what had been written last it was necessary to flip the platen up so as to expose the tinder side of the sheet. There was made a Williams machine, one of which we had in the office, which gave visible writing and used no ribbon. When not in use each key rested on an inked pad which extended in a circle around the upper part of the machine. In action the type-bar, which was double-jointed, came up and over and struck the paper on the top. It was an odd contrivance and did not last long.

**ALL THE EARLY** Typewriters used the double keyboard, with a separate key for each character. When the single keyboard with shift was introduced there was much controversy over the merits of the two, and for some time the shift machine was considered a fad that would not last. It has come into almost universal use.

**THERE WAS ALSO** Controversy over the question of visibility. When the first "visible" machine were brought out they were regarded by expert operators with just about such lofty contempt as! that with which the rider of the old high-wheeled bicycle regarded the new-fangled "safety." The new machine was derided as a concession to amateurism and effeminacy—but now we are all using it.

**A GOOD MANY YEARS** AGO some magazine produced an article, with pictures on the subject "What Might Have Been—and Was Not." The article discussed Related inventions, that is, inventions which might have been made generations or centuries before they were because they required only the use of materials then familiar and mechanical knowledge then extant. To illustrate his point the author presented a picture of Julius Caesar riding a bicycle and another of Mary Queen of Scots writing with a typewriter. Airplanes, automobiles and steam-driven machinery could be ruled out of such a list because in each there are applied principles of which the ancients knew little or nothing. But there is no mechanical principle used in a typewriter which was not familiar to the Geeks and Egyptians. And the Chinese printed from movable type centuries earlier. Why didn't they make typewriters and ride bicycles?

**TENNESSEE IS HAVING** A popular voting contest on the selection of a state bird. There have been officially nominated for the honor the mocking bird, robin, meadowlark, bluebird, wood thrush, brown thrush, flicker, field sparrow, cardinal and Berwick's wren. In casting about for a suitable state bird for North Dakota I thought first of the turkey, but objection to that might be offered on the ground that the turkey is produced for commercial purposes and is not really native to the state.

**SELECTION OF A STATE BIRD** seems even more difficult than selection of a state flower for the reason that birds come and go and do stay put. Of the birds mentioned above all except the mocking bird and the Berwick wren are about as familiar in North Dakota as in Tennessee. In fact, they are more northern than southern birds, for it is in the north that they build their nests and rear their families, while they merely go south for the winter. But North Dakota has no monopoly of any of them, for they are abundant in most of the northern states.

ELMER DUFFY, 210 NORTH Sixth street, writes: "About 11 A. M. of this date (April 1), a lady bug, family coccinellidae, order coleoptera, flew in my open window and alighted upon the curtain by the radiator. To prove I am enclosing the specimen." Receipt of specimen is hereby acknowledged. The bug when received was in comatose condition, or else was playing dead. It was placed where it could have the benefit of light and air, but when last observed had not moved. As the ladybug, often called ladybird feeds on aphids and similar pests, it is of considerable use to many. Children generally recognize its usefulness and refrain from killing it and sometimes speed it on its way with the couplet: Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home, Your house is on fire, your children alone.

THE WRITER OF THOSE Excellent nature editorials in the Sunday Minneapolis Journal discusses spring flowers this week, and lists among those which are beginning to show sprouts above the surface the scillas, crocuses and snowdrops, and gives this paragraph to the tulips:

"With what interest the tulip bed is watched! Of course, it is too early to expect tulips to appear. Will they appear at all? How have they weathered the winter? What shades will they be? Just now the tulip bed is a question mark."

AND TULIPS HAVE BEEN above ground in Grand Forks for more than five weeks! However, shelter counts for a great deal, and it may be some time before tulips planted in the open show signs of life. Our earliest wild flower is the prairie anemone, known variously as the sand flower crocus and pasque flower. Growing usually on high ground and preferring a rather light soil, its delicate purple blossoms may often be seen in the brown sod while snowdrifts but a few feet away are slowly melting. The Literary Digest a week or two ago had an article describing a Swiss flowering plant whose spring shoots literally tunnel their way I through the ice which covers the surface, and which, in bloom, looks as if it were growing out of solid ice.

A FRIEND WHO IS FAMILIAR with the persons mentioned gives me a version of the use of the goat as the emblem of the Great Northern which checks with the understanding that I have always had of the subject, that the sign was adopted with special reference to Glacier park. My friend attributes the use of the emblem to Bob Mills, a member of the company's staff, and says that it followed the use by the Great Northern of the slogan "See America First," which was originated by Roy Clarke, of the company's advertising department. The slogan was used for some time in a haphazard way, without any distinctive emblem. Mills, familiar with the scenery of Glacier park, which is reached by the Great Northern, took advantage of the fact that the mountain goat is the most distinctive specimen of animals life found in the park, and his recommendation for the use of the symbol was followed.

THERE ARE LEGENDS IN-numerable relating to the use of the goat as the emblem of spring, or "bock" beer. One is that many years ago when the villagers in a certain German village were celebrating the advent of spring by competing in the drinking up of what remained of the former season's strong and heady beer, the man who has won the championship in several former competitions misjudged his capacity and in a moment of unsteadiness fell to the ground. Being unwilling to admit that the beer had affected him and seeing a goat close by he de Glared "It was the bock (German for goat.)" Thenceforward "bock" became associated with beer.

SEVERAL REPLIES HAVE been received, to the very simple arithmetical question concerning the iron band around the earth at the equator, but in only two cases did the correspondents discover the catch. I will repeat the problem:

ASSUMING THE EARTH TO be a perfect sphere with a circumference of 25,000 miles, and that an iron band one foot greater in circumference than the circumference of the earth be placed around it at the equator, how far will the band be from the surface? My reaction, and that of others, was that the distance would be so small as to be almost incalculable. It figures out just a little over 1.9 inches. Also it will figure out just that way if a band a foot longer than the circumference is placed around a wagon wheel, or any other circle, large or small. The circumference of a circle is 3.1416 times its diameter. If the circumference is increased 12 inches the diameter will be increased 12 inches divided by 3.1416, which is approximately 3.8 inches, or 1.9 inches at each end of the diameter.

HERE'S ANOTHER WHICH was just given me by J. W. "Andy" Dunkin, who dropped in on his way west:

A starts work January 1 at \$1.00 per day.

B starts work January 8 at \$2.00 per day.

With both men working continuously, how long must B work until he has earned twice as much as A?

MR. DUNKIN HAS contributed several interesting problems to this column. He has been employed at Drayton in connection with highway work and has just left for his home at Great Falls, Mont. He has a flair for mathematical problems and for chess and checkers, in both of which games is a dangerous antagonist.

THERE IS A QUESTION IN many minds as to how soon the legalization of beer will restore brewing to its former place as exclusively a commercial industry, a position from which it was removed by prohibition to become again one of the domestic arts. The word "again" is used advisedly, for it is a matter of common knowledge that before brewing became monopolized by the big manufacturers it was practiced in the homes of the people as regularly as the baking of bread and the curing of meat. While brewing was carried on to some extent intermittently all the year around, it was largely seasonal occupation, its periods being fixed with regard to natural temperature. Success in the operation requires moderate and steady temperature, and as midsummer temperature was too hot and there were only primitive means of heating in winter, spring and fall were the seasons chosen by the thrifty householder for replenishing the family supply. "Brown October ale," so often celebrated in song and story, was started in the mild fall weather and then stored in the cellar to cure over winter,

THIS WAS COMMON Practice in Great Britain and on the continent. There were professional brewers, just as there are and were professional bakers, but in many of the substantial families the brewing was done at home. In some of the villages brewing was often started as a matter of community convenience on the same day, and the practice in one German village was once described in a most effective way by Henry Von Der Weyer, a St. Paul banker once well known throughout the northwest.

MR. VON DER WEYER WAS vice president of the Merchants National bank of St. Paul, and on one occasion while in the bank lobby he described to a group of friends the manner in which brewing had been conducted in his native village in Germany. He told how each year the villagers made advance preparation for brewing day, and how on the appointed day the village crier paraded through the village with his bell, proclaiming that the day was brewing day and warning all persons to refrain from polluting the creek from which the brewing water was taken. He became so absorbed in history that he forgot his surroundings and in the enthusiasm of his recollections he gave a demonstration of just how the thing was done. Marching several steps down the corridor and vigorously ringing an imaginary bell he shouted at the top of his voice the crier's proclamation in good German. The bank lobby was filled with people, many of whom understood German, and they were amazed to see the vice president of their bank, in its palatial quarters, marching about the place and shouting the beer day proclamation of a German crier. The banker suddenly realized where he was, brought his performance to a sudden close, and in great confusion ducked into his office where he would be out of sight.

IN THE SPIRIT OF THE Machine age beer presently became exclusively a factory product, and home brewing became a lost art. Prohibition brought a change and turned the hands of time backward, and people began to brew their own. Before prohibition scarcely anyone in the United States not actually engaged in the business knew anything about making beer. In the succeeding years there was a revival of the old practice on a large scale, and the commercial beer makers will find themselves in competition with a domestic industry that has become well established and in which a considerable number of people have come to regard themselves as experts.

THE DEATH OF W. H. Mc-Neil will revive many memories of the old baseball days. Mac played the game for many years, and his interest in it never subsided. In addition to his skill in handling the ball and his sound judgment in shaping strategy, he had an even temperament and was able to steady a team in critical periods. His presence behind the bat was reassuring and his coolness has saved many a game.

J. E. DEARY SENDS THE Following solution to one of the checker problems submitted by Mr. Mattison in which the positions were:

Black, kings on 19, 25.

White, 15, 18, king 14.

White to move and win.

Solution: 14-17, 19-10, 17-21, 25-30, (a) 18-14, 10-17, 21-14, 30-26, then 14-18, etc., wins.

(a) If black moves 25-22 instead of 25-30, then 18-14, etc., wins for white.

DRIVING THROUGH Mayville and Portland recently I was impressed, as all travelers through that section are, by the fact that in a state as sparsely settled as this, there should be two thriving towns within three miles of each other, joined by an excellent paved road, and served by two railway branch lines which parallel each other' at a distance of only a few miles, all without visible reason. I suppose thousands of people have wondered why Mayville and Portland happened to be so close together, and why it was thought worth while to build two lines of road so close together when one would have served the purpose just about as well. Back of the facts as they are at present is a lot of local history.

THE TWO TOWNS AND THE double line of railway resulted from railway rivalry which at one time was intense. Both the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific were interested in the early days in the building of branch lines to tap territory at some distance from their main lines. Shortly after James J. Hill had built his road to Larimore he started a branch running southward through what was recognized as one of the richest sections of the state. About the same time the Northern Pacific started building north from the vicinity of Casselton. There was a brisk race between the two companies for priority in entrance into that splendid wheat territory. Hill built south through Mayville and the Northern Pacific came north by way of Portland. Then a bargain was struck and Hill took over the Northern Pacific branch, hooked it up with his own system and built north a few miles to Portland Junction, from which point there is a single line north through North-wood to Larimore. While the running of passenger trains has varied, a common practice has been to run a train down by Mayville and back by Portland, and the next day to run down by Portland and back by Mayville. Bus service is maintained between the two towns for the accommodation of passengers on the alternate days.

IT IS NOT GENERALLY known that at one time, notwithstanding the fact that Mayville and Portland are only three miles apart, there was projected a third town midway between the two which its promoters hoped would be the county seat of Traill county. At that time Traill was a much larger county than it is now, as it included two tiers of townships west of the present county line. Steele county had not yet been created, and the rest of what is now Steele was included in Griggs county,

CALEDONIA, ON THE RED river almost directly east of Hillsboro, was then the county seat of Traill. Being on the extreme eastern edge of the county, with no railroad service, Caledonia was difficult of access, and the removal of the county seat was obviously only a matter of time. As the county existed then Mayville and Portland were fairly central, and they had railway service. Leaders in the two towns got together, projected a town just between the two, to be called Traill Center, and started a movement for the removal of the county seat to that place. An election was held, and some of the old-timers say that Traill Center won, but charges of illegal voting and other changes caused legal delays, and meantime there was a session of the legislature at which, by skillful manipulation, the county of Steele was organized, two ranges being taken off the western side of Traill for that purpose and a corresponding area being taken from Griggs. That left Mayville-Portland and the new town of Traill Center almost at the edge of the county and wrecked the prospect of a county seat for that territory.

MUCH BITTERNESS WAS Engendered in the contest, and when, several years later, Hillsboro made its bid for the county seat, the western people retaliated for the punishment which they had received and opposed the Hillsboro move. The vote on that question was taken at a general election, and Hillsboro had several residents who were ambitious to hold state or county offices and who expected to be candidates for those positions. Those who had canvassed the situation were certain that the county seat fight was all that Hillsboro could handle at one time, and they urged that no local candidates be put in the field for any office. After much discussion that counsel prevailed, and Hillsboro concentrated on the single issue of the county seat. Hillsboro won by a small majority, and the court house equipment was hauled over from Hillsboro in a wagon. I have heard somewhere that the teamster on that occasion was Budd Reeve, whose death has just occurred.

BUDD REEVE WAS A UNIQUE character. In his earlier years he was actively engaged in business, and he was known as well-informed, shrewd and clear-headed. He was interested in public affairs and was an uncompromising advocate of integrity and decency in politics. As a writer he had an excellent command of English, and as a public speaker and in private conversation he exhibited keen wit and readiness in repartee. No casual acquaintance would have suspected him of being a dreamer, yet much of his life was spent in realms of mysticism where others could not follow him. Convinced as he was of divine wisdom and goodness, and of divine supervision over all the affairs of men, he sought to interpret scripture according to strange numerical formulas of his own invention, and in the soundness of his conclusions he had unbounded faith. With all his oddities and incomprehensibilities he was a man of sterling worth, who won affection and merited respect.

ONE NIGHT IN NEW YORK I sat through George Bernard Shaw's play "Saint Joan." It lasted until 1 A. M. and it was awful. It was the biggest three dollars' worth of weariness that I ever bought. It might not have been bad as a book, or as a lecture. But as a play it was the limit. It was well staged and adequately acted, in so far as action was possible, but it consisted chiefly of long speeches in which the several characters, kings, soldiers, saints in embryo and so forth, delivered themselves of the religious and political opinions, the twentieth satire and the assortment of wise-cracks of Mr. Shaw, for the utterance of which he had used his characters as lay figures. After seeing "Saint Joan" I can appreciate the desire of Don Marquis that some one would dramatize one of Shaw's plays.

I MET SOME OF SHAW'S WORKERS and we talked about the play. They were enthusiastic. "Saint Joan" was perfect. I didn't agree. I suggested that it was more a social, political and religious treatise than a play, and that unless it were intended to be a farce modern witticisms were utterly out of place in the mouths of Joan of Arc and the French courtiers and clericals of her day. To my objections there was but one reply: "Oh, but that's Shaw! It wouldn't be Shaw without that!" Being "Shaw" made it was all right, no matter how foolish, fantastic or long-winded it might be. Shaw himself had become a cult, a religion, a superstition, a silly fad.

THE RECOLLECTION OF that night comes back to me often. And to the recollection of the boredom of that occasion there was added a blaze of anger when I read of Shaw's conduct at an interview with Helen Keller, whose wonderful achievement under the double handicap of deafness and blindness has brought comfort and inspiration to millions. When Miss Keller was presented to Shaw and he gave no evidence of appreciating her condition he was told that she was blind and deaf. "All Americans," he said, "are blind, and deaf, and dumb."

IMAGINE THAT REMARK being translated to Helen Keller, I wish it was. Nobody cares about his pose toward Americans. But what brutal disregard of human sensibilities was shown in that reply; what offensive egotism; what lack of everything that we have learned to associate with the word "gentleman." Yet there are those who will titter over that bon mot and say: "How unexpected! How clever! How brilliant! How unusual! How utterly and adorably like Shaw!" And the dickens of it is that it's just like Shaw.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE federal legalization of beer and its legalization, present or prospective, in many states, it is interesting to recall some of the conditions that resulted from the injection of the dry feature into North Dakota's constitution while Minnesota remained wet.

THE PROHIBITION CLAUSE in the North Dakota constitution has often been characterized as an amendment to the constitution. This is not correct. When the subject was submitted to the voters North Dakota had no constitution. A proposed constitution was submitted to the voters. It was submitted all at one time, but in two sections. One section covered everything that was considered desirable to have covered except the one subject of prohibition. The other section related to prohibition. The reason for this division was that the voter might vote for or against prohibition without affecting his vote on the rest of the provisions. If there had been no division the voter would have been obliged to vote against the entire document if he wished to defeat prohibition. Both sections were approved, and both became parts of the original constitution.

WITH THE ADOPTION OF the constitution and the adoption of statutes prohibiting traffic in intoxicants the regularly licensed saloon passed out of existence in North Dakota. Various subterfuges were employed to evade the law. Blind pigs became numerous. Some operated strictly at their own risk, without arrangement of any kind with state or local authorities. Generally these were kept on the run, moving from one obscure corner to another and doing business under cover. Others made terms with local peace officers, who became accommodately blind when in their vicinity. In still other leases definite arrangements were made with municipal bodies under which purveyors of liquor paid "fines" periodically at a stated rate into the municipal treasuries, and in consideration of such payment were allowed to remain unmolested month by month. There were in effect licensed saloons, operating under verbal licenses the fees for which were collected under a legal fiction. These places operated, as a rule, quite without disguise, and could not be distinguished from the earlier saloon.

ILLEGAL SELLING WAS NOT done on a large scale in Grand Forks. One or two of the hotels operated bars, and selling was done in a small way in out-of-the-way places. But the saloon business as a whole moved across the river, where, at the peak, there were 50 saloons, paying annual license fees of \$1,000 each. The East Side saloon men, having established places and in some cases large investments, were naturally averse to the resumption of liquor selling in North Dakota. On this side efforts were made from time to time to bring about the repeal of the penalty clause of the prohibition statutes, which would have rendered the prohibition clause of the constitution a dead letter. These efforts were opposed most vigorously by ardent prohibitionists, who sent lobbies to Bismarck to fight the proposed changes. Their efforts were supported with equal vigor by lobbies sent by saloon interests in East Grand Forks and Moorhead. By dint of combined efforts of prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists North Dakota was kept officially dry.

A FRIEND OF M. L. Dryburgh, writing from a mountain resort near Long Beach, Calif., to which he and his family had repaired after the earthquake, describes some of the experiences in that event. At the time of the quake he was alone in the family apartment, his wife and son being out. He writes: "In our quarters almost everything was smashed. I was thrown about worse than ever on shipboard, the building not only jumping violently horizontally but vertically as well. The whole building went up and down like a rubber ball. Grasping at anything within reach I did not go down. I felt certain that the end had come. It seems incredible that the house was not badly damaged; the house is stucco. I cannot understand yet how a building of any kind could withstand the terrible pounding and hammering."

THE WRITER SAYS THAT according to current reports not a building in the city escaped without damage, though in many instances required repairs are not extensive. Every school building is in ruins, and most of the churches.

"IN A FRACTION OF A Second," he writes, "the entire population, about 200,000, was rendered homeless, without food or water. That night scarcely a person slept inside. All sorts of furniture, like lounges, were moved out near the curb and beds of some kind were made. But the larger number took to their cars.

"Four families including ours so remained in the street in front of our apartment until about 1 o'clock in the morning when messengers were sent around to inform people that a great tidal wave was coming in and that all must move to higher ground. Our location is not much above sea level. The four cars went out some miles, there remaining until daylight."

THE LETTER DESCRIBES graphically the organization of relief work, in which sailors and marines from the fleet and soldiers from Fort Me Arthur, near by, played an important part. Reference is made to the appalling loss of life that would have occurred if the shock had taken place at a little different time. One family near by had just returned from their church, one of the largest in the city, assisting in the preparation of a dinner for some 500 young people. A little later these young people would have been entrapped in the ruined church. A high school close by, utterly demolished had served 4,500 students, and a little earlier those students were all in the building.

THE LETTER CONTINUES "A strange story is told about a 13-story apartment building. Nearly new, costing into the millions, everybody commenting on it previously thought it would be the first to fall. It was tossed and racked like the rest, yet hardly was damaged at all. I understand it was built with a 14-foot swing for emergency times. I do not know whether or not this latter report is true, but will find out later."

PERSONALLY I DON'T WANT to be in any 13-story building when it is swinging 14 feet. I should prefer to be in the top of a nice tree.

THAT PROBLEM ABOUT THE band around the earth at the equator, one foot greater than the circumference of the earth itself, has brought several answers, in connection with one of which there is an interesting curiosity of figures. The correct answer, as already given, is that the distance of the band from the surface will be, in inches, 1.9 plus. One correspondent went to the trouble of reducing the 25,000 miles to feet and dividing by 3.14159 to get the diameter of the band. He found a difference of .0318 feet. Thinking it over he concluded that the same result should be reached by a shorter method. Dividing the 1 foot by 3.14159 he got as a quotient .318 feet, a number with exactly the same digits, but 10 times as great as the other. The two answers ought to have been the same. What was the matter?

THE NUMBER .318 IS correct, therefore it was clear that there had been an error in working the thing out by the longer method, and as the digits were correct it seemed probable that the error was in the placing of the decimal point. But the decimal point was properly placed. The thing began to be mysterious. When the figures were checked a strange fact appeared. There had been an error in division, and the result of that error had been to give as the difference between the two numbers the correct digits in their correct order, but to place them one point too far to the right. Thus the correspondent's division gave as the earth's diameter a number ending in the decimal .46645, which is correct. The whole-numbers do not matter, as they are identical. The diameter of the band was found to be a number ending in the decimal .49825, which is wrong. The smaller number being subtracted from the larger leaves a remainder of .318. The correct decimal for the larger number is .78476, and on .46645 being subtracted from it there is a remainder of .318 plus. I don't recall another case that resulted so curiously and I thought my mathematical friends would be interested in it.

THE PRICE OF BEER HAS been much discussed of late, and strictly as a matter of current information we have been given the price of the beverage by the case, by the bottle and by the glass, the price being marked by wide variations according to the notions of manufactures and dealers and supposed willingness of customers in various localities to pay. Probably the price will become standardized before long, and we shall pay no further attention to it. There was a time when the price of whisky was regularly quoted, not as a matter of current sensational interest, but of ordinary commercial news. I happened recently to notice in a file of The Herald for the year 1886 the daily market quotations, which, with wheat, barley and short ribs, always included the price of whisky. Like other prices the price of whisky varied, but it ran along from \$1.12 to \$1.15 although for what quantity the Chicago market table does not say. Presumably that would be the price per gallon for new whisky of stated strength. Some definite standard must have been used for "contract" whisky. During the same period wheat was quoted at about 80 cents in Chicago. Three quarts of whisky for a bushel of wheat!

THE YEAR 1886 IS NOT USUALLY classed as one of the historic "depression" years, but eh Framers Alliance at the time referred in resolutions to the "long-continued depression" and demanded that something be done about it. Reference was made in resolutions and speeches to the sinister influence of the machine and to the dangerous piling up of surpluses because of the substitution of machines power for man power. During that period the railway commission, which was a territorial body, the state having not yet been created, made periodical inspection of the railways in person. Traveling by a special train, which was furnished by each road traversed, and suitably equipped with creature comforts, the commissioners made inspection tours over all the railways lines of the state. Prominent citizens of each community were taken along as guests, and a pleasant time was had by all. Grand Forks guests of the commission on a trip to Neche I 1886 were T. B. Walker, John Zerfass Jr., F.R. Fulton, H.L. Whithed, Webster Merrifield and W.R. Bierly. The Neche line was pronounced in excellent condition.

PERHAPS THE PRESIDNET'S promotion of tree planting will result in a revival of interest in the subject all over the country. Let us hope so. The prairie states are sadly in need of more tree. That need was recognized many years ago when the timber culture act was passed. That law provided that in addition to his homestead and pre-emption claims the settler might have another 160 acres of land free on condition that he planted and cultivated ten acres of trees on the land in accordance with regulations. Thousands of such claims were taken, and in some cases excellent groves resulted, but evasion of the law was easy, and evasion became the regular practice. Many of those who took tree claims expected to become rich and return east in a few years, and the growing of trees required time and patience. Then here was the feeling that trees could no be made to grow on the prairie, anyway. When the first trees were planted on what is now the campus of the University of North Dakota the effort was ridiculed. Trees, it was insisted, would not grow there, so what was the use?

THERE WERE OTHERS WHO believed that the trees would grow, and who saw for the future a beautiful drive along what was then Broadway Boulevard, a distance of two miles form the city, to the University. Nobody seemed to expect that three would actually be residences along that street. The east end of what is now University avenue was then Selkirk street. Both names were later abandoned and the street became University avenue.

JOHN A PAULSON OF CONCRETE writes: "In your daily column of April 5 I notice your solution to the circumference problem. I am writing to disagree on your answer. The correct way to find the diameter of a circle is to divide the circumference by 3.1416 and not take just the additional foot and add to the original diameter. I have not take the time to get this down tot eh fine decimal point, but you will no doubt see the vast difference between the two methods."

Work it out, Mr. Paulson. Work it out and let me know the result.

HERE'S ANOTHER FOR those who like simple exercises in circles:

A cart with wheels 4 feet in diameter and set 5 feet apart is driven around a half-mile circular track so close to the inner edge that the inner wheel travels exactly half a mile. How many more revolutions are made by the outer wheel than by the inner wheel? What will be the difference in the number of revolutions made by the two wheels if the cart is driven around a mile track under exactly similar conditions?

THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE just carried the story of the relinquishment of his American citizenship by Oliver Henry Wallop, late of Wyoming, in order that he might receive from a recognition as the earl of Portsmouth in England. Oliver Henry Wallop, was one of several young Englishmen of good family who came to North Dakota in the early days as members of the force of Richard Sykes, who acquired large land holdings in the James river valley. Sykes was an Englishman of wealth and culture, and as the head of the firm of Sykes & Hughes he conducted large farming operations north of Jamestown and established several townsites, one of which, Sykeston, was named for him. It was near Sykeston that he established a large ranch, and there several young men from England undertook to learn the business of farming in the west. One of these was a son of Admiral Rodney, of the British navy. Another was young Wallop, who joined him sometime in the summer of 1882, about which time I was assisting in the surveying of the townsite of Sykeston. Still another was Warburton Pike, I who accompanied Wallop from Oxford, and who later became known as an explorer of Alaska, British Columbia and Alberta, and who wrote several books of travel.

OLIVER HENRY WALLOP went from North Dakota to Montana in 1884, and started a ranch, and two years later he moved to Wyoming, where he acquired considerable real estate. For some time he divided his time between the Montana and Wyoming properties, but- in 1895 he sold the Montana ranch and since then he has made the Wyoming establishment his headquarters.

THE YOUNG RANCHMAN Became an American citizen and took an active part in the affairs of his state. He served as deputy sheriff and stock inspector for two years, and also served a term in the Wyoming legislature. From 1916 to the close of the World war he served with the anglo-French Red cross in France in the Haute Marne, although he was then approaching 60. He succeeded to the earldom of Portsmouth in 1825, and since then he has spent about half his time each year in England and the other half on his ranch. He had hoped that his son Gerard, now Viscount of Lymington, might acquire the earldom, thus making it necessary for the father to leave the United States, but it appears that the regulations did not permit this, therefore, against his desire, he has become again a subject of King George and in all legal form earl of Portsmouth.

B. W. KUHL, OF ST. JOHN, IS looking forward to a regular chat-fest with his friend Thornburn when they meet for that fishing contest this summer. As to what are fish fry he says that very young fish, just hatched, are known as fry. The term, of course, is not to be confused with the name given to those gatherings which are sometimes held for the purpose of consuming fried fish. He suggests, also, that in considering what fish should be used for stocking our lakes, there are to be taken into consideration both the past history, present condition and future prospects of the lakes.

MR. KUHL WRITES OF A fishing experience at Metigoshe. He says that he landed an immense northern pike, and on dissecting the fish he found inside a full grown mallard duck trying to cover about three gallons of the fish's eggs. I am not going to say that I don't believe it, for that would invite the question "Vass you dere, Charlie?" And then, there have been some remarkable fishing experiences a good deal farther from the Canadian border than Lake Metigoshe.

AMONG THOSE WHO attended the funeral of W.H. McNeil on Monday was Harry Walker, of Stephen, Minnesota. Harry and Mac railroad together for years, and they constituted the Grand Forks battery in many a hard-fought game of baseball. Both were known for steadiness in tight places. Harry was also one of the star performers in several of the Gilbert and Sullivan productions which were given in the early days of local musical talent. He moved to northwestern Canada, and has lived at Stephen for the past twelve years. It was good to see him again.

HERE IS MR. MATTISON'S solution of the longer of his two problems published in this column on March 30:  
1-6, 2-9, 19-24, 28-19, 20-16, 19-12, 3-7, 12-3, 29- 25, 3-10, 25-22, 15-8, 22-24, 8-3, 24-19, 3-7, 19-15.  
Black wins.

WELL, THERE ARE OTHERS who feel as I do about George Bernard Shaw. Here is a letter from Neil McDougall, who operates a store at Omamee: "Just a word of commendation. I could not let your reference to George Bernard Shaw pass without saying 'Amen.' Your article was read in my store and got the hearty approval of all present. It was good, more power to you." That's very kind of Mr. McDougall. Here is another from a Grand Forks correspondent who wishes to remain incog: "This is just to show my appreciation for your remarks about George Bernard Shaw. It was perfect. I've been hoping to see criticism of his treatment of Helen Keller and was delighted to find it in your column. We can excuse a lot of his sarcasm even if we don't enjoy it, but a great man never would have spoken that way to her. A seemingly small matter can be an index to a man's whole character. That's a trite statement, but Shaw's behavior is a fine example of it.

"I ENJOY YOUR COLUMN very much, especially the parts about North Dakota's early history and wild life. I have just read Judge Flandreau's history of Minnesota and found it very interesting."

MANY OLD RESIDENTS OF North Dakota will remember Lula Shortridge, now Mrs. A. D. Stewart, of San Diego, Calif., whose father was elected governor of the state in 1894, and many friends have enjoyed letters from her from time to time. A letter was received from her by the late Budd Reeve of Buxton shortly before his death, and the following excerpts from it will be of interest to many North Dakota readers:

"I HAVE LONG INTENDED writing you for the sake of old times. When someone sent me a Grand Forks Herald containing the excellent tribute you paid to Dr. Wheeler at his passing I thought surely to sit right down and write. But you know how we let our good intentions get away from us and eventually be used for paving stones—so they say. But when I so recently got direct word of you from Dr. Grassick, who is sojourning in our city for the present, I determined I'd do myself the honor and pleasure of getting some kind of message to you, just to let you know I still value you as one of my dearest friends, even though I have not seen you in many years. You see, these friends we hold in memory are nearer and dearer than those we see often, for they are in a realm all their own.

"YOU WERE MY BLESSED father's friend first. And I love to recall some of the happy times we had there in Bismarck when everybody was kind and friendly to the governor. And I try to forget some later days when human nature revealed a different slant. However, such bitter experiences have their good. It takes reverses to show us just who our real friends are. And we had many loyal and true friends—and still have—back in the land of the Dakotas, where my happiest days were spent.

"I HAVE TRIED TO RECALL when I last saw you, and I think it was after I had gone back to our old home at Larimore. You came there to give one of your incomparable lectures of wit and wisdom under the title of 'What I Think After Thinking,' wasn't it? I recall you 'beaued' another girl and myself down to the ice-cream parlor after the lecture, and our hilarity occasioned notice. But we were both used to that, I guess. My fun-loving nature and gay laugh has brought me many frowns and raised eyebrows from ultra-correct folks, but I seemed to have lived through it pretty safely, and, thank God, I can still laugh.

"WHEN WE HAVE OUR OLD reunions out here and some old-timers hear that laugh they exclaim 'Isn't that the same jolly old Lu Shortridge!' And they can pay me no higher compliment. And speaking of laughter—I know of few in this life who have occasioned more sincere amusement and hearty laughs than you, the 'Sage of Buxton'—and I believe the Almighty saves a special halo for those in this 'vale of tears' who bring sunshine and happiness to all who contact them. And surely you have done that. I know a specially designed halo awaits you. I am not trying to be funny. I was never more sincere.

"I HAVE BEEN AWAY FROM North Dakota for so many years, I feel I would be almost an utter stranger except to the few who are good enough to remember me. A few days ago our North Dakota society here in San Diego had an evening meeting and were so fortunate as to have Dr. and Mrs. Campbell and Dr. Grassick as our guests. It seemed good to see them again, especially Dr. Campbell, as he brought our boy into the world some 30 years ago there in Grand Forks. Our dandy fine boy, now a husky man, 6 feet tall and weighing nearly 200 pounds. Last year he received his master's degree from the University of Washington in civil engineering, earning the last few years with tutoring and earning scholarships, etc., and at Christmas time he was married to a charming girl there in Seattle.

FURTHER IN HER LETTER Mrs. Stewart refers to her own activities, much of her time having been spent in magazine writing. She is an officer of the Women's Press club and keeps in touch with current literary progress.

ONE OF THE FAMILIAR Subjects for debate in the old country school debating societies was "Resolved, that more pleasure is derived from anticipation than from realization. I suppose that subject has been torn to tatters by thousands of young debaters. Somebody might formulate a question for debate on the different aspects of the same thing when viewed in retrospect and in actual experience. There is certainly a vast difference, and I know of nothing concerning which it is shown in a more pronounced way than in connection with the weather.

WE ARE APT TO REGARD the extremes of weather of many years ago as greater than anything of the present. The heat was fiercer, the cold more intense, the wind more blustery and the snow deeper than anything of the present time. Some of this may be true, but whatever the character of the weather many years ago, those who experienced it usually accepted it as a matter of course and thought little about it. Today those experiences stand out as something with which to thrill grand children. And in all probability they lose nothing in the telling.

I HAVE BEEN READING with a great deal of interest a book lent me by A. N. Nash entitled "Life in the Woods," by John C. Geikie. The book is from a circulating library once owned by Mr. Nash's father, the late O. E. Nash, and it describes in an interesting way many of the conditions which existed during the early settlement of southern Ontario. The book was published in 1865, and while the exact date of the incidents related is not given, the period covered is presumably about 1820 or 1830, when much of Upper Canada was unbroken forest.

THE AUTHOR, THEN A SMALL boy, with several brothers and sisters, settled on a farm on the St. Glair river. After several years the author went to Toronto, where he graduated in law. He then lived if or some time in other parts of Canada and eventually returned to England. The book was evidently written to inform English readers concerning the strange ways of life followed by the Canadians, whom the author, in spite of his several years' residence among them, continued to regard as a peculiar people.

I SHALL HAVE OCCASION TO refer to the book later, but the particular thing in mind at this time is the author's comment on Canadian winter weather. On this subject the writer says:

"THERE WOULD BE TWO or three days of hard frost, and then it would come milder for two or three more; but the mildest, except when it was a thaw, were very much colder than any that are common in England, and as to the coldest, what shall I say they were like? The sky was as bright and clear as can be imagined, the snow crackled under foot, and the wind, when there was any, cut the skin like a razor. Indoors the fire in the kitchen was enough to heat a hall in a more temperate climate. It was never allowed to go out, the last thing at night being to roll a huge back-log, as they called it, into the fireplace with handspikes, two' of us sometimes having to help get it into place. It was simply a city of a tree, sometimes four feet long, and of various thicknesses. The two dog-irons having been drawn out, and the embers heaped close to this giant, a number of thinner logs, whole and in parts, were laid above them and the fire was gathered for the night. By day, what with another huge back-log to replace the one burned up in the night, and a great bank of other smaller sticks in front and over it, I think there was often half a cartload blazing at a time. In fact, the only measure of the quantity was the size of the huge chimney, for the wood cost nothing except the trouble of cutting and bringing it to the house.

"IT WAS GRAND TO SIT AT night before the roaring mountain of fire and forget the cold outside; but it was a frightful thing to dress in the morning, in the bitter cold of the bedrooms, with the windows thick with frost, and the water frozen solid at your side. If you touched a tumbler of water with your tooth-brush it would often freeze in a moment and the water in the basin sometimes froze round the edges while we were washings. The tears would come out of our eyes and freeze on our cheeks as they rolled down. The towels were regularly frozen hard as a board if they had been at all damp. Water, brought in over night in buckets, and put as close to the fire as possible, had to be broken with an ax in the morning. The bread, for long after we went to the river, was like a stone for hardness and sparkled with ice in it. The milk froze on the way from the barn to the house, and even while they were milking. If you went out your eyelashes froze together every moment with your breath on them, and my brothers' whiskers were always white with frozen breath when they came in. Beef and everything of the kind were frozen solid for months together, and when a piece was wanted it had to be sawed off and put in cold water overnight to thaw, or hung up in the house. I have known beef that had been on for hours taken out almost raw, from not having been thawed out before hand."

NUMEROUS INCIDENTS ARE related to show how people often suffered from the extreme cold. We are told of more than one person being frozen to death while driving, but the most remarkable story of all is of the boy who was frozen dead in his tracks while watching a shooting match, and whose dead body remained standing there until it was discovered in the morning.

ALL OF THIS, IT IS TO BE remembered, is told of southern Ontario, where the climate compares with that of Chicago, Detroit and Buffalo, and: where the present inhabitants pride themselves on their moderate winters. I have no idea that the writer of the book intended to exaggerate. Personal experiences of his boyhood in a strange land, and stories which he had heard in those early years had grown in magnitude as the years passed, until, when he came to describe that strange country to the good folk "at home," he treated the facts so as to create an utterly false impression. The books, however, contained many accurate descriptions of backwoods conditions and customs, and I shall dig into it further.

YESTERDAY I QUOTED SOME descriptions of Canadian cold weather from the book "Life In the Woods," lent me by Allan Nash. Aside from a very natural tendency to over-stress some phases of the back woods life which must have seemed very novel to a young boy, fresh from the settled life of a great city like London, the book describes quite accurately more of the habits, customs and devices of the early Canadian settlers than I have ever seen described in a work of similar size.

IT APPEARS THAT WHEN the rest of the family migrated an older brother, Robert, was already established on a farm on the bank of the St. Clair river. Other brothers and sisters came across the ocean to join him, making the voyage, of course, by sail, touching at Quebec and landing at Montreal. It is not made clear whether the journey from Montreal was by river and lake or by land, but from Toronto west the distance westward was covered by wagon over roads that were bad everywhere and in some places impassable until a sunken courduroy had been reinforced with rails and other logs. Toronto was a mere village, with streets like a newly plowed field in rainy weather. On a later trip to or from Toronto the writer passed through Brantford, my own town, where he found that a river flood had swept away the bridge and it was necessary to ford the stream. In that the travelers followed the practice of the India chieftain Brant, who used the ford at that place on his journeys, giving to the place the name "Brant's Ford," which later became the present name of the city.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL Descriptions are given of the building of the log house, whose logs were shinked with mortar. The writer's English point of view, which would also be the point of view of those for whom the book was written, is shown here in his reference to the shingles which covered the roof. They are described as "a kind of wooden slate made of split pine, which answers very well." To the writer, of course, the normal severing for a roof was slate, such as was used in London. Those primitive shingles were very different from the modern shingles of commerce. As stated, they were split, not sawn, and they were much longer than modern shingles. For shingles there was used pine of the straightest grain that could be found, and wood was split off in thin sheets by means of a specially made tool. That process of shingle-making was sometimes called "riving."

ONE THING THAT STRUCK the author as strange was the absence of locks on the doors. Rude latches were made of wood, shaped with knife or ax, and when it was considered necessary to go through the form of locking up at night a wooden pin was inserted in a hole above the latch.

OXEN WAS USED Altogether for hauling, and the steadiness of these animals and the manner in which the heavy yokes were shaped are described carefully and accurately. Ox teams were especially useful in clearing land, for the heavy logs had to be dragged into great piles where they were burned.

CANADIAN SOAP-MAKING IS described for the benefit of English readers, who are told how lye is prepared from wood ashes and the lye cooked with fat, the result being soft soap. In this connection there is told the story of a young lad, Noah Nash, distant relative of the owner of the book, who swallowed a cup of lye, supposing it to be tea. Discovering his mistake he rushed to the cellar where he drank a quantity of vinegar, thus partly neutralizing the alkaline lye and saving his life, although he was severely burned.

There will be more from this book later on.

MY CASUAL COMMENT ON Shaw seems to have struck a responsive chord. Here is a letter on the subject from Rev. B. A. Fahl of Devils Lake, grand secretary of the I. O. O. F.:

"I read with great interest and appreciation your column re George Bernard Shaw. It so completely voiced my sentiments which TP had stormed to the family a few days prior to the appearance of your article that I feel I must write you and express to you personally my appreciation.

"I NEVER HAVE HAD ANY use for Shaw's blatant posing and self-advertising. His ranting on Soviet Russia is in point. One notices that he has not made any attempt to move into the Soviet Utopia.

"THEN HIS REMARK WHEN Helen Keller was introduced to him was the last insult to any thinking American. If I could have controlled a lot of soft brained individuals Shaw would have been utterly ignored when he landed on American soil.

"HIS INSULT, SO FLAGRANT, of Helen Keller I cannot forgive. She is one of our outstanding women—a miracle of womanhood with which England has nothing to compare. One would think that the flaunted English chivalry would rise up and condemn him.

"BUT ENOUGH OF MY Ranting. I only wish that your article could go to several of our women's magazines and thus secure the publicity it merits and something of the rebuke thus go to the self-glorified Shaw that he deserves in such large measure."

EARLY SPRING BIRDS HAVE been quiet of late. Perhaps some of the robins and meadowlarks which made their appearance a few weeks ago became discouraged by the snow and chill winds and started south again. Doubtless many of them sought shelter in bits of woodland, hosing up until the weather should moderate. The first really warm day will bring them forth, and one of these evenings the air about sundown will be filled with the cheerful chirp of robins, I have just been looking over a booklet on the protection of game birds. The booklet is entitled "More Game Birds," and is published by the More Game Birds Foundation, whose offices are at 500 Fifth avenue, New York City. Copies will be mailed free upon request, and those interested in our wild life will find in the booklet useful information arranged in convenient form.

THE LITTLE VOLUME contains well-illustrated articles on a large number of the predatory birds and animals which often play havoc with our game birds, with data on their habits and approved methods of control. The publication differs from many in its moderation and balance. Instead of urging a war of extermination against all birds and beasts of prey in the interest of game propagation it urges that effort be made to maintain as nearly as possible the balance which nature maintained before man entered upon the scene and in which reasonable numbers of all the species found opportunity to live and thrive. An illustration of the point of view is found in this paragraph on the marsh hawk:

"FOR EXAMPLE, A MARSH hawk on a southern quail preserve may take half a dozen quail in the course of a year. But the gamekeeper who, having seen a marsh hawk take a quail, proceeded to kill all the marsh hawks he observed would be short-sighted indeed. Careful study of the situation would show that by far the largest part of the diet of marsh hawks consists of cotton rats' which are very destructive to quail eggs. One marsh hawk might easily account for a hundred cotton rats in the course of a year and each of these rats could easily eat 10 quail eggs a season, if they were available. In such instances common sense should dictate that it is better to let the predator have a few game birds if he is the means of saving many."

GOSHAWKS, SHARP-SHINNED and Cooper's hawks may become "public enemies" in wild life communities well populated with feathered citizens of the grouse, quail and pheasant families. As a nocturnal second-story worker the great horned owl is second to none when hen roosts or game bird pens offer opportunities for pillaging, but he specializes in waylaying unsuspecting birds and mammals along darkened leafy byways.

TOM CAT, ASTRAY FROM HIS home hearth, the blood-thirsty weasel and the snapping turtle are also listed as wild life gangsters, prone to varying degrees of lawlessness, who may merit short shrift around game bird areas, according to the booklet which contains a rogues gallery of predatory birds, fur bearing animals and reptiles. Measurements are given, footprints instead of fingerprints are indexed, past records are noted, and methods of control are described.

SPORTSMEN ARE WARNED to have "the goods" on any alleged predatory malefactor and to take summary action only where and when they have the legal right to do so. "Control does not mean extermination," the booklet states. Not all predatory birds and animals are destructive to game birds at all times. "As a matter of fact, the number of species which should be rigidly and continuously controlled on areas devoted to game bird propagation is comparatively small."

"PREDATOR CONTROL IS Essentially a local problem. Its extent should be based upon, careful observation. Hawks and owls feed chiefly on mice and rats perform a very valuable service to those interested in producing game birds or agricultural crops."

PURPLE MARTINS WILL drive hawks away and erection of martin houses on poles to attract these diminutive feathered policemen to game farms is recommended. "Fire" ants, recently have become very destructive to quail in some states, entering "pipped" eggs and consuming the chicks. Bisulphide of carbon, placed in ant nests, was found an excellent method of destroying them. To lure the malodorous egg-eating skunk into traps, a significant bait, rotten eggs, is advised. Raccoons will not climb a tree trunk around which a rag is fastened, bluejays fear only the duck hawk and the American eagle is a dead fish eater principally, despite his eminence as our national emblem, the Foundation booklet declares.

A SHORT TIME AGO I Referred to the county seat contest in Trail county which resulted in the removal of the county seat from Caledonia to Hillsboro, and which had been preceded by another contest in which Traill Center, midway between Mayville and Portland, was an unsuccessful bidder for county seat honors. I have since been reminded that Buxton was a vigorous rival of Davies Hillsboro for the county seat. Some features of that contest are set forth in a copy of the "Buxton Daily News, of October 28, 1890.

THE "DAILY NEWS" WAS, OF course, strictly a campaign sheet. The greater part of the first page of this issue is devoted to the Buxton county seat campaign. Much of the remaining space is given to announcements of candidates for various offices to be voted for at the ensuing election, and there are several columns setting forth the magnificent opportunities for the settler in the Red river valley.

PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED on the front page is a "Certificate of Guaranty" in which T. J. Buxton and H. E. Reeve, owners of the Buxton townsite and 8,000 acres immediately adjoining, offering five acres of land and \$10,000 cash for a court house site and building, or if the county commissioners prefer, they agree instead of paying the \$10,000 to build on the land a court house, properly constructed, enclosed and painted, the county to finish the interior at its own expense. This latter offer includes the parking of the ground, building of walks, etc., and maintenance for five years. The guarantors agree to furnish immediately a suitable bond for the fulfillment of this promise.

THE HILLSBORO BANNER had explained that it was not the purpose of Hillsboro to build a court house for the county to finish, but to move the existing court house and complete the plant, which, said the Banner, "means every brick and stone and shingle, down to each individual cobweb." That reference to cobwebs furnished material for much sarcasm which made lively campaign reading.

IN ITS TREATMENT OF Candidates for office the News expressed itself with the picturesque freedom which characterized which of the journalism of that period. The paper opposed Auditor Langlie for a third term, admitting that he was a decent clerk in office, but maintaining that his candidacy for a third term was in violation of the precedent established by the great Republican party when it refused to renominate Grant. "Is Langlie a bigger man than Grant?" asked the News.

NEITHER DID THE NEWS AP-prove of "Seventeen" Heskin for sheriff. Its candidate was Iver Larson, who had held the office for two terms and then been succeeded by Heskin. In the opinion of the paper the people wanted to change back. Larson, it was said, was first nominated in a barn where only four men were present, "and he jumped on the track and knocked the stuffing out of everything." Heskin, it was said, didn't know whether he was a prohibitionist, a Republican or a Democrat.

GEORGE E. BOWERS, OF Hillsboro, who had failed to obtain local endorsement for an office which he sought, was reported to be contemplating removal to Buxton "where he can get a living and be recognized in town caucuses."

NOT MUCH OF THE SPICE OF life was omitted from those old-time political campaigns.

IN THE BOOSTER SECTION of the paper a staff correspondent of the Philadelphia Press is quoted thus with reference to Grand Forks:

"THE CITY OF GRAND FORKS, is one of those remarkable productions one encounters in the west and northwest. Splendid business blocks alternate with one-story shacks and two-story wooden buildings set up on locust pins. Its estimated population is estimated at all the way from 10,000 to 13,000, (This was in 1890!) Its hotel accommodations excel those of many an eastern city of far greater population. The evening daily paper will the present summer take possession of a four-story brick building with granite front -and polished granite pillars supporting the massive arches of the first story. A stranger wonders from whence comes this prosperity. It looks as if the spirit of the people were about ten years in advance of the town. But it is not, or it seems not. Grand Forks and Fargo are to the extreme northwest what St. Paul and Minneapolis are to the whole northwest."

EXCEPT IN THE MATTER OF population that was no exaggeration. The old Herald building is the one described. The Herald was then an evening paper. The Security building and the St. John block were just built or nearing completion. The Metropolitan opera house, the finest between Minneapolis and the Pacific, was about to be opened. It was a time of rapid growth and everyone was looking forward.

THE PRECEDING YEAR, 1889, had been described as an "off year," but the paper contains a statement made in the spring of 1890 by A. E. Anderson, agent at Emerado for Brooks Bros. of Grand

I Forks, giving the yields of grain on a farm which had been bought by Baker & Neussel three miles south of Emerado. The statement follows:

466 acres in wheat produced 10,850 bushels, worth at 60 cents ..	.....	..\$6,510
40 acres in barley produced 1,-200 bushels, worth at 25 cents .....	.....	300
35 acres in oats produced 2,-650 bushels, worth at 30 cents .....	..	795
They cut 75 tons of hay besides amount needed on farm, worth .....		600

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Total .... \$8,205

Other items of interest in that paper must be deferred until another day.

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WITHOUT CASTING ANY Reflection on any part of the present population, with all of whose members he is on excellent terms, my friend John E. Johnson, the Seventh avenue grocer, maintains that there were some unusually fine woman in Grand Forks in the early days, and in evidence whereof he recalls an experience of his when he was a young fellow in the employ of James Rea, who operated a grocery in the store now occupied by Colton & Wilder. Rea was a Scot who had learned the grocery business in Scotland, and he knew it from the ground up. In those days one of the necessary accomplishments of the grocer was that of sampling tea. The day of package goods had scarcely arrived and tea was handled largely in bulk. The real grocer had to be able to determine the value of tea by tasting it rather than from the color of the label, and in that ten of the business Rea had served a long apprenticeship in the old country. Here he was known as 'Rea, the Tea Man,' and he had come honestly by the title.

JOHN JOHNSON WAS REA'S was a part of his job to canvass right-hand man for years, and it the town for orders. There were no telephones, and instead of phoning her orders the housewife had to go in person to the store or wait until one of the clerks made his morning call. John had become experienced in this work, and he also made special trips for orders when the store was trying to dispose of a special line of goods.

ONE AFTERNOON, EQUIPPED with samples of new goods John arrived at the residence of W. A. Gordon, on Reeves avenue- now the Abrahamson home- and was admitted by Mrs. Gordon. "John," said Mrs. Gordon, "you've come just at that right time. I'm having a party and there are a lot of the ladies here. Bring your samples right in and let's see what you have." John went in and displayed his samples on the kitchen table and the ladies crowded around and began to taste and ask for prices. Before he left he had orders for more than \$600 worth of goods. He considers that one of the most successful parties that he ever attended.

A CONSIDERABLE PART OF those orders consisted of preserves of certain brand just then being introduced, and of that brand of preserves John sold a solid carload before he finished canvassing the town. The order for that carload of preserves was framed by the wholesale house and was displayed with pride in its offices for a long time.

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY stories of the bags of game collected by hunters in the northwest in the early days. In the little paper that was published at Buxton in 1890 to promote the movement for establishing the county seat of Traill county at Buxton there is given the following list of game that fell to the guns of hunters, chiefly in North Dakota, but in a few cases in northern Minnesota:

M. VAN PELT, OF HOLYOKE, Minn., with a small party, killed 43 deer, a moose and a bear in three weeks. Parties from St John, N.D., killed 8 black and brown bears, besides elk, moose, deer and antelope, in the Turtle Mountains. At York, Mont., 28 antelope killed in one day in sight of station. At Partridge, Minn., S.W. Thomas killed a bear and 2 deer. At Hallock, Minn., Jerome Benson, guiding a party of New Yorkers, killed 23 elk and moose, besides other game, in the Roseau lake country. Fifty or more deer were brought to the stations at Mora and Milaca, Minn. by various parties. The number of ducks, geese and chickens taken at various points along the line (Great Northern) was enormous. At Lakota, N.D., 150 geese were killed by two men in one afternoon. At Mapes, near Devils Lake, 5 geese were killed at one shot (!) At Petersburg, N.D., one man killed 45 ducks in two hours. At Larimore, N.D., 29 geese were killed in four shots (again!). At Wolf Creek, Mont., one man killed 134 prairie chickens and 3 deer in two days. At Conway, N.D., two men killed 17 chickens, 14 ducks, and 1 antelope in one afternoon.

HERE IS A LITTLE PROBLEM for the junior class in mathematics: Two trucks, driven by A and B make round trips between the same two towns. A has a slow truck which averages 20 miles an hour, including all stops. B makes 30 miles an hour, also including all stops. The two start from the same town at the same time. When A has still 15 miles to go before reaching the other town he meets B who has come that far on his return trip. How far apart are the two towns?

IN A JUST Received Mrs. Dorothy McNeil Scott tells of the manner in which her father, the late W. H. McNeil, spent his time while visiting her during the winter in Los Angeles. Any one who knew Mac would know that much of his time would be spent watching the developments in baseball, the game that he loved above all others, and in which he played a conspicuous part for years. Mrs. Scott writes: "Of course, at first, he spent most of his time following the teams that were 'working out' at the various play grounds. He was such a frequent visitor that they started to call him 'Dad.' Then, when the big league teams started to train here he was with them every day. He was certainly proud the day he 'caught' Faber, the veteran White Sox pitcher.

"HE WAS ESPECIALLY Interested in the younger players who were trying out for the big teams, always with the idea in mind of bringing a carload back to North Dakota to play for Grand Forks this summer, if it could possibly have been arranged.

"HE WAS AN ARDENT Herald reader and often mentioned you and your column. One of his last acts was to reach for the sporting page and attempt to read it. We adjusted his glasses and sincerely hope he derived some pleasure from it.

"HE WAS ALSO IN .JOE E. Brown's baseball picture, 'Elmer the Great.' He was part of the front row bleacher crowd, and we are anxious to see the pictures to see if we can recognize him. My brother, Don, and I decided not to return for the funeral, but trust our friends and relatives carried on for him without us."

THEY DID. AND SINCERE tribute was paid to the memory of a good sportsman and a sturdy, dependable citizen.

A FRIEND WHO WISHES TO avoid personal publicity had given me samples of maple and box elder syrup, the former made from maple sap collected at Union Lake, Minn., and the latter from box elder sap collected here in Grand Forks. The two are about alike in consistency, having been reduced to heavy syrups by sufficient boiling down. I think if the box elder syrup were tasted by itself with no knowledge of its origin it would be called maple. When the two are sampled together carefully, drop by drop, the box elder syrup appears to be fully as sweet as the other, possibly a little sweeter, with just a little less of the "maple" flavor. Just wait until we have waffles!

THE MAKING OF SYRUP, whether from maple or box elder trees, is chiefly a matter of fuel. Probably it would not pay, commercially, to undertake the boiling down of sap with expensive fuel and without special equipment. But where cheap fuel is available, as it is on any farm where there is a wood lot, the making of syrup involves no cash outlay, and as for the labor, there is ample compensation for that in the novelty of the experience.

COLLECTING THE SAP IS simplicity itself, as everyone knows who has lived in a maple country. Here I turn again to Allan Nash's book, "Life in the Woods," where there is an interesting passage describing the making of maple sugar. The method of tapping the trees is described, and also the making of sap troughs for containers, for few settlers had pails enough to set under all the trees tapped. Instead, troughs were made by splitting short logs and hollowing out the flat side. Into these troughs the sap dropped, to be collected once or twice a day according to the run, which was governed by the weather. Geikie, the author of the book, tells of emptying the collected sap into an enormous trough which held as much as fifty barrels. Of course ordinary barrels were used for the purpose in many cases. When a sufficient quantity of sap had been collected the boiling down began. In the east this was done in large iron kettles suspended over an outdoor fire. Quoting from the book:

"THE SAP ONCE IN THE KETTLES has a hard time of it. The fires are kept up in royal brightness for days together, not being allowed to die out even during the night. It was a very pleasant time with us, though it was hard work, and what with the white show, the great solemn trees, the wild figures dancing hither and thither, and our loud merriment, it was very striking when the evening had set in. One of the kettles was chosen for 'sugaring off,' and had especially assiduous watching. Not a moment's rest could its unfortunate contents get from the incessant boiling we kept up; fresh sap being added as often as it seemed to be getting too dry. In its rage the sap would every now and then make desperate efforts to boil over; but we were on the watch for this also, and as soon as it manifested any intention of the kind we rubbed around the inside of the kettle with a piece of pork fat, beyond the limits of which it would no more pass than if it had been some magic circle. My sisters were as busy as we at every part of the process, and their poor dresses showed abundant and lasting memorials of their labors by the rents made in them by the bushes, (In these days the girls would wear overalls.

"THE CLEANING OFF WAS managed by pouring in beaten eggs when the sap was beginning to get thick. This served to bring all the impurities to the top, so they could easily skim them off. Several ingenious ways had been told us of knowing when the process was complete. One was by boring small holes in pieces of wood and blowing on it after dipping in the syrup; the sugar going through the holes in long bobbles if it were boiled enough. Another was by pouring on the snow, when if it got stiff, it was time to pour all out."

THE HOT SUGAR, SAYS THE writer, was poured into all sorts of receptacles to cool in to the rich brown sweet familiar everywhere. A portion was also poured into a barrel and stirred as it cooled which caused it to crystallize. Holes were bored in the bottom of the barrel for drainage, and through this the molasses drained off, leaving a sugar much whiter than the rest. A quantity of sap was also saved for vinegar, which was made by boiling down three or four pailsful into one and setting away in a keg, where it would sour.

WHILE THE SALARY SCALE for public school teachers has been and is being sharply reduced, there is no probability that it will approach the basis that prevailed quite generally in the eastern part of the continent a century ago. From time to time one comes across interesting bits of information culled from newspapers now ancient, shedding light on the customs and conditions of long ago, and the conditions affecting education are as interesting as any. Dr. G. M. Williamson has a copy of the centennial edition of his old home town paper, the Picton, Ontario, Gazette, which contains many such items. Among other things the paper publishes the text of a contract made with Miss Ellen Tracy in 1835 to teach school in a district of the county in which Picton is situated at a salary of 50 cents a month, plus board. In accordance with the custom of that day the teacher "boarded round" among the families of the district, the time being divided according to the number of families. In this particular case it was stipulated that in case any family did not wish to receive the teacher for the time specified the obligation should be met by the payment of five shillings a week. Presumably that was the English shilling of 24 cents, which would bring the price of board to approximately \$5.00 per month. As "board" in those cases included lodging, the teacher had her entire cash income of 50 cents a month to spend on clothing and luxuries.

IN THOSE DAYS THERE WAS no regular standard of qualifications for teaching. In a general way it was expected that the teacher should be able to teach reading, writing and arithmetic up to the rule of three. To what extent the candidate possessed these qualifications was left for the local school board to determine, which called for an examination in solemn session by the school board members in person. From such crude beginnings has developed the present Ontario educational system with its exacting requirements for teachers.

THE PICTON PAPER Reproduces several of the advertisements which appeared in its columns a century ago. In one of these Abner Nash Hillier announces that "The subscriber has on hand and continues to manufacture BEER of a superior quality which he would like to exchange for cash. All orders in his line will be thankfully received and promptly attended to."

WHILE BEER WAS USED and advertised, there were those who sought to check its use, and there was published an announcement of the forthcoming meeting of the Hallowell Temperance society at the Methodist Chapel.

IT APPEARS THAT NOT ALL who drank beer paid for it promptly, therefore C. C. Garratt published this notice:

"Caution, to save credit! All those indebted to the subscriber for Bar Bills that have been standing over one month are requested to pay them in one month or their bills will be made out and put up in very tavern in this village without fail. No respect of persons will be shown."

THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF the apprentice system. An advertisement was published asking for an apprentice to the painting business, one 16 or 17 years of age preferred. Apprentices occasionally failed to stick, in which case drastic measures might be taken to keep them on the job. John Coleman offered a reward of one penny, presumably for the return of John Martin, an indented apprentice who was said to have run away. All persons were warned not to harbor or employ him under penalty of the law.

CHARLES BOCKUS WAS Offering four shillings and sixpence for merchantable wheat. That would be about a dollar a bushel. One bushel of wheat would pay the cash salary of a teacher for two months.

PRINTERS HAD THEIR troubles, as they have had occasionally at other times. An editorial paragraph reads:

"There is one thing, yea, two, as the Wise Man says, which we like to see.—1. We like to see a person enter a Printing office and lay his hands upon matter put up in type for insertion in the paper and knock it into pi, much to the dissatisfaction of the Devil. 2. We like to see every man, woman and child give an editor advice (gratuitous, of course) and kindly tell him if he does not pursue particular course he will violate their feelings, and possibly lose a subscriber—don't you, reader?"

THEY MAY NOT HAVE Called it by the same name, but it appears that something resembling a depression affected some individuals, whether or not entire communities were involved. Thus we have the following announcement from S. T. Bowerman:

"Creditors do not be frightened. Stephen T. Bowerman thanks his creditors for their patience under circumstances a little embarrassing, and requests all to whom he is indebted to present their demands and receive payment, or security for the same. At the same time he begs to suggest to his debtors, and particularly those in Grog-Bills, that unless they call in the course of 3 or 4 weeks there will be a course taken not the pleasantest to their imagination—and finally, he begs to say that he will again "Runaway" for three days from this date, and will after that date be seen and heard of, among all his 'particular friends' who perhaps would be better satisfied with his absence."

That would be one way of getting even with his debtors.

IT IS NEARLY FIFTY YEARS since the existence of the University of North Dakota was threatened by the vetoing of the appropriations which the legislature had made for its maintenance. That was a critical time for the institution, but, as has occurred in many another crisis, the emergency shocked people into consciousness and spurred them to activity. Friends of the institution everywhere came to the rescue. Faculty sacrificed their salaries, business people, heads of families and others with neither children to educate nor business interests to promote volunteered contributions, and a sufficient sum was raised to keep the institution open until the next meeting of the legislature.

NO MAN IN THE STATE WAS more active in this work than was Budd Reeve, of Buxton, whose death occurred only a short time ago. Not only did he contribute money himself—and he was never burdened with wealth—but he delivered lectures on behalf of the University and the normals, which were also involved, and he made personal appeals to business people in the Twin Cities with whom he was in contact. Naturally, he wrote letters to the press and issued pronouncements and proclamations by means of circulars, these being among his favorite forms of expression.

I HAVE JUST COME INTO possession of one of his circulars on the subject. It is headed "In t Behalf of Education," and in characteristic fashion it is addressed, "Friends, Scandinavians and Fellow Countrymen." The opening paragraphs have the real Buddreevian tang:

"THE PEOPLE OF NORTH Dakota may differ in politics and religion; they may have come from different parts of the earth and represent different nationalities, but on the subject of education they are one and united.

"WITH THE RICHEST Valley on the globe and the most abundant crop that ever grew, we cannot afford to advertise to the world that we are unable to keep up our University and normal schools. STRANGE FREAKS MAY have been exhibited in politics. Democratic representatives may have voted for Republicans and Republican representatives may have elected a Democratic United States senator. Populists and Democrats may have fused, then kicked each other to death in con-, tempt of their own acts, but when it comes to closing up the higher institutions of learning in the interest of economy and reform, the great majority are against it. And in evidence of this many have gone down in their pockets and voluntarily taxed themselves for the good name and achievement of the state."

THE CIRCULAR RECORDS some of the contributions that had been made. It tells of a series of concerts being given by Miss Marie Paige, violinist, in the interest of the institutions. Professor Rasmus B. Anderson, author, educator, and United States minister to Denmark, wrote, "Command me for six successive nights for the benefit of the educational institutions of North Dakota." Senator Nelson of Minnesota had arranged to be present with Professor Anderson at several of the lectures. Hon. M. N. Johnson, representative in congress, could not leave his threshing but sent his check for \$10 for the fund. Hon. Alexander McKenzie, who was on his way to Grand Forks to give \$500 to the University, took the best box in the house for a concert at Fargo and said that if he could not attend he would give the box to the poorest family in town.

F. D. UNDERWOOD, THEN president of the Soo railway, volunteered to transport ten cars of coal free for the Valley City norman. James J. Hill was a liberal contributor, as were many of the Twin City business houses. There can be no doubt that the vigorous support of the movement for the schools given by Budd Reeve, together with his own striking personality and originality, were important factors in arousing public interest and making the movement a success.

AT OUR HOUSE WE HAVE just been eating waffles dressed with box elder syrup. I give the syrup my hearty approval and unqualified endorsement. If I had not known its origin I should have called it a rather mild, but pleasant flavored maple syrup. One thing that I like about it is that it has been boiled down until there is some body to it. Most of the commercial syrup is like so much sweetened water. Which reminds me of the Vermont farmer who took a barrel of real maple syrup to town and on offering it for sale he was told that it was too thick, and that the trade demanded a thin syrup. He went home, diluted his one barrel of syrup with five barrels of water, returned to town and found a ready Markey for the six whole barrels.

IN A CONVERSATION A FEW days ago reference was made to passenger pigeons, those remarkable birds which once existed in billions, and which became extinct almost within a single generation. The stories of the great numbers in which those birds appeared seem in credible now, yet they are attested by many independent witnesses. I know of no one now living who has actually seen a flock of passenger pigeons, although there are undoubtedly old men and women who have seen their flights and perhaps participated in their slaughter.

ONE OF THE ROOSTING places of the pigeons was by a little lake only a mile or two from my birthplace in southern Ontario, and I have heard my grandparents and neighbors of their age tell of the flights of pigeons in the forties of the last century. Their stories corresponded with scores of others that I have heard or read. The area covered by the pigeon flights seems to have extended east and west from the Atlantic clear into Manitoba, in other words, practically the entire timbered section of the continent. Flocks of millions were common almost anywhere in that territory, so that the total number in existence must have reached staggering figures.

AUBUBON, THE GREAT Naturalist, tells of a flight which he observed in Kentucky in 1813. On his way from his home on the Ohio to Louisville he observed pigeons flying from the northeast to the southwest in such numbers that he thought he would try to calculate how many there really were. Dismounting, and seating himself on a knoll, he began making a dot in his note book for every flock that passed, but in a short time he had to give up the attempt, as he had put down 163 dots in 21 minutes, and still the birds came on in countless multitudes. The air was literally filled with pigeons. The light of day was obscure as by an eclipse. The continued hum of wings produced an inclination to drowsiness. When he reached Louisville, a distance of 55 miles, the pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession. He calculated that if two pigeons were allowed for each square yard there would be in such a flock as he had seen, one mile wide by 180 long, would be not less than 1,115,136,000.

PASSENGER PIGEONS HAD fixed roosting places, to which they returned season after season. Audobon describes one of these in Kentucky which he visited. It was about 40 miles long by three miles wide. About two weeks after the birds had arrived for the season he found that a great number of persons, with horses and wagons, guns and ammunition, had established themselves on the borders of the roosting ground and were awaiting the evening arrival of the birds. Soon there was heard a sound as of a gale at sea and the pigeons began to arrive by thousands, alighting everywhere, one above another, until masses as large as hogsheds were formed on the branches. Here and there great branches were broken by their weight.

INTO THESE MASSES Charges of shot were fired, the branches were beaten with poles, and sulphur contained in kettles, was burned, and vast numbers of birds, overcome by the fumes, fell to the ground. Tons of the birds were rapidly cleaned and packed with salt in barrels for winter consumption. Nothing could withstand such slaughter, and I have read somewhere that the process of extinction was hastened by a mysterious disease which attacked the birds. The last passenger pigeon known to be in existence died in a Cincinnati park a few years ago.

JOHN A. PAULSON, OF Concrete, who didn't agree with the solution of the circumference problem which was given here, writes: "After much figuring on the circumference problem I wrote you about some time ago I find that I no longer disagree with you, but that I spoke quite out of turn. I get  $3.8$  divided by  $2$  as the answer. So henceforth I keep still till I do the figuring, Long life to you.

P. S. Oh, boy; did I get razzed!"

IT'S ALL RIGHT, AND NO harm done. We have all been razzed, and it's astonishing how much razzing one can stand and still survive.

IN A LETTER WRITTEN some days ago J. B. Mattison writes:

"Checkers seem to be in the doldrums lately. As the wintry weather keeps me close at home I will try to pep up the game a little. First I will quote the Bight Honorable W. E. Gladstone, who late in 1896 said "The game of draughts is played by a maximum of persons with a minimum of intelligence. I am one of those who have always played but never understood." I think the honorable gentleman was about right in his estimate of those who play the game. My wife says I had better be in the basement sifting ashes than wearing out my brains on these problems.

By the way, that Y. M. C. A. problem got my goat. I will have to be shown.

The problem below is one sent in some time ago and mislaid:

Black 4, 7, 8, 11, 15, 16, 24, K31.

White 6, 13, 18, 20, 22, 25, 27, 30.

White to play and win.

THE SOLUTION OF THE Y. M. C. A. problem as given by the Checker club is:

14-17, 21-14, 30-25, 29-22, 12-8, 3-12, 2-6, 9-2, 10-6, 2-9, 7-3, 16-7, 3-26, 23-30, 32-16, 12-19, 5-16. White wins.

THOSE WHO LIVE IN THE country, near natural belts or near artificial groves of considerable fortunate in the number and variety of birds whose presence they may enjoy. We in town see birds, quite a number of them, but it is in the quiet of the country woodland that there are found many shy little creatures that dislike too close proximity to dwellings and the confusion of street traffic, to say nothing of the danger from marauding cats. Yet we have birds that seem to enjoy city life and the neighborliness that goes with it.

ROBINS ARE HERE IN FULL force foraging for stray grubs and picking out favorable nesting places. One of the pleasures of gardening lies in watching the robins eagerly inspecting each forkful of freshly-turned earth for worms. I am quite sure that a robin will eat his weight in angleworms in the course of a forenoon, and I have never seen one that was not ready for another worm.

PRESENTLY THE WRENS will be along, ready to take possession of the tiny houses made for their accommodation. Their diminutive size, their courage and sociability and their cheerful song make them treasures in any neighborhood. The wren likes a ready-made house if it is properly built and suitably placed, but he will go to no end of trouble to fit up a place of his own. I once watched a wren that busied himself for days trying to fill an abandoned pump with little twigs and similar trifles. The rod having been withdrawn the pump was open several feet down into the well. The wren would alight on the top of the pump, drop in his twig or bit of grass and then turn his head on one side as if to listen. Away he would go, to return with another cargo, which he dropped as before. The little fellow kept that up for days, with every appearance of cheerfulness, but ultimately he desisted, apparently having concluded that the job was too big for him. I was reminded of the crow that undertook to fill an old mill with corn by dropping kernels one at a time through a hole in the roof.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHEN THE humming bird arrives from the south. Every year, when flowers are in full bloom, a pair of humming birds make their appearance in the neighborhood, and after their first appearance they are seen' daily until quite late in the season. They seem to follow about the same route each day, feeding from all the flowers as they go. Then they are off in a straight line for home. The humming bird is said to be about the most courageous of birds, attacking and driving off crows, king birds, squirrels and any other creatures that menace its nest.

ONE OF THE MOST Beautiful and pleasing birds that spend the summer with us is the bluebird, concerning which Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, wrote the following spring poem: When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more, Green meadows and brown furrowed fields reappearing, The fishermen hauling their shad

to the shore, And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering; When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing, When glow the red maples, so fresh and so pleasing, Ah, then comes the bluebird, the herald of spring, And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud-piping frogs make the marshes to ring, Then warm glows the sunshine and fine is the weather; The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring, And spice wood and sassafrass budding together.

A then to your gardens, ye housewives repair, Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure, The bluebird will chant from his box such an air, That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree, The red-flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms, He snaps up destroyers wherever they be, Aand seizes caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms; He drags the vile grub from the corn he devours, The worms from their beds, where they riot and welter; His song and his services freely are ours, And all that he asks is, in summer, a shelter.

The plowman is pleased when he gleans in his train, Nor searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him; The gardener delights in his sweet, simple strain, And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him; To slow lingering schoolboys forget they'll be chid, While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em In mantle of sky-blue and bosom so re, That each little wandered seems to adore him.

HOW FAST DOES ONE dream? In other words, how closely does the time which seems to be occupied with the adventures of the dream correspond with the time actually occupied by the dream itself? Students of mental science tell us that the part of the mind that is active in dreaming may work so rapidly that it is possible for it to cover in an instant events which in their actual occurrence would occupy hours, days or years. It is upon this basis, doubtless, that persons losing consciousness from drowning are said sometimes to review in that brief moment the whole history of their lives.

ANYWAY, THE REASON THAT I'm feeling tough today is that last night I had a long, difficult and particularly exhausting dream. I shall not bore anyone with its outline further than to say that I thought that another chap and I started out to make a business call on a third, and in some way we became separated. I could see him on ahead, and he was hurrying to catch up to me, for he supposed I was ahead. So away we went. There were the frustrations that are common to dreams, goals that never were reached, impossible tasks to be performed, miles and miles to travel, high walls to be scaled, and all the rest of it. After many hours of such fruitless labor I awoke, thoroughly exhausted. Before dreaming I had been conscious of hearing the clock strike three. On awakening I felt that it must be near noon. It was still dark. I snapped on a light and looked at the clock. It was five minutes past three. I had gone through those hours of agonizing experience in less than three minutes. The other fellow must feel even worse than I do, for when I awoke he was still going.

A DISTINGUISHED DOCTOR of philosophy declined an invitation to attend a horse-race, saying: "I know already that one horse can run faster than another. Very true, doctor, but which horse? There's the point. It isn't so much what we know as what we guess that gives interest to a horse-race, as well as a good many other things in life.

THE LITTER THAT NATURE spreads around us has served, and may continue to serve its useful purpose. Leaves have given beauty to the tree and enabled it to breathe. They have given protection to the turf during the winter. And if left lying where they fell they will be reduced to mold, replenishing the fertility of the earth whence it came. Thus when raking leaves and dead grass in the spring we may have in mind the beneficent order of nature, in which all natural things have their appropriate place.

BUT WHAT BALEFUL thoughts possess the brain, what devastating emotions stir the breast when one is called upon to deal with the winter's accumulation of waste paper which never served a purpose save that of annoyance, and irritation! Handbills, circulars, leaflets, pamphlets, scattered promiscuously on lawns and among shrubbery, playthings of every breeze, — there's another one! Shall I call the boy back and make him pick it up? Perhaps he wouldn't come, and he can run faster than I can. Anyway the youngster means no harm. He's earning a dime. But unto the fellow who hired him to scatter that stuff to the four winds!

THE OTHER DAY I SAW TWO boys playing what appeared to be a real game of marbles, the first I have seen for several years. Several marbles were arranged in a circle and the youngsters were "knuckling down" quite in the ancient manner. The modern game consists in throwing a marble down and then "plunking" at it. That may be all right, but it lacks science. Once there were games of infinite variety played with marbles, and each game was as distinct and different from the others as baseball is from billiards. Each had its fine points and each its set of rules the violation of which was quite likely to result in a fist fight. I have often wondered who invented all those rules and how the games came to be as completely standardized as they were. "Plunking" is simpler, but it doesn't call for the fine artistic touch that characterized the old games which I have forgotten and which modern youth has not learned.

THE SEED CATALOGUES tell us to plant certain seeds when the maples are in full leaf. They are silent as to what is to be done where there are no maples. Like all generalizations, that one is faulty. Maples and other trees, like wild geese, may be fooled by the weather. The box elder, being of the maple family, probably leaves out at about the same time as the maple. It may be in full leaf early in April or not until late in May. If it leaves out too early its leaves are pretty sure to be nipped and young tender plants from seeds planted correspondingly early are likely to suffer a similar fate. It is never safe to sow the seeds of tender plants until well into May unless one is prepared to cover them on the threat of frost.

Miss Perkins seems to be the first secretary of labor we have had in some time who can think up ideas for putting men to work. Woman always have been good at that. Omaha World Herald.

Government subsidies have speeded up shipbuilding in Japan.

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MENTION OF BASEBALL Salary limits reminds Jim Turner of the days of the old Northern league, when he was secretary of the Grand Forks team and Scott Karnes was local manager. They had a salary limit in those days, too, and it was religiously observed —on paper. Perry Sessions was down on the salary list for \$75 a month as pitcher, and every month Jim gave him a check for that exact amount. Also every month Karnes gave him \$50 in cash, no record being made of that payment. There are various ways of working such payments into the expense account and still maintaining an impeccable record of strict observance of regulations. Similar methods were followed in most of the other clubs, if not in all of them.

IP SESSIONS HAD MINDED his P's and Q's he would probably have made a record in one of the big leagues. He was cool and steady, and he could do remarkable things with a baseball. He went from here to St. Paul and St. Paul sold him to Boston. He neglected to keep himself at his best, and before long he dropped out. Probably he did his best work with the Grand Forks team.

BILL HUTTON WAS Another crack pitcher with the Grand Forks team. He was credited with having more speed than any other pitcher in the league, and the man who stood behind the bat when he was pitching had a real job. But he was as erratic as he was swift, and no one could ever tell what to expect from him.

A COPY OF THE MOSCOW Daily News—printed in English— sent me by a correspondent, contains a full page advertisement of a new issue of bonds offered by the Soviet government. The bonds bear 10 per cent interest, principal and interest payable in -terms of the gold ruble. The offer looks as attractive as did the offer of Peruvian bonds a few years ago. The .advertisement is so worded as to appeal to foreign investors. When the Soviet government offers 10 per cent for money it must be doing a remarkably profitable business or it must be desperately hard up. There are also recollections of the fact that the Soviet government has not hesitated to confiscate all foreign investments in the country when that course suited its purpose. On the whole, I think I'd just as soon take chances on Peruvian bonds, even if they aren't worth much.

Another correspondent, one of the old-timers, writes:

"CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT I alone remember the flight of pigeons?"

"ONE OF MY EARLY Recollections is that of going out to chase the pigeons from the wheat field during the noon hour. In those days wheat was sown by hand and covered with a field harrow. The birds were so hungry and so bold they would come close enough I could look into their very eyes, and they scared me about as badly as I could scare them.

"IT WAS CUSTOMARY TO sow more than the required amount of seed, and I knew one man who sowed the regular amount, and a peck to the acre for the pigeons. They flew in fabulous numbers and built their nests in the timber, foraging out for miles on the cultivated fields. When the squabs were just ready to leave the nests the farmers went in with clubs to knock them down, and drove away with sacks filled with birds.

IN AFTER YEARS IT WAS customary for men to sit and tell stories of the pigeon raids. I recall one man, named Thomas Burns, a noted story teller, who said the pigeons were on his field in such numbers that it would not have been possible to drop a needle on his quarter section without ticking it in a pigeon. Captain Jim Foley, of Negaunee, Michigan, was home on a visit at the time and after listening to the story he said: I can well believe you Mr. Burns, for they flew over Negaunee in such numbers that we had to keep the street lights burning steadily for three nights and days.

"BURNS SAID: 'HERE JIM, take my old hat.' There are relatives of both Buns and Foley here in the Forks, and in Grafton, N. D., and if they have preserved the traditions of the families, this story probably was one of the ones they offered in making application for membership in the Annias club."

THE CORRESPONDENT Refers to the quantity of grain that the pigeons ate when it was available. Pigeons of all kinds have voracious appetites. Audubon, whose observations of passenger pigeons were quoted here the other day makes an estimate of the quantity of grain that would be consumed by such flocks as he observed. Allowing each pigeon half a pint of grain a day he concluded that such a flight as he had watched would consume 8,712,000 bushels of grain in a day. As there were enormous flights of pigeons long before grain was grown on this continent, the birds, of course, had other food supplies. They frequented the beech forests, where countless millions of bushels of beechnut were strewn upon the ground.

I HAVE HEARD COMPLAINT of damage done to shrubbery by rabbits during the past winter. In one case shrubs set out a year ago, and which were getting a good start, have been chewed off even with the ground. They may grow again from the roots, but the growth of a year is lost. While a rabbit hopping across a lawn presents an attractive picture, the loss of valued shrubs is too high a price to pay for the pleasure of looking at the picture. A rabbit at large in town is a pest, to be destroyed by whatever means are available.

IN THE COUNTRY ALSO THE rabbit becomes a nuisance. In the open in this territory it is the jack-rabbit that is most frequently found, and a fair-sized colony of jackrabbits will do more damage than a herd of cattle. If there is not too much snow and the usual quantity of litter is left on the fields, the depredations of the rabbits may not be noticeable. But in a hard winter, when the snow is deep, the animals will travel over the surface of the snow and attack everything in the way of growth that remains visible. Tender shoots of shrubs will be eaten clear through, but this is of minor importance, as new growth will soon take its place. It is in the girdling of trees that the little beasts do their most destructive work. Groves that have been nursed and tended for a dozen years have been destroyed in a single winter by these voracious animals.

IN MY BOYHOOD I TRIED Occasionally to snare rabbits, but I never succeeded. Story-books gave explicit instructions for setting the snares. A cord with a loop at the end was suspended from a sapling, which was bent over the path made by the rabbit and the thing was fastened with a sort of trigger arrangement which would go off when the rabbit entered the loop. The sapling would spring up and the rabbit, caught by the neck, would dangle in the air. The boys in the books had caught rabbits by the score in that way. I tried it several times, but no rabbit ever got into one of my loops. I had better success with box traps baited with bits of apple or fresh carrot.

IN DEALING WITH RABBITS, as well as with predatory birds and animals, man himself must take the place of some of the natural agencies which he has destroyed unavoidably in the prosecution of his own enterprises. There is no mystery about the manner in which nature preserved the balance which prevented the members of any species from becoming too numerous. The carnivora preyed on the herbaceous birds and animals and sometimes on each other, and by thus limiting their own food supply limited their own numbers. For the protection of his flocks and herds, as well as for other reasons, man has waged war on the carnivora, wolves, foxes, skunks, and so on, and the larger birds of prey. This has given the smaller vegetarian animals a better chance to multiply and it becomes necessary for man to deal with them if his fields are not to be overrun and stripped bare.

A DIFFERENT PROCESS went on in Australia, in which country there had been no rabbits until they were imported. The animals, placed in an environment free from their natural enemies, increased at a prodigious rate until they created for the Australians one of their major problems. The sheep industry was threatened with destruction because the rabbits ate all the vegetation, and immense sums were spent in the effort to control the pest. Wire fences hundreds of miles long were built to check them and the animals were rounded up and slaughtered by the million. Rabbit fur became an article of commerce, and this helped materially to clear up the situation. It appears that now the rabbits are fairly well under control. This also appears to be the case in California, which had a somewhat similar experience, though on a smaller scale.

I WONDER IF ANY LOVER OF flowers who reads this column has tried growing hyacinths out of doors in this territory. Several years ago I planted a small bed, but the bulbs all froze. I have not tried it since. I think that in my own experiment I made the mistake of planting the bulbs too late in the fall and they had not time to get rooted before hard freezing weather came. Among the hyacinths were some narcissus bulbs, and they suffered the same fate, perhaps for the same reason. I have not experimented with hyacinths out of doors since. I should like to know what success others have had, if they have tried it.

SOME OF THE NARCISSI, AT least, will live throughout winters if the conditions are favorable. I have now growing three or four "narcissi" which have lived through two winters. They were small, inferior bulbs which I set out on trial. They were planted in September, 1931, and were set south of the house, and were covered with fully three inches of earth. They blossomed last spring, and the young shoots are making satisfactory growth now.

IT IS JUST TWO MONTHS since the tulips made their appearance above ground. Cold weather had retarded their growth, but the buds are well formed, and two or three warm days should bring them into bloom.

A NOTE IN THE HERALD for April 22, 1880, says that on Tuesday of that week, April 20, Captain Alex Griggs had started the steamer Dakota on her first trip of the season down the river. Captain John Griggs was in charge, with James E. I. T. O. N. clerk. Mr. Barlow, pilot, James Duckworth, engineer and Neil Carey, steward. A large cargo of miscellaneous freight was carried for points down the river. Settlers were pouring into the territory, and as there was no railway north of Grand Forks many of the settlers used the steamboat to get to points near their destinations. This applied to those who were filing on homesteads not far from the river. Those going farther west found it as convenient to go overland from Grand Forks.

ON THE SAME DAY THE Grand Forks land office was opened, with about 100 persons standing in line to make their filings. Marshals Fadden and Ryan were on duty to preserve order. Four persons at a time were admitted to the office to file their claims, while the rest waited outside. The marshals had no trouble, for the crowd was peaceful and orderly.

SOME FIGURES IN Mississippi river navigation compiled from an old record by Mrs. Nellie Chapin Burns, of Euclid, Minn., read rather strangely in these days when attempts are being made to revive a traffic which was totally suspended for years. During the season of 1870 there were 66 steamboats licensed at the port of St. Paul, with an aggregate tonnage of 9,981. The total number of vessels licensed was 135, with tonnage of 22,223. This included the barges which carried a large part of the river freight. The record says that when the boats of the Northern and Diamond Jo lines were added, the number of vessels registered at St. Paul would be about 200, with tonnage of 40,000.

THE FIRST STEAMER EVER to arrive at St. Paul was the Otter, commanded by Captain Harris, which reached the port on April 16, 1844. The earliest date for the opening of navigation at that port was March 25, 1858, and the latest, up to 1870, was May 1, 1857. The tonnage tax was an important source of revenue. This reached its peak in 1865, when the receipts amounted to \$12,996.20. The year 1858 seems to have been a big year, as the tax in that year amounted to \$11,188.23. There was then a steady decline until in 1864 the receipts amounted to only \$4,-519.90. The next year the receipts were trebled and they remained fairly constant for the next five years when there was another drop. The tax collected, however, does not reflect accurately the tonnage carried, as there were changes in the wharfage rate.

THE RECORD GIVES THE list of first arrivals for more than 20 years, with the names of boats and their captains. The names of the captains are all strange to me, but there may still be old river men who remember some of them. Here they are: Harris, Throckmorton, Atchison, Smith, Blakely, Lucuc, Laughton, Worden, Cochran, Webb, Hatcher, Mason, Rhodes, Hight. Up to 1858 Captain Harris had more first arrivals to his credit than any of the others. After 1858 his name does not appear.

I AM INDEBTED ALSO TO Mrs. Burns for some verses which she has resurrected from her scrap-book. The lines are undated and the author's name is not given. They are evidently intended as a comment on Greeley's advice "Go west, young man," but the famous poem which is parodied is of later date.

*Another version of "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse"*

Over the hills to the poorhouse, my  
wife and children dear, We march in sad procession from  
out the farmhouse here; And all the broad, green acres I've  
tilled as boy and man Are sold to the heartless stranger,  
beneath the sheriff's ban.

Many a good year's living they've  
yielded us and ours,  
While mine was a full day's walkin'  
through wheat and corn and  
flowers; For I was freehold owner as far  
as the eye could see, And never a note or mortgage  
on what belonged to me.

And then to think I'd fool it, in  
these my grey-haired days, And then to think I'd follow in  
strange new-fangled ways! It seemed my brain new turnin'  
when Greeley's book came out, An 'What He Knew of Farmin'  
first tempted me to doubt.  
I thought experience lyin', and tookj  
from one my art

Who says all men are "liars" like  
Davis in his heart; And what with sub-soil plowin' and  
drainage far and wide, I My land looked like an earthquake  
had just broke out an' dried.

An' what with buildin' pig pens  
that cost as much as silk An' feedin' cows on butter to raise  
fresh buttermilk; An' keepin' rust from wheat crops  
by sprinklin' oil's control, An' plantin' sticks with broom corn|  
to make the brooms grow  
whole—

Many a thousand dollars were worse than thrown away,  
And many another thousand I had in debts to pay;  
But gooseberries dead broke me, when I to raise them tried

By buryin'—as the book said—my

geese all side by side.

And then behold the sheriff to levy  
on it all, When note on note and mortgage  
began like leaves to fall; Our very beds an' beddin' he  
siezed upon an' took, And the only thing he wouldn't  
was Mr. Greeley's book.

Over the hill to the poorhouse we  
wend our weary way, And never may Mr. Greeley be as  
sad as we today—  
givin' up the ghost,  
Not even in the moment when  
He forces one last whisper to  
"D-n the Boston Post,"

Silver is still quoted at 27 ½ , or thereabouts. It ought at least to bring itself up to date—  
33.—Montana Standard.