

DOES ANY OLD RESIDENT REMEMBER a man who was known as "Dude" Cabe Mackenzie, a professional gambler who is said to have conducted games in territorial days in St. Paul, Madison, South Dakota, and Grand Forks? The question is prompted by the reading of an entertaining article entitled "Education in Dakota," by T. D. Lyons, which appeared in the March 21 issue of the *Commonweal*, an excellent Catholic magazine. In that article the writer tells of an incident which led to the summary withdrawal of MacKenzie from Madison, the Dakota town which was at that time his headquarters.

THE READER OF THE ARTICLE may have some difficulty in discovering what it has to do with education. The subtitle throws a little light. It reads: "Feed and horses and poker were not excluded from the curriculum before the Dakotas became states." Actually the article does not treat of education as we think of it now in relation to the schools, but to the education which one acquires through mixing and dealing with his fellowmen. In that sense life in Dakota in territorial days was highly educative.

THERE ARE IN THE ARTICLE TWO references which have some bearing on education as we think of it. In one it is said that the following scholastic statistics of Dakota were paraded: More dollars were spent for education (in Dakota) than in Maine; more and higher priced teachers than in South Carolina; more pupils in school than in Tennessee. There was a slight catch, however, in the fact that the average of days of school per pupil was about 79.

The other reference is to the time when the writer and his brother were taken out of school for about three weeks in the spring to help with work on the farm.

THE LYONS FAMILY OWNED A BIG farm southwest of DeSmet. In 1879, we are told, one section of wheat netted \$20,000, yielding 35 bushels per acre of 63-pound wheat which sold in Minneapolis for \$1.25 a bushel on a special contract made by English millers. Those big of high-quality wheat gave the [Dakota commercial value. Had it been for that, says Mr. Lyons, the half of the territory would have insisted to enter statehood under the name Pembina, but reputation of Dakota wheat both sections insisted on retaining the name Dakota.

WHEAT GROWING WAS DONE ON a big scale. On the Lyons farm three headers and three binders were kept going. Wheat harvest began about the middle of August and was finished about the 25th. Cutting was continued without interruption seven days in the week, but work ceased on August 15, which was observed as a Holy Day of Obligation. Mr. Lyons writes:

"FATHER AHERN, A GRADUATE OF Louvain and Maynooth, usually drove his ponies up from Montrose to say mass at an improvised altar either in a room at the Big Place or in the Rock Creek school house. As the 15th of August was also my father's birthday, a half-barrel of beer was placed on tap and was cordially enjoyed by the harvest hands and guests of the countryside."

THE ELDER LYONS HAD FOR SALE a lot of fine Percheron horses. A buyer from the east looked them over and said they were too lean for the Boston market, where fat, glossy horses were in demand. Acting on the buyer's advice Mr. Lyons fattened 40 horses with liberal rations of hay and grain, feeding them molasses to give them glossy coats. He sold the animals for a good price after they had been tested for wind by young Lyons riding them out and back some distance. The boy knew that the horses were so fat that they would puff if galloped all the way, so he was careful to let them amble along until the finish when he would bring them in at full speed. Such tricks!

"DUDE" CABE MACKENZIE OWNED the Grand Teton hotel in Madison and ran a stiff game of poker there. One fall, during the wheat-hauling season, the writer's father, whose name was Dick, and Dick's brother, Bill, dropped into the hotel for a friendly game of poker with Mackenzie. Johnnie Deerman, nicknamed Harry Hayward, after the Hayward who had just been executed for the murder of Catherine Ging, stood behind Dick looking over his hand. When Dick sat down he had \$2,000 and when the game broke up he had lost \$1,600. He couldn't understand it. His brother, Will, who had been watching the play, said "Why, your friend Harry Hayward was signaling in the looking glass with his diamond ring and whenever there was a good pot he tipped off your hand to Cabe."

THE TWO BROTHERS HUNTED UP a banker friend who let them into the bank by the back door (it was night) and lent them \$2,500 each, saying that they could drop around in the morning and fix it up. With that money in their pockets the two brothers returned to the hotel, and, feigning reluctance, were "persuaded" into another game. This time they screened their hands carefully. When the game was over Dick had won from Mackenzie \$8,000, in which the stool-pigeon Deerman had a 20 per cent interest.

DEERMAN WAS TERRIFIED. HE said he had used \$300 of the firm's money and would be prosecuted for embezzlement unless he replaced it. He begged a loan from Dick, who handed him three \$100 bills with the caustic advice not to use it playing penny-ante. Then, turning to Mackenzie, he said quietly, "Cabe, tell your men that your gambling joint closes this morning—for keeps. One crooked game is one too many in the Sioux valley." Mackenzie, says the story, disposed of his hotel lease and "soon returned to his old stamping ground of St. Paul and Grand Forks."

Again, does anyone remember him?

LACK OF FAMILIARITY WITH THE terrain of the Balkans on the part of the German general staff may be one of the deciding factors in the military campaign that seems to be starting in the "powder house of Europe," according to a local student of military operations. The German advance through Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and northern Greece, if it comes, must be through a country that is rough and unfitted for motorized warfare. It must be against prepared positions in a rough country.

Such conditions require an intimate knowledge of the terrain for successful attack. This country has not been mapped like northern France, where there were military maps available showing every unevenness in the ground, every road and declivity and even the strength and width of bridges.

GERMAN COMMANDERS KNEW every foot of French and Polish soil over which they advanced either from actual travel or from complete maps. In the first World war the advance to the Somme was over land known to both commanders. In the recent advance into France, most of the German high command had fought over much of the territory in the war of 1914-18. Plans for the movement of motor equipment could be made far in advance with alternate routes named in case of trouble.

GERMAN MILITARY ACTIONS FOLLOW a set plan, with eventualities prepared for in advance. When these preparations do not work out as expected, the efficiency of the army is greatly impaired.

This was known in the final stages of the Meuse-Argonne campaign in 1918, and one of the reasons that American divisions were not relieved during the eleven days of that fight was that the American staff did not want to ease the pressure on the German lines for even a few hours. The situation was that as German divisions advanced to the fight, there would be a crisis in one section of the line when the first unit arrived. When the next unit arrived the crisis would be at another sector and the result was that in the last few day's fighting only a few German divisions were operating as units, and the American command did not want to allow them to increase their fighting power by reforming divisions, as would have been done had the pressure been lowered for a few hours.

THE YUGOSLAVS AND THE Greeks know the possible battleground far better than the German general staff. Military maps are not as accurate nor complete as regular German staff work requires, and this may be a serious handicap.

Another factor that will operate against the German success in this theater is that intelligence service, a military term for espionage, has not been and cannot be quickly prepared as it was in the other countries in which the Nazi army has campaigned.

If war breaks out in the Balkans, the German high command will face some problems that have not existed in Central Europe.

SINCE ITS DISTRIBUTION IN THIS area the Hungarian partridge has increased rapidly in numbers and has become one of our most popular game birds. In a short issue of the Winnipeg Free Press the bird editor of that paper has something to say about the Hungarian partridge in Manitoba. The bird was introduced there in the early thirties and increased in numbers so rapidly that it overflowed from the prairie district in which it was planted to territory not suited to it, after which there was a sudden and pronounced decline and the bird practically disappeared except from the southwestern quarter of the province.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE PAPER reports the presence of Hungarians at Fort Frances, indicating another overflow of surplus into territory not suited to this bird. The editor is wondering if this is to be followed by a similar decline. Nature has a way of correcting its own mistakes and of adjusting species of wild life to peculiarities of terrain, food supply, shelter and other factors.

ANOTHER FREE PRESS CORRESPONDENT, R. D. Bird of the Brandon entomological laboratory, has been investigating the mortality of game birds from railway accidents. In a walk of six miles along the railway track he found the remains of 32 Hungarians, one sharp-tailed grouse, three snow buntings and one domestic pigeon, which seems like quite a number of birds to be killed by trains within six miles.

THE CROPS OF ALL THOSE BIRDS were well filled with food, together with gravel or cinders. Game birds often frequent the railways and highways, with disastrous results to themselves. They find some grain which has been scattered from passing trucks or freight cars, but it appears that the principal attraction which they find in those dangerous places is the supply of grit which they find there and which is not found readily in most of the prairie country.

CONCERNING THE AUTHORSHIP of "Tipperary," about which a correspondent inquired some days ago, Mrs. S. H. Miller of Humboldt, Minnesota, writes:

"I met a Mrs. Williams at Stanton, N. D., in the spring of 1919 at the home of the Loys of Stanton, when I was just back from the war. Mrs. Miller's home was in Louisville, Kentucky, where her son was a dentist. She was either the mother or the aunt of the author of the song. Mrs. Williams was related to a member of the state legislature from Mercer county who was known, I think as "Dad" Williams. In 1914 or 1915, the Pathfinder wrote up the history of the song, "Tipperary," and from my contact with the family I suppose that he may have lived in Mandan at some time."

I AM RETURNING THANKS TO Mrs. R. M. Byrne of St. John, N. D., for a growing Irish shamrock plant. Mrs. Byrne writes that the plant—a picture of which was published in the Herald recently—is not the true shamrock, but the plant known as the oxalis, a member of the wood sorrel family. She continues:

"The true shamrock is a member of the clover family and has a very small blossom like the yellow clover blossoms. I am sending you a real shamrock, the seeds of which came from Ireland."

THE PLANT WHICH MRS. BYRNE Sends is of a trailing nature and has a tiny clover-like leaf scarcely a quarter of an inch across. I have potted it carefully and shall give it a chance to grow out of doors in the spring.

A MAMMOTH ISSUE OF THE BELL-Maywood Industrial Post is devoted to descriptions of the commercial and industrial advantages of the twin communities of Bell and Maywood, California, and of the progress that has been made by those communities in recent years. Among the portraits of prominent men in the issue is one of Geo. R. Robbins, former Grand Forks attorney, who has been a resident of Bell Since 1932. Of him the Post says:

"WITHIN A YEAR'S TIME MR. ROB-bins was appointed city judge of Bell, and he has retained that position since then. His record is one of conscientious and consistent service for the city and his reputation has led to his temporary appointment to other high courts when occasions demanded. As a Mason he has been active in Eastern Star work and he is a Past Worthy Patron of that order.

"Judge and Mrs. Robbins' daughter, now married, is Mrs. B. G. Swenson of South Gate.

A LETTER FROM MRS. J. S. BIGElow of Pleasant Lake, N. D., asks for the words of a poem entitled "My Four Tall Sons." The poem, which she has mislaid, was sent to her long ago by a daughter in Valley City, and since Mrs. Bigelow has four tall sons, now all out in the world, she is anxious to obtain the verses which she thinks fit her situation exactly. Can any reader supply them?

AN ARTICLE PUBLISHED BY THE magazine Foreign Affairs and entitled "What is the Western Hemisphere?" is by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, former North Dakota University student who became famous as an explorer. Dr. Stefansson maintains that any idea of bounding the western hemisphere by a straight line such as a meridian is unsound, because any such line would come too close to either the eastern or the western land mass at one or more points. He holds that the line dividing the two hemispheres should run through the center of the widest channel between the two bodies. This line would start east of Greenland and Iceland and would follow a curved course down through the middle of the Atlantic.

DURING HIS EXPLORING DAYS Stefansson was exposed many times to bitter cold and furious storms in the Arctic. He dressed for such exposure, and he also learned the importance of avoiding panic and of conserving energy in unfavorable weather conditions. Fighting a storm, he writes in one of his books, is apt to be fatal. There is great danger, too, he says, in very cold weather, making such violent exertion as to induce perspiration. That causes clothing to become damp and freezing is facilitated. Even going to sleep in a storm, he says, may be beneficial rather than dangerous, as when one is sheltered from wind, bodily functions are slowed down and strength is thus conserved.

EVERYONE HAS HEARD OF THE McGuffey readers. Many of our older people have used them in school. But not so many are familiar with the history of McGuffey himself. Not a few think of him as a mild sort of crank, a person of meager education who thought of himself as a man with a mission, and who undertook to carry out that mission by compiling for the youth of America a series of readers whose crudities are now to be regarded with an indulgent smile.

THAT PATRONIZING and slightly contemptuous attitude toward the McGuffey readers is apt to bring expressions of resentment from persons who knew those readers in their school days and still love them. The resentment is warranted, for not only did the McGuffey readers serve to open the gates of knowledge to innumerable young people of their period, but the quality of their content remains in many respects unsurpassed by anything that appears in the latest readers. Many of the best selections in today's books appeared on the pages of the old McGuffey readers.

WILLIAM MCGUFFEY WAS NOT the unskilled amateur that he is often supposed to have been. He was an earnest student whose scholarship won for him recognition by several colleges of high standing. In the preparation of his books he sought to convey moral lessons, and if he made those lessons too obvious, surely that was a pardonable error for his period. Recently Robert C. Vance, of the staff of the agricultural paper the Farmer, visited McGuffey's boyhood home in Pennsylvania, and he wrote for his paper the following sketch of the educator's life:

"ABOUT FOUR MILES OUT FROM West Alexander, Pennsylvania, is a granite monument, marking the site of the house where William McGuffey was born. The cabin itself was purchased by Henry Ford and moved to Dearborn village, in Michigan. The monument marked the place where it had stood. In these days of visual-education, movies and similar devices, it might not be amiss here to devote a paragraph or two to William McGuffey's life.

"HE WAS BORN IN A LOG CABIN on the Pennsylvania frontier. His parents were poor in worldly goods, but were rich in the ambitions they had for their children. By the time he was 18 years of age, William McGuffey had managed to attend only three winter terms of school. In the meantime, however, his stepmother, using borrowed books, had taught him to read and his father had taught him surveying, along with a smattering of mathematics. Then one day the Rev. Thomas Hughes, who ran a private academy in the nearby town of Darlington, rode by the McGuffey cabin.

"THE REV. HUGHES HEARD MRS. McGuffey praying aloud that her son might be given the chance to acquire an education and stopped and talked with her. He was so impressed with her earnestness that he decided to forego the tuition fee of \$3 a year and found a place where the young man might work for his board. After finishing with the Darlington Academy, he worked his way through Washington College (now W & J College of Washington, Pa.),

THE YOUNG MCGUFFEY HAD AN unique plan of study. He memorized everything. Whether his memory was outstanding, or whether he developed it through overwork, the fact is that it has never been equalled. When he was 21 years old he could recite any book in the Bible. He had preached some 3,000 sermons, without notes and it is said that, given the text, he could repeat them practically the same as he gave them the first time. He later became president of Miami University at Oxford.

MCGUFFEY WAS ORDAINED A Presbyterian minister when he was 29 years old. Beside preaching and teaching, he found time to study child psychology and began to work out a set of school readers, suitable for the various ages. His First, Second, Third and Fourth Readers were published with the understanding that he was to receive a royalty until \$1,000 had been paid the author. The readers were so popular among schools that the publishers made a fortune and in gratitude, pensioned McGuffey for life. William's brother, Alexander, aided him in compiling the Fifth and Sixth Readers."

WE ARE APT, I SUPPOSE, TO THINK of the classics as lofty and highbrow, full of serious purpose and refined philosophy, to be approached only with reverence. But some of our classics are pure nonsense, not only devoid of information and instruction, but devoid of meaning. Witness some of Lewis Carroll's verses, which have served to entertain, but not to instruct several generations. Judged from that standpoint we have a lot of classics which we do not usually regard as such. Probably the Mother Goose rhymes also would qualify. There are bits of nonsense which seldom find their way into print, but which have become fixed in form and have been passed on from one generation to another for no reason other than their oddity.

IN HIS COLUMN ON "BOOKS" LEWIS Gannett of the New York Herald-Tribune, recently reproduced one of those senseless rhymes with the following comment:

"I CALLED IT GIBBERISH, THAT London street song of 1869 which Michael Sadleir used in his novel 'Fanny by Gaslight;' with its rhythmic refrain: Jamsetjee ma jabajehoy
Jabbery dobi porie
Ikey Pikey Sikey Crikey
Chillungowullabadorie

"That, apparently, was mere youthful ignorance on my part.

"ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY writes from Cranford, N. J., that he used to sing that song at school, except that Ms first line ran 'Singing jepsegeegee ebony-o'; he suspects that it came out of the old London music halls, then called 'caves of harmony.' Virginia Kent Cummins, of the Hotel Plaza, says that she recognizes it as the chorus of 'a rather risqué song' which she believes came from 'The Black Crook' Theresa Batten Mosher, of Harrison, N. Y., reports that her father, born in England in 1852, still sings it, and that he has a very good tenor voice to this day; she "says it is a song about a sailor and that the first line runs: 'Like Sinbad, the sailor, I sailed the stormy main' which certainly sounds far less like Gertrude Stein than does the chorus, if it be a chorus, which Mr. Sadlier quoted.

"CLOTILDA PERROTT OF WASHINGTON, D. C., has the prize Jamsetjee story. Fifty years ago, she says, in a barn loft on a North Dakota farm, a young man from Worcester College, Oxford, taught it to her and other children, and went on with Shakespeare and Tennyson, at the end of each verse, from whom the youthful chorus chimed in with a roaring 'Ikey, Pikey, Sikey, Crikey' She was then ten years old, she adds, but in due time she married the man. A powerful song indeed!"

THE CLOTILDA PERROTT MENTIONED by Mr. Gannett is Mrs. G. St. John Perrott, whose husband was for many years professor of romance languages in the University of North Dakota, and who died here. He was a real scholar and a man of fine personal qualities. Mrs. Perrott will be remembered here as a woman of great charm and of brilliant wit. The column which she now writes for an Alexandria, Virginia, paper, has become very popular.

IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF THE Atlantic Monthly is an article by Albert J. Nock on those always interesting people, the Amish of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. Many other articles have described in considerable detail the customs of the Amish, their dress, their industry, their methods of farming and their desire to keep themselves free from whatever they consider "worldly." More than most other writers Mr. Nock considers the motives which seem to inspire Amish life.

SAYS MR. NOCK: "THE OLD AMISH are reputed to be the best farmers in America, and a glance at their territory sets up a strong conviction that this is so. The Amishman is actually a farmer, not a manufacturer, like our large-scale single-crop producers. Nor is he a political farmer, of the kind whose sorrows lie so close to the heart of Mr. Wallace. He cares nothing for Mr. Wallace, and asks no political favors from anybody. His produce goes first to feed his family and his livestock. If any be left over he takes it to the public markets at Lancaster; and by the way, if you want to see something that you could really call a public market, go to Lancaster."

THUS THE AMISHMAN'S FIRST consideration is to produce from his acres the material for abundant living. Whatever he produces beyond this yields him all the cash he needs. He knows nothing of the depression, and Mr. Nock, believes Lancaster county to be the richest in the world "in good hard available cash money that can be dug up on demand at any moment out of the Amishman's pants pocket.

"THE AMISH," CONTINUES THE article, "beat the New Deal's whole program of social security, hands down. They have the best form of old-age pension that can be devised; when you grow old you simply take things easy and live 'wie Gott in Frankreich' while your family carries on. No need for some officious nincompoop to come down from Washington and tell you how to do that. So also with 'relief' No Amishman's name was ever on the relief roll of Lancaster county, and none ever will be. The Amishman does not waste a single bawbee on insurance, for he already has the best kind of insurance, on which he pays no premiums, and his policy never expires. If lightning strikes his barn, his coreligionists in that district build him a new one; if he is ill, they help him out with his work; if he dies untimely, they make arrangements to have things go on. No insurance company can compete with that."

MR. NOCK DOES NOT ADVISE THE rest of us to turn Amish, but he thinks there are features in the Amish way of life, its simplicity and its independence which might profitably be incorporated into American life generally.

AN AUTOMOBILE ASSEMBLY PLANT IN St. Paul closes because of inability to obtain parts from the big Ford plant at Dearborn, Michigan, where a strike is in progress. A plant in Pennsylvania closes because it cannot obtain necessary parts from a plant at Hillsdale, Michigan, where there is another strike. Other plants are closing or are threatened with closing because of a coal strike. It is clear that if strikes in major centers continue, industry every where must come to a stand still. That will be pleasing news in Berlin, for it means the bogging down of the whole national defense program, of which the sending of material aid to Great Britain and her allies is a major and urgent part.

IN MOST OF THESE STRIKES QUESTIONS Of wages and hours are involved only in a minor way, if at all. Great strikes are called because of disputes over whether this or that group shall bargain for employees, because someone has been discharged for what are alleged to be improper reasons, because some manager has employed men who are members of another union, or of no union at all. For such causes men who wish to work are prevented by force from doing so, public streets are blocked, cities are plunged into a state of civil war, and the governor of a state who appears on the scene to plead for peace is hooted and jeered and his car is overturned and pelted with missiles. Meanwhile workmen by the hundred thousand are idle, the wheels of industry cease to turn, and the production of necessary military material is hampered.

AS A MEASURE OF PREPARATION FOR whatever crisis may develop a million young men are being inducted into military service. National Guard units have already been mustered into the national service. One of those units has already gone from Grand Forks and another is to go within a few days. For many weeks young men drawn for training have been going to their designated camps to be initiated into army, navy or air service. All this is in preparation for a possible war, a war which this nation does not seek, but which may be forced upon it, and which prompt and adequate preparation now may avert.

A STRIKE NOW WHICH SLOWS UP PROductibn, whether of military or other material, Is a blow at every man who wears the nation's uniform and serves under its flag. It is a blow fat the family of every young man from Grand Forks, from North Dakota, from anywhere, who has been called into the service of his country. It increases the hazard of war and it threatens to deprive those of our men who may be engaged in war of the equipment of which they may be in desperate need.

No community can afford to regard with indifference a strike in any other community, for the nation's industry is so closely knit together that what effects any part of it affects the whole.

EFFECT OF INTERRUPTION OF PRODUCTION on the defense program has tended to focus attention just now on the whole strike problem. But that problem did not originate during the past few months. Its roots go much deeper. We are now forced to deal with conditions which have been growing and increasing in gravity for years. Negligently and timorously we have refused to face those conditions and deal with them as they must be dealt with if we are not to lapse into a state of anarchy. Without restraint we have permitted certain men to interfere by violence with the lawful conduct of others. We have closed our eyes to acts of mob violence when committed in the name of labor at the instigation of so-called labor leaders who are in fact labor's worst enemies. We have sown the wind, and we are reaping the whirlwind.

WE HAVE TEMPORIZED WITH THIS SUBject for years, and we are temporizing with it now. We have a labor department, a national labor board, and of late other boards, commissions and conciliators, a mass of complicated machinery with poorly defined powers and without consistent and intelligible policy. In a major emergency which demands prompt and decisive action there is doubt and hesitation, beginning with a secretary of labor who has to be prodded into action and running down through other agencies whose members do not know what their functions are.

ONE THING OF VITAL IMPORTANCE IS that whatever the cause of dispute, violence in a labor dispute, no matter by whom committed, shall be treated on the same basis with violence in any other circumstances and shall be suppressed by means of whatever force is required to deal with it. That will not solve the whole problem, but it will be a great help. For the right adjustment of our real labor problems we need, among other things, a degree of firmness, intelligence and impartiality in the labor department and on the labor board such as has not been in evidence for several years.

IN ISTANBUL, TURKEY, MISS ELIZBETH Burnham, former secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Grand Forks, spent her Christmas and New Year's in the shadow of impending war. Since the last letter, dated January 30, was received from her, the shadow has been growing denser. If Turkey becomes involved, which now seems more likely than ever, the historic city, which for more than 1,000 years was the seat of the eastern Roman empire, will be one of the objectives of the contending forces. I find that the excerpts from Miss Burnham's letters which have been published in this column have been read with interest, and it is intended to continue the series, from time to time, as further letters are received. Following excerpts are from the letter of January 30, and others will appear within a day or two:

"I HAVE BEEN IN TURKEY JUST three months and rather feel like an old timer in some ways; a little more adjusted to the capricious weather for one thing. That first month was perfect— warm sunshiny fall days, the next was a deluge. It rained every day for a month and I never left my umbrella and rubbers at home for a day! My green cellophane umbrella went on strike, splitting wide open and now I carry a black one like every one else. You had to pretend you did not know it was raining or were a duck and liked the water as you got on and off street cars and boats. Of course when it was raining the hardest there was never a taxi in sight at the boat landing and you plodded and splashed along. Just as it was about to get me down there came a break in the weather. Christmas day the sun almost shone, the first evidence there was a sun in a month. Since then we have had some rainy days; some clear cold days when a biting wind came down the Bosphorus from the Black sea making one hurry for cover; there has been snow several times that turned the world into a fairy land; but best of all there have been many lovely spring-like days, flooded with sunshine. The weather changes very suddenly here depending upon the direction of the wind. Pansies are blooming in our garden now and shrubs show signs of life and yet they tell me spring doesn't come until March.

"THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE 'DIFFERENT' Christmases for me. I did miss being with my brother and his family and the greetings of old friends and yet friend here did not give me as opportunity to feel too lonesome. The Center was closed Christmas day and here at the school the pupils were left in the care of Turkish teachers to whom of course the day was only the 25th day of December. Classes were held here at Scutari until the 27th of December when they were dismissed for two weeks for the New Year's holiday and the 'Kurban Bayrami.' The Center was closed January 1, 2 and 3 and for the 'Kurban Bayrami' days— the 8, 9, and 10th of January. I spent Christmas eve at the Edwards' home where there were sixteen guests for dinner, including of course Phoebe Clary who lives there. Before dinner we drank to the king and sang 'God Save the King' with due solemnity. In deference to the four Americans present the other guests joined in singing the 'Star Spangled Banner.' After dinner Mr. Edwards read the Christmas Story and we sang several carols. Four members of the group gave in an excellent manner the new scene from the play 'Victoria Regina.' With stories and conversation the evening passed very quickly and we all wished each other a Merry Christmas before parting after midnight. I stayed at the Edwards over night and in the morning joined the family in a Bouple of carols before the lighted Christmas tree. After the presents were distributed to the others, the servants were called in and presented with their gifts. The Moslem Turkish gardener and janitor as well as the Christian Armenian cook and maid wished each of us a happy 'Bairum' or holiday. I joined the Scutari teachers for a dinner in one of Istanbul's most pleasantly located salons overlooking the Bosphorus, after which we went to see the movie "The Blue Bird.

"NEW YEAR'S DAY THE SCUTARI teachers had their traditional party for the whole mission group with several outside guests. Forty of us sat down at the long table before four beautifully roasted turkeys with everything Americans like served with them. These events with a couple of musical teas sprinkled in and a Center staff party completed the holiday season. It seemed strange to be in a country where shops and schools were undecorated and open Christmas day. There were no 'gift corners' no lists 'for him and for her' and no notice of the number of shopping days until Christmas. I received quite a number of cards from my students both Moslem and Christians wishing me a happy Bairumi, just as is our custom to wish them a happy Bairumi on their special days. The Armenian Christmas does not come until January 6th and it is entirely a religious observance except for the custom of calling on close friends by the head of the house.

"THE MOSLEM 'KURBAN BAIRAMI' is the annual remembrance of the story of Abraham (one of the revered Moslem prophets) sacrificing the lamb in place of his son, Isaac. Every family who can afford it buys a lamb and kills it during these days, reserves a part for the family but gives the most of it away. Everywhere you see the sheep being taken to the markets decorated with blue ribbons or stained with henna or yellow and sometimes other colors giving quite a rainbow appearance. During those three days every one puts on his or her best and visits friends; balloons, sweets and other eatables are in evidence for the children."

SOME OF THE IMPRESSIONS MADE on one's mind in childhood remain sharp and clear throughout a lifetime, while those made more recently, and often in relation to much more important subjects, may leave no perceptible trace. I read a child's story about the journey of an English family through Montenegro, that "land of the Black mountains" which has since become a part of Yugoslavia. The story, written for children, told particularly of the adventures and impressions of the children of the family while traveling through a wild foreign land and among a wild people. Through all these years Whenever I have seen the name Monte-, inegro, I have had a mental picture before me of a land of towering mountains and deep valleys, of all men and kindly woman, where fighting seemed to be the normal occupation of the men, each of whom carried at all times a long rifle, but where the peaceful stranger was given hospitality without limit. And in the light of what I have read since, that impression seems to be fairly correct.

SOMEONE WONDERED THE OTHER day what would be the opinion of the people two thousand years hence of the civilization of today when, after removing the earth and ashes which the centuries had accumulated over the ruins of some of our finest cities, the excavators discovered the caverns, deep underground which are now being used as air raid shelters. What strange people would be supposed to have inhabited those holes in the ground, and what could have been their use? Nobody could be positive about the answer, but Fred Gustafsson hazarded a guess. "Perhaps," he said, "They will think those holes were where the people went to make their beer during prohibition."

R A P I D TRANSPORTATION OF fresh fruit in this country has been brought to a high degree of efficiency. That is why at any time of the year every city, and almost every village is supplied with fruits and vegetables, kept in perfect condition, and delivered within a few days after they are gathered. Distribution also has become amazingly perfected, A car of grape fruit, for example, is started from California to Kansas City, but while it is on the way it is learned that Kansas City has plenty of grape fruit, while Cincinnati has none. En route the car is switched to Cincinnati. Thus everybody is supplied and the market is stabilized.

THAT SYSTEM OF DISTRIBUTION, however, has another side, and New York retailers came in contact with that other side last week. The first car of the season of Louisiana strawberries was on its way to New York, and dealers had confidently promised their customers some of those berries within a few days, But the berries didn't arrive. While on the way they had been switched to some other city where the price was better. The New Yorkers had to wait.

MRS. J. J. FERGUSON WOULD LIKE to find an old hymn containing the words "In the land where we never grow old' She remembers hearing it sung often about 1883 or 1884, but can remember, only the words quoted. The hymn is unknown to me. Can any reader help?

THERE HAS BEEN A LOT OF SPECulation over the identity of those birds which soared over and around Grand Forks for several hours one day last week. They have been variously described as owls, hawks, gulls, and even eagles. There must have been several score, if not several hundred of those birds. It is true that eagles migrate, but I never heard of them going in great flocks like that. I think eagles may safely be checked off the list.

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THE choice lies between hawks and gulls, with the preference for gulls. In the prairie country, while gulls are often seen singly, they often appear in flocks from dozens to thousands. Late in the season they may be so numerous in some localities, that a distance, when the light strikes their plumage just right, it appears as if hundreds of acres were covered with snow. Each season there are some flocks of gulls along the Red river near the city.

GULLS AND TERNS ARE SO NEARly alike in appearance and habit that only those versed in bird lore can be,certain which is which. Several species of each frequent the prairies, but it is my understanding that the one most numerous on the plains is the Franklin gull. Some of those birds spend their winters as far south as Patagonia.

WITH TURKEY SUSPENDING THE building of roads and other public improvements to concentrate on war preparations, the man on the street declares with pride, "We are ready for whatever comes." In visiting the ancient city of Smyrna one may have to help the horse pull the buggy up the hill. In a few hours from Istanbul one may follow the footsteps of St. Paul, or eat lunch in the marble seat of honor in what was one a magnificent banquet hall. Such are some of the experiences described by Miss Elizabeth Burnham in the following excerpts from a letter written two months ago:

"TO MAKE GOOD USE OF MY week's holiday and to see more of Turkey I joined Miss Katherine Fletcher, a teacher here at Scutari and Miss Edith Fosdick, a teacher at the American College for Girls and Harry Emmerson Fosdick's sister, on a trip to Smyrna, or Izmir (the Turkish name). We left Istanbul on a very comfortable Turkish boat, crossed the Sea of Marmora through the historic Dardenelles, out into the Aegean sea, down the coast of Turkey, sighting many Grecian islands and on to Smyrna in 30 hours. It was a beautiful trip, calm seas and no dangers from other sources. It is a regular passenger and freight route even in these days and there is no danger. Smyrna is a very beautiful city built around the bay and up Pagos hill, from where you get a wonderful view of the city. The old Roman and Byzantine fortifications on the hill top date back to 250 B. C. Here as in many places modern Turkey has taken steps to preserve and make available things of historic interest. Wonderful roads were being built around Smyrna, but all this kind of work had to be stopped and all men and money used for the preparedness program. When Turkey wants so much to go on building roads, schools, factories and every kind of thing for the development of the country, it is indeed sad that it must all stop. Yet with what pride a Turkish man said to us as he watched the soldiers getting on the train "We are ready now for what ever comes". They have confidence in their leaders, who have accomplished much in a short time.

"WE THREE STAYED AT AN ENGLISH pension where Miss Williamson the owner told us about the great Smyrna fire and many tales of early days for she g has lived practically all of her 60 years in Turkey. Lawrence of Arabia was once g patient in her "Nursing Home". One meets interesting people every where you turn out here. We saw Smyrna by boat, auto and horse and buggy. Employing the latter one afternoon, Miss Fosdick and I helped pull with the horses all the way up a winding cobble stone hill and put on the brakes all the way down, but the level stretches and the view from the hill top was grand.

"WE SPENT ONE DAY OUT AT THE Turkish village of Sart and the nearby ruins of the ancient city of Sardis where Paul established one of his seven churches. The Temple to Artemis was excavated a few years back and while it is in ruins what magnificent ruins they are —tall fluted marble columns with beautifully carved capitals and delicately traced designs, on cornices and walls. A small early Christian church, thought after Paul's day, also in ruins, was standing in the shadow of the huge temple. While we were resting on the marble steps we heard the sweet notes of the flute played by a shepherd watching his sheep across the hills.

"MISS OLIVE GREEN, ONE OF THE teachers at the American school in Smyrna telegraphed to the Camplings, friends of hers at Soke to find out about the roads to Ephesus and Priene. They not only answered that the roads were passable but invited us to stay with them while we went exploring. Mr. and Mrs. Campling are delightful English people and it was worth the half day's trip on the train to meet them and to enjoy the hospitality of their attractive home. Mr. Campling has charge of a licorice factory which is another interesting story. We were with them two nights, going out the first day by auto to Priene, an ancient Ionian town of 4,000 population built about 220 B. C. As excavated in the last century it gives us a perfect example of a town with its theater, gymnasium, acropolis, council chamber, and temples to Athena and Demeter. You can see the plan of its houses with bathrooms, running water and some of the colored mosaic floors. Growing around the old ruins there were myraids of crimson, purple, and delicately colored anemones (lilies of the field). We ate the lunch Mrs. Campling had packed for us in the carved marble seats of honor in the great banquet hall.

"THE SECOND DAY WE DROVE over the mountains to Ephesus and what a gorgeous trip it was with glimpses of the blue Aegean sea first from the mountain tops and then we followed the shore line where the water was turned to turquoise along the rocky cliffs. We stood in the old Ephesus open air theater with the tiers of seats climbing up the hillside and thought of the words that were echoed there for two hours in Paul's time by the gold and silver smiths and their followers, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." (Acts: 19). We looked down into the huge hole now filled with water and saw just a few stones from the ancient temple to Diana which was one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. Wouldn't the people of that time have marveled if they had seen our Ford going down their marble paved highway to the sea! We spent several hours looking at the library, music hall, temples, gymnasium and other buildings of ancient Ephesus; then there were the Roman and Byzantine additions and finally the ruins of one of the early Moslem Mosques, on the edge of the Turkish village of today.

"IT WAS A DELIGHTFUL AND most interesting week, with more horizons opening up all along the way. We made the return trip by train to Banderma and then by boat again across the end of the Marmora. Across Anatolia we passed through endless groves of fig and olive trees, fields where cotton, tobacco, barley and other grains had been harvested. Occasionally there was a camel train and everywhere there were flocks of sheep being watched over by a shepherd in his heavy white hooded mantle and always there was one or more savage looking dogs. I would not care to meet one of those dogs! In the villages the children go skipping along in their wooden shoes; or rubbers over bedroom slippers are quite generally worn. Men and women frequently have their heads tied up with scarfs. A cap perched on the top of the swaddled head of a man is a strange combination, yet rather common.

TWO OR THREE WEEKS AGO IT Beemed likely that this would be about an "average" spring, as to the time for getting the season's outdoor work under way. That prospect has disappeared. Even where fields are not flooded drizzling rain has kept the surface soil saturated, and some days of drying weather will be required to put the soil in shape for work even in the most favored locations. In the Red river valley hundreds of thousands of acres are under water, and no one can tell how long it may be before that land is fit for cultivation.

ABSENCE OF SUNSHINE HAS DELayed the growth of vegetation, but a few warm days will work a marked change in the appearance of things. Robins and meadowlarks have been with us for some little time, and the northward flights of geese and ducks are under way. It is several weeks since Mrs. Powell of Devils Lake reported that her tulips were up. Mine have been up about a couple of weeks, and I can see from my north window that those of my neighbor are showing,

WHILE THE WEATHER REMAINED cold the tulips showed merely as little purple spikes barely above the ground, and showed scarcely any growth. But With a few days of warm sunshine they have made real progress and the little spikes have unfolded and are showing now as broad green leaves. I have commented often on the ability of tulips to withstand frost. I have known them when fully developed and in blossom to freeze solid without wilting. However, I should prefer not to have them freeze very hard, as repeated freezing and thawing often browns and shrivels the tips of the leaves and seems to stunt the blossoms.

IN SEVERAL YEARS SEEDING IN the Red river valley has been well under way in March, but for this area the average time for seeding to begin seems to be about April 10 to 15. When spring is too far advanced by really hot weather there is almost certain to be a reaction to unseasonable cold, and vegetation prematurely stimulated is almost certain to be injured. For that reason I am well satisfied when buds on trees and flowering shrubs do not begin to swell too early.

TO MANY OF US, HONEY IS JUST honey. Those who have given any thought to the subject know that the flavor of honey depends on the kind of blossoms from which it is collected. Thus we know of clover, basswood, buckwheat and a few other kinds of honey collected from blossoms in our own vicinity. But until reading a recently published article on the subject I had no idea how many kinds of honey there are, or that so many kinds are kept free from admixture and are marketed separately on a commercial scale. One New York dealer, for example, stocks regularly some 90 different types of domestic and imported honeys.

AMONG CALIFORNIA'S SPECIALties are cactus and avocado honey, both very rare because the bees find such blossoms perhaps only once in two or three years. Formerly we imported a fine acacia honey from Hungary, but that is not now available. It is replaced to some extent by a domestic black locust honey which is said to be similar. Holly and rattan honey come from Arkansas. Goldenrod yields a dark honey which has a flavor suggestive of figs. I wonder if that can be used safely by persons who begin to sneeze when the goldenrod blooms.

FROM AUSTRALIA COMES A FAMous eucalyptus-flavored honey. Small supplies of French lavender and Grecian wild honey are still on the market, but it is f not likely that these can be replaced for some time. The Greeks are busy fighting and the French are wondering what to do next. Considerable quantities of heather honey have been received from England and Scotland, but no more is arriving now.

LATIN AMERICA SENDS US MANY kinds of honey. Among them is a variety that comes from a shrub which grows only in the mountainous districts of Cuba. For the collection of this honey hives are set away up in the mountains where the bees will have access to thousands of such plants and will not be distracted by the presence of others. In Guatamala a special honey is derived from the coffee berry, having a licorice-like flavor. Those fancy specialties are sold in small packages and command fancy prices. An order of pancakes liberally smeared with any of them would make a costly breakfast.

INSTANBUL, TURKEY, WHICH is now dangerously near the eastern war area, the work of a Young Women's Christian association, which in Turkey, is called a Center, is conducted very much as it is in the United States, with Turkish girls trained for that work performing the several necessary duties. In the following excerpts from her letter Miss Elizabeth Burnham introduces her associates at the Center and describes their characteristics, which might easily be those of cultured, wholesome American girls:

"I WOULD LIKE YOU TO KNOW THE Center and the people with whom I closely associate for you would enjoy them. May I introduce you to the staff members as you would find them at work. If you wanted to register for a class you would meet Fahire, the youngest and newest addition to the staff, a sturdy black eyed girl of nineteen with a round, chubby face and raven locks, who would give you her most serious attention. She also inspects the housekeeping and keeps the maid and janitor moving; and does it all quite well too.

"OR MUKEDDER MIGHT TAKE your registration for that class and you would surely meet her if you were interested in the sports program. Just to look at Mukedder makes you think of sports and the out-of-doors for she is the tall athletic type and very good looking with her clear complexion, black hair and eyes. Her bearing makes you feel confident of her ability in the sports line and she is quite stunning and prepossessed at a tea too. She may be serious as you meet her, but there will be a fun-loving twinkle in her eyes soon. This is her second year at the Center and she did a fine job as Sports Director at the camp last summer.

"IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN AN informal group or club you would talk with Aroxie Pever who would meet you most graciously and before you would know it you might be enrolled in more than one group. She is perhaps 28 with experience in a business office as well as former Y. W. C. A. experience, though she but recently re-entered the Center. Things move along smoothly, quietly and efficiently when Aroxie takes a hand, no matter if it is working with a group or helping with a luncheon. I had tea Saturday With her interesting family. The table was loaded with jams, including rose petal jam, fancy breads, cakes and several kinds of Turkish delicacies that I would not attempt to name, but which I certainly did enjoy. Mrs. Pever has promised to show me how to make some of the Turkish delicacies and at the suggestion of the brother who graduated from M. I. T. in Boston, I am going to show Aroxie how to make apple pie.

"AND IF IT IS CAMPAIGN TIME AS it is just now you would meet Iris Ferid, the business secretary at the campaign luncheon. She is small in size, with deep gray eyes, rather quiet and reserved, but there is depth there and she knows her figures. With all the complications about taxes, money exchanges, and book-keeping it takes a level headed person and Iris is certainly that. When you get to know her she has a sense of humor and really is a delightful person and one you can always count upon.

"ULVIA HANIM HAS A HUSBAND and a baby of four months, yet with help at home she works half time; this is her second year at the Center. She is a brunette too as are all the others, but hair and eyes are not so dark. She won't have as much to say at first perhaps but you will enjoy the way her face lights up and her eyes twinkle as you get to know her. She is the official link with the Turkish educational department under which the Center operates. There are a great number of bulletins and letters to be read and interpreted and they must all be done with the greatest care. Letters concerning my being here, all the whys and wherefores went through her hands and you would never guess at all the formalities! Ulvia teaches French classes as well.

"IF YOU HAVE AN AMBITION TO become an efficient private secretary, just take classes with Miss Louise Mamigonian; who painstakingly teaches these classes as well as acts the part of secretary to Miss Clary. Miss Louise has been with the Center for 11 years. She is most gracious to all who come and is always ready to do whatever is most urgent at the moment.

Louise, Iris and Aroxie are Armenians; Ulvia, Mukedder and Fahire are Moslems, but all of course are Turkish citizens. They all work together very well under Miss Clary and now with me in their midst. They all speak English very well.

"YOU ALL KNOW THAT PHOEBE IS the American secretary who has been here for thirteen' years, speaks Turkish fluently and has done much to build up the reputation of the Center. She is a most enjoyable and charming person and perhaps you will have the pleasure of meeting her some day in the U. S. A.

WE HAVE FINISHED THE FINANCE effort and it is remarkable how old friends have responded, giving the same as in former years with increases here and there that balanced the few losses. Some new friends were found too. I made quite a few calls with Louise on old friends and they were all ready with their contribution before she said a word. At the last very happy luncheon the 50 workers brought in enough money to reach the Istanbul goal plus \$118 (liras). Marvelous in these times.

ADOLF HITLER MUST BE JUST ABOUT the most disappointed man in Europe. Attaining a position of supreme power in Germany, wishing to be at peace with all the world in order that he might devote himself to the reconstruction of his country, and he has seen one after another of his cherished plans thwarted by hateful Jews and perfidious Englishmen, until he is at war instead of at peace, and Germany is a great armed camp, with destruction rained upon its cities from the skies, and its men have been drawn from the activities of peace to the defense of the nation against those who would destroy it.

TWO YEARS AGO THE THREATENING attitude of the Czechoslovakians made it necessary for Hitler to take over their country in order that Germany might remain intact. Six months later Poland, prompted by Britain and stimulated by Jewish conspirators, threatened the peace and integrity of Germany and it became necessary to destroy Poland. Britain then threw off the mask and declared war on Germany. Because Norway and Denmark were about to be invaded by Britain, Hitler found it necessary to invade them first, and for similar reasons he was compelled to invade Holland and Belgium.

DURING THE PAST YEAR THE MENACING attitude of Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria forced Hitler to take over those countries, a process to which they submitted under threat of being annihilated. Yugoslavia had the presumption to reject Hitler's reasonable demand that their country be attached to the tail of his kite, and again war became necessary against that country and Greece, which had been so uncooperative as to smite Hitler's Italian ally, hip and thigh instead of submitting peacefully to armed invasion. Was there ever in this history of men and of nations such a catalogue of frustrated purposes? And the mischief of it is that a lot of people think that this is all Hitler's own doing.

THREE MILITARY UNITS FROM GRAND Forks will go to camp for training. The members of those units have been given expressions of good will, not only from their immediate relatives, but from the entire community. There have been expressions of confidence that during their absence they will acquit themselves in such a manner as to reflect credit on their home town, and there need be no doubt that such confidence is well placed.

IN THEIR DEVOTION TO THE DUTIES which they will be called on to perform these young men have certain responsibilities to the community which they leave for a time, and to which they will be welcomed back when this phase of their service is over. It is well to remember, too, that the community has certain responsibilities to them. These men are not off on a holiday jaunt. They are engaged in serious business. The training which is to be given them is intended to fit them for effective service in war, if, unfortunately, it should be the fate of the nation to engage in war. They are to be armed, equipped and trained in such a manner that they may most effectively participate in the defense of the nation against armed enemies, and that such service may be performed with the minimum of risk to themselves.

THE NATION OWES TO ITS DEFENDERS the best that can be given them of whatever may be needed to fit them for whatever service they may be called on to perform, and of whatever can contribute to their safety and well being. In this responsibility every community shares. We owe to our men in camp the kind of service and support that can come only from abiding faith in the nation and its institutions, in undivided loyalty, and in willingness to subordinate selfish interest to the common welfare. Specifically, we owe to them an attitude which will neither promote nor tolerate sniping at the defense program, for it is on the speedy and uninterrupted progress of the program that their efficiency and their security rest. These young men of ours have a right to expect that we who remain at home shall carry on.

DURING THE LEGISLATIVE SESSION AT Bismarck one member objected to the bill then, pending for putting teeth in the gas tax exemption law on the ground that it was a reflection on the honesty of the farmers. The purpose of the law is to exempt from taxation gasoline which is used on the farms and not on the highways. The farmer who complies with the law in good faith, as most farmers do, has nothing to fear from provisions which will make the law more difficult to evade. To oppose strengthening of the law lays the opponent open to the suspicion that he wishes to evade it. And there are those in any occupation who will evade any law if they can do so safely and if they consider it worth while.

THE KIND OF WEATHER WE have been having lately reminds me of little Charlie, age two, who started to cry one day about nothing in particular, and made a poor job of it. He shed no tears, and instead of the lusty bellow of a youngster in real trouble, he produced merely a dismal wail. His brother, age six, wearying of the monotonous sound, burst out impatiently: "Aw, Charlie! Why can't you cry right?" I have been wishing that if it must rain, it would "rain right" and get it over, so that we could have some regular spring weather. Most of the crimes, we are told, are committed by young men or boys. Occasionally one is committed by a young woman or a girl, but that is beside the subject. Anyway, the man who was arrested the other day in New York for stealing a 300-pound paper-cutting machine wasn't a young man or a boy, but a man 97 years old, and a Grand Army veteran, at that.

STEPHEN BUTTON IS HIS NAME, and whether or not he stole that particular piece of machinery, which he denies, he has served several prison sentences for frauds in amounts running into six figures. In one case he got \$156,000 from one woman. In another he tried the same trick on Hetty Green. If it had worked it would have netted him \$600,000. But the widow Green refused the bait and kept her cash.

BUTTON RAN AWAY FROM HOME to join the army. He says he "fit" in the first battle of Bull Run. "Twas me," he said, carried the message from Gettysburg to Washington. I left the field at 3:30 o'clock that afternoon and rode four horses plumb from under me until I got to Washington around 9 o'clock or 9:15. I delivered the news right to the president. He was pleased to death. He tuk me right into the White House kitchen and he sat there and talked with me all about the battle."

ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING theft stories is of two New York youths who started out collecting empty bottles to get movie money, stole a safe from an unoccupied building, took \$33,000 from the safe after they had broken it open, then bought an expensive automobile apiece, drove to Florida and back, throwing money right and left both ways, giving waiters 10-dollar tips and making presents of expensive jewelry to girls whom they picked up here and there. After their return the brother of one of the boys, going through his brother's pockets for loose change, found \$3,200 in money and a diamond bracelet, which he appropriated. His incautious display of wealth led to questions and ultimately to the arrest of the two major thieves. It's a perfectly incredible story, such as would have been ridiculed as impossible if it had appeared in a work of fiction. Anyone would have said it couldn't be done. But the facts are on record in a New York court. Throwing some light on the incident, perhaps, is the fact that one of the lads had recently been an inmate of an institution for the mentally defective. Surely no perfectly normal person would have pulled such a stunt and got away with it for so long.

DISCUSSING THE POSSIBILITIES involved in a meeting between Joe Louis and Billy Conn, Grantland Rice, eminent sports writer, suggests that if Conn persists in coming up fighting "this will mean stepping into the middle of the champion's two main weapons — a left and a right fist." My knowledge of pugilism could be packed into a thimble, with room to spare, but I supposed they did all their fighting with their right and left fists. Of course I have read that in one style of fighting in France they use their feet. Anyway, Louis seems to have kept things going with his "main" battery without drawing on his reserves.

MRS. J. M. GILLETTE REPORTS first snowdrops in bloom of which I have heard this season. G. W. Crossman has scilla in bloom. Some of my early tulips are well budded, but it takes quite a lot of growing weather to bring them along from the budding stage, to full bloom. A day or two of warmth and sunshine following the showers wrought a perceptible change in the appearance of trees and shrubs. Buds are swelling visibly, and we might have had a green Easter if the great festival had been a little later.

NOT LONG AGO MRS. J. J. FERGUson inquired for a hymn in which the line occurred: "In the land where we'll never grow old," which she had heard sung many years ago. I did not remember ever hearing it, but in response to the request which I published I have received two replies, each accompanied by the text of such a hymn. The two are quite different, and the rather curious thing is that while they are based on the same thought, and some of the phrasing is similar, they appear not to be different versions of the same hymn, but independent compositions. The first, which is sent by Mrs. E. L. Baker of East Grand Forks, is credited to James C. Moore and is as follows:

WHERE WE'LL, NEVER GROW OLD. I have heard of an land on a far away strand,
'Tis a beautiful home of the soul; Built by Jesus on high, there we never
shall die, 'Tis a land where we'll never grow old.

In that beautiful home where we'll never more roam,
We shall be in the sweet by and by; Happy praise to the king through eternity sing,
'Tis a land where we'll never grow old.

When our work here is done and our life rown is won,
And our troubles and trials are o'er. All our sorrows will end, and our voices
will blend
With the loved ones who've gone on before.
Chorus Never grow old, never grow old
In a land where we'll never grow old; Never grow old, never grow old, In a land where we'll never grow old.

THE SECOND COMES FROM T. C. Michael, publisher of the Dunseith Journal, who writes that Mrs. Michael recalled the hymn, looked it up, and found it in an old song book called "Honey Out of the Rock," published by Mayer & Brothers of Chicago in 1894. The author's name is not given. This version reads:

"IT WILL NEVER GROW OLD" O have you not heard of that country
above, The name of it King and His infinite
love? His children are deathless and happy, I'm
told; Oh, will it abide—will we never grow

That wonderful land has a city of life,
Ne'er darkened with anguish, nor dying
nor strife;
Its temples and streets are all flashing'
with gold,
Oh, can it be true, will we never grow
old?,

A mansion of wonderful beauty is there, And Jesus that mansion has gone to
prepare;
Its bright jasper walls how I long to behold,
And join in the song that will never grow old,

They tell me its friendships and love are
so pure; Its joys never die, and its treasures
are sure; And loved ones departed, so silent and
cold,
Will greet us again where we'll never grow old.

In life's weary conflicts, there's fainting
and care, Each year the gray deepens a shade in
the hair; But in the blest book where my name is
enrolled,

I read of that land where we'll never grow old,

Chorus:

It will always be new, it will never decay; No night ever comes, it will always be
day;

It gladdens my heart with a joy that's untold,
To think of that land where we'll never grow old.

IN REFERENCE TO WATER CONDitions in the Red Lake river and Red Lake itself J. H. Griffin writes:
"There is a dam at the mouth of the Red Lake river, and the cities should get busy immediately and find out just what
condition this dam is in so that it could be made to hold back enough water to fill the dam up to the top. Some years
ago, I got Senator Frazier to give the above mentioned dam put in, I have not been to the dam for quite a few years,
and do not know just what condition the dam is in.
"THE RED LAKES ARE ON INDIAN land, and the Indian agent at Red Lake, Minnesota, has charge of the dam. I

was always interested in this dam, on account the water supply was for the Great Northern railway, Grand Forks and East Grand Forks.

"The surface of the water in the Red Lakes is 440 square miles, so you can see the dam does immense good by holding all that water back in the lakes until it is needed for cities down the Red Lake river.

"Nature has provided a water supply for the Red River Valley from the Red Lakes, and of course like everything else of this kind it has to be looked after."

IN RECENT YEARS THE GRAND Forks city authorities and the conservation bodies have kept in quite close touch with the water situation at Red Lake, and they have found several perplexing problems confronting them. One of these is found in the great marsh just this side of the lake, which, during recent dry years, has soaked up all the water that could be discharged from the lake. That condition is being overcome in part by the dredging of the channel so as to keep the water from spreading. Complications are found also in the character of the terrain around the lake, most of which is low and flat. Raising the dam at the outlet to any considerable height would flood large areas of land around the lake, to which the owners object. On the other hand, to draw too much water from the lake would affect lumbering and other operations in which the reservation Indians are interested.

UNDOUBTEDLY IT IS TO THE INTEREST of all the communities that draw water from the Red Lake river to have as much water as possible kept in the lake during periods of freshet when water from the lake is not needed along the stream below.

WHILE ALL OF THE RED RIVER floods of the past three-quarters of a century have often been described, every new period of high water prompts reminiscences of former floods, and comparison of one flood with another becomes a favorite species of entertainment. Though the distinction of being the highest on record has often been claimed for the flood of 1882, and occasionally for a flood which occurred sometimes in the sixties, there are no reliable data on which such can be based. On the basis of official records the flood of 1897 was the greatest Red river flood of which any persons now living have knowledge. Fortunately there is indisputable record of the highest of that flood, which, at its crest, reached the height of 47 feet 6 inches above the zero mark established by the war department. Because of abnormally low water in later years the zero mark has since been lowered about 2 feet 6 inches, so that the flood of 1897 was 50 feet above the present low-water mark.

MEASUREMENT OF A FLOOD IN feet and inches means little to one unless he can apply the measurements to familiar surrounding objects. And some objects with which one is familiar may have their position changed, by natural sliding and settling of banks, or sometimes by the work of man. In half a century trees and small buildings on the lower banks have moved downward and toward the river. On the other hand, the level of lower DeMers avenue had been graded some feet above what it was in 1897.

THE NEW DE MERS AVENUE bridge is a little higher, I believe, than the old one, but I do not remember that the railroad bridges have been raised, and in 1897 the water was so near those bridges that floating chunks of ice would touch them, and guards were kept to prevent gorges of ice from forming against them. The level of Third street has not been changed, and in the flood of that year the pavement gutters on Third street at DeMers avenue were partly filled with flood water.

A RISE OF ONLY ABOUT A FOOT above the actual flood level of that year would have covered the entire site of Grand Forks with water. There would not have been a dry spot on the University campus, the cemetery or the fairgrounds. Of course such a rise would scarcely be thinkable because of the quantity of water required to produce it. After the flood gets out of the steep and narrow river bed proper and begins to extend over relatively level ground, each additional inch of rise calls for many times the water required for the preceding inch.

IN THE PRESENT FRESHET THE water at Grand Forks rose for a time at the rate of about one inch an hour. In the 1897 flood, shortly before it reached its crest, the rise was at the rate of 6 inches per hour. If the Red river had flowed south instead of north the flood would not have been as great, but with the river flowing, as has sometimes been said, "contrary to nature," the breakup began at the headwaters and the flow was continually blocked by masses of ice and snow in the main channel.

MANY FARM LANDS IN THE VICINITY have been flooded in this and other years, not because of backing up from the river, or from great excess of snow on the ground, but because of the rapid thawing of the snow which was spread rather evenly all over the surface. Ditches and other water courses being clogged with snow and ice, could not carry off the water as fast as the snow melted.

IT ISN'T A USUAL THING FOR A great rubber company to be engaged in the distribution of flower seeds, but that is being done this year. Through its agencies all over the country the Firestone company is making free distribution of a new hybrid marigold, Burpee's latest development, which has been named in honor of Mrs. Harvey S. Firestone, wife of the great rubber magnate who died only a year or two ago. The name was given to this flower because of Mrs. Firestone's interest in flowers and of the contributions which she had made to their development.

MILTON WICK, A TRAVELING REPRESENTATIVE of the Firestone company in this territory, has told me something about the funeral of Harvey Firestone which I had not heard. Mr. Firestone was, completely absorbed in the work of his great plant, and striking evidence of that interest marked his funeral. He left instructions that, no matter where his death might occur, his body was to be taken to the plant at Akron, routed through the plant, as so many tons of material had been, and from the loading platform be transferred to the car which was to carry it to his last resting place. These instructions were carried out to the letter, the manufacturer's five sons serving as pallbearers.

IN RECENT YEARS THE PEOPLE OF the central west have become accustomed to dry weather, and in some sections lack of rain has been disastrous. But drouth is no new thing, either here or elsewhere in the northwest. Among items salvaged by J. U. Zirkelbach from a collection of old papers accumulated years ago by his family in St. Paul is an ancient clipping from the Pittsburgh Dispatch recording drouths experienced by the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock and their New England successors for some 250 years. The record as given by the Dispatch runs as follows:

IN THE SUMMER OF 1621, 24 DAYS in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1630, 41 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1657, 75 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1662, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1674, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1680, 31 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1694, 62 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1705, 40 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1715, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1728, 61 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1730, 92 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1741, 72 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1749, 108 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1755, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1762, 123 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1773, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1791, 82 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1802, 23 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1812, 28 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1856, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1871, 42 days in succession without rain.

IN THE SAME COLLECTION OF PAPERS is a story in verse of the achievement of Jim Root, the railroad engineer who, at the risk of his own life, saved the lives of some three hundred persons who, had it not been for his bravery, would have been burned to death in the great fire at Hinckley, Minnesota, many years ago. The story, told in ballad form in a St. Paul paper by Franklyn W. Lee, is too long for reproduction here, but the closing stanzas may be quoted. They read:

AND HE SAVED A TRAIN OF PEOPLE,

just for duty's sake — Held the throttle, cool and gritty, till they
reached the little lake, Till the hundreds went in safety from the
charred, ill-fated train, And he never gave a whimper in his
agony of pain, Never murmured — no, not even when his
awful ride was o'er And he sank, all burned and nerveless,
on the blackened, burning floor.

They will tell you of the heroes who left
no good deed undone; ffthey will say that all the honor should
not go to merely one; But whatever men accomplish for the
grateful ones to tell, When in future years they speak of all the horrors of that hell, It was Jim, who, sticking bravely
in the
glaring face of death, Saved three hundred human beings from
the all-destroying breath.

When the day of judgment cometh and the firmament unrolls,
And the voice of God is calling all the many scattered souls,
There's a man who'll lead a phalanx up the jeweled, golden street,
To a corner they have saved for him beside the mercy seat;
For the angels hate a coward, and they love a gritty man,
And they know that Jim's a hero on the strictly gritty plan.

RETURNING FROM HAWAII WHERE he spent a pleasant vacation, Paul Griffith brings news of two former Grand Forks young men, Alex Budge and Phil Hayes.

Alex Budge is one of the most important figures in business circles in Hawaii. His activities extend to transportation lines, sugar and fruit plantations, and many other important business enterprises on the islands.

Phil Hayes heads the army staff in Hawaii, having won that position by years of faithful and effective service.

ANOTHER COPY OF THE HYMN, "IN the land where we'll never grow old" is received from Mrs. M. E. Runyan of Niagara, N. D. The version given by Mrs. Runyan is identical with that given by Mrs. L. E. Baker, of East Grand Forks, and published in Wednesday's Herald.

I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT THE billygoat has been removed from the tower of the Great Northern station at Fargo and a clock has taken its place, thus restoring a feature to which Fargo residents had been accustomed for years. The change was made at the instance of the Fargo Chamber of Commerce, urged to activity by innumerable citizens who missed the familiar clock. The goat still adorns the station tower at Grand Forks, and the people, still instinctively looking in that direction as they pass, instead of finding out what time it is, are confronted by the unresponsive countenance of a goat. I suggest as a major activity for the unified Civic and Commerce association the abolition of the goat and the re-installation of a clock.

NEW PARKING RULES ARE NOW in force in Grand Forks. No parking rules are perfect, but there must be regulations of some sort if the streets are to be available for those for whose use they are intended. The streets are highways, intended to facilitate moving traffic. They are not intended for the display of merchandise, nor are they intended as a substitute for the old-time livery stable, where horses and carriages were housed when not in use.

HOWEVER EXCELLENT PARKING regulations may be, their value depends directly on the manner of their enforcement. And, to be effective, enforcement must be regular, constant and impartial. A spurt of enforcement at the beginning of the season serves no good purpose unless it is followed by vigilance, week by week and day by day. The parking ordinance ought to be enforced courteously and with proper regard for out-of-town visitors who may not be familiar with its provisions, but if it is to be of any value it must be enforced with firmness, and without a break from beginning to end of the season.

A RADIO BROADCASTER REMARKed the other day that Molotov of Russia and Matsuoka of Japan were patting each other on the back over the completion of the Russo-Japanese agreement. And one had a vision of each of those gentlemen doing his patting with a dagger up his sleeve, ready to be plunged into the other fellow whenever a suitable occasion arose.

THE ONLY CASE OF WHICH I EVER heard in which a man gave a bond to be married is one which dates back to the time when the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, was a mere trading hamlet on the Mississippi river. That was about a century ago. One Henry Jackson, who had started a general store in the village, became justice of the peace. Before his commission arrived a couple came before him to be married. Jackson explained that he had not yet received his commission, therefore he was not legally qualified to marry them. However, he offered to perform the ceremony if the young man would furnish a bond to appear and be married again after the commission arrived. The groom agreed, the bond was given and the ceremony performed. Whether or not the couple ever came back for another ceremony the record does not state.

GRAND FORKS HAD A TEMPERATURE of 75 one day last week, but last Monday New York City sweltered in a spring temperature of 84.7 degrees. The warm wave seems to have become a lot warmer as it traveled east. Or is the New York hot spell headed this way?

REMINISCENT OF OLD TIMES IS A clipping owned by Mrs. Josephine Horton recording "An evening with Longfellow" which was enjoyed by a company of Grand Forks people one evening in 1886. The gathering was held in the Plymouth Congregational church, which was then at the corner of Division avenue and South Fifth street, now the site of the Immanuel Lutheran church. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Gillette, gave a sketch of the poet's life, and selections from Longfellow's works were given by members of the church. Scenes from "Miles Standish" were given, Miles Standish being impersonated by W. A. Gordon, John Alden by J. E. Clifford, and Priscilla by Miss Woodworth, who later became Mrs. Gordon. Others participating in the program were Mrs. Travis Rhodes, Miss Clara Robinson, Miss Blanche Calender, Miss Anna C. Murphy, Mrs. Colonel E. Smith, Miss Josie Gotzian (Mrs. Horton) and Miss Marie Teel, and a quartet consisting of Messrs Clifford, Teel, Gillette and Vosburg.

How many of those do you remember?

WAR NEWS DURING THE PAST WEEK has been anything but satisfactory from the standpoint of the Allies. In North Africa, where the British carried everything before them against the Italians, they are now on the defensive, having been compelled to evacuate practically all of the positions in Libya which they captured earlier in the campaign. The single important exception is Tobruk, which, as this is written, is still held by the British, though surrounded by German troops. The British, having depleted their north African forces to send men and equipment to Greece, are making a stand just within the Egyptian border, which puts them back just about where they started many weeks ago.

YUGOSLAVIAN ORGANIZED RESISTANCE to Germany's onward march has been shattered. The Serbs and their neighbors, of whose fighting qualities there has never been any doubt, have been unable to maintain their positions against the onrush of tanks and the destruction dropped from the air. German reports that the if entire Yugoslavian army has surrendered may be discounted, but there can be no doubt that the army has been broken into fragments, and that if resistance continues at all it must be in the nature of guerilla warfare. The Greeks, severely strained by their brilliant operations against the Italians, have been compelled to give away before the fresh mechanized German troops, leaving the British almost alone to hold their line against an enemy vastly superior in men and equipment.

IF THE BRITISH ARE FORCED TO EVACUate Greece, as they were forced to evacuate Belgium, the effect would be disastrous. British morale has stood up magnificently under repeated , but another Dunkerque, no matter how brilliantly executed, would be a sore trial to the British at home. It would also have its effect on whatever country Hitler chooses to invade next. Turkey, Spain, and other countries lying across Hitler's projected path, may feel that it is useless to oppose the inevitable, and submit.

COLONEL LINDBERGH IS OUT WITH ANother expression of opinion. He feels that it will be a tragedy if the British empire collapses, but he thinks, also, that the war was lost to the British before it was begun. That fact, he thinks, should have been recognized by the United States at the beginning, and that we should not have aided the British in any way, as such aid as we have given has merely served to prolong the war.

LINDBERGH REPRESENTS AN ATTITUDE which, if it had prevailed throughout history, would have left what has become the human race groveling in the slime. Willingness to accept as foreordained and inevitable the subjugation of the human race to the will of one man, and to adjust life to that condition on the best terms that can be made, would have made impossible some of the most glorious passages in human history. It would have prevented the assertion of human rights against the power of despots which has been responsible for whatever measure of liberty human beings enjoy today. A Lindbergh in 1776 would have urged Washington against the hopeless adventure of trying to establish an independent nation in the face of overwhelming odds. Another Lindbergh would have urged Lincoln to make peace with the southern states and let them go their way in peace. There were black periods in the Revolutionary war. There were others in the Civil war, but there was also the will to dare, to struggle and to make sacrifices. There were Lindberghs in those earlier periods, but, fortunately, their counsel did not prevail.

IF ONE REGARDS THE SUBJECT ALTOgether from the standpoint of dollars, there appears to be a startling inequity in the fact that; one man is required to serve in the army for a year at \$21 a month while his neighbor, no more competent, remains at home and earns \$10 a day. Of course the mere statement of cash wages does not tell the whole story. To the workman who remains at home his wages represent his entire income. But the soldier, in addition to his cash wage, is provided food, clothing, shelter, all the necessaries of life, and, if he chooses to do so, he can save practically all of his wages. That, however, does not equalize things in all cases.

FROM THE MONETARY STANDPOINT the man in the lowest income group is likely to be better off in the army than he was at home. The man receiving a large salary who goes into the army as a private, and many of them do, is likely to have other resources than his salary, therefore his military service need entail on him no real hardship. It is the man in between these two whose sacrifices is greatest, and no one has yet pointed out a way whereby all these things can be equalized. Perhaps the nearest approach to equity is found in the practice of several of the European nations where military service for some stated period is required of every man.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A LETTER from Mrs. M. R. Minschel (Louise Black) formerly of Grand Forks, written at her home at Monterey, California, April 14. When the letter was written the writer's mother, Mrs. George Black of this city was up in the air somewhere over the United States, her daughter didn't know just where. However Mrs. Minschel expected presently to learn of her mother's safe arrival in Washington, D. C., to which city she was flying to attend a D. A. R. convention. Meanwhile, Louise was holding her breath. Mrs. Black had decided at the last moment to attend the convention, and when she made up her mind to go, she just went.

IN WASHINGTON MRS. BLACK EXPECTED to meet her son Richard, who was at that time on his way up the Pacific from Antarctica, where he had been in charge of the east base of the Byrd expedition. The men from the east base, as well as those from little America, are on their way home after having spent two summers and a winter on the southern continent. They left just about as the southern winter was setting in, and press dispatches have told of the difficulties encountered by those from the east base in making their way to their ship before it was frozen in. This is Dick's second visit to the Antarctic. Mrs. Black expected that he would drive her to Grand Forks after completing his business in Washington.

RECENTLY THE FARGO FORUM had an interesting article by Mrs. Glenn Parson (Ruby Peterson) formerly of the Herald staff and later with the Forum, and now doing newspaper work in New York, the subject of the article being Marian Stephenson and her work. Miss Stephenson, now Mrs. Graham Patmore, both well-known North Dakotans, has laid the foundation of an American system of style designing. Disputing the theory that Americans cannot originate styles, she began taking photographs all up and down the Atlantic states of things familiar in American life during various stages of colonial and later development. Those photographs have been and are being used by American designers of clothing as bases for their new creations. Miss Stephenson and her husband have since left for Guatemala where another series of photographic studies will be made.

THERE ARE MANY FORMER NORTH Dakota women who are doing creditable work elsewhere in Commerce, literature and the arts. There is Kathleen Robertson, among others. She is a graduate of the University of North Dakota, and a sister of Mrs. Ed O'Keefe, of Hamline street. For several years Miss Robertson has been a member of the staff of McCall's magazine, conducting a feature of the home-making department, which requires her to travel from place to place seeking out the latest and most desirable things that contribute to the comfort of the home.

ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE McCall staff, not a North Dakota girl, is Hildegard Fillmore, who is responsible for the beauty articles which have become one of the magazine's popular features. She obtained her position in a rather interesting way. She was impressed by the paucity and stereotyped character of current magazine articles on personal attractiveness and kindred subjects. She could see no reason why such articles should not have real meat in them. She wrote to the editor of McCall's outlining her ideas. He replied that he thought she had the right idea, and said, in substance, "Whenever you are ready you may start in at so much a week." She started in, and she has been with the magazine ever since.

HOW DOES A BULB KNOW WHEN it's time to start growing? Last fall I harvested my gladioli, and, as usual, left the stalks attached to the bulbs until they had dried out. When they were partly cured I stood them, tied in bundles in a corner of the basement. Instead of separating them, as I should have done in the interest of neatness, I neglected them, and there they stood on the cold basement floor all winter. The other day I separated them, and on trimming them I found that some of the bulbs were nicely sprouted. I don't suppose that the temperature of that floor had changed a degree all winter, but it was spring, and those bulbs just had to sprout.

IF SENATOR NYE'S EXPRESSIONS indicate correctly what his attitude would have been we may suppose that he would have said to the Yugoslavians "Yours is a hard case, but you haven't a chance in the world. Before the might of Germany you are helpless. Submit to Hitler's terms, whatever they are. Forget your dream of independence. Save your lives and your property. It's better to live as slaves than to die as free men."

Fortunately there are people in this world who are not built that way.

MAIL SERVICE TO AND FROM Istanbul under existing conditions seems to be on a sort of happy-go-lucky basis, whether by air or by land and water. A letter from Miss Elizabeth Burnham, whose descriptions of life in faraway places have been given in this column from time to time, tells of mail sent last fall arriving in bunches or not at all. Following are excerpts from her letter of March 15:

"Yesterday was a happy day because I received six letters by regular, and air mail, dated all the way from October to February! Letters written earlier than some of these apparently held up along the line and it seems all of mine have not been received in America. Some day they will all reach their destination, so don't get discouraged but keep on writing and I will do the same. I will probably be here until June though of course something may happen any day to make my plans different. As you hear over the radio, Turkey is ready for what ever comes and we are all like that here. We go about our work and make plans for the future and sometimes almost forget the kind of world in which we are living.

"TODAY THE GIRLS HERE AT THE school were all excited about the visit to the school of my friend Mrs. Chang. You remember I wrote you of enjoying Dr. and Mrs. Chang with their two boys on the boat between Penang and Bombay. Dr. Chang is the Chinese Minister to Turkey and of course located at Ankara, the capital. I had dinner with him when he came down to Istanbul three or four weeks ago and was most happy to help him find a quiet place for Mrs. Chang who needed a change of climate for her health. The following week she arrived and of course I have seen quite a little of her. She is much improved in health and is thinking now of going back to Ankara soon. Today the ten girls at my table had a most enjoyable time talking with Mrs. Chang and some of their comments to me afterwards were: 'How charming she is,' 'so exquisite', 'what delicate graceful hands', 'she was so jolly.' One of the teachers at tea said, 'I felt so huge and clumsy beside her. I really wanted to pick her up and hug her.' They all loved to hear her talk in her beautiful English and they had her talking Chinese for them too. If she does go to Ankara soon I will see her and Dr. Chang again when I go to Ankara for our spring vacation the last week in April.

"ONE REASON FOR MRS. CHANG'S visit this afternoon was to see the 'Karagos' show, really a shadow play. Way back in the 15th century there were two workmen Karagos and Hagivat who entertained their fellow workmen by their amusing conversations. Finally the Sultan heard them, and as he too found them entertaining, they, or later the shadow play with figures to represent them, became quite an institution. Other characters are brought into the story but always in the center there is Karagos with his common country like talk and rough ways and Hagivat the cultured polished gentleman with his high sounding phrases and Arabic words. One of the girls did a little translating for us as we went along so we could follow the story and understand something of the play on words. Several weeks ago I attended my first Karagos show at the 'Halkevi' — 'The House of the People' These houses are established throughout Turkey by the government for adult education. Classes of every kind are given there and all free of charge.

"WE HAVE PLENTY OF FOOD here, but some articles such as tea, coffee and chocolate are scarce and expensive. Fifteen per cent rye flour has recently been put in the standard loaf of bread here making it cheaper. Most of us here at the school like the mixture. However, you can still buy the all white loaf and it is usually served in hotels. I think the men must do quite a little of the family shopping as I see them on the trams and boats carrying bundles or having a "hamal" carry them for them. A round loaf of bread is frequently tucked under their arm innocent of any wrapping. Why waste paper when it is rather scarce and expensive as a wrapping for bread! A good share of the bread gets to its destination carried in cases swung on either side of a donkey or horse.

"VIOLETS, JAPONICA, HYACINTHS, almonds, plum trees, primroses are in bloom and even a yellow Rambler has a couple of roses on it. Yesterday however we stepped backward into winter with snow covering the roof tops and a chill wind that made you hunt woolen clothing. The blossoms are not harmed as yet and tomorrow we may have our balmy weather again. The girls tell me the weather here is like a woman, changing very quickly.

"NOW THAT SPRING IS IN THE AIR at least at times, out-door coffee gardens are blossoming out every where. The little coffee shops hanging over the water's edge at the boat landings give one a gorgeous view of the Bosphorus. On any pretense or even without one you find yourself joining the crowd for a cup of the delicious coffee while you wait for your boat. If you have the right friend with you she will read the future for you in your coffee cup. The cup must be turned upside down and it must be cool before she can begin to read.

"Greetings to each and every one of you. And don't worry about me, for there are enough big things to worry about in the world today. My cup never seems to show dangers and difficulties worthy of notice."

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF TWO deaths that occurred in New York one day last week bring up recollections of musical comedy as it was known many years ago. The men who died were William Danforth and Pacie Ripple, both Gilbert and Sullivan veterans and both having sung leading parts in other musical comedies for many years popular on the American stage.

Danforth's family name was Daniels, and under that name he won great success. His first stage appearance was at the age of 11 when he appeared as Dick Deadeye in "Pinafore." It was a juvenile performance, but the boy made it a hit which started him on a stage career instead of the practice of law for which his parents had intended him. He sang in all the principal Gilbert and Sullivan productions, at different times took most of the leading parts in "Pinafore," and in his callow days he even appeared as Little Buttercup.

WHEN HE WAS 30 YEARS OLD, AND a conspicuous success, he joined the company of Frank Daniels, and, not wishing to be confused with his employer, to whom he was not related, he changed his name to Danforth. He was with Daniels for eight years, and with De Wolfe Hopper for about the same length of time.

THE OTHER MUSICAL COMEDY star whose death occurred at about the same time, Pacie Ripple, was of Irish birth, studied in Italy, and made his debut as a member of the Carl Rose company in England. Later he joined the famous D'Oyly Carte company, and spent years doing Gilbert and Sullivan numbers.

THE LIST OF OPERAS IN WHICH those men appeared comprises almost a complete list of productions which werej most popular on the American stage a generation or more ago. I have no recollection of either man, but I have no doubt that both appeared in Grand Forks, probably several times. This would be true especially of Danforth, who sang leads in "Robin Hood" with Barnaby and Hopper, "Wang," "Idol's Eye," "The Yankee Consul," "Floradora," and "Blue Beard," to mention only a few of the operas in which he appeared. He is said to have sung the title role in "The Mikado" more times than anyone else in the world.

ALL OF THE OPERAS MENTIONED were given in Grand Forks with the original casts and settings. Those were staged in the Metropolitan, and they constituted but a part of the entertainment that was given Grand Forks people. There were, too, straight comedy, tragedy and melodrama, with the theater opened a dozen times a month during the season.

IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF THE North Dakota Historical Quarterly, official publication of the State Historical society, there is a biographical sketch of the late Charles F. Amidon, for more than 30 years United States district judge for North Dakota. The article is written by Judge Amidon's daughter, Beulah Amidon Ratliff. In incorporating this sketch in its records the Historical society has not only paid appropriate tribute to the memory of an eminent jurist, but has performed a real public service, for the character and achievements of such a man ought to be of public and permanent record.

Often I have heard the story of Judge Amidon's remarks at the opening of one court session when several men asked to be excused from jury duty on the plea that important business required their attention. In the current issue his daughter quotes his language from the court record. Here is the official text:

"Jury duty sometimes means sacrifice. That makes it no less the obligation of a citizen of this country and of this state. I do not want any of you, gentlemen, to come to me with excuses about business. Sometimes it is a hardship for a man to leave his business. But if there is anyone on this jury who does not have important business which needs his attention, that man may come and tell me so. I will excuse him from jury duty with pleasure, because such a man ought not to weigh issues which involve the liberty and property of his fellow citizens."

CONTINUING HER LATEST LETTER from Istanbul Miss Elizabeth Burnham writes: "I lost my way the other day here in Scutari and stopped to inquire for the Balarabashe tram. I suddenly found I had a self appointed guide who led the way to the tram stop several blocks away and told the conductor when the tram came where I wanted to get off. A number of times I have been ushered off the tram at my desired stop by a fellow traveler. I must appear pretty helpless and they very kindly help me out with much charm and grace.

"THOUGH WE ARE STILL, UNDER martial law there seems to be very little difference, in the ordinary life you see around you. Men read their papers on the boat with great concentration, but they tell me there is no discussion between them of what they find there. The newsboys call out the names of their papers and occasionally there is a second edition but there is no calling forth of the news to excite the people. Some time ago this calling out of news was prohibited. Of course many people have radios for which there is a tax of the equivalent of five dollars a year, and through this tax every radio is registered. You see many soldiers and officers on the streets, but they tell me there have always been many here in Istanbul.

"IF I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY OF planning my education again I would study French and more French for my foreign language. In South America many spoke French and here a much larger proportion speak French. It is the diplomatic language, is spoken by most of the educated people and even in the shops it is generally spoken. Miss Anscornbe, a teacher here in Scutari does the talking in French when I go shopping or adventuring with her. She is a British refugee from Rumania, where she lived for many years. Going out with Miss Ingel, another teacher who came here from Greece when the schools there were closed in October, she is the spokesman in Greek, another language which is widely known here. Now and then I find a Spanish Jew with whom I can converse in Spanish. They are descendants of the Jews who left Spain many years ago at the time of the Spanish Inquisition and they have kept up "their" language. On the streets here you hear the Armenian language, and some German and Italian though the latter two languages are not spoken as much now that the situation is tense. Of course there are many Russians here too. Istanbul certainly is an international city as far as population is concerned.

"IRIS FERID, ONE OF OUR CENTER Staff members, and I had a perfect spring day last Saturday to go up to Eyoub near the end of the Golden Horn, which they say takes its name from its shape and the gorgeous sunsets seen over it from many parts of Istanbul. We took a boat from the bridge that crosses the Golden Horn just before it opens into the Bosphorus and glided silently by ships and sailing vessels of almost every type, the Naval Hospital, in its park of evergreens, and the lace like palace of a late Sultan. We could see the land walls that enclosed Byzantium, the first great city on this famous site, and the aqueduct of Valens built around 370. The domes and minarets of many mosques both large and small rose up from every section along the way. Finally we came to the village of Eyoub, named after the standard bearer of Mohammed. The Mosque here is the most sacred to Moslems after Mecca, because the bones of Eyoub rest here in a tomb just outside the Mosque. The brass grating through which you look to see the tomb is kept shining by the many hands that are passed over it seeking a blessing or cure from some ailment. While we were there a number of people came up, touched the grating, and then their foreheads. Others were standing near with hands outstretched palms up to receive a blessing. Within the Mosque this ordinary day of the week were women as well as men silently in prayer except; for one man who was chanting the Koran in Arabic. It is not a large Mosque, but it is really very lovely with its domes and semidomes mounting skyward. There were some very choice old tiles in the tomb of Eyoub. In the courtyard outside there are hundreds of pigeons and in the plane trees were many storks building or making habitable their huge untidy looking nests.

"WE WALKED THROUGH THE cemetery where are buried many notables, to the top of the hill beyond noting the different shaped slabs, the men's all topped by a stone fez or a turban and the women's by flowers carved on the stone. On these old ones the name and story were written in Arabic. One written in modern Turkish Iris translated as being 'Stop passer-by and consider the poor mother who was left alone by the death of her young son only twenty , four years of age From the hill top where he sat down to have a cup of Turkish coffee we had a glorious view of the Horn and were able to see four miles away the minarets and domes of St. Sophia against the sky line. I want to go back some day and spend several hours at that point, but on Saturday I was going home with Iris for tea and we had to leave that fascinating view. I greatly enjoyed meeting Iris's mother, father and sister Alice and being in their hospitable home. The tea was so bounteous—the table fairly loaded down with all kinds of delicacies—that I did not appear at dinner that evening at the school. Iris' brother has just been released from a period of military training and there was much rejoicing to have him at home again.

"I VISITED ONE OF THE LITERATURE classes of Halide Edib at the Turkish University not long ago. It was very interesting to note the serious looking young people, about half being girls, taking notes on her lecture. Just one or two in that large class had time to look around at his or her neighbor. I saw only one girl who had used any kind of make-up. It just isn't the thing for school girls, even University girls to do. It is frowned on by the Educational Department, but not forbidden. There is no use of make-up in our school, the equivalent of High School, and a shiny nose isn't a disgrace anywhere. You never see women or girls powder their noses in trams, boats or in any public place. If the women use make-up it is used rather generally, colored finger nails and all.

"BEFORE COMING HERE I READ Halide Edib's book "Turkey Faces West" which tells much about the new Turkey. Since coming here I have read her very interesting novel "A Clown and His Daughter," which gives an excellent background of Turkey just before the change. I want to read "Her Memoirs" which is a story of her childhood in the old Turkey and the building up of the New Republic. I was very glad to meet Halide Edib and to see her in the class room and I hope to see her again. She was one of the early graduates of Constantinople Girls College formerly housed in these buildings. Now that college is called American Girls College and is located in

spacious new quarters near Robert College on the European side of the Bosphorus."

"I HAVE JUST MADE A NOTE THAT my first tulips were in full bloom on Wednesday, April 23. For several days the buds had been of full size, ready to burst, but cloudy weather delayed them. Notwithstanding Wednesday's cool wind, the sunshine caused them to open. I have no doubt that many other tulips opened on that day, as several of my friends had told me of buds that were just ready to show their colors. My early tulips are double. Possibly they are a little earlier than the singles. For some reasons I prefer the singles—they seem more like tulips. My Darwins, which are quite a bit later, are also coming along nicely and are well budded. With a few days of warm weather tulips will be in bloom wherever they have warm, sunny exposure.

THOSE DAINY SCILLA BLOSSOMS have been giving pleasure to many growers for several weeks, and I am told that the crocuses, or pasque flowers are now in full bloom. Those are the first of our native flowers to show themselves. Until recently a hillside a few miles east of Crookston was covered with them every spring. They were so thick there that at a distance the whole hillside showed a solid mass of delicate purple. Last year, someone told me, there were few of the flowers at that spot.

MRS. R. E. RAFTER HAS SENT ME a copy of the Arthur, Ontario, Enterprise-News, in which are some verses intended to promote safe driving. This being the season when people take to the highways in increasing numbers, I am quoting the lines below:

IF EVERYONE

If everyone who drives a car would lie a month in bed, With broken bones and stitched up wounds and fractures of the head, And there endure the agonies that many people do, They'd never need preach safety any more to me and you.

If everyone could stand beside the bed of some close friend,
And hear the doctor say "no hope," before the fatal end,
And see him there unconscious, never knowing what took place,
The laws and rules and traffic I am sure we'd soon embrace.

If everyone could meet the wife and children left behind,
And step into the darkened home where once the sunlight shone,
And look upon the "Vacant Chair" where Daddy used to sit,
I'm sure each reckless driver would be forced to think a bit.

If everyone would check his car before he takes a trip,
For tires worn, loose steering wheel and tires that fail to grip,
And pay attention to his lights while driving roads at night,
Another score for safety could be chalked up in the fight.

At last, if he who takes the wheel would say a little prayer,
And keep in mind those in the car depending on his care,
And make a vow and pledge himself to never take a chance,
The great crusade for safety then would suddenly advance.

LONG AGO THE COUNCIL FOR PSYchic Research offered an award of \$10,000 to any dealer in the occult whose "supernatural" feats cannot be duplicated by natural or scientific means. This offer was supplemented by another of \$5,000 by the Scientific American. The first application under these offers came from a medium who offered to produce definite contact with the spirit of Queen Elizabeth. The demonstration was made at Sandwich, England, in a house which had often been visited by Queen Elizabeth. The medium insisted that the spirit of Queen Bess actually appeared before the committee, but flash-light photographs taken at moments designated by the medium showed no evidence of the presence of spirits. So another verdict of "not proven" may be added to the innumerable ones on record. Those interested in the investigation of alleged spirit phenomena are confronted with the inconvenient fact that it is difficult to prove a negative.

SHORTLY AFTER THE GERMAN INVASION of Greece, when a path had been cut separating eastern from western Greece, Berlin dispatches repeatedly announced the unconditional surrender of the whole eastern Greek army. There never was any such surrender in that area. Fighting there continued for many days after surrender was claimed. What was left of individual units ultimately surrendered piecemeal, but a large part of the eastern army evaded the Germans or broke through the German lines and joined the Allied forces in the west.

EARLY LAST WEEK Berlin dispatches said that the British had been driven through and beyond Thermopylae and that Nazi troops in force were pursuing the British far to the south of the famous pass. But as late as Saturday the same German news agency reported fierce fighting at Thermopylae, with the British still defending the pass.

THESE ARE BUT TWO EXAMPLES OF THE complete unreliability of Nazi publicity as a medium for transmission of news to the public. There have been similar incidents all through the war. It may be explained that there is a purpose behind all this, and that the making of false statements is a legitimate device in warfare, to deceive the enemy, to influence public opinion at home, or for diplomatic reasons. Granting all that, the reader who is in search of information is safe in discounting whatever news dispatches emanate from Berlin.

THAT IS NOT TO MINIMIZE IN ANY WAY German successes in this war. In the Balkan area .Yugoslavia has collapsed, the Greeks have been overwhelmed, and the British, forced to evacuate Greece, will do well if they succeed in getting any considerable part of their expeditionary force out of the country. That represents a British disaster of no small proportions, not the least important part of which is the loss of prestige which it entails.

WITH GERMAN OCCUPATION OF GREECE a foregone conclusion, Turkey comes next. Hitler's agents have long been at work in Ankara, and the occupation of Greece adds force to their arguments. Turkey's choice lies between making concessions to Germany and the desperate expedient of resisting a German invasion by force. There have been reports of several proposals for concessions of some sort, such as the closing of the Dardanelles to all war craft, joint control of the straits by Germany and Russia, and so forth. Probably Hitler would be satisfied with almost any sort of concession, but any agreement with him would be followed by other demands until Turkey would cease to exist as an independent nation.

AS ONE LOOKS BACK OVER EVENTS OF the recent past there comes some realization of what might have been if men had not closed their eyes to obvious facts. Dreaming dreams of peace and security Great Britain and France permitted Germany to become a great military arsenal right under their eyes, and were unprepared when Hitler choose his time to strike. Dreaming like dreams the United States tied its hands with neutrality laws and neglected to prepare itself for the storm which might easily have been seen approaching. A more realistic attitude on the part of these three nations would have prevented this war.

THERE IS ALSO SOMETHING TRAGICALLY suggestive in what has happened to the smaller nations. Not one of the lesser nations surrounding Germany desired war. But in spite of their utmost endeavor to remain at peace war was forced upon them, and, one by one, they were occupied by a hostile power which has suppressed the liberties that they enjoyed. Had those smaller nations foreseen that this would be their fate, one by one, unless the aggressor were checked, and immediately made common cause with Britain and France, there would have been a different story to tell.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO RECONCILE WITH any sentiment of self-respect the thought that in a world knit together as this world of ours is, and always must be, the position of the United States is that of a disinterested bystander. Material self-interest alone makes such a thing impossible, but far beyond such considerations there are certain qualities in man which impel him to share with others the good fortune which he enjoys, to resent assaults on the rights of others, and to accept, whole-heartedly, not only the privileges and advantages, but the obligations of human brotherhood.

A FEW DAYS AGO I HAD A PLEASANT call from S. G. Heazlitt, and enjoyed chatting with him about early days in Canada. Mr. Heazlitt was for many years engineer at Wesley college, but retired several years ago because of advancing age. He is now 82, but would pass for a much younger man. Born at Adolphustown, near the lower end of Lake Ontario, he spent his first fourteen years there, then moved to the state of New York, and later to Dakota territory.

BURING HIS BOYHOOD in Canada Mr. Heazlitt became familiar with legends of his neighborhood, many of which were now to me, for my home was in another part of the province. His district was also the home of the boy who was later to become premier of Canada, Sir John A. Macdonald. One story is that when young John was sent to a school at some distance he was given a pair of new boots in order that he might be fittingly dressed. John wore the boots at school, but visiting his home on weekends he walked barefooted and carried the boots to keep from wearing them out.

I LEARNED FROM MR. HEAZLITT of a peculiar natural phenomenon. At a point overlooking the beautiful bay of Quins there is a hill which rises almost perpendicularly to a height about 300 feet. On the top of that hill is a little lake, the depth of which, according to local tradition, has never been measured. A small stream flowing from it creates a beautiful fall which years ago was to operate a small mill. Where the water comes from, and how it reaches that elevation, has been one of the puzzling questions.

COMING TO CASSELTON IN 1881, Mr. Heazlitt obtained employment on one of the bonanza farms of which the Dalrymple farm was the center, and for several years he served as foreman on one of those farms. A tragic experience which he recalls was that of the burning of several of the Dalrymple barns. In one of the barns were 60 of the fine work horses. A green stable hand, going into the barn with a lantern, found one of the horses loose. Herding the animal into a vacant space the man thoughtlessly set his lantern down on the floor while he went forward to tie the horse. Plunging backward the horse upset the lantern, and in an instant the dry straw on the floor was ablaze. Of the 60 horses in the building only two were saved. Other barns were burned, but there was time to get the horses out of them.

MOST OF THOSE BIG FARMS WERE broken up years ago. Some tracts were sold to farmers from Iowa during the land boom that followed the former war. Many Iowa farms were sold for prices as high as \$400 an acre. Some of those who had sold came to North Dakota and bought land at prices which appeared cheap to them, but which, in some cases, was far above its actual value. The result was disaster all around.

MR. AND MRS. PAUL B. GRIFFITH, who recently returned from a pleasure vacation in Hawaii, met in Honolulu, quite by chance, the widow of Captain James Willson, of the United States army, who had died not long before. Mrs. Willson, learning that her friends were from North Dakota, recalled that two of her husband's brothers had lived in Grand Forks for many years. Captain Willson was a brother of Harry and Fred Willson, both connected with the Herald thirty-odd years ago.

CAPTAIN WILLSON HAD BEEN stationed in Hawaii for several years. Though retired from active service, his efficiency as an officer had caused him to be assigned to important special duty in which he was engaged at the time of his death. Honolulu papers expressed high appreciation of his character as a man and his quality as an officer. I met him last down in the West Indies, seventeen years ago.

SOME FRIENDS HAVE RECENTLY inquired about Harry and Fred Willson. Harry is the owner of a prosperous printing business in St. Paul. Fred was for many years, and, I suppose, still is, secretary of the Civic and Commerce association of Rochester, N. Y.

OCCASIONAL LETTERS H A V E come from Dr. Chien, a former student at the University of North Dakota, who made a tour of American colleges two or three years ago to enlist support in this country for the Chinese national government of Chiang Kai-shek. For some years an instructor in the University of Peking, Dr. Chien joined the movement of colleges and industries into the interior of China and he is now carrying on his work at Kunming, where a college is in operation. In a letter written March 28 he writes:

"RECENTLY I VISITED CHUNGKING for the first time in nine months, to attend a session of the Peoples' Political Council. The scars of last summer's bombings are still there; indeed many streets still resemble the streets of ex-humed Pompeii, but as a whole a new though somewhat seasonal Chungking has been constructed out of the ruins. Most streets, very much widened, are now lined with new shop buildings. They are generally of the one-storyed kind, easy to build, pleasing to the sight, but not expected to withstand the slightest shaking. Their owners are doing the winter business well, well enough to risk the destruction during the coming summer when raids will again be in order, unless we have an augmented air force by then. What is more significant, however, is not the reconstruction of Chungking proper. Instead of Chungking proper, there is now a truly greater Chungking, stretching along the Kialing river, a tributary of the Yangtze, almost 30 kilometers long. This narrow strip of land is now filled with new houses, factories, offices, and bomb shelters dug out of the cliff. In other words, though the enemy may destroy Chungking proper again this summer, they will never be able to destroy the Greater Chungking.

"IN THE POLITICAL COUNCIL Attention centered on the Communist problem and the economic problem, particularly the problem of food supply. These are also the problems which had engaged and are still engaging the attention of the general public.

"You are perhaps aware that for a long time the Communist troops, both the XVIII Army Group in the Northwest and the New IV Army along the Lower

Yangtze, had been, prior to the liquidation of the latter early this year, expanding at the cost of the armies having no sympathy with or opposed to them. The High Command tolerated them for a long time. But by the beginning of the year it was compelled to take the disciplinary measure and ordered the disbanding of the New IV Army. The measure caused much indignation to the Chinese Communists and even more flurry abroad.

"BOTH IN THE COUNCIL AND Informally, General Chiang gave assurance that he would not consider anything like military measure against the Communists. What matters to him is only the question of unity of command. In more confident circles he even expressed displeasure that lately certain police pressure were exercised over the Communist activities. But he was not inclined to lay low if the Communists take the offensive, military or otherwise. My surmise of the whole situation would therefore be somewhat like this: Friction there will continue to be, but neither the government nor the Communists are likely to indulge in anything like an open conflict.

"I AM NOT UNAWARE THAT THE; Communists have a much better press abroad than the government. One reason is that the former do their best to advertise the actions taken by the government, while the government have always tried to hush the whole matter, fearing that an impression of internal conflict might harm the cause of China. Another reason is to be attributed to the usual American way of sympathizing with the underdog, But really the sympathy is wasted. Recently some eighty students of leftist tendencies have left our university. On careful probing, we found that the real Communists are still with us. Only the satellites have gone. They left because they were told by the Communists that some drastic action by the government is impending. The Communists remain and remain active because they know that no persecution is in sight. The foreign propaganda of the Communists, I think, is just as clever and as slick as their deception of their allies in the schools of China.

"THE OTHER PROBLEM, THE ECONOMIC one, is in many ways more complicated, difficult of solution, and involves much controversy. It is my view that the Southwest is self-sufficient in grains only when there is a bumper crop. As to cotton and textile, the insufficiency is obvious. This insufficiency can however be made good if there are more transport facilities. Even the better use of the existing facilities may make good the insufficiency. As to the lack of grain in years of subnormal crop, I would propose the recapture of the Yangtze port Ichang as a remedy least difficult of accomplishment.

"The capture of Ichang will not be possible until we have a larger air force. This view was more or less substantiated by the knowledge of military affairs I gained at Chungking."