

WHO KNOWS WHEN OR where the expression "the seven seas" originated, or to what it applied when it was first used? Some young people expressed curiosity on the subject and referred it to their elders. None of the reference books available, and none of the works on myth and fable yielded information and it was decided to send out an S. O. S. through this column and see if it would bring results. Away back as far as we have any record there are references to the number seven, which was treated as a sort of magic number. There were the seven days of the week of creation, the seven golden candlesticks and other sevens in Biblical lore. Then there were the seven wonders of the world, the seven sages, the seven mortal sins, the seven years' war, and so forth. And during all the years it appears that men have "sailed the seven seas." Why not six, or seventeen if the idea was to express the idea of wide travel? Was it because the ancients, whose Mare Nostrum was the center of the world, recognized seven bodies of water as the only seas, and spoke of the person who had sailed them all as one who had seen all the world. Or did the phrase come into use merely as a chance expression which seemed to fit and thus came spontaneously into general use. Honorable mention will be given to the person who first solves the riddle.

CASUAL, MENTION WAS made in this column some months ago of a crochet contest which was to be held somewhere at some time in the future. I neglected to note the time and place, and since had forgotten all about it until I found a record of such a contest having been held, and prizes awarded, in New York. The winning entry, a bedspread made by Mrs. Frank E. Hauward, of Seattle, gained for its owner the supreme prize and \$200 in cash.

THIS CONTEST BEGAN Early in the year when entry blanks were sent to 600 winners of first prizes at state, county and local fairs throughout the country. Of these 201 responded with their entries with blue ribbons attached. Only first prize winners in the fair contests were eligible. In addition to the \$200 first prize, there were awarded seventeen other prizes ranging from \$50 to \$5. Six of the prizes went to the state of Washington, one each to California, Montana and Oregon. No state east of the Rockies won more than one prize.

THERE SEEMS TO BE A Revival of interest in crocheting. During the war it was knitting. Away back it was hooked rugs, and before that wax fruit and flowers, and art work with wool and hair. Once in a while one still runs across an elaborate design in human hair carefully kept in a glass case to protect it from dust and the profanation, of careless hands.

AT ONE PERIOD I Contributed in a modest way to the hooking of rugs by making rug-hooks. For use at home I made one of a steel table fork from which one or two tines were missing. In design, balance and artistry it was voted perfect, and broken forks were showered upon me with the request that I transform them into rug-hooks. Those hooks were supplanted by mechanical devices which didn't do as good a job, as they left the work too loose.

CANADA'S GOVERNOR General is known as Lord Tweedsmuir. Until recently he was just plain John Buchan, better known as a writer than as a politician. But when he was selected for vice-regal honors the dignity of the position demanded a title, and he became Lord Tweedsmuir. His new duties have not dulled his interest in literature. He still writes, and at Toronto the other day he paid his respects to what he called the "left-wing" poetry of the present era.

OF THOSE WRITERS WHO indulge in the fantastic in the mistaken belief that they are writing poetry he said:

They are perturbed by the spectacle of something beyond their compass and find consolation in affecting to despise it, like some Greek of the decadence who chipped away the nose of a marble statue in order to make the Goths laugh."

JUST AS A SAMPLE LORD Tweedsmuir took Shakespeare's song beginning: "O Mistress mine, where are you

roaming? O, stay and hear! Your true love's coming."

and paraphrased it into what he called the Hollywood version, thus: "Huh! sweetie, where you getting' to? Your big boy's here and pettin'

you. And he's the guy that rings the bell.

Say, kid, quit hikin' and sit nice, For shakin' feet don't Cut no ice, The goofiest nut can tell." I imagine that his lordship is a person whom it would be a pleasure to know.

THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF North Dakota Outdoors, issued by the state game and fish department, has its front cover page embellished with a fine picture in colors of the ruffed grouse, a reproduction of a National Audubon society illustration. One of the articles is devoted to a description of this fine game bird by George Bird Grinnell, of the Audubon society.

This bird, says Mr. Grinnell, known as the pheasant in the south, and in some parts of the west, and as the partridge in New York and New England, is found in all parts of the north temperate zone in America, inhabits thick woods and swamp areas. There its shyness and wariness make it difficult to find except by the experienced woods man. It is an all-season bird, maintaining itself through the coldest weather, taking to the tops of the trees when food is buried under deep snow, and there living on the buds of apple, poplar, birch, iron-wood and willow. This interesting description of the drumming habits of grouse is given by Mr. Grinnell:

"ONE OF THE EARLY SIGNS that Ruffed Grouse are about is their drumming. It is a low, hollow murmur, like distant thunder, made by the male bird, while standing on a log, stone or stump, and rapidly beating his wings. Few subjects have been more discussed by sportsmen — scientific and non-scientific — than this mysterious sound. How is it made and why? The complete answer to the first question was given only a few years ago, when Dr. C. F. Hodge photographed a ruffed grouse in the act of drumming, and did this over and over again. It was then seen that, instead of doing what tradition had declared — beating his wings against a stone, a hollow log, or his breast—the grouse, in fact, beats them only against the air. While he performs this act, the bird throws himself into various curious and fantastic positions, which one would never expect of a ruffed grouse.

"OBVIOUSLY, THE Drumming is a mating call; though it is quite possible that it may also be a challenge. It is performed in autumn as well as in spring. It is said that on occasions sportsmen, by imitating the drumming sound, have caused grouse in the woods to come to them."

I HAVE A PLEASANT Recollection of watching the dancing and drumming of a flock of birds which I called prairie chickens, but which may have been grouse or partridge. On a summer evening I was driving along the Pembina trail miles east of Euclid when I heard the sound of drumming, with which I was quite familiar on the open prairie. Rounding the point of a bit of timber I found a flock of about 20 birds engaged in a lively dance.

THE BIRDS MOVED WITH A peculiar strutting motion, often turning as if waltzing, and occasionally one would jump straight up a foot or so and then resume its parade. Meanwhile the male birds of the group would spread their wings downward suddenly, making the booming sound which we call drumming. There was also kept up a cooing sound somewhat similar to that made by pigeons. I stopped the team to watch the performance, which was so close that I could have thrown my hat into the middle of it. The birds paid no attention, and after about 10 minutes I drove on, leaving them still dancing and drumming.

IN THE SAME ISSUE OF THE magazine is an article by the state veterinarian, T. O. Brandenburg, discussing the mysterious death of deer in the Missouri bottoms. Mr. Brandenburg's conclusion is that the animals died from poisoning. No poison was found in the body examined, but all the symptoms were of prussic acid poisoning. There is no suspicion that the animals were poisoned purposely. The conclusion is rather that they died from eating forage rich in prussic acid. It is said that deer may be fatally poisoned by eating as small a quantity as two ounces of the leaves of the wild black cherry. Such poisoning may also occur from eating flax, arrow grass, cane sorghum or Sudan grass. Prussic acid is so volatile that traces of it disappear quickly.

AN INTERESTING Demonstration of television was given recently in London, where persons having television sets heard a conversation between two speakers who were seven miles apart, and also saw the speakers in action, presumably one at a time, as each spoke. They seem to have come closer to reducing television to a practical basis in England than in the United States. Pictures are reproduced successfully, but the great problem to be solved is that of distribution. The waves now in use are effective only at a distance of about 25 miles, and transmission from station to station requires cables of special and very expensive construction.

AN INTERESTING Statement was made to me a few days ago by a friend who, I know, would prefer not to have his name used, for he is a modest man, not at all inclined to seek the limelight of publicity. But his story impressed me so profoundly that I wish to give at least its essentials, although I cannot reproduce the simple earnestness with which it was told. "I was brought to this country," said my friend, "an infant nine months old. My parents have told me the story often. They were young people, just starting out in life, and I was their only child. My grandfather accompanied the little family down to the ship which was to bring us to America, and he carried me in his arms. When the time came to go on board, before handing me over to my parents, he pronounced a solemn benediction on me, and with that prayer still on his lips, he said fare well.

"THAT BLESSING, INVOKED more than 60 years ago by an old man, has followed me all the days of my life, and there has been no time since I came to years of understanding that I have not been conscious of its power. My life has been full of good things. My home has been a happy one; no great misfortune has troubled us and no serious illness has visited us. Always I have had work to do and have been able to do it. I feel that the prayer of my grandfather brought into my life a power that has cheered and sustained me, that has been present every day and every year, and that still brings me rich blessings."

MY FRIEND IS NOT A RICH man, as riches are commonly measured. His store of worldly possessions is not large. He earns his living by work which many would consider drudgery. He has not the means to indulge in costly pleasures, even if he were so inclined. There are those who, in like circumstances, would become bitter in comparing their lot with that of others whom they would consider more fortunate. It is not so with this man. He has enjoyed the riches of a heritage which is independent of external conditions. He has not permitted himself to be governed by wants beyond the power of realization, and he reposes complete trust in the power that has guided him happily through the years.

J. W. FOLEY, POET-Laureate of North Dakota, and for a good many years now columnist of the Pasadena, California, Star-News, and one of the established institutions of Pasadena, is in the hospital with a 50-pound weight tied to a broken leg, and there he must remain until after the holidays. He was run down by an automobile and knocked galley-west. In a letter to his editor he describes the accident and makes some observations appropriate to the occasion. I quote a paragraph or two:

"IT WAS THE FIRST Morning in all my life I had tied a four-in-hand tie perfectly. I remarked that to my wife at breakfast. That tie would have graced Harry Fitzgerald's window, or Sobotker's, or Joe Leddy's or Colonel Warwick or any other of the Haberdashery boys. The tie pin was perfectly set, for style and color. And I was arrayed in clean linen and pressed raiment, with my stick and pipe—now forever lost, and my best pipe, too—and I stood as I thought, safe and still, in the traffic lane, visible for miles in all directions, waiting for a street car to pass, and then, out of nowhere a bolt from the blue, a monster from the unseen, growling and roaring and gnashing its teeth, with horrible horns and head and grinning jaws, it leaped upon me and I said to myself: "What the H . . ." (no, don't print that, Charley), "what in the name of goodness is this that is happening to me? Out of what pit or zone did that juggernaut come, and why in the world should it leap on me, who never before harmed an automobile, who never drove or mis-drove one, and who has run from them always with the speed of a frightened rabbit?"

"MANY THINGS PASS through the mind, wife and friends and work and lost pipes and loss of dignity, and insurance—a mental confusion of thoughts that race about like milling cattle. And then comes surprised indignation at such an inexcusable indignity, and finally furious anger, bred of hundreds of years of ancestry that was never accustomed to take blows lying down. I have often wondered what were the sensations of one suddenly struck down with an automobile. I know now. I do not have to wonder any more.

"AND THERE WILL, BE thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands like me —many of them in this hospital now—smashed, broken, bruised, maimed, shocked, scarred and disfigured, because of what we might call the "Driving Spirit of the Age." One man saves a moment of time that perhaps he does not at all need, and knottier spends in the hospital six weeks of time that he needs very much, to consider Christmas, to recall again and often the tenderness of its spirit as conceived by the master, to live life and find it in many ways beautiful, and to lend a word, an ear and a hand to the weak, the hurt and the unfortunate.

"SO, CHARLES, THIS MAY BE the finest civilization that the world has ever seen, but there is a catch in it somewhere. Words, resolutions, hot indignation, protests will not stop the slaughter and maiming. Action alone will help to do that. Will the officers and judges and lawmakers do their parts, and will the people support them or will this frenzy persist, to be tolerated, excused, condoned, shush-shushed, and finally forgotten?

ALSO, INASMUCH AS JIM IS in bed and can't help himself, I append some verses which he wrote, inspired by his recent experience:

THE CROSSING.

(With due acknowledgements from me to J. W, Foley and from him to Rudyard Kipling).

If you can keep your feet while all
about you Are losing theirs in crossing o'er
the street, If you can keep your head while

drivers flout you And call you dumbbell, bonehead,
with much heat, If you can run and skip and slide
and slither Among the tooting cars and keep
your head While drivers hurl hot epithets to
wither

Your soul with their grim wrath while seeing red.

If you can jump and dodge and
race and flounder Above, below, about and to one
side, When some girl puts a hand out, if
around her You can dodge quick enough to
save your hide, If you can guess what some one on
the highway With some high-powered car is
going to do, Then you may linger longer on
life's byway

Provided that the guess you make is true.

If you can see two ways at once
and wonder What chance you have and make
no grim mistakes, If you can stand right firm against
the thunder Of horns and whistles and the
scream of brakes And clang of bells and if you are
not lazy,

And when a thin space shows, if I
you will run,

If you can do all this, you'll be a
daisy

And what is more, you may grow up, my son.

OLD TOOLS ARE Interesting as illustrating the working methods of former generations. Some of those old mechanics' tools are clumsy in appearance, often hand-made, designed by the owner himself, and made from such material as happened to be convenient. But with them the artists were able to achieve some excellent work. Modern machinery can perform work of precision which cannot be duplicated by hand, but the hands of the craftsman possessed a skill which is seldom equaled among modern workmen, not because they are not able to acquire it, but because they seldom need it.

SID ODLAUG RECENTLY showed me an interesting tool which was found somewhere in Wisconsin, and which was brought originally from Norway. It is a pair of dividers, presumably used in shipbuilding, made entirely of wood except the metal points. The arms are about a foot long, and the tool contains about 10 times as much material as is necessary, but with it, probably, some old Norse workman was able to make exact measurements and turn out fine work.

MR. ODLAUG TELLS OF A Norwegian cabinet maker who came to this country not many years ago and found his way to Grand Forks, expecting to make his home here. An excellent workman, he brought with him the tools to which he had been accustomed back home. His planes were all of the wood block type, and he had no use for the modern metal planes, which he said were too heavy and not suited to good work. On one occasion he needed a new plane, and sought for one with a wood block. They were out of date, and one could not be found. Neither could he find wood which he thought suitable for a block. After searching in vain for some time he gave up in disgust and returned to Norway where he could find tools more to his liking.

A CARPENTER WHO DID work for me a few years ago used a plane which he had made for himself in Norway more than 50 years earlier. The block was of apple wood, and in the years of use it had been worn down by about half its original depth. But it was still in good order, and I suppose it is still in use.

IN MY MISCELLANEOUS COL-lection are a jack plane and a smoothing plane, both With blocks of beech wood, a wood which has been used extensively in tools because of its hardness and close texture. Thirty-odd years ago my father, who had learned the cabinet-maker's trade in his youth, came west to visit me. In looking over my tools he found those planes in bad order, scarred and worn from use. That did not suit him at all. He sharpened both bits to a razor edge, then, placing one plane block in a vise he tripped and trued it with the other plane. That done he reversed the process and trimmed the other. That feat is still discussed admiringly by younger members of the family who were children then.

ALTHOUGH MY FATHER'S father farmed in his later years, he continued to tinker at carpentry until the end of his life. There was a certain fascination in watching the long, curled shavings flow from his plane. Those shavings made fine curls with which little girls could decorate themselves. Attached to the bench was a vise with the wood screw once common, but now completely out of date.

MY MOTHER'S FATHER HAD been a shoemaker, but he essayed odd jobs of carpentry with tools many of which had been made by the nearest blacksmith. One tool, which I held in detestation, was a battock, or grub-hoe, heavy and awkward, with which it was my job to break clods after a field had been plowed and harrowed. The land was stiff clay, and under certain conditions it would bake into chunks resembling bricks. Those chunks had to be shattered so as to leave the land in proper condition for seeding. Another tool, which I never saw actually in use for the purpose intended, was a mammoth spade with a curved blade a foot or more wide, which had been used in England for "plowing." Those tools were used by gangs of three men, each of whom would make two cuts with his spade, then all three would flip the sod over. That kind of "plowing" was done in small and irregular fields or on hillsides where horses could not work.

I HAVE ENJOYED LOOKING over an English calendar entitled The Yorkshire Year, the property of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barlow, which contains more than 50 large and beautifully executed reproductions of scenes in Yorkshire. That county is the former home of Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, and with their daughter, they revisited it two years ago. The pictures are naturally a source of great pleasure to them, as they are familiar with many of the scenes illustrated, quiet villages, rolling fields, ancient churches and windswept moors.

I FOUND THE PICTURES Interesting, too, although I never saw that country, I heard a great deal about it in my early boyhood. My mother's parents, with whom I lived, were Yorkshire people, as were several of the neighbors, and when some of those old cronies got together of a winter evening, there would be reminiscences of the old home land. I became familiar with the names of Yorkshire towns and villages and made mental pictures of the landscape, which, of course, were altogether wrong, but were quite satisfactory to me. The country has many features of rare beauty, and it is steeped in history, which runs back to the days of Julius Caesar.

A FRIEND OF THE DUKE OF Windsor is at work on a biography of the duke which he expects to publish soon. He promises that the book shall contain nothing that will prove embarrassing to anyone. But who wants to read a book like that.

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT we read by glancing at words, phrases, or even sentences, without paying much attention to letters. And it is surprising how one can see the same word over and over without thinking of just how it is built up. I suppose I was 50 years of age before I discovered that the word "redolent" is not "rendolent." If I had been given the word in a spelling test it would have floored me. Yet I had seen it thousands of times. If I ever used it I must have misspelled it. Then there is Covent Garden, in London. I had seen that name most of my life in novels, biographies and newspaper articles, and I was amazed one day to find that it isn't "Convent" Garden. I suppose I am still carrying in my mind incorrect pictures of a lot of other familiar words.

WHY DESCRIBE A THIEF, thug or other malefactor as Public Enemy No. 1, or any other number? There are half-baked criminals who would be glad to do a considerable stretch in prison for that distinction.

IN ALL THE DISCUSSION OF housing problems I have seen no mention of the fact that there are families living in basements which have no houses over them. Somebody could write a magazine article on that subject, with pictures, that would be a shocker and thriller. We have several such basement dwellings in Grand Forks. I haven't been in all of them, but I have had occasion to visit a few, and invariably I have found those basement quarters cozy, comfortable and well kept. Usually the basement home is preliminary to a finished dwelling, to be completed as soon as the owner has accumulated funds with which to go ahead. There are several families in Grand Forks now living in their own good homes who started out in basements. They would be greatly surprised if told that they had suffered great hardships about which the government ought to do something. They have done very well, thank you, without asking odds of anyone.

THE OLDEST MAN IN PRINCE Edward Island died the other day at the age of 96. He was Angus MacDonald, a farmer, whose ancestors came from Scotland in the early days, and who operated his own farm for three-quarters of a century. On August 27, 1936, he and his wife celebrated their 75th wedding anniversary and received congratulatory messages from King Edward VIII and Lord Tweeds-muir, governor general of Canada.

THE OTHER DAY THE Associated Press carried a story about Caesarean operations. A mother had just given birth to her fifth child, and each birth was by means of the Caesarean operation. Mrs. M. Clay pool, 404 South Ninth street, Grand Forks, is surprised that so much attention should have been given to the subject, as in her own family there have been five such operations in succession, and nobody seems to have thought there was anything miraculous about it. Mrs. Claypool writes:

"I WAS JUST READING ALL this big fuss they are making of the five Caesarean births, seeming to think it something new. Well, I don't agree to that. It is not new to me, for my sister, living in Minneapolis, is the mother of five Caesarean children. All are living but one who died in infancy. The oldest will be 24 years old on the 29th of December. The youngest is 14 years old.

"MY SISTER WAS 17, PAST when the first operation was performed. The baby weighed eight pounds, was strong and healthy, as I also was the mother. Four years later another boy was brought into the world in the same way. In two years a third was born, this time a girl. A local anesthetic was issued in this case and motion pictures were taken from start to finish, the last picture being of the baby being kissed by the mother while she was still on the table. The other two boys were brought into the world in four years, also by Caesarean operations. The four living children are strong and healthy, as is the mother, who is but 4 feet 11 inches tall."

THE NAME OF THIS Operation is derived from Julius Caesar, at whose birth it was performed, according to unconfirmed legend. In ancient times it was performed only after the death of the mother, and Roman law made its use obligatory in such cases. Shakespeare attributes the birth of his heroic character, MacDuff, to its use. The first actually recorded case of its use while the mother was living occurred in Switzerland about the year 1500. For many years it was fatal to a large proportion of mothers, but science has simplified it so that the percentage of mortality has been greatly reduced.

A PARAGRAPH IN THE Herald's new feature, "The World This Week," appearing for the first time on Sunday, says that after eight hours of conference over weighty problems between the French premier, Chautemps and Premier Chamberlain of Great Britain, the two statesmen left the conference room and Chautemps smilingly told waiting newspaper men that they had found themselves in "full solidarity."

THAT GRATIFYING Announcement recalls a conference of Stresemann of Germany and Briand of France before Hitler came to power. Both men were earnest advocates of peace, and both were eager to reach a basis of agreement which would be acceptable to their respective nations. But there were knotty problems to be solved, problems of armament, finance, trade relations, boundaries and many others. With these the two men wrestled until far into the night. On some agreement was reached, but others were more difficult. When the two men could make no further progress and both were exhausted, one of them proposed that they go to bed and resume their discussion after a good sleep. The other agreed. The two men left the conference room arm in arm, and were met by correspondents who had been waiting for and expecting big news. "Gentlemen," said Briand, "you may say that Germany and France are in perfect agreement as to the next step to be taken." Then they took the "next step," which was to bed.

OF ALL THE PLACES ON earth the southern Crimea seems to come closest to being a gardeners' paradise. The peninsula extends no farther south than northern Italy, but the mountains on the north protect it from the cold blasts that sweep across Europe and its southern slopes receive the full benefit of warm sunshine and the mild breezes from the Black sea. Massandra, about the center of the peninsula, probably has a greater variety of vegetation than is to be found in any other area of similar size.

NOT FAR FROM LUXURIANT palm trees there are massive pines, the like of which are found nowhere else in Europe. Through oaks and cypresses and flowering rose trees can be seen vineyards and tobacco plantations. Exotic tropical plants flourish everywhere side by side with flowers and trees seen only in northern climes. There are American redwoods, Japanese ginkgos, English yews, bamboos, South American araucarias. Specially planted, these are now parts of the native vegetation. Flowers of all colors and descriptions grow wild. Magnolias and holly are everywhere. From the carefully kept parks of Upper Massandra, through the middle wine section to the rich groves of Lower Massandra, the air is filled with a fragrance that seems scarcely credible.

THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE district there are numerous laboratories and experimental stations. Research is constantly being carried on by large staffs of government botanists and horticulturists. Experimentation in the wineries has been singularly successful. In Lower Massandra where the tropical vegetation flourishes best, scientists have been able to obtain rare medicinal extracts. Realizing the experimental value of the section the Soviet government has recently appropriated large sums for the maintenance of agricultural research. Now, in addition to being the garden spot of Crimea, Massandra is a training ground for gardener-scientists.

A PARAGRAPH IN A Honolulu paper just received here by Mrs. George Black says that a coast guard cutter was expected to arrive at Honolulu that morning, November 23, with Governor Poindexter, of Hawaii, Dr. Ernest Gruening, chief of the division of territories of the department of the Interior, and Richard B. Black, field representative of the department, who is Mrs. Black's son. The three officials, with other members of their party, had been away from Honolulu for five weeks. During their cruise they visited Baker, Jarvis and Howland islands, taking supplies for the weather observation and colonization posts. Later they paid a five-day visit to Pago-Pago, American Samoa.

FROM SAMOA MRS. BLACK received a card from her son, saying that he was dining that evening at the governor's mansion, the building which was the home of the poet and novelist, Robert Louis Stevenson. On the reverse of the card is a photograph of Stevenson's tomb and the beautiful epitaph which, written by Stevenson's hand, has been placed over his last resting place:

"Under the wide and starry sky Dig the grave and let me lie. Glad did I live, and gladly die, And I laid me down with a will. This be the verse you grave for me: Here he lies where he longed to be. Home is the sailor from the sea, And the hunter home from the hill."

THE CENSUS BUREAU'S guess is that North Dakota's population increased about 3,000 last year. There has also been an apparent increase in the state's population of 20-odd thousand since the last census. Except in regular census years no official count of the population of the United States is made, but through its machinery the census bureau keeps in touch with population movements and trends, and publishes its estimates year by year. Those estimates are usually fairly accurate.

EASTERN READERS OF THE current estimates may be surprised to learn that the census bureau believes there are still some people living in North Dakota, because many of them have been led to believe that North Dakota has been abandoned to the jackrabbits, if there are any jackrabbits left. According to the census bureau, not only has the state's population held its own, but there has actually been some increase.

IT IS QUITE TRUE THAT many families have moved from some of the far western counties of North Dakota during recent dry years, but the pictures that have been drawn of a grand trek out of the state, with much of its area abandoned, are false. The census bureau is not interested in padding the figures, for its officials know that any inflation now will be revealed when the next actual census is taken.

RAMSAY MACDONALD WILL be remembered for his activities in public life rather than for any literary work that he may have performed. He was an excellent speaker and many of his addresses had fine literary quality. Except to a few of his intimates he was not known as a poet. Since his death it has become known that he did occasionally write beautiful verse. Some of his lines, graceful and imaginative, were inscribed to a titled lady of his acquaintance, the wife of an artist who painted his portrait. The artist and his wife and the premier became close friends, and in honor of his hostess Macdonald wrote some verses of which none of the major poets need have been ashamed.

BEAUTIFUL AND Appropriate was the opening of the Christmas season in Grand Forks with a revival of the reading of Dickens' "Christmas carol." The annual reading of the immortal fantasy was begun years ago by Professor Frederick H. Koch and was continued until Professor Koch left the city. During those years the reading became one of the traditions of the city, and it was so closely associated with the personality and dramatic instinct of the artist that after his departure it seemed likely that the custom would be abandoned. Credit able readings have since been given by others, but the presentation of the Carol on Monday evening not only revived the custom but gave it added beauty and power.

PROFESSOR ROWLAND AND the young people of the University who were associated with him in this presentation are to be credited with an artistic production in which music, pantomime and appropriate stage settings were used effectively to heighten the effect of the familiar words of the author without diverting the attention of the audience from the main theme. The reading was easy and natural, suggestive rather than imitative in expression, and the selections from the text, too long in itself for a single reading, had been carefully and discriminatingly made.

THE PANTOMIME WAS Admirably arranged and beautifully performed. Too great emphasis on the stage pictures would have been unfortunate, making the presentation a spectacle rather than an interpretation. The pictures really illustrated the story, and seen through the almost transparent screen they maintained the illusion of a dream. The Madrigal club was at its best in the carols and folk songs, and the grand Hallelujah Chorus brought a fine production to an appropriate close. No Grand Forks audience was ever more absorbed and attentive than that which packed the school auditorium on Monday evening.

DOWN IN CERTAIN SECTIONS of New Jersey they are having difficulties with a real problem of depletion of soil fertility and wind erosion, and they are blaming it, with apparent good reason, on the substitution of the gasoline engine for the horse. The trouble is not due so much to the use of tractors on the farms as of trucks in the city.

IN THOSE PARTICULAR Sections the soil is naturally thin and poor, but just across the way is Philadelphia, where many thousands of horses were once used to cart goods about the city. Manure from the stables that sheltered all those horses was hauled to the near-by Jersey farms, and its use made possible the growing of good crops on land which otherwise would have been almost unproductive. Now machine-driven trucks have taken the place of most of the horse-drawn vehicles, and there is little stable manure to be had. The light soil is becoming unproductive, and because of lack of humus is being blown and washed away.

ALL RIGHT-THINKING People will hope that the Lindberghs in their visit "back home," will be granted the privacy to which they are entitled as human beings. And everybody will want to know what they are doing, and why.

AT THE FUNERAL OF Dexter Fellows distinguished persons in many walks of life were present, among them prominent figures in the circus world. Members of the Ringing family who are now owners and managers of the Big Show were there, but of the original Ringling brothers with whom Fellows was associated for so many years, not one was left. John, who died during the past year, was the last of the group.

SAID ONE BUSINESS MAN: "I'd like, to see more snow, not alone on account of moisture, but because of trade. In the north snow is normal in winter time, and any interference with normal conditions is not good for business."

Another business man said: "I hope we can have open winter at least until Christmas. People want to get in to town to trade, and if roads are blocked they can't do it. Clear weather and good roads should make the next two weeks busy ones."

Perhaps it's just as well that we don't have anything to do with the making of weather.

JUST RECEIVED IS A COPY of the 1937 Faculty History of the Federal government, covering the first session of the 75th congress, published by Congressional Intelligence, Washington, D. C. The book, paper bound, and comprising 125 closely printed pages, is a storehouse of facts, invaluable to the citizen interested in the activities of his government and wishing to keep informed concerning legislative and administrative matters. A brief history of the session of congress is given, with a chronology presenting in order the outstanding features of the session day by day. There is a chart showing the progress through the two houses of the more important measures; a digest of major laws passed; a tabulation by states of the votes of senate and house members on outstanding measures; a history of emergency agencies; and many tables of governmental income and expenditure. Two features will especially commend themselves to the searcher for information, the orderly arrangement of the contents and the excellent index. These enable the reader to find quickly the information which he seeks, something essential if a work of reference is to have any value. The book sells at a dollar, and it will be the means of saving many hours of time.

THE BOOK INTERESTS ME, not alone because of its intrinsic value, but because its editor is Leslie Erhardt, who was for several years a useful member of The Herald staff. Leslie's home was in Pembina county. From there he came to the University, did odd jobs for The Herald, and presently became a regular employee. Industry and accuracy were among his outstanding qualities. Those qualities helped to fit him for the work in Washington in which he has been engaged for several years.

WHILE WITH THE HERALD Leslie contributed for a time a Sunday paragraph under the pen-name "Grumpy Grouch." In that weekly contribution he discussed, humorously, but ferociously, little local abuses and annoyances which came to his attention and told, in bloodcurdling language, of the horrifying things that he intended to do to the persons responsible. Readers of those paragraphs must have envisioned the writer as a sort of Paul Bunyan gone berserk. In fact, Leslie was short, slight, and at that time not at all vigorous. He wouldn't have harmed a fly, but he could roar most convincingly when nobody was looking to see who was doing the roaring.

"DO YOU WANT TO BUY ANY Christmas seals?" Probably there is not a front door in town at which that question has not been asked by at least a dozen school children. Unfortunately the answer must often be "no," for the season's supply of stamps has already been bought. However, at one home or another most of the children make some sales and are happy over it, for they know that they are helping to provide milk and hot lunches for children who have none, and food, rest and medical care which is to rescue other children from the clutches of the white plague.

THE IDEA OF THE Christmas seal, like a great many other good things, came to us from I across the ocean. Its use here originated in the mind of one Jacob Riis, who came to this country from Denmark, poor and friendless, to become, as Theodore Roosevelt called him, "the most useful citizen of New York." Jacob Riis became famous for his work to bring light and happiness into lives otherwise dark and hopeless. In that work he enlisted the services of thousands of others, and he set in motion forces, working for good which are still powerful in their influence on society.

CHRISTMAS SEALS WERE first used in Denmark, and for the relief of tuberculosis. When Jacob Riis had become a rather important figure in New York there came to him one Christmas time a package from his home land bearing the familiar decoration. Riis suggested that the plan be taken up here. It was, and their use has brightened the lives of many thousands of children.

THE CHILDREN IN THIS country who now offer Christmas seals for sale are carrying on a work which was begun years ago in distant Denmark, a work which was transplanted to this country by a man who, as a Danish boy, had known poverty and privation, and who did his best to make the lives of young Americans brighter and happier. That boy didn't know, nor did anyone else, when he stepped from the steamer that brought him to America, what precious gifts he brought with him.

IN DRIVING A CAR THIS snappy weather one often recalls the days before the big war, when driving a car at any season was an adventure, and when winter driving was almost unknown. Not only were roads in no condition for winter driving, but driving was surrounded by so many uncertainties that few dared undertake it. If a car stood out of doors in zero weather for an hour, in all probability the engine would not start unless the carburettor were warmed up by the application of a hot iron or a bath of hot water. Cranking was done by hand, and if there is any tougher job I don't know what it is. Every little while a backfire resulted in a broken wrist.

WHEN THE ENGINE WAS persuaded to go, there remained the probability of a flat tire before many miles had been covered, and that meant demounting the tire from the rim and inserting a new tube, a nice job for a cold day! Only a few of the elite had enclosed cars. For the rest of us there was the collapsible top with a set of curtains that were any-driving today is no joke, but it is quite different from what it was 25 years ago.

FRED UTGAARD, OF LANDA, propounds a question which he would like to have discussed. He asks "Which laws are more just, those of the United States or those of Canada?" In discussing this question he has encountered difference of opinion of which he writes as follows:
"This difference of opinion comes from the fact that the American law claims that any man is innocent until he is proven guilty, and the Canadian law says he is guilty until he proves himself innocent."

MR. UTGAARD IS Misinformed concerning Canadian law. Under the systems of criminal law in the United States, Great Britain and all the British dominions a person accused of crime is legally presumed innocent until he is proven guilty. Before conviction his guilt must be established by positive and affirmative evidence — not rumor or suspicion. In the absence of such evidence he need make no statement, produce no witnesses and offer no defense. The burden of proof is entirely on his accuser. While court procedure varies, as it does among our own states, the principal of presumptive innocence governs both in the United States and in Canada.

I UNDERSTAND THAT IN France the opposite rule prevails, and that there the accused is presumed guilty, and is required to prove his innocence. This is one of the market differences between the Anglo-Saxon and Latin systems of jurisprudence. One clause in Magna Charta carries the presumption of innocence back to the year 1215. It reads:

"No bailiff from henceforth shall put any man to his law upon his own bare saying, without credible witness to prove it."

NEIL McDougall OF Omemees sends a clipping from a Kincardine, Ontario paper, telling of the recovery of a bit of timber from the sunken "Royal William," the first steamer to cross the Atlantic under steam, whose hull has lain for many years at the bottom of Irvin harbor, Scotland, and the return of the fragment to Canada where the steamer was built more than a century ago. According to the story John Munn, Scottish-Canadian shipbuilder, who had yards in Scotland and at Wolfe's Cove, Quebec, had the steamer built at the latter place to carry his sweetheart from her native Scotland to Quebec. For some reason the couple never married, and Mr. Munn died a bachelor at the age of 80. The "Royal William" was sold, to a Portuguese company, and then to the Spanish government and fitted out as a warship, thus becoming the first steam warship as well as the first Trans-Atlantic steamer.

MR. McDougall HAS BEEN informed that a Captain McDougall brought the first steamer across the Atlantic and wonders if that was not the "Royal William." Possibly a relative of the North Dakota man.

STORIES OF OLD SHIPS have reminded Mr. McDougall of shipbuilding in the early days on the Great Lakes, and he sends a paragraph from an interview given years ago by a Captain McLeod concerning the building of the first boat at Kincardine, which reads as follows:

"ABOUT 1850, I BOUGHT A whip saw in Goderich and between carrying and trailing I got it to Kincardine. With that saw my brother and myself whipsawed the lumber for the first boat built in Kincardine—an open vessel of eight or nine tons. How did we whip-saw it! The saw was like that used in the old style water mill, with the teeth all set one way. A pit was made at the side of a bank, the bank serving as a support for one end of the platform. Posts set upright a little way out from the bank held up the other end of the platform. Below the platform was a space of about six to seven feet high, and in that one man pulled. How much lumber could two men cut in a day? Two men that worked well together could cut 400 feet but 250 to 300 feet was a good days work."

MR. McDougall ADDS: "THE captain goes on to tell of whip-sawing lumber for homes, of the cost of transportation from Goderich and other ports, the price of wheat in those days and the raise to \$2.25 per bushel in Crimson war days."

UNLESS THERE IS Something wrong with Indian tradition the drouth that has afflicted the northwest will presently be effectively broken and the territory will be protected from many of the plagues which, according to Indian lore, have been due to relinquishment by its custodians of the Sacred Bundle with its Thunder Bird relics and the discontinuance of the ceremonies associated with that talisman.

The Sacred Bundle of the Water Busters Clan of the Gros Ventre (Big Belly) Indians of North Dakota is to be returned to them by the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, at fitting ceremonies in New York City.

In exchange, Foolish Bear and Drags Wolf, elders of the Water Busters, will present to the museum a sacred Buffalo Medicine Horn, property of Foolish Bear, which is at least 200 years old and the most prized relic now in the possession of the clan.

THE SACRED BUNDLE, Traditional talisman against drouth, plague and pestilence and guarantor of good crops, contains the skulls of two Thunder Birds, transmigrated centuries ago into human form, who came to earth as a shower of feathers and were borne, respectively, by a Gros Ventre and a Shoshone squaw.

BEFORE DESCENDING TO earth they prophesied that the Shoshones and Gros Ventres would fight a terrible battle, and made a compact that their skulls be preserved.

The Gros Ventres, being vegetarians, triumphed over the carnivorous Shoshones and the Shoshone Thunder Bird was killed. The Gros Ventre kept his friend's skull, and when the Gros Ventre died both skulls were wrapped in a hide and preserved as the clan's most revered object.

THE LAST CUSTODIAN, ONE Slim Shin, died in the Eighteen Nineties. By that time the government had begun to frown on pagan practices, and the missionaries added their influence. As a result, the Water Busters were afraid to elect new custodian and the Sacred Bundle remained in the possession of Slim Shin's son, Wolf Chief.

Wolf Chief, not a Water Buster, but a Prairie Chicken (inheritance being through the maternal line), sold the Sacred Bundle in 1907 for \$30 to G. F. Wilson, a Presbyterian missionary, who later resold it to the Heye Foundation, sponsor of the museum for \$175.

As Mr. Wilson left the reservation lightning flashed and thunder rolled and he barely escaped with his life. Wolf Chief presently died, and a few years ago drouths and Mormon crickets began to afflict the Gros Ventres.

DELEGATIONS OF WATER Busters journeyed to Washington and New York to try to get their fetish returned; but the Heye Foundation was adamant, on the theory that this would set a precedent that would soon empty the museum of all its Indian relics. The Indians even raised \$250, a very large sum for them, in an effort to buy the Sacred Bundle, but they were unsuccessful.

RECENTLY IT WAS Announced at the office of Indian affairs that the Heye foundation had agreed to restore the Sacred Bundle to the tribe and to accept in exchange the Medicine Horn which the Indians had chosen as their gift to the foundation. The exchange will take place in New York in the near future.

IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT the talisman was removed from the state in 1907, and that long before that time the prairies were parched by drouth, and their substance devoured by grasshoppers, and other disastrous visitations came upon the people, there may be skeptics who will doubt the efficacy of the charm and who will ask for an explanation of the apparent inconsistency. Such skepticism is unseemly. Doubtless believers in the tradition will have an explanation which, at least, is satisfactory to them, and we may rest assured that the return of the; talisman will do no harm.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE approach of the season of peace and good will, which is not observed as faithfully as might be, there, comes to mind the story of a doughty blacksmith and his wife who adopted an interesting method of maintaining peace in the family. Both were quick-tempered, and when one was in an irritably mood, a chance remark from the other was likely to produce an explosion. It was agreed that some; sign of mental condition would be desirable as a warning, and after much thought it was decided that when things at the shop went badly and the smith came home in a bellicose mood, he should wear his leather aprong wrong side out. His wife would know then that she must tread warily and speak softly in order to avoid trouble. Similarly, if the butter refused to come and the cake burned in the oven, and the wife was at her wits' end, she should reverse her apron as a storm signal. The plan worked beautifully. The aprons were turned quite often, the warning was heeded, words and acts of irritation were avoided, and the family atmosphere remained undisturbed. Then, one black Friday, everything went wrong both at the shop and at the house, and the air was heavily charged. The blacksmith came home to dinner wearing his blackest look and his apron wrong side out. He was met at the door by his wife, stern and frowning, also with her apron reversed. Each recognized the other's fateful signal, each looked at the other and in a moment both burst out laughing. The good smith and his wife then decided that with a little mutual patience and forbearance they could get along smoothly without going to the trouble of turning their aprons.

WE HAVEN'T A GREAT many Yorkshire people in this part of the country, but mention in this column of the Yorkshire calendar received by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barlow brought a response from another Yorkshire lady, Mrs. C. E. Freeman of Grand Rapids, Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman were residents of North Dakota for nearly 50 years, and during most of that time they were regular readers of the Herald. Three years ago they moved to Grand Rapids, but Mrs. Freeman says that they can't get along without the Herald.

THE YORKSHIRE CALENDAR reminded Mrs. Freeman of her old home, of which she writes:

"I and my father, mother, brothers and sister came from Yorkshire nearly 50 years ago. We came from near Wakefield, Yorkshire, and have wondered what part of Yorkshire the Barlows came from. We have never come across anyone from there. I have been, and am, homesick to visit our old home place again. I was 19 when we left England, so remember it well. You mention the calendar having moor scenes. My mother was born on the moor around Haworth, where the Bronte sisters' father was vicar. Charlotte was my mother's Sunday school teacher. I have been in the church at Haworth, and the graveyard. If I had the chance again I would find it a lot more interesting now. Wakefield, too, is a very interesting town.

IT IS EASY TO UNDERSTAND Mrs. Freeman's wish to revisit the old home. I have heard some of my friend's say, after such a visit following an absence of many years, that they regretted having gone. Everything was changed beyond recognition and they would have preferred to be able to keep unchanged the picture which they had carried with them since childhood. Places and people change, it is true, but I have found that in visiting the old home after many years I could close my eyes on the present, and in the old surroundings, no matter how changed, I could recreate the scenes of my childhood very much to my satisfaction.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW wouldn't put on a gas mask if he had to cut off his whiskers to fit it on. He would keep his whiskers and take his chances. A paragraph giving that information reminded me of an uncle in Canada. When I knew him he was a middle-aged man with a full set of whiskers, very thick and very black. In his younger days he had worn only a moustache, thick and heavy, as was the custom. Several years after his marriage he had the moustache shaved off in a thoughtless moment, and he told of the shock he experienced when he saw what a change had been wrought in his appearance.

"When I looked in the glass," he said, "I couldn't believe what I saw. Removing that little hand-full of hair from my face had made me a stranger to myself. It was awful. I couldn't have felt worse if Lucy (his wife) and at least one of the children had died."

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS ARE in order. They come by mail, and they are exchanged by those who do not expect to meet again before the holidays. It is recorded of one pastor that at the Easter service of his church he looked over the great congregation which packed the auditorium and said:

"I see in the congregation this morning many whom I have not seen since last Easter. I bid you welcome. And, as I do not expect to see you again before next Easter I take this opportunity to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." That was taking time by the forelock.

NORTH DAKOTA LICENSE plates this year will be black on canary yellow. Thirty-five states have adopted entirely new color schemes for next year's tags. Eleven states and the District of Columbia will keep the same combinations they had this year, but will reverse the colors as to numerals and background. Two states, Connecticut and West Virginia, are quite satisfied and will make no change at all. New York will advertise the World's Fair on its license plates, a practice that ought to be prohibited. License plates ought to be used for just one purpose, to display the license number of the car. Any additions are distracting and confusing.

WHEN ONE IS A PATIENT in a hospital he may not be interested in books or any other reading. He may be unconscious. He may be doubled up with pain, waiting for the shot of morphine to take effect. Or he may be wondering whether the doctor will decide on removing some of his innards or merely treating him for aggravated stomach ache. In any of those cases he is not likely to think of reading. It is different when one is convalescing. Time drags. Friends drop in, but it may be when one is sleeping, and, anyway, the friends must go. There are hours when one lies awake, with nothing to do but look at the ceiling. Then a book comes handy. It need not be a profound book, though there are moods conducive to profundity. A light novel may answer the purpose nicely, or a mystery story. There are times when even Joe Miller's Joke Book would be welcome. With nothing to read life becomes empty.

THESE OBSERVATIONS I were suggested by the fact, just brought to my attention, that the Deaconess hospital in Grand Forks has no library. It ought to have one. And there are hundreds of bookshelves in Grand Forks on which there are books for which the owners have no further use, which are given shelf-room merely because of reluctance to throw them away. Often such books would prove treasures to hospital patients weary of nothing to do. The suggestion, and I think it a good one, is that when persons having books which they do not need visit the hospital they take along a book or two to serve as the nucleus of a hospital library. Those books will be read over and over again, and they will bring pleasure to many who need to have their attention diverted from aches and pains, and operations and blood pressure. And it need cost nobody a cent. I shall look over my bookshelves immediately.

A WRITER IN THE NEW York Times discusses the element of carelessness in books and makes a distinction between factual books and works of the imagination. It is said that though one may exhibit carelessness in the writing of a novel, the excellence of one part of the book may justify it even though it is crude and inaccurate in parts, whereas carelessness in compiling statistics or in dealing with history condemns an entire work in either of those fields.

CARELESSNESS IN HISTORY or economics is unpardonable, but isn't it as wrong to present a false picture of life in a novel as to misquote the price of cotton or to say that it was Alexander who fiddles while Rome burned? The novelist who looks at life superficially will distort it in writing of it. His book may or may not be written "with a purpose, but in any case, if read at all, it conveys certain impressions to the reader, and the difference between the half-baked novel, with its unsound conclusions, based on false premises, and the inaccurate table of statistics does not seem great.

AMONG THE INTERESTING bit of information contained in a London publication enumerating coming events in Great Britain and Ireland and giving numerous facts about places to see, is the statement that there is no such thing, strictly speaking, as "a cathedral." The word "cathedral," it is said, is an adjective, therefore one may properly speak of "a cathedral church," though scarcely anyone ever does it.

IT APPEARS THAT IN Certain respects the powers of a British bishop are as strictly limited as are those of a British king. We are all familiar with the statement that though the wind and the rain may enter the Englishman's humble home, the king of England may not enter. Similarly, although the bishop is lord of his diocese, it is only on the invitation of the dean and chapter that a bishop may preach in his own cathedral. The powers of bishops were severely curtailed during the Middle Ages, and now the cathedral business is transacted wholly by the chapter, with the dean presiding.

IS MAN DEGENERATING physically? Dr. Hooton, professor of anthropology at Harvard, says so. Speaking at the annual dinner of the society of Mechanical Engineers in New York he said that the machine age was producing a race of morons who are in danger of reverting to the status of apes and destroying civilization because man's biological development has lagged behind his mechanical achievements. He emphasized the "apish" behavior of the twentieth-century man, a "once erectly striding biped," who "abandons human locomotion and whizzes through the landscape, crouched over wheels and levers worked by his still prehensile hands and his flat, vestigial feet, no less useful for this purpose than those of his simian ancestors," and who breathes "a mixture of gasoline fumes and carbon monoxide and reeks of evolutionary decay."

WE HEAR A LOT ABOUT THE influence of the machine age on man's physical development. Men ride in automobiles so much that they will soon have lost the power to walk. They work at monotonous tasks in factories until their joints become atrophied. And so on. And because of this many believe that the human race is doomed.

COMPARISON OF THOSE races which have developed mechanics to a high degree with those which know nothing of labor-saving devices is not conclusive, because it may be said that there are racial differences between the two groups that lasted long before much progress had been made in mechanics. But statistics compiled by life insurance companies and others do not indicate that there has been great physical deterioration among those peoples most addicted to the use of machines. In the United States the span of life has lengthened materially, and men do not seem to be wearing out more rapidly than formerly.

LESS THAN A CENTURY AGO the business man in the city walked to and from his office or drove in his carriage. A little later he moved into the suburbs and took to the street car. Now he may use the private auto, the bus or the subway. But it is a long time since he did much daily walking. And when he did walk he did not cover much ground.

TODAY HE MAY WALK LESS than his grandfather did. But in summer he is apt to spend several hours a day chasing a little white ball up and down a meadow, and in winter he works himself into a sweat at volley ball. If he walks less, quite often he exercises more. The mechanic may work at routine tasks in a factory, but he works eight hours where his grandfather worked 12.

A CENTURY AGO A MAN OF 50 was considered old, and measured by standards of buoyancy and resiliency, he was old. His grandson is much younger at 70. The use of machinery, on the road, in the factory and in the home, has created an impression of speed which is largely an illusion. In the most highly mechanized countries men have more leisure than they ever had before, and a large part of that leisure is devoted to activities which limber up the joints and tend to prevent that return to apishness which the anthropologist sees as the doom of the race.

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES have told of the great storm which recently swept western New York and adjacent territory. But they have not done the subject justice. Imagine a great modern city in America being so buried in snow that the Red Cross was called on to rescue, not merely the destitute, but families of means, from starvation and freezing! That's what has just happened in Buffalo.

ALL DELIVERIES OF Merchandise were suspended in a score of towns. Scores of schools were closed for days. Snow plows were stalled on roads buried beneath drifts 10 feet deep. Between Buffalo and Tonawanda more than 50 cars were buried beneath drifts 20 feet deep. Rescue expeditions were sent out on snow shoes to carry food and medicine to families isolated by the storm. Efforts to keep roads clear by means of plows failed because cuts filled in as fast as they were made. Several deaths were due to exposure arising directly from the storm.

ALL THIS, AND MORE, Occurred, not in a sparsely settled region of the west, but in one of the most densely inhabited districts of the continent. In the meantime, we of the northwest have been enjoying a brisk early winter and going about our affairs as usual, without suffering and without inconvenience. At the same time, what has happened in the east may serve as a reminder of what is possible anywhere if heavy snow comes early in the season.

SOME YEARS AGO A SMALL girl was ill, with the prospect of having to spend Christmas in bed. Her still younger brother, sorry and sympathetic, had announced his intention to buy her a nice Christmas present with pennies that he had saved. "What are you going to get her?" he was asked. "I'm going to get her one of those little tractors that runs all by itself," was the proud reply. Looking out for number one? Not a bit of it. To that boy the most precious thing in the world was something with wheels, and it never occurred to him that anyone else might not prize a self-propelling tractor as highly as he did. He was trying to give his sister the thing that of all things would give her greatest happiness.

A FRIEND HANDS ME THIS bit of political philosophy from Lord Macaulay which, written a century ago, appears to some old-fashioned persons to have the ring of soundness yet:

"Our Rulers will best promote the improvement of the people By strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties—by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment—by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law and by observing strict economy in every department of the state. Let the government of the state. Let the government do this: The people will assuredly do the rest."

THE INVITATION TO Owners of unneeded books to donate them to the Deaconess hospital to serve as the nucleus of a hospital library has attracted some attention and seems likely to bring results. In a telephone call a friend says she has certain book cases which she can spare and which she will be glad to donate if they are needed.

MENTION WAS MADE OF the subject at the suggestion of a lady who was for some time a patient in the hospital and who noted the dearth of reading matter. She conferred with the hospital authorities and reports that they will welcome donations of books. No canvass or system of collection is contemplated. All that is necessary is for persons wishing to contribute books to take them direct to the hospital.

A PARAGRAPH IN AN Article on English cathedrals, from which I made a brief quotation the other day, says that practically all the principal English cathedrals were built in the 500 years following the Norman conquest of 1066. They were built, says the article, from east — where the high altar is — to west, and by the time the western end was finished the eastern generally required extension or even complete rebuilding. That process continued for several hundred years.

APPARENTLY IT WAS Continued in some cases until quite modern times. I recall hearing in my boyhood statements by old Yorkshire people of the work constantly in progress on the famous York cathedral. Their understanding was that certain large payments on account of construction would not become due until the completion of the building, and in order to stave off payment the church authorities took care that construction should never be finished. Those old people were all nonconformists and looked with little favor on the established church and had accepted without question a theory which reflected on the financial integrity of ecclesiastical authorities. In later years I mentioned this matter to a Yorkshire business man whom I happened to meet. He laughed at the tradition, which he said had been current for many years, but said there was nothing in it. Actually, he said, work was constantly in progress on some portions of the historic building, but it was necessary chiefly to check the ravages of age.

INFORMATION HAS BEEN received by local friends of the death, at his home in Washington, D. C., on November 1, of Louis E. Danforth, for several years a resident of Grand Forks and employee of The Herald. Mr. Danforth was born and reared at Rockford, Ill., where he learned the printer's trade. In 1900 he came to Grand Forks and entered the employ of The Herald as Linotype operator. Later he served as composing room foreman. During his residence here he married Miss Marion Armstrong, of Winnipeg, who survives him, as do two sons, Percy, of Monroe, Mich., and George, of Washington, D. C. In 1906 Mr. Danforth moved to Washington to take a position in the government printing office. Since her husband's death Mrs. Danforth has gone to California to spend part of the winter with Mrs. Dillingham, whose husband was also an employee of The Herald.

MY RECENT REFERENCE TO accuracy in historical works and in fiction brings the following from a friend who seems to agree with me that truthfulness in a work of fiction is quite as desirable as accuracy in a historical work:

"A FEW YEARS AGO I WAS AT one time in a group of University of Pennsylvania faculty men. One of them, a professor of English, was being congratulated by the others upon the recent appearance of a new volume by him, entitled A History of American Literature. After two or three had spoken to the author in congratulatory terms, Dr. Burr, a medical man but with some such literary as interests as Judge Corliss used to have, spoke out. He said something to this effect, "That's right, I liked the book very much. The only thing that I wonder about is why you called it A History of American Literature. I thought it was fiction". After the general laugh had subsided Dr. Burr added this striking statement, "In general nothing is true in history but sometimes dates and names; while in good fiction everything is true but sometimes dates and names".

"I was impressed by his epigrammatic statement and we can think of it as we do of all epigrams, essentially true and yet not entirely so, or as something that takes in too much territory.

PERHAPS THE BEST History written, at least what gives us the best idea as to how people lived and thought and what were their social and economical conditions, is to be found in such books as Ivanhoe, Lorna Doone, and many of the novels of Wier Mitchell, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Nathaniel Hawthorne, "to mention only a few. Anthony Adverse is probably as good and perhaps Gone With The Wind, though I do not like the latter book so well, my own feeling is that Gone With The Wind has a rather impossible heroine. There are, of course, many such books. We can think of Drums Along The Mohawk, A Lantern in Her Hand, Van de Mark's Folly, and many others. Many of Hamlin Garland's books are the same but he impresses me as disliking the farm and agricultural life and as unfair to his father. Sinclair Lewis' books have much of the desirable quality but he has to make such caricatures of his people that I have never enjoyed his writings.

"WHEN IT COMES TO WHAT are supposed to be serious books in perhaps any of the Social Sciences, History, Economics, and Sociology, while I am very much interested I always want to know who the man is that is writing, what are his antecedents, and similar questions regarding him. In other words, is he a fair and clear thinking investigator or is he a disciple of some pet theory?

"IN THE SAME WAY I WAS interested in your reference a few weeks ago to the Seven Seas. My first thought was that something could be found very quickly and easily in a Dictionary of Quotations, but a hasty glance a few days ago failed to disclose the words in any quotation. There is a great deal of number lore. I have seen a little of it at times but am not bright enough in it to offer discussion. You, of course, know that some of the Ancients attached much importance to numbers, Some numbers were favorable because they were readily divisible or because they were squares or cubes of certain other numbers Some numbers were unfavorable My impression is that seven was by some considered the perfect number or synonymous with all or everything. But as I said my impressions are too hazy and I have not taken time to do any investigation now.

GREAT LAKES SHIP Masters do not approve of the plan now under consideration in Washington and Ottawa to apply to lake shipping the "rules of the road" which now apply to ocean shipping Navigation of the lakes and their connecting rivers and canals, say the lake captains, calls for rules quite different from those which apply on the ocean. Those in charge of lake shipping have developed their own rules, and they wish to have these retained.

ON CERTAIN TRIPS UP AND down the lakes years ago I learned of one rule which applied to all craft in the rivers and lakes, namely, that the boat going down stream has the right of way, and may choose its own course to port or starboard—left or right to you. Its choice is signaled by one or two blasts of its whistle, and the craft coming upstream must adjust its course accordingly. My recollection is that sailing craft going either up or down have right of way over steam craft, but sail has pretty much passed out of the picture.

A CIRCULAR WHICH JUST came to the desk has two paragraphs which read as follows:

"It is time the story was told of how the 531 mental derelicts spoken of as numskulls and known as members of congress are wrecking our country.

"If fiends out of hell had got control of our country and decided to wreck it in the shortest possible time, they could not have gone at it in any more certain way to achieve that result than by taking the savings of the people away from them."

THOSE ARE HARD WORDS. I do not intend to argue about them here, for this is not a political column, but the freedom with which the writer expresses himself interests me. His name is signed to the article, and his address is given. He is a prolific writer, and the mail brings frequent contributions from him, all equally emphatic and outspoken.

THERE ARE THOSE IN THIS country who think that Communism would be a great thing for us, and who point to Russia as an example of what a nation should be. There are others who are equally critical of what they find in the United States, but who prefer the systems in vogue in Italy or Germany. I am wondering how long the writer of the above paragraphs would last in either Russia, Italy or Germany. I suspect that after one such circular, characterizing in similar fashion the government of one of those countries, he would disappear from public view, to be liquidated by a firing squad, or an ax, or whatever is the instrument in customary use for the suppression of subversive elements.

YET THE AUTHOR OF THIS circular seems to have no fear. He berates in unmeasured terms one of the great departments of the national government. He signs his name and gives his address, and for three cents the government which he denounces carries his missive half-way across the continent and delivers it to me. As the fellow said: "Ain't nature wonderful?"

THE STORY OF THE Burning of the old Hotel Dacotah 40 years ago must have brought reminiscent shivers to some of the old firemen—there are a few of them left—who fought that fire. It was a bitter night, and firemen on the job were coated with ice. In a credible short time the whole interior of the building became a raging furnace. Several of the occupants of rooms escaped down ladders, barefooted, and clad only in night clothes.

ONE OF THE MOST Spectacular fires recalled was that which destroyed the linseed oil mill adjoining what is- now the Great Northern service track about north Fifth street. The building was a big grain elevator which had been taken over by the oil concern. At the time of the fire it contained a large quantity of flax seed and thousands of gallons of oil. When the fire reached that inflammable stuff and rose to the top of the tall building it was a sight worth going a long way to see.

ANOTHER BIG BLAZE WAS that which destroyed the saloons on the East Side next to the DeMers avenue bridge. The approach to the bridge was of plank, supported on trestles. On each side were large wooden buildings, dry as tinder. The fire started in the basement of a building on the north side. In a few moments the wind carried it under the approach to the buildings on the opposite side. There was no such thing as stopping the fire, but there was great activity in rescuing bottled goods, and sizeable stocks were laid in by adventurous workers. It was after that fire that rough board saloons were built on the ice, to do duty until spring.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I reproduced in this column the famous editorial published in The New York Sun in answer to a child's question: "Is there a Santa Claus." The following year there were requests for republication. Each year the article has been repeated, and each year there have come expressions of pleasure from friends who were glad to read again the delightful little letter, for which space is being found in an increasing number of scrap books. Following a custom which is slowly acquiring the dignity of age, I reproduce the article, with a statement of the circumstances under which it was written:

SOMETIME IN SEPTEMBER, 1897, the editor of The New York Sun received the following letter:

Dear Editor:—I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says 'If you see it in the Sun it's so.' Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

The editor turned the letter over to his assistant Francis P. Church, and asked him to answer it. Church is said to have been not very enthusiastic over the assignment at first, but presently he got into the spirit of it and wrote the following reply, which was published in the Sun on September 21, 1897.

"VIRGINIA, YOUR LITTLE friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is but a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

"YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"NOT BELIEVE IN SANTA Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"YOU TEAR APART THE baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, not even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view the picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"NO SANTA CLAUS! THANK God! He lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten thousand times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

TO WHICH I APPEND THE comment made two years ago:

What an answer! It brushes aside the inconsequential fictions of materialism and goes right to the heart of the subject. Like a fresh, clean breeze, it dissipates the mists of misunderstanding and permits the truth to shine forth, clear and distinct. It gives faith something on which it can take hold and discloses to us a meaning in life independent of the trappings in which we sometimes dress it up. It shows the perplexed parent a way in which childish questions may be answered, and it may help to clear away some of the difficulties of the parent himself.

THIS BEING THE BLESSED Christmas season, when hearts overflow with kindness and good will, it behooves us not only to regard our contemporaries with affection, but to be charitable in our judgment of those who have lived in other days and other climes and who have passed from the earthly scene. Accordingly, I wish to say a word in behalf of a man who has been condemned — I think unjustly, at least without sufficient evidence — through many centuries, the much-maligned innkeeper of Bethlehem.

ACCORDING TO THE Scriptural story of the nativity, Joseph and Mary were given lodgings in a stable, because "there was not room for them in the inn." Therefore, the poor innkeeper has been under a cloud all these centuries, and he has been accused of callous inhumanity, and sometimes of bitter hostility toward the Christ-child who was about to be born. And I don't think the man has been given a square deal.

NOWHERE IN THE BIBLICAL account is there expressed or implied any criticism of the innkeeper. The circumstances which led to the journey to Bethlehem were those arising from the administration of the affairs of a great empire and were without religious motive or significance. From Rome had come orders for the taking of a census, and for that purpose it was required that families should return temporarily to their tribal homes. There was a great movement of population. The little village of Bethlehem was crowded with home-comers, and every available lodging place was occupied. The inn was full, and its owner could receive no more guests. Temporary quarters were fitted up in the stable which, according to numerous descriptions of ancient Oriental life, could be quite as comfortable as the inn itself. In the exercise of that spirit of charity which "thinketh no evil," I like to think that the Bethlehem innkeeper did the best he could, and all that could be expected of him.

INNOCENTLY AND Unconsciously the innkeeper contributed much to the beauty and impressiveness of the Christmas story. The manger-cradle has been the theme of song and story for centuries. The great paintings of the nativity give that event an aspect of dignity and simplicity which would scarcely have been possible in a mere hotel room, and nowhere is there a suggestion, in literature or on canvas that the surroundings were mean or sordid. The innkeeper had no means of knowing that the little family from Nazareth differed in any respect from thousands of other families of humble, honest working people, or that any special significance was to be attached to the birth of the child. So far as we have any information, he was a decent citizen, earning his living in the pursuit of a legitimate and necessary calling, and I can imagine that, like other hotel men at convention time, he was at his wits' end to meet the demands of an unprecedented crowd. Therefore, at this joyous season, I include the Bethlehem innkeeper in kindly remembrance, and if he were still here I should wish him a Merry Christmas.

A WILD LIFE BULLETIN says that if science paid as much attention to human hair as to the covering of animals, baldness would disappear. Perhaps it would. Perhaps not. Scientific men have given a great deal of study to the problem of baldness, and so far nobody seems to have been able to do much about it. It is a fact, however, that the conditions which affect the growth of hair and fur on animals are being carefully studied, and for purely commercial reasons. The fur industry is a very important one and bare pelts have little value in that industry.

THE COMMON RABBIT IS one of our most important fur-bearing animals. Its fur, dyed and treated in other ways, masquerades under many names, and diseases which loosen the fur menace an important industry. Studies are being made in the living, breeding and nesting habits of rabbits to discover what conditions are likely to produce the most luxuriant growth of fur.

ON ONE OF THOSE CLEAR, starlit evenings a week or so ago, while the ground was still bare one of the younger set remarked:

"What a beautiful evening this would be for a sleigh ride!"

"Yes," replied a companion, "If we had any snow."

"And a sleigh," added another.

"And a team to pull it," suggest a fourth.

Lacking these essentials, they didn't go sleigh-riding.

About all that most of our young people know about sleight rides is what they learn from the pictures on the Christmas cards. Attempts at sleighriding are still sometimes made, but as a rule they are not conspicuously successful. For one thing, sleighriding in this part of the country labors under the drawback, as it always did, that our regular winter weather is too cold for comfortable sleighriding. A sleigh slips best in mild weather, and below zero weather calls for too much effort to keep comfortably warm. States a little farther south have an advantage in that respect.

G R A N T E D THAT THE weather is right and the roads good, riding in cutters may be eliminated because we haven't any more cutters. As a pleasure vehicle the cutter was in a class by itself. Ownership of a fine cutter and a stylish horse was a mark of social distinction, but as a contributory element to romance a very crude vehicle answered the purpose, and a horse that would jog along without guidance was preferred to the high-stepper that needed a tight hand on the rein all the time.

FOR A SLEIGHING PARTY the requirements are simple. Any ordinary farm sleigh answers the purpose. With plenty of straw in the bottom of the box and lots of blankets that part of it is complete. It is in finding a suitable team that we strike the real difficulty. The average dray team hauls a sleighing party as if it were hauling a load of bricks. What is needed is a team that will move right along and create at least the sensation of speed. Such teams are now hard to find.

A FURTHER OBSTACLE TO the success of the modern sleighing party is the element of self-consciousness. The modern sleighing party is an imitation. Its members have not grown up in a sleighing atmosphere. A sleighride is a stunt. The riders think they are doing as grandpa and grandma did, and they are determined to have as good a time as the old folks had, if they suffer torments in the process. It's something like dressing up in the clothes of a past generation, and usually it's too artificial to be quite successful.

WHAT WAS THE ORIGIN OF the practice of standing while the Hallelujah chorus of "The Messiah" is being sung. The question has often been asked, and remained unanswered. "It's always done," is as far as I have usually been able to get. Dr. Humpstone, who directed the chorus at the fine program at the high school auditorium on Sunday, tells me of a tradition which he has heard, but for which he does not vouch, but which seems quite satisfactory. It is that at a presentation of "The Messiah" before one of the royal Georges of England, the king became so enthusiastic that at the beginning of the final chorus he rose and remained standing during the chorus. Of course when the king stood, the entire audience stood, and a custom was established which had remained unbroken ever since.

THAT KING MUST HAVE been George II, although the incident seems scarcely in keeping with his general contempt for things artistic. He was a German, just over from Hanover, scarcely able to speak English, and with no literary taste of his own, he reigned over England during one of the most brilliant periods in its literary history. Like the king, Handel was of German birth, and doubtless on that account he became a favorite at court. "The Messiah" was completed in 1741, and in that year was presented at a charity benefit in London. Handel died in 1759, the king in 1760.

FOR MANY PERSONS Christmas would lose some of its flavor without that classic of the season, "The Night Before Christmas." That little poem has delighted hundreds of thousands of children and it has been treasured in the hearts of those who have come to have children of their own. Its author, Clement Clarke Moore, was born in New York in 1799 and died at Newport, R. I., in 1863. He was graduated from Columbia in 1804, and for 25 years served as a professor in New York General Theological seminary, occupying the chair of Biblical Learning and later changing to that of Oriental and Greek Literature. He published a volume of poems and was the author of theological treatises. Like the creator of "Alice" and inventor of her amazing and amusing adventures, this teacher of serious subjects is now known and remembered for an achievement of an entirely different type, a bit of verse which he probably regarded as of no consequence, but which is known and loved the world over. It has become my custom to publish that little poem sometime during the Christmas season, and here it is again:

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon
would be there. The children were nestled all snug
in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums
danced in their heads; And mamma in her kerchief and I
in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a
long winter's nap,— When out on the lawn there arose
such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what
was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a
flash, Tore open the shutters and threw
up the sash. The moon on the breast of the
new-fallen snow Gave a lustre of midday to objects
below; When what to my wondering eyes
should appear, But a miniature sleigh and eight
tiny reindeer, With a little old driver so lively
and quick I knew in a moment it must be St.
Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled and shouted and
called them by name. "Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now
Prancer and Vixen! On Comet! On Cupid! On Donner
and Blitzen! To the top of the porch, to the top
of the wall! Now dash away, dash away, dash
away all!" As dry leaves that before the wild
hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle,
mount to the sky, So up to the house-top the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys, and
St. Nicholas, too. And then in a twinkling I heard
on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each
little hoof. As I drew in my head and was
turning around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas
came with a bound. He was dressed all in fur from his
head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot; A bundle of toys he had flung on
his back, And he looked like a peddler just
opening his pack; His eyes, how they twinkled; his
dimples how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his
nose like a cherry; His droll little mouth was drawn
up like a bow, And the beard on his chin was as
white as the snow. The stump of a pipe he held tight
in his teeth, And the smoke it encircled his
head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a little
round belly That shook when he laughed like
a bowl full of jelly. He was chubby and plump—a right
jolly old elf; And I laughed when I saw him, in
spite of myself. A wink of his eye and a twist of
his head Soon gave me to know there was
nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went
straight to his work, And filled all the stockings, then
turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his
nose, And giving a nod, up the chimney
he rose. He sprang to his sleigh, to his team

gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the
down of a thistle; And I heard him exclaim, ere he
drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all
a good-night."

A BULLETIN JUST ISSUED by the census bureau gives statistics relating to criminal procedure in North Dakota for the year 1936. While only 44 of the state's 53 counties are represented the figures given may be considered fairly representative of the entire state, as those 44 counties contain 77 per cent of the state's population. During the year in the area covered, more than four-fifths of all persons charged with major offenses were convicted," a fact which may be surprising to those who believe that most of those arrested for the commission of crime are acquitted.

DURING THE PERIOD Disposition was made of 330 cases in which persons were charged with major crimes. Of these, 47 cases were dismissed for various causes, 5 defendants were acquitted by juries, and seven cases were otherwise disposed of without penalties. Two hundred and thirty-eight of the defendants pleaded guilty, 27 were found guilty by juries, and 6 waived jury trials and were found guilty by the court.

NODEATHPENALTIES were imposed during the year, the death penalty being no longer in force in this state. In the four murder cases penitentiary sentences were imposed. Suspension or probation sentences were given in 32 of the major cases, 55 jail sentences were given, 25 persons were sentenced to institutions for juvenile delinquents, and in only 6 cases were fines assessed without other penalties.

AN INTERESTING ARTICLE entitled "Making Laborers Capitalists" which was recently published in the magazine "Steel," is of local interest because its author, J. Edward Tufft, now a resident of Pasadena, California, is a former North Dakota man and was for several years a member of the Herald staff.

THE SUBJECT TREATED IN the article is the profit-sharing plan in operation in the Joslyn manufacturing company, of Chicago, whose president, M. L. Joslyn, has worked out a plan which has been in successful operation in the company's main establishment for many years and which is now being extended to its subsidiaries.

THE IDEA ON WHICH THE plan is based is thus stated by Mr. Joslyn:

"Capital, in emergency, can live on itself for a while and can take great losses. Labor, having no reserve, cannot do so. Any real partnership between capital and labor, therefore, is possible only when the laborer himself becomes a capitalist."

THE JOSLYN PLAN, Therefore, undertakes to make the laborer a capitalist by requiring him to invest 5 per cent of his wages in a trust fund to which the company contributes each year up to 10 per cent of its operating expenses, but never more than four times the amount paid by the employees. Interest on this fund is accumulated year by year until the retirement age of 60 is reached.

PROVISION IS MADE FOR death and disability. The employee may withdraw from the fund at any time, receiving all that he has paid in, plus earnings, plus half the sum that has been contributed to his account by the management. Matters of plant discipline, discharge, etc., are managed by a committee on which both management and employees are represented. High-salaried employees may participate in the savings plan only to the extent of \$4,000 of their salaries each year.

NOT LONG AGO MR. TUFFT'S brother William died at his Walsh county home. This brought from the youngest of the family an eloquent tribute to "The Oldest Brother," which has been reprinted several times. In it the writer recalls the days of his own childhood, when the "oldest brother, then a grown man, was to the child an inspiration, a tower of strength and an assurance of safety. The tribute closes with this paragraph:

"THE OLDEST BROTHER IS as much alive today as he was a month ago in the heart of one whom he carried to the barn to see the new colt, whom he protected from ghosts, from witches under the bed, from the bombardment of hail-storms, from unpaid board bills, and from other dangers such as many a prairie boy must have faced when the Dakotas were in the making."

SOMETHING OVER Nineteen centuries ago Bethlehem was merely an obscure village. There the infant Jesus was born in surroundings exceedingly simple and humble. Today Bethlehem is known all over the world, and the spot where, according to tradition, the manger of the nativity stood, is the scene each Christmas time of one of the most gorgeous ceremonials known to man. The spot where, it is believed, the manger stood, is marked by a silver star. In the grotto of the Church of the Nativity thousands of candles shed their rays on the glittering robes of priests who conduct services on Christmas Eve, Christmas day and the day following Christmas.

SERVICES AT THE CHURCH include an Anglican carol service, a Latin midnight mass, a Greek and an Armenian mass, all conducted in the courtyard of the church. Parts of these services will be broadcast as they occur, today, December 26. For this purpose at least a dozen microphones have been fitted up in places most favorable for the transmission of the various features, such as the celebration of the mass by the priests, the singing of choirs, community singing in the courtyard and the ringing of bells. Three different sets of bells, belonging respectively to the Greek, Latin and Armenian communities hang in the church and are used in the services. This year the Latin chimes will be broadcast. Their ringing will be under the supervision of a Franciscan padre from Ireland. The bells, while of modern construction, are ancient in form, and must be rung by hand. As some of them are very heavy it is necessary to have a large staff of experienced ringers, who work in relays.

THE CHIMES FROM Bethlehem will be broadcast by the British Broadcasting corporation and will be rebroadcast in this country by Station WABC from 11 to 11:30 this Sunday morning, Grand Forks time.

The Bethlehem Christmas program on Dec, 26 will also be heard at 11 A. M. Grand Forks time through GSF, 15.14; GSG, 17.79 and GSH, 21.4 megacycles. These relays from London broadcasts, however, will be beamed east and south, therefore American shortwave listeners will have the best opportunity to hear the broadcast directly from London through recordings as follows: at 8:15 P. M., Grand Forks time, over GSD, 11.75; GSC, 9.58; GSB, 9:51 megacycles.

TELEVISION IS MAKING Rapid progress in England. In the fall of 1936 there were no home television sets in use in London. In June of this year about 500 such sets enabled their owners to see the corporation parade. By September 1 the number had increased to 4,000. On Armistice day about 6,500 were in use, and it is believed that now the number has reached fully 10,000. Within the area reached by the station there are 12,000,000 people, with 2,000,000 radio receivers. It is estimated that at least a quarter of a million of these could afford television sets, which now cost from \$175 to \$600. In television the great problem now is that of distribution. Television waves as now developed have an effective range of only about 25 miles. For greater distances transmission must be by wire, and for this purpose complicated and exceedingly costly cables are required, making the cost of distribution prohibitive except in densely inhabited areas. A country of vast area such as the United States can never be served by television unless and until science develops a different means of distribution.

HOWLAND, THE BARREN Island in mid-Pacific on which Amelia Earhart expected to land on her last and fatal flight, is to have a part of its bare sand covered with green in honor of the lost flier. Richard Black, representing the interior department in charge of the island, is to supervise the planting of several hundred trees and shrubs on Howland. These are to be the nucleus of a grove which will be known as Earhart grove. Black says that while chances of finding any wreckage of the Earhart plane are remote, search for traces of the plane has not been abandoned. All searching expeditions have been recalled, but when coast guard vessels traverse the area in the vicinity of Howland a double lookout is kept on the chance that some fragments of wreckage may be found.

F. C. GUSTAFSSON, OF THE Red River National bank, received holiday greetings recently from three nephews. Although the cards arrived almost at the same time, they came from widely separated places, one from Copenhagen, one from Malta, in the Mediterranean, and one from Alexandria, Egypt. All of the boys are in the merchant marine service, sailing hither and yon, wherever the requirements of trade may take their respective ships. This Christmas season they are at the ports mentioned; next year they may be at the antipodes, but wherever they go they carry their love of kindred and of home, and from the ends of the earth they send messages of love and good will.

PROBABLY NOT MANY OF our families are separated in precisely that way, but in most families there are separations, and many of those extend to different countries and climes. Within the limits of our own country relatives are scattered far and near. In the newer west many families have their roots in the eastern states, where fathers, mothers and other kin still live and welcome messages from those who have left the paternal roof. These same families have sent sons and daughters to the great cities of the east or to the farm lands or mining districts of distant states, where they are engaged in commercial, industrial or professional work.

BUT THIS DISTRIBUTION OF families is not checked abruptly at national boundaries. Throughout the United States there are multitudes of foreigners whose enterprise has brought them to this country as temporary residents to engage in trade and other activities beneficial alike to themselves, to their friends back home, and to those Americans who for the time being are their close neighbors and intimate friends. And in every important city of the world are Americans who have no thought of abandoning their own country, but whose occupations call for brief or extended residence abroad. The contacts thus made between citizens of different countries make for the diffusion of knowledge and culture, the improvement of economic conditions and the strengthening of friendship.

FOREIGNERS RESIDING IN the United States are properly given protection by their own governments in the pursuit of their lawful callings. They are expected to obey the laws of the country, but if they are subjected to persecution or other unjust treatment brings a ready response and adjustment of whatever difficulties have arisen. More than 40 years ago a New Orleans mob took from the jail 11 Italians who had been accused of crime, but none of whom had been convicted and shot them to death. Eight of the murdered men had become American citizens, but three were still Italian subjects. The Italian government protested to the government of the United States, which disavowed responsibility on the ground that it has no jurisdiction over acts of violence committed within the boundaries of a state. The Italian government pointed out that its relations were with the federal government of the United States, and not with the state governments, and, failing to obtain satisfaction promptly, withdrew its ambassador from Washington. Ultimately the United States government apologized and paid indemnity.

THUS THE AMERICAN Government accepted responsibility for the unlawful acts of its citizens committed against foreign residents. Every civilized government assumed similar responsibility for those of its citizens residing abroad. Neither the spirit of enterprise nor the obligation of government is circumscribed by national boundaries. I shouldn't like to think of those nephews of Gustafsson's, sailing the seven seas and visiting the most distant quarters of the earth on errands of peace, being deprived of all authority to which they may appeal for the redress of their just grievances, and I should think little of the government that would wash its hands of them and say "If you go beyond our national geographical boundaries, you do so at your own risk. We will disown you."

WITH GREETINGS FOB THE new year a correspondent writes asking: "What became of the star of Bethlehem after Christ's birth?" Various theories, natural and supernatural, have been advanced to account for the star which figures so prominently in Christmas lore, and which is familiarly pictured as guiding the three wise men from the east to the birthplace of Jesus, whom they had come to worship. And, as there is no specific authority, scriptural or scientific, for any of these theories, speculation with reference to the subject has covered a wide range.

THERE ARE MANY WHO Believe that the star of Bethlehem was a special creation, designed for the sole purpose of guiding the wise men to the manger at Bethlehem. If that theory be accepted there is no need for further examination of the subject. It may then be assumed that, having served its purpose, the star disappeared, to be seen no more.

ANOTHER BELIEF IS THAT the star was a natural appearance which, seen by the wise men, was interpreted by them as conveying a spiritual message. With that belief in mind, astronomers have studied the record of the celestial bodies to learn which of them, if any, may have shone with unusual brilliance and been visible in Palestine at the time of the nativity.

SOME ATTENTION HAS BEEN given to the comet theory, and it has been stated, although I do not know on what authority, that a comet was visible in the heavens at about that time. Also one of the stars, known to our astronomers by position and name, is said to have been in such a position a little over 1900 years ago, that it shone with unusual brilliance.

BELIEF THAT HUMAN Destinies are influenced directly by the stars, and that in the movements of the heavenly bodies there are messages to humanity which may be read by the learned, is one of the familiar features of Oriental philosophy, whose magi often devoted their lives to the interpretation of the messages which they believed were written in the heavens. Similar belief has been prevalent in most other countries, and in some forms it persists in modern astrology, which many persons have taken up as a fad, but which, to others, is a real study, pursued earnestly and devoutly. The star of Bethlehem has occupied a prominent place in the studies of astrologers during the entire Christian era.

AMONG THE Reminiscences of one Grand Forks family is one of an incident of prohibition days. The head of the family had started a brewing of beer which, because the temperature there was just right, was kept in a shed adjoining the kitchen. The three-year-old daughter of a neighbor came to call, and entering through the shed, she detected a peculiar odor. She stopped and sniffed, and, after a moment's thought, she pronounced "Bread!", and went on her way, quite satisfied that she had found the correct explanation for one of nature's phenomena.

A PLEASANT NEW YEAR'S message comes from Alden Squires, from Newton Highlands, Mass., and with it comes a copy of a map, giving, according to the title, "A New Yorker's Idea of the United States of America." The map shows Manhattan island as of about equal area with the state of Pennsylvania, which the New Yorker thinks is called Philadelphia. The Atlantic ocean is labeled "lower New York harbor. California lies between the states of Hollywood and San Francisco, with the state of Reno just west. North Dakota occupies a prominent position on the west bank of the Mississippi, with Minnesota on its north, Colorado south, and Oregon on its western boundary. Montana is bounded on the northwest by Alaska, and the Canadian province of Quebec extends almost to Winnipeg.

AS USUAL THERE WERE many accidents on Christmas day and the days immediately before and after that holiday. The total is quite impressive, tending to confirm the belief that for some reason holidays are peculiarly dangerous times. No one thinks of listing the accidents occurring on December 15 or on January 10. If those were listed it would be found that those days do not differ greatly from Christmas and New Year's in their casualties.

THERE ARE ACCIDENTS, OF course, that are peculiar to holidays. Seldom are people injured in our northern states by fire-crackers except around the Fourth of July. Christmas trees catch fire only around Christmas. Such accidents may fairly be classed as holiday accidents. But if two trains collide on Christmas day that accident is not even remotely related to the fact that Christmas is a holiday.

HIGHWAY CASUALTIES ARE apt to be more numerous on holidays than at other times, not because some peculiar fatality attaches to holidays, but because on holidays there are likely to be more cars on the road than at other times. It is true that the holiday spirit, alcoholic or otherwise tends to increase the number of holiday accidents. Newspapers generally have fallen into the habit of listing holiday accidents, and this practice has tended to create the mistaken impression that holidays in themselves are dangerous

ONE OF THE MOST Peculiar accidents on record—having no relation to Christmas, is reported from Paynesville, Ohio, where a man fell asleep at the wheel of his roadster, causing the car to leave the road, crash through a three-foot cinder pile, between two large maple trees, over a 100-foot lawn, into an eight-room house which it moved from its foundations. Four occupants of the house were knocked from their beds, plaster was cracked, dishes were upset, and the car was demolished. The driver escaped with a minor scratch over one eye.

RADIO LISTENERS DURING the Farm and Home hour have heard on several occasions recently quotations from N. A. Reiten, of Petersburg, N. D. Through this medium Mr. Reiten has spoken to what is said to be the world's largest daytime audience. The speaker on such occasions has been Everett Mitchell.

POISED ON THE MOST northerly tip of Alaska, Sir Hubert Wilkins is ready to fly over the northern ocean—unless he has already taken flight—in search of the Russian aviators who started from Moscow last August on a contemplated flight over the North pole to San Francisco. The flight was to be non-stop to Fairbanks, Alaska, where it was intended to refuel. A short distance this side of the pole the aviators reported that they were having engine trouble and were flying low, as ice was forming on the plane wings, That is the last message known to have been received from the fliers though faint fragments of messages believed to have been sent by the stranded party were heard for several days. Since then there has been silence.

IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE that though Amelia Earhart, flying over a tropic sea, was long ago given up as lost, and search for her was discontinued, it is thought possible that Levanevsky and his companions, forced down near the North pole more than four months ago, may still be alive, and definite effort is still being made to find them. That hope is based on the very cold which makes that northern region seem so forbidding. There nature covers the sea with a floor of ice on which men may live almost indefinitely if supplied with food and fuel.

NORTH DAKOTANS HAVE A sort of vicarious relationship to the attempted rescue of the Russian fliers in the fact that at different times Sir Hubert Wilkins was the companion and personal friend of two distinguished North Dakotans, Vilhjalmur Stefansson and Carl Ben Eielson, both students at the University of North Dakota. Wilkins was a member of one of Stefansson's Arctic expeditions. Subsequently he flew over the Arctic with Eielson. Exhaustion of fuel forced the two men down on the ice 100 miles from the nearest land. Abandoning their plane they drifted with the pack ice 200 miles, then and walked 200 miles to shore, after having been given up as dead.

AS PRESIDENT OF THE Explorer's club Stefansson was called into conference following the disappearance of the Russian fliers. He called in Wilkins. Through the co-operation of Russian, American and Canadian governments and many private agencies a plane was obtained and outfitted for polar flying, and eight days after the last message had been received from the Russians Wilkins was flying over the northern ice in search of them. Stefansson says that if the Russians were uninjured in alighting and were alive for a day thereafter, it is quite possible that they are living yet. He and two companions tramped 700 miles across the ice, living "off the country," after the first week or two, and turned up well and hearty after an absence of more than a year.

YESTERDAY'S COLUMN Contained several paragraphs relating to the search for the lost Russian fliers now being conducted in the far north by Sir Hubert Wilkins, who is assisted in that work by the Russian, Canadian and American governments, the Explorers' club and many private agencies. The information was taken from the Explorers Journal, the club's official publication, which also contains other information relating to the activities of the club.

LAST FALL THE CLUB, OF which Stefansson is president, enjoyed an outing at the estate of Lowell Thomas, the club's first vice president. One of the features was a softball game between the "Nine old men," recruited by Thomas, who are said to be not so very old, after all, none of them being over 60, and the "Explorer Club Fossils," which included Wilkins and Stefansson. The "Fossils" won the game, 21 to 16, which was due largely to the superb pitching of Stefansson and Wilkins, neither of whom had ever played softball before.

AS THE OLD YEAR DRAWS to a close Tennyson's "Ring out, wild bells," comes to mind. I have in the past, perhaps more than once, quoted another of Tennyson's poems, less familiar, but one which has always appealed to me, and on the chance that some readers may wish to clip it I give it again:

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

By Alfred Tennyson. Full knee-deep lies the winter
snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing: Toll ye the church-bell sad and
slow,
And tread softly and speak low, For the old year lies a-dying. Old year, you must not die; You came to us so readily, You lived
with us so steadily, Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move; He will not see the dawn of day. He hath no other life above. He gave me a friend and a true
true-love, And the New-year will take 'em
away.

Old year, you must not go; So long as you have been with
us Such joy as you have seen with
us, Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the
brim;
A jollier year we shall not see. But though his eyes are waxing
dim, And though his foes speak ill of
him,

He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with
you,

I've half a mind to die with you, Old year, you must not die.

He was full of joke and jest, But all his merry quips are o'er To see him die, across the waste His son and heir doth ride
posthaste,
But he'll be dead before. Every one for his own. The night is starry and cold, my
friend, And the New-year blithe and
bold, my friend, Comes to take up his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the
snow
I heard just now the crowing cock. The shadows flicker too and fro: The cricket chirps; the light burns
low;

'Tis nearly twelve o'clock. Shake hands, before you die Old year, we'll dearly rue for
you;

What is it we can do for you? Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and
thin.

Alack, our friend is gone. Close up his eyes; tie up his chin; Step from the corpse and let him
in

That standeth there alone, And waiteth at the door. There's a new foot on the floor,
my friend, And a new face at the door, my
friend, A new face at the door.