

THE LOWEST Temperature registered by the University thermometer at Grand Forks this winter was 39 below zero. That does not mean that the temperature may not go a lot lower before this cold snap is over. Temperatures much lower than ours were recorded at various places in the northwest, but reports from the smaller towns are not always dependable, because, although the thermometers have been read correctly, we have no means of knowing the type of instrument used, and that makes a lot of difference. "Official" thermometers, such as are used at government weather stations, are tested carefully for accuracy at all temperatures. The ordinary commercial thermometer, such as may be bought for a quarter, may be perfectly accurate at moderate temperatures and perfectly crazy when it gets very hot or very cold.

OLD-TIMERS OFTEN TELL of temperatures ranging all the way from 50 to 60 below zero, and without doubt they have seen thermometers which registered such figures. The accuracy of the instruments, however, is always subject to doubt. The fact remains that in the nearly 50 years during which records have been kept at the University of North Dakota, the lowest temperature recorded here is minus 44, which occurred a little more than 40 years ago.

THE PERSISTENCE WITH which the Fahrenheit scale is used, rather than the much simpler centigrade scale, illustrates something of the difficulty which is experienced in abandoning an old and familiar practice for a new and better one. As everyone knows the zero point on the Fahrenheit scale is 32 degrees below the ordinary freezing point of water. The only explanation of that which I have ever seen is that early experimenters found that the lowest temperature which they could obtain was reached by mixing ice and salt, and this they took as the absolute degree of cold. Just why they fixed on 212 as the boiling point of water I have never found out.

THE CENTIGRADE SYSTEM takes the freezing point of water as zero and its boiling point as 100, which is simple and logical. An arithmetical operation is necessary to convert one scale into the other, but at minus 40 the two scales coincide.

MERCURY, WHICH WAS once commonly used in thermometers, freezes at minus 40, therefore it is useless in extremely low temperatures. R. M. Ballantyne, in one of his stories of the northwest, tells of the triumph of the doctor at a Hudson's Bay post when he succeeded in shooting a bullet of frozen mercury into a plank. The doctor had collected globules of mercury from broken thermometers until he had enough for his purpose. Then, on a bitterly cold night he filled a bullet mould with mercury and set it out to freeze. Presently he had a frozen bullet, and, loading a pistol with it, he shot it into a plank, making a record which he was proud to send to the folks back home.

THE LATE HENRY HALE, OF Devils Lake, who came to Fort Totten, with an army contingent in the very early days, has told of a temperature at that point of 56 below zero, as I recall it, and that temperature was recorded on a thermometer supplied by the government, and, presumably, as accurate as any then in use.

THE INTENSE COLD OF THE past month, with the heavy blanket of snow, must have made it hard for the birds. Even the sparrows, hardy as they are, remain housed up most of the time. However, in the timber along the river the birds are active. Mrs. J. Bell DeRemer has several woodpeckers and a flock of chickadees which come near the house for food every day. The chickadees have become as tame as sparrows and feed eagerly while suet and other provender is being thrown out for them.

"VICTOR LAWSON, HIS TIME and his work," is an absorbing biography of the man who took over the publication of the Chicago Daily News when it was an infant of but a few months of age, and at the point of dissolution, made of it one of the greatest of the world's newspapers, and during almost 50 years kept it an outstanding exponent of clean, enterprising journalism and vigorous and fearless advocate of all that is best in public life and in private citizenship.

THE BOOK HAS PECULIAR interest for me because its author, Charles H. Dennis, for 40 years associated with Mr. Lawson as managing editor and after his death editor-in-chief of the Daily News, was for a time my room mate on the naval voyage to the West Indies, of which I have written often in this column. During that brief association I learned to know and value Mr. Dennis as an honor to the newspaper profession, a charming traveling companion, and a cultured gentleman. The book which he has given to the public not only records a host of interesting personal reminiscences and reveals a vast amount of painstaking research, but indicates, unconsciously, much of the biographer's own philosophy and point of view.

VICTOR FREMONT LAWSON was the son of Iver Larson Bo, who, as a boy of 16, came to Illinois from the Voss district in Norway in 1837. The family settled in the Fox river valley, becoming members of a colony which, established there in 1834, was the first permanent Norwegian colony in the United States. The last name "Bo," was the name of the farm on which the Larson family had lived in Norway, and it was dropped by the immigrants shortly after their arrival. Also, the name Larson was changed to Lawson, by which all members of the family were afterward known.

THE BIOGRAPHY SKETCHES briefly Victor Lawson's early life and the circumstances under which he acquired ownership of the little penny paper which had been established by Melville E. Stone, who later became associated with Lawson in founding the Associated Press, and who served as executive head of that organization during the eventful years in which it became the greatest news-gathering organization in the world.

THE DAILY NEWS Increased in circulation, in advertising patronage and in influence year by year under Lawson's management, and although the business expanded until it represented an investment of millions, required the services of thousands of employees, and maintained contacts throughout the civilized world, at no time did Lawson fail to exercise personal guidance over its affairs. Nor was there a moment when the paper failed to reflect the high ideals and broad vision of its owner.

THE STORY OF LAWSON'S life is in large measure the story of Chicago newspaperdom. In some of its broad aspects it is the story of newspaper development in America during an extraordinarily fruitful half century. In that period the Linotype machine was born, so multiplying the output of human hands as to make available to those of smallest means the published thought of the period and of the ages. The Associated Press, established through long, determined and bitter struggle, contributed more than any other single influence to the work of establishing newsgathering and news distribution on a basis of independence of political, sectarian and commercial control.

IT WAS MELVILLE STONE who discovered Eugene Field and Field's connection with the Daily News continued under Lawson until Field's death. The biography contains reproductions of letters which passed between Lawson and Field, and a facsimile of one of Field's letters in his almost microscopic penmanship.

IN THIS BOOK MR. DENNIS has given a portrait of the man who was for so many years a great constructive force in journalism, an influence for good in public life, a hater of shams, a militant defender of that which he believed to be right, and a man whom it must have been a privilege to know as a friend.

IN AN ARTICLE IN THE February Atlantic, Stephen Leacock, brilliant essayist and professor of economics and political science in McGill university, Montreal, recalls some of the school books which he studied in his youth "in the wilds of Upper Canada, 60 years ago." Sixty years ago, by the way, the Dominion of Canada was a thriving infant some nine years of age, and the name "Upper Canada" had been abandoned for "Ontario." However, that doesn't matter.

PROFESSOR LEACOCK TELLS of the question and answer method which was used in some of the books of that distant period, among them "Mrs. Mangnall's Questions." He illustrates his meaning by the use of some samples, quite imaginary, for he says he has not seen the book since he was instructed out of it. Among his examples are the following:

QUESTION — DID NOT THE Roman people claim to descend from Romulus and Remus?

Answer—They did.

Question—Was not the first Roman king of whom we have authentic record Numa Pompilius?

Answer—He was.

THERE ARE SEVERAL MORE of like character, indicating that the pupil of those days must have had an easy time, when he was required to answer only yes or no to obviously leading questions. It wasn't quite so easy as that, however, for occasionally in the book the order of inquisition was reversed, and in response to a brief and simple question the pupil was expected to come through with a learned dissertation on history, science or philosophy, possibly all three combined.

PROFESSOR LEACOCK'S Article interested me, for I have in my possession a copy of the book which he describes from memory It is entitled "Historical and Miscellaneous Questions," by Richmal Mangnall. Mine is the only copy of the book that I ever saw, although, like Professor Leacock, I attended an "Upper Canada" school more than 60 years ago.

THIS WAS ONE OF MY Mother's school books, used by her about 1858. It is an adaptation of the 84th London edition, which indicates that for some years the book had been for a good many years a standard work for use in English schools. My edition was adapted for schools in the United States by Mrs. Julia Lawrence and was published by D. Appleton & Co. in 1856. Like some other text books in that early period, this American edition was used in Canadian schools.

THE BOOK IS MADE UP Entirely of questions and answers. The questions are not quite as leading as Professor Leacock remembers them, but many of them suggest the answers quite directly. Many of the answers are long and involved, and I suppose the unfortunate pupil was expected to give them verbatim, and, having done so, was considered properly "educated" up to that point . . . The method of the book is quite similar to that employed in the "ask me another" game which was popular only a few years ago. Questions and answers on unrelated subjects follow each other in close order, the idea being, apparently, to pack as many facts as possible into the 400 pages.

THE PUPIL WHO REACHED Mrs. Mangnall's grade was expected to know a vast number of facts about a great variety of subjects. This book contains chapters devoted to history, ancient and modern, British, European, Jewish and American, heathen mythology, architecture, astronomy, heraldry, and a number of other subjects. There is quite a long chapter on heraldry, with explanations of armorial bearings and illustrations of coats of arms of many noble families. The text explains such terms as "passant gardant," "rampant," "rampant regardant," and a long list of other terms used in that peculiar science. I suppose the pupil was expected to be able to look at a coat of arms and give the biography of the owner's greatgrandfather.

SOME INTERESTING Reminiscences of the late King George were given the Toronto Globe recently by a former sergeant major of the famous Coldstream Guards who served for several years as orderly to the king. Leaving the service this soldier came to Canada, was caught in the depression and was forced into the ranks of the unemployed. Tramping the streets of Toronto in search of employment shortly before Christmas, he froze his feet, and, acting on an impulse, he wrote the king, explaining his plight, and asking for enough money to buy a pair of overshoes. He received a reply, with a remittance sufficient to buy shoes, and something over.

THE FORMER ORDERLY told of a homely incident which occurred during his services with the king. A little old woman once managed to slip by the sentry at the palace and make her way to the king's room, where she told the equerry in waiting of her need for help, as she was about to be evicted from her home because she could not pay her rent. She was taken into custody and locked up for examination. In some way the king learned of the incident, and he was greatly concerned. He caused her to be released and sent his orderly with five pounds to pay her rent.

PERSONAL MESSAGES FROM the king, such as invitations to tea, were always carried in person by the orderly and never sent by mail or telephone. The orderly had also carried jewelry from the royal household for cleaning or repairs. Such valuables were carried in a little black bag which was locked to his wrist as a precaution against snatch thieves.

WHEN THE KING AND queen wished to visit stores the stores were notified a day in advance, and always when they went abroad they were attended by secret service men of whose presence they were often unaware. On their approach an officer, garbed as a laborer, might climb from a ditch and follow them quietly for a block or two, when the duty would be taken over by another man of different dress and appearance.

GUARDS AT THE PALACE always saluted members of the royal household when the latter stepped out of doors. Such salutes were always returned with a word of greeting by the king and queen. The children of the family were even more attentive to the ceremony, for they made it a point of honor to salute the guards first, drawing themselves up to their full height as they did so.

THE ISSUE OF THE Toronto Globe in which these recollections are given contains a picture of King George and Queen Mary when as duke and duchess of York they visited Canada in 1901. The picture shows them in the act of shooting the Chaudiere falls on the Ottawa river, seated on a timber raft. The raft was manned by a crew of husky river men who guided it through the tumbling water with long sweeps. Doubtless some of those men are still living and take pride in telling their grandchildren of the incidents of that memorable day.

A KNOTTY QUESTION WAS presented to the board of regents of the University of Minnesota the other day. Diploma forms just prepared contained the statement that the board "have" authorized the conferring of degrees and issuance of diplomas. Somebody maintained that the word should be "has," and all proceedings were halted until a decision on this important point could be reached. One of the authorities consulted was Dr. Martin B. Ruud, a former student at the University of North Dakota and now professor of English at Minnesota, whose two brothers are medical specialists in Grand Forks.

DR. RUUD READ THE Literature on the subject, examined the precedents and decided that in such cases both "has" and "have" are correct, both having the authority of long usage. The plural form appears to be more ancient, and preference is given to the singular. National customs with reference to these words also differ. In Great Britain the formal announcement is often made that "his majesty's government "have" done this or that. But would anyone in this country think of saying that "congress have considered legislation exclusively on its merits, regardless of its effect on political fortunes?" I'm talking simply about grammatical construction.

IN A LETTER JUST Received by L. K. Raymond, Dr. C. L. Tompkins sends greetings to Grand Forks friends. Dr. Tompkins practiced dentistry in Grand Forks until the United States entered the World war, when he entered the navy, being commissioned as a medical officer. He has remained in the navy, and now has the rank of lieutenant commander. He has served at several sorts of units of the fleet afloat, and there are few parts of the world which he has not visited. For some time past he has been with the Chaumont, a naval transport, but just at present he is in a San Diego hospital, dieting. From the description of himself which he gives the main trouble seems to be that there is danger of his growing out of his uniform. The Chaumont is en route from San Diego, and Dr. Tompkins expects to rejoin her on her return.

DR. TOMPKINS HAS MADE two round trips between Norfolk, Va., and China within the past 16 months, covering 63,800 miles in that time, which is getting over quite a lot of water. He gives the itinerary of the voyage, the ship touching at the same points on each trip. Leaving Norfolk the ship touches first at Guantanamo Bay Cuba, where the United States has a naval station, and where Dr. Tompkins was stationed for two years some time ago, then Panama, San Diego, San Pedro, San Francisco, Honolulu, then across to Guam, 3300 miles, sometimes stopping at Woke island, then to Manila, Woo Song, China, Chee Foo, Tsin Tao, Shanghai, Hong Kong, thence to Manila, and back over the same route.

THE CHAUMONT Transports navy personnel and marines from one station to another. On the last trip before the letter was written she had 1660 on board, which Dr. Tompkins described as "quite some load." Dr. Tompkins writes:

"YOU NO DOUBT HAVE READ considerable about Wake island and the China clipper lately. In October, 1934, we stopped at Wake island, just a dot on the ocean,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles in area, with a lagoon in the center. At no point is the land more than 30 feet above the water. We sent three boats ashore, so of course I went. There was not a soul on the island, not a lighthouse, not a thing. There were birds so tame you could almost reach out and touch them. They did not seem to fear man.

"ON OUR SECOND TRIP WE stopped there again, and what a change! There were tall radio towers, nine large red tiled-roof buildings, two windmills with large water tanks, about 40 men, all Pan American employees—all this" within a few months. We took four Chinese cooks there from Honolulu. There is not a woman on the island, and the men stay not longer than six months. Air traffic has converted Wake island into an important spot."

DR. TOMPKINS HAS BECOME so accustomed to warm weather that the records of northwestern winter temperature make him shiver, and he doesn't care for any more of it. On the Chaumont the officers are in white uniforms most of the time. Occasionally the heat is overdone, as on the last trip to Shanghai the temperature was 92 to 94 in the doctor's room, with two fans going.

BEING IN SAN DIEGO AT the time Dr. Tompkins was able to spend New Year's day with his entire family, Mrs. Tompkins, Lora and the twin boys, James and Lewis. The boys are now students in Stanford.

I LAST SAW DR. TOMPKINS in 1924, when he was a lieutenant on the battleship California and I was a guest on that ship. When the members of our newspaper party were assigned to the several battleships we were told that if any of us preferred assignments other than those made if we would file our requests every effort would be made to accommodate us. I knew that Dr. Tompkins was on the California, and I suggested to Happy Paulson that it would be pleasant if we could be assigned to the same ship. Happy agreed with me, and when we found that our assignments were for other ships we filed requests to be transferred to the California. I recalled afterward that the officer with whom the requests were filed had looked just over rather curiously, and with a somewhat odd expression, but I did not notice it at the time. In due course our assignments were changed, as requested, and we found ourselves guests on the California. I had not known, and I don't think Happy had, that the California was the battleship of the fleet, with the commanding admiral on board, and that our accommodations were far superior to those enjoyed by members of our party on other ships. Our request for assignment to the California must have seemed presumptuous to the officer who received it. It would seem much as if members of a delegation to Washington on official business and entertained at the expense of the government, and assigned to different hotels, should inform the authorities that they preferred to be quartered at the White House and to eat at the president's table. Anyway, we got what we asked for, and had a whale of a time.

GENERALLY FAIR, Continued cold. That seems to be the best that the weather man can do for us. Anyway, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are breaking records, which is always a satisfaction. If this thing keeps up for another day or two we shall have broken all records for degree of cold, as I believe we have already broken all established records for continuous and severe cold combined. Moreover, on Tuesday morning the weather at Grand Forks was the coldest that has occurred in any Democratic administration since records have been kept. The political bearing of that is for the politicians to figure out.

FROM A. S. BROOKS, Formerly engaged in the lumber business in Grand Forks, and now of Minneapolis, comes the following letter:

I "AMONG MY PAPERS I Recently ran across some cold weather data made while I was living in Grand Forks during the winter of 1884 and 1885.

"Thinking that this may be of interest to many of your readers, I am enclosing a copy of the dates and temperature readings during the period named. The temperatures given refer to the morning readings of the thermometer. On 35 of the days named the temperature did not go above zero and on eight days the maximum was under 20 below zero.

"If you have preserved your files for that time you can easily verify my figures."

THE TABLE SHOWS THE number of degrees below zero recorded on each of the dates shown:

Nov. 23, 1884 21	Jan. 20, 1885 15
Nov. 24, 1884 13	Jan. 21, 1885 42
Dec. 15, 1884 28	Jan. 22, 1885 15
Dec. 16, 1884 29	Jan. 23, 1885 10
Dec. 17, 1884 29	Jan. 24, 1885 25
Dec. 18, 1884 40	Jan. 25, 1885 23
Dec. 19, 1884 15	Jan. 26, 1885 40
Dec. 20, 1884 5	Jan. 27, 1885 38
Dec. 21, 1884 20	Jan. 28, 1885 34
Dec. 22, 1884 40	Jan. 29, 1885 17
Dec. 23, 1884 40	Jan. 30, 1885 23
Dec. 24, 1884 42	Jan. 31, 1885 13
Dec. 25, 1884 38	Feb. 1, 1885 30
Dec. 26, 1884 30	Feb. 4, 1885 8
Dec. 28, 1884 13	Feb. 5, 1885 16
Dec. 29, 1884 10	Feb. 6, 1885 9
Dec. 30, 1884 20	Feb. 7, 1885 20
Dec. 31, 1884 26	Feb. 8, 1885 29
Jan. 1, 1885 45	Feb. 9, 1885 41
Jan. 2, 1885 27	Feb. 10, 1885 41
Jan. 3, 1885 22	Feb. 11, 1885 25
Dec. 9, 1885 7	Feb. 12, 1885 31
Jan. 11, 1885 5	Feb. 13, 1885 30
Jan. 12, 1885 41	Feb. 14, 1885 15
Jan. 13, 1885 37	Feb. 15, 1885 31
Jan. 14, 1885 26	Feb. 16, 1885 37
Jan. 15, 1885 35	Feb. 17, 1885 27

Jan. 16, 1885	35	Feb. 18, 1885	27
Jan. 17, 1885	27	Feb. 19, 1885	32
Jan. 18, 1885	40	Feb. 20, 1885	16
Jan. 19, 1885	25	Feb. 21, 1885	18

AS THERE WAS NO WEATHER station here in 1884-1885, the figures quoted by Mr. Brooks are from private observations, which he seems to have made and recorded regularly. In the absence of official data The Herald did not pub-list daily weather records at that time, hence there is no way of checking the figures given by Mr. Brooks. Undoubtedly the observations were carefully made and the records carefully kept. The only possible question as to accuracy is as to the accuracy of the thermometer from which the readings were made.

OLD RESIDENTS WILL, Remember that winter of 51 years ago as a long and severe one. The record given by Mr. Brooks bears out this recollection. Even if the thermometer used was not quite accurate its variations would be constant, and the figures given show exceedingly low temperatures for weeks at a time. It will be interesting, when the weather breaks, as it will, sometime, to compare the record of the present winter with that given by Mr. Brooks.

THE UNITED STATES LAW Review, one of the oldest and most important of the country's legal publications, contains an interesting article by Sveinbjorn Johnson, former U. N. D. student, attorney general and supreme court justice, and during the past 10 years counsel of the University of Illinois and professor of law at that institution. The article is entitled "Fifty-eight Lawyers," and sets forth the reasons why Professor Johnson declined to serve as a member of the lawyers' committee of the Liberty league in the presentation of opinions on the constitutionality of various phases of the New Deal.

MUCH CRITICISM WAS Directed at the league and its lawyer's committee on the ground that it was unethical and contrary to sound public policy for lawyers in groups to formulate and publish opinions of the constitutionality of legislative measures which were before the supreme court or were likely soon to come before it. This view is shared by Professor Johnson, who sets forth his opinions with the force and clarity for which he is well remembered here.

ONE POINT WHICH Professor Johnson emphasizes strongly is that such action on the part of eminent lawyers is likely to prove embarrassing to the court. "The committee," he writes, "has supplied the enemies of our institutions, the agitators who would destroy everything these lawyers profess to revere, with the most effective weapon in their miserable armory. They have given the communist the opportunity to go before the masses who, under the emotional stress of disappointment and suffering, are willing to believe the worse rather than the better reason, and charge the court with cowardly surrender under pressure from powerful interests represented by an organized body of lawyers."

THE FEBRUARY ATLANTIC has an article entitled "The AAA: An Epitaph," by Dr. James E. Boyle, who taught economics for several years at the University of North, Dakota, and who is now professor of rural economics at Cornell. Dr. Boyle's article, which was written before the supreme court decision declaring the AAA unconstitutional was rendered, is devoted to the economic rather than the legal phases of the subject. He does not discuss the constitutionality of the plan, but argues that it is economically unsound, and therefore indefensible.

IN A BROAD Generalization Dr. Boyle writes:  
"The farmer, unable to adjust supply to demand except approximately, must accept bigger price swings than the manufacturer, who can and does make this adjustment. On a falling market the farmer is the big loser, under this law. Conversely, on a rising market, his prices go up first, fastest and farthest. The farm is not a factory, and the factory is not a farm, and so there never can be equality between these two economic institutions. The farmer, as a gambler, loses most of all classes on a falling market, and makes the most of all on a rising market. Thus the World war gave the wheat farmer at Ponca City, Okla., three-dollar wheat. The slump in 1932 gave him 25 cent wheat. Such a big price drop is a tragedy for those four farmers out of every 10 whose places are mortgaged. The individual farmer is well aware of this situation and tries to adjust himself to it."

DR. BOYLE ALSO DISCUSSES The effect of the acreage restriction plans of the AAA in the cotton districts. He points out that the cotton planter operating a large acreage, has been paid handsomely for letting part of his land lie idle, but while receiving checks from the government on account of lessened acreage, he was also able to cut expenses by letting part of his hired help or of his share-crop force go, and those people were forced into the ranks of the unemployed.

HOCKING, OF Denton, a Nebraska village of more than 100 population, was asked to "supply the state fire marshal with certain statistical information. He replied:

"You ask me f o r information about the fire department. Here it is: We have no department, no chief, no waterworks, and very little water. Nobody sick, nobody on relief, nobody without a job, nobody hungry." Students of cause and effect may take those facts and see what they can make of them. Is the excellent social and economic condition of the people of Denton due to the fact that they have no fire department or fire chief, or is it because they have very little water?

FRED L. GOODMAN Suggests that the Grand Forks temperature records for the winter of 1884-85 which were supplied by A. S. Brooks of Minneapolis, and which were given in this column a couple of days ago, may have been taken from the weather observatory at St. Vincent, which was in operation several years before the University station at Grand Forks was established. At that time Mr. Goodman was living in Fargo, and he recalls that reports of unusual weather conditions were often received from St. Vincent.

RECENT WEATHER Forecasts for this territory have been marked by monotony. Generally we have read "Fair and continued cold," and we have got it, just that way. But 'Friday morning varied his prediction by making it read "Fair and severe cold Saturday." This being written Friday afternoon I am looking forward to Saturday to see what the official conception of "severe" cold is, after what we have had.

OCCASIONALLY ONE SEES A little shack, banked up with snow, with smoke pouring out of a stovepipe, and the uninitiated may wonder how people manage to keep from freezing to death in such places. Really it isn't any trick at all, provided one has plenty of fuel, and for a one-room shack it doesn't take much fuel. Thousands of our older people have spent several winters in little shanties where there was nothing between them and the howling blizzards except a single course of inch boards and a sheet of tar paper, and have usually been too warm rather than too cold.

A LITTLE FIRE WILL KEEP a small room warm in any weather if the wind can be kept out. A thin board wall properly covered with paper excludes wind. An embankment of snow keeps wind from getting under the floor, and also has valuable insulating properties. Steam from the teakettle and vapor from the breath of the inmates congeals on walls and around windows and seals up all crevices, and with a moderate fire in a cook-stove a small room can be kept much too hot for comfort.

THOSE OLD CLAIM Shanties were as warm as any mansion. In the matter of ventilation they left much to be desired, but a large chunk of fresh air entered every time the door was opened, and that seemed to answer the purpose. In case the shanty drifted over completely, as many of them did, the people were as comfortable in them as were Stefansson and his companions in their igloos, in which they sat shirtless in stormy weather and killed time fixing up different sorts of messes to eat.

I HAVE SOME CURIOSITY AS to the depth to which the earth is frozen. Our first snow fell on ground which was scarcely frozen, and it has never thawed. More snow has been piled on top of it, and while the weather has been unusually severe it seems likely that except where the snow has blown off the ground will not be frozen as deeply as usual.

AMONG THE NUMEROUS Anniversaries which have been celebrated of late one has passed almost without notice. The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dwight L. Moody occurred on February 6. And in Moody the world had one of its great evangelists. When at the age of 20, Dwight L. Moody gave up his position as a shoe-salesman in Boston to take up missionary work in Chicago, he had saved \$7,000. At his death, after more than 40 years of evangelistic work, in which he had preached to hundreds of thousands and had collected at his meetings sums which in those days must have seemed fabulous, he left an estate of \$500.

IN THE PERIOD Immediately following Moody the country became familiar with a type of evangelist decidedly different in its business methods. Of this latter type Billy Sunday was the outstanding example. Sunday's campaigns were carefully and intensively organized from the financial angle, and for him and many others evangelism became a highly remunerative business. Guarantees were usually required from local committees, and large sums were realized from the sale of hymn-books which were popularized during the revival meetings.

MOODY IS SAID TO HAVE made no bargains concerning his remuneration. Any sum beyond necessary expenses which were received from collections were donated to social or religious institutions in the towns which he visited or were used for one or other of the several institutions which Moody himself founded. During his long association with Ira D. Sankey large profits were realized from the sale of the Moody and Sankey hymnals, but all such profits' went for the support of Moody's schools and institutions.

MOODY'S PREACHING WAS of a type now largely outmoded. It would be interesting, if it were possible, to know whether or not, if Moody had lived through the first third of this century, his religious thinking would have undergone such changes as have characterized religious thinking in general. Perhaps not. He was emotional rather than intellectual, and emotions do not lend themselves easily to change.

MOODY SPOKE IN GRAND Forks a few years before his death. His meetings were held in the Metropolitan, which was packed. I recall that one sermon was from the text "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." I recall his fine appearance, his splendid head, his ringing voice, and his intense earnestness.

THE JUDGES OF THE FORTY-fifth annual exhibition of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors in New York awarded a prize of \$100 to Louise Pershing, a young Pittsburgh painter, for a painting labeled "Roller Coaster in Winter." The young lady had painted two pictures, one of a roller coaster in winter and one of a coal tippie. Inadvertently she had got the labels mixed and the picture of the coal tippie bore the roller coaster label. As both roller coasters and coal tippies have elevated tracks on which cars run the judges did not notice the difference. Does the artist really know which is which, now that they are done?

NEW YORK HAS JUST finished a tea-party which lasted a week, a party at which six gentlemen sat around a table day after day and just felt, and smelled, and tasted tea. This is an annual event, and a ceremonial of considerable importance, because at that party are established the standards by which all the tea that enters the United States is graded. Samples from every tea producing country in the world are tested. Scales are here upon which pinches of tea equal in weight to a dime are weighed out, and over the tea, each in its proper cup, is poured hot water from a kettle right at hand, and those six gentlemen solemnly pass judgment on the flavor, aroma, and so forth, of each sample. When the job is done certain standards are established and by these all the tea brought into the country is graded.

ALREADY WE BEGIN TO SEE signs of approaching spring in the balmy weather which follows the bracing days of the past few weeks. While' the snow is still with us the warm sunshine will soon start water running in little rills and ripples, and we shall awake to the warbling of birds. How different is the lot of our neighbors in southern Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, where they are shoveling through drifts 20 feet deep! And think of those poor people in the Gulf states, who are trying to save their homes from the devastation of winter floods!

Of course that's all a lot of hoey, but it may do to clip and send to your aunt in Florida or your cousin in California, just to irritate them.

A PRESS DISPATCH, Describing nation-wide storm conditions, tells of blocked highways, with auto travel at a standstill, stalled trains, and continues: "And even air traffic is grounded." Thirty years ago, who would have thought of air traffic as the least likely of recognized modes of transportation to be interrupted by storms?

JOHN MASEFIELD, BRITISH poet laureate, on leaving the United States for home, made a speech which the New York Times described as being marked by dignity and intensity. Just about the same time George Bernard Shaw talked to newspaper reporters at Miami in a manner which was neither dignified nor intense, but which is said to have been highly amusing. This leads the Times to refer to one of Landseer's famous paintings entitled "Dignity and Impudence". It shows a noble mastiff in repose and a puppy, chock full of voltage frisking around him. In the case of the two writers the dignity was shown by the younger and the impudence by the older.

GOVERNOR NOE OF Louisiana has ordered discontinued the practice of collecting 5 per cent of the salaries of state employees as their contribution to what Huey Long facetiously described as "unemployment insurance." Others have described the practice vulgarly as the "kick-back." The money so collected was used to finance political campaigns within the state and to help meet the political expenses of Senator Long.

PREMIER HEPBURN OF Ontario says that his government will oppose ratification of the agreement for completion of the St. Lawrence waterway. He says that the improvement is not needed at this time for either power or navigation purposes. The opposition of the Ontario administration, it is believed, puts an end to all prospect of early completion of the project. Probably Ontario is not in need of more power just now, but the province has a whole string of lake ports, reaching all the way from Toronto to Fort William and Port Arthur, which are directly and immediately interested in making the Great Lakes accessible from the ocean.

THE INTENSE HEAT WAVE which has caused great suffering has just been broken by a downpour of rain which lasted eight hours and which flooded one half of the city while the other half remained practically dry. P. S. That happened in Rio Janiero, where they have summer in the winter time.

SCIENTISTS AT NORTH-western University have produced and measured a temperature of 12,000 degrees. That is above zero. In the field below zero the weather man has been doing his bit quite effectively.

J.P. MORGAN WAS ALL smiles as he bade goodbye to the senate munitions committee in Washington. Shaking hands with Senator Nye, chairman of the committee, he said he had had a fine time, and wouldn't have missed it for anything. Senator Nye and other members of the committee were equally cordial, and said that nothing to the discredit of Mr. Morgan or his banking house had been developed during the investigation. All very nice and friendly. But what's the use of investigating anybody if nothing to his discredit is discovered. What's an investigation for, anyway?

INTERESTING COMMENTS concerning early days in Grand Forks are contained in a letter to this column from Mrs. F. T. Roat, formerly Tressie E. Moseette, who resides near Bemidji, Minn. She has enjoyed the series of "Half-Century Recollections" now running in The Herald, and also comments on the recent letter from "F. M.," which contained much that was familiar to her. Here is Mrs. Roat's letter:

"WE ARE GETTING THE full benefit of this wintry weather in our Cabin Del Monte, on a hill overlooking the frozen expanse of Lake Plantagenet, Minnesota; but thanks to the mail man's caterpillar motor we may say each day (with Owen Meredith) 'Oh, Postman, thou genius of our day,' for he 'shakes from his urn a little of every type of news, sad and glad, as we go along.

"THIS WEEK IT WAS A newsy letter from Fred Redick of Tarzana, Calif. Fred was formerly leader of the Grand Forks Municipal band. In the letter were interesting snap shots—one of the ivy covered chapel in Inglewood cemetery, Inglewood, Calif., where repose the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Thos McElroy, and of John Austin, former Grand Forks residents. There were other snaps showing the growth of a century plant (American aloe). No. 1 shows the permanent base, a round tuft of coarse sword shaped leaves, from the center of which a single shaft has sprung. This center stalk grows at the rate of a foot or more a day; attaining a height of 40 feet in 30 days. No. 2 shows small branches coming out horizontally from the center shaft, so that it resembles a hat rack, and yellow buds are beginning to show. No. 3 shows the full bloom of a crown of yellow star shaped flowers, and 'this is followed by the collapse of the central stalk.

"LAST WEEK CAME A Letter from Jake Westfall of Monterey California. In some way this writer missed receiving the announcement of his mother's death, which occurred in Monterey several months ago. Mrs. Nellie Westfall (Nellie Fadden) was a resident of Grand Forks in the early 70's and was a cousin of Sheriff Richard Fadden, whom many of us remember. Her sister was Emma, and her brothers were Abe (Link) and Dick (Little Dick). During the many happy hours spent by this writer with Dr. and Mrs. Westfall, in Monterey, winter of 1888-89, Mrs. Westfall often referred to a ride that she and her brother "Link" took, on horseback, from Grand Forks to Bismarck in the early 70's, and quoted Mr. Walsh of Crookston as a girlhood friend. Dr. Westfall was appointed U. S. physician to Mexico in the early days. He could converse fluently in Spanish and the family was highly thought of in Monterey. Mrs. Fadden and daughter, Emma, also made their home there, Emma's husband, Mr. Smith, being foreman on the outlying ranches of Monterey's millionaire, David Jacks.

"THEN THERE WAS THAT letter in The Herald from F. M.— practically every reference in it was familiar to me, for I was one of those youngsters who paraded from the old red school house to the new Central high. The red building was later moved across Fifth street to the triangular park, and the old Northwestern hotel was moved there from north Third street and annexed; after which my father, John B. Moseette, became the owner of the Arlington-Park hotel. I cannot remember who the boys were, but I recall that Prof. Phillips had a rough and tumble with a couple of the boys at the new school. I think that it was Frank Witt who with Bert McMaster got out the Plaindealer. I also took part in that memorable entertainment in Brown's hall (the first opera house) and I think that it was under the management of Mrs. M. T. Caswell. Also, after the circus-laden flat boat had slowly drifted out of sight towards Winnipeg, I was one of a group of little girls who, incited by our "big girl" leader, ran down to the river bank and sent "goodbys" wafting after that gorgeous little boy who, in pink tights, could lie on the floor, put his leg over his head, and eat cheese from a plate with a fork attached to his toe—in Grand Forks' first circus, Maratta Bros., I think was the name."

A PROPOSAL TO WHICH WE can all well subscribe is advanced by Judge Grimson of Rugby, who is interested in improving the state's facilities for caring for neglected or dependent children brought into juvenile court. He has addressed a letter in this regard to the tax survey commission in Bismarck, and because it should evoke general interest, part of it is printed here. His suggestion is in connection with the possible re-organization of the state's educational or charitable institutions.

"The part of my work as district judge," he says, "that gives me most worry is in connection with the dependent, neglected or delinquent children that are brought before me in juvenile court. Usually such children are not in court because of any innate evil tendencies but rather because of some lack in the home or in the community.

"If the conditions are so bad that I have to send them away the only place provided by the state is the Training School at Mandan. To that same institution I must send those who have shown delinquencies as well as those who are merely neglected or dependent. I understand that these classes are separated there as far as possible. We cannot get away from the fact, however, that attendance at the school is in afterlife considered more or less of a stigma. Is it fair that poor, neglected or dependent children should be subjected to that extra burden in life?

"MY THOUGHT IS THAT there should be a home somewhere to which we could send the neglected and dependent and thus avoid branding them as inmates of a training school. I have often thought that while we may have too many schools for normals we have hardly sufficient facilities for taking care of the abnormals and unfortunates.

"Then in connection with the training school there is, I found on investigation, no adequate provision made for manual training. I have had to send boys to that institution who were sadly in need of training along farm mechanics, boys who I believe could best be reached through a training of the hands as well as of the brain. Instead of receiving such training I found they were often kept busy by 'made work' such as digging trenches and filling them in again. I doubt if the effect of that is very good on any boy, but that seemed the only thing for which facilities were provided.

Superintendent MacClelland agrees that something along those lines should be done but the means to do it have not been made available for him."

THE RECENT SHRINE Circus here prompted a reader of this column to forward an old poem by Edgar A. Guest in the thought that it "might appeal to the hundreds of parents whose children saw the circus performance." It is called, "At the Circus," and reads:

I took her to the circus, and she watched an acrobat Hanging by his toes above us, and she cried:

"Can you do that?"

She saw the juggler juggling his cigar, his cane and hat, And I had to say I couldn't, when she asked: "Can you do that?"

"Can you do that?" she shouted when the trained seal caught a ball; "Can you do that?" she questioned at each marvel, great or small; And when the spangled lady, 'mong the roaring lions sat, I had to say I couldn't, when she cried: "Can you do that?"

The strong man held a dozen of his relatives in air, A man there was who wrestled with a most ferocious bear, The iron-jawer performer with his teeth bent metals flat; And every feat that thrilled her she exclaimed; "Can you do that?"

I am still her doting daddy, she still climbs upon my knee, But I'm not the wonder-worker that last month I used to be; I'm a shattered, dusty idol, since the circus traveled through, For my baby has discovered there is much I cannot do.

I have an interesting letter from Mrs. Maud M. Healy, widow of the late Dr. H. H. Healy, who is spending the winter in California. She reports visiting recently in Ontario, Calif., and while there, she was shown an article by George W. Healy, published in the Drayton, N. D., news paper not long ago, concerning the first house built in Pembina county. In the article, Mrs. Healy writes:

"Mr. Walker of Bowesmont tells of early day memories on the settling of the country around Drayton, Pembina county, and the first house being built by the late J. Walter Fawcett in, I believe, 1879, This is an error that can be testified to by three or four of the people who really built the first house at Drayton.

"Said house was built of logs, cut from what was later 'The School Reserve Point.' This 'house' was ten by ten feet and seven feet high at eaves and sixteen people slept in it the first night. Mrs. Fawcett being one of the ten, also her son Edgar as well as Mr. Geo. Healy. This was in the spring of 1878. This, of course, has nothing to do with any article on the subject of 'First House Built' in your column, but it has spurred me on to tell of an error as to first white child born in Pembina county. George Douglas, Jr., was given that honor in your column of 'January 31, 1936. The statement was given by Mrs. H. J. McDonald of Rugby.

"I am not claiming that I know positively to whom that honor should be given. But I do know that Edna Roxanna Healy, daughter of the late Henry Williamson Healy (father of Dr. H. H. Healy), was born in Drayton, Dakota Territory, May 30, 1879.

"IT MAY SEEM A LITTLE like a jig-saw puzzle to find how sixteen people could sleep in a cabin 10 by 10 feet—well, they slept, half of them, with their heads to the opposite walls, and fortunately they were not all six footers. Only two of them could qualify and there were two children about three and six years old.

You may be interested, Mr. Davies, to know that I am with my mother, Mrs. John D. Wallace. My father was a member of the first legislature organized in the state of North Dakota, a representative from Pembina county and later county judge of Pembina county for four years. My father moved to California about 1904. He lived until 1907.

"This is a wonderful country to be spending the winter in — this year in particular, judging from the icy reports of the type of winter those residents of the Northwest are 'enduring.' Still when I read in the Herald of the many winter sports that are planned for, and carried out, I'm wondering if I should not say 'enjoying'."

A FRIEND HANDS ME THE following:

A high school student writes the word "identify" correctly, but when reading invariably pronounces it "INdentify;" another person would "whipe" the dishes instead of "wipe" them; a speaker, strenuously attempting to bring an agreement between two opposing factions, several times during his address urged them to "corn-promise" (accent on the second syllable and short o).

Then there is the case of the little girl in a lower grade of the Grand Forks public schools.

The word "toward" was being discussed during the spelling lesson, and the teacher emphasized that it should be pronounced with the "w" silent.

"Isn't there another 'toard'?" the girl questioned.

"No," said the teacher, "I don't believe there is."

"Oh yes there is," said the little girl, and with a hopping gesture of her hand, "You know, a little 'toard' that goes hopping along the ground."

HERE IS AN INTERESTING comparison of city and farm life and the point of view of the average working man in a large city, whose vision has never reached beyond the stone and brick canyons of New York. Selected from New York's millions as an "average city man," receiving average city wages and living an average city life, Tim Molloy, apartment house doorman, has become "Exhibit A" for a farm-belt discussion of relative merits of city life and farm life.

THE QUESTION "WHICH IS better, life in town or country?" was originally posed by Wheeler McMillen, editor of Country Home, as a subject for discussion by his 1,500,000 farm readers. McMillen supervised Molloy's selection as the "average city-bred man of farmer type." Molloy's story will be published in a few days for the information of farm belt readers.

As one of the doormen in a big New York apartment, housing a population of 3,000, Tim Molloy receives \$80 a month. This is reckoned as the average New York wage. He gets about \$1 a week extra in tips and received \$135 in Christmas presents, but the latter sum was all spent before New Year's Day.

Asked if he would change places with a farmer, Molloy answered in the negative, although he recalls a two week's visit he once made on a 50 acre farm fourteen miles from Providence, R. I. But he is not interested in living on a farm. He likes New York and wants to stay there.

BORN IN IRELAND, NEAR Dublin, he was brought to this country at the age of three. He grew up in New York City, where after finishing grammar school he got a job in a lithographing plant. A steady fellow, he worked there for 15 years, earning towards the end \$35 a week, and some weeks, counting overtime, \$50 to \$60. He would still be there had it not been for the depression.

Before the crash, he married a plum of an Irish girl, fresh from the Old Country, and installed her in an apartment in the East Bronx—and prepared to raise a family. The crisis altered these plans. Out of a job, Tim was obliged to use the savings intended for babies. Two years ago, after nearly three years of idleness, with all his money gone, he managed to land his present job.

Out of Tim's \$80 a month, he must board and feed his wife and himself. His apartment costs him \$27 a month. It has electric lights, steam heat, running hot water, an electric refrigerator, a gas range, large closets.

TIM IS INSURED AND SO IS his wife, the cost amounting to \$10 a month. Another \$3 goes for carfares and newspapers and \$4 for gas and electric bills. And what have the Molloy's left to spend for food, clothing and entertainment? A trifle more than a dollar a day. "There was a time," says Tim, "when you could take a dollar and a half and go out and bring in enough food to last you a week. Nowadays, you get about what you need for one day on the money, and little enough it is."

Here is how the day passes for Tim Molloy: At six o'clock each morning the alarm clock clangs. He shaves, washes, eats an egg and swallows some coffee, and by seven o'clock is on the street, walking towards the subway station.

By 7:45, he is at his place of work, where he enters the locker room and shifts into his uniform, brushes it carefully and punches the time clock.

Tim's first job is the mail. There are some 200 tenants in the apartment building where he works and there are pigeonholes for most of them. He knows them all by name. As the mail clicks into the pigeonholes, the tenants work-bound begin coming down. The departing tenants leave commissions with Tim.

BETWEEN 8:30 AND 9:30 there is a lull, and then the wives and nurses begin descending with children in baby carriages or on their own two feet, dogs muzzled and on leashes for walks. Laundry-men, tailors, delivery boys call "Hi, Tim," and march in the service entrance without ceremony. Canvassers, peddlers, old-clothesmen, circular droppers, sample distributors, vacuum-cleaner salesmen attempt to get in,—and are "barred cheerfully by the doorman. No one can ascend unless he is announced. For this purpose Tim operates a small switchboard which connects with telephones in all apartments.

At 10:30 the second mail arrives, and when this is distributed, Tim's hard work for the day is over. He now rests for fifteen minutes, taking his ease on a back stairway where he can smoke a cigarette. Then he returns, to stand erect in the doorway—no leaning, no lounging—until one o'clock, when he dodges into a cafeteria for his 20-cent lunch, usually a bowl of soup, a cup of coffee and a bit of cake. At six o'clock he is through for the day.

Every fortnight Tim shifts to the night trick. Then his hours are five in the evening until two in the morning.

THE MOLLOY'S ONLY Diversions are movies and the radio. They go to movies once a week. Tim has never seen the inside of a night club. Only once in his life did he go to a musical comedy. He has visited the free museums, but does not know where the Metropolitan opera house is.

Economically, physically, culturally, he gains nothing from life in New York, but he will not leave it.

ALONG WITH REPORTS that rural communities in some sections of the country have been isolated for long periods as result of snow-blocked highways come stories of suffering in those districts because of the lack of supplies.

In that connection it is interesting to note that pioneers who came to the Northwest lived and thrived hundreds of miles from the nearest supply stations. An item that came to my desk the other day gives some interesting information on the almost complete isolation of those hardy settlers and traders. It reads:

"While no mention is made of the death of George Washington in the journals of Captain Alex Henry Jr., who maintained a trading post at Pembina from 1801 to 1808, it is believed probable that Henry did not learn of the great American's death until the next summer.

Washington died at Mount Vernon December 14, 1799. All important news was carried to the western outposts by couriers and voyageurs and it seems likely that the death of the leader of the American revolution and the first president of the new republic would have been considered important.

"All traders known to have been in the Red river valley at that time were British or Canadian subjects. They were factors of the Northwest Fur company. Roy was in charge of a post at the mouth of Forest river, Dan McKenzie was at the mouth of Turtle river and J. B. Cadotte Jr., was in charge of Fort de Bois Blanc (white wood) on the site of East Grand Forks.

These traders are mentioned by Henry Duncam Graham is said to have been in the lower valley prior to 1800 but probably left before (Henry's advent, as he does not list him. Graham was at Grand Forks a few years later. Those who have studied early valley records believe the news of Washington's death was received at these posts in the summer of 1800, all of which flew the British flag."

B. W. (JEFF) CONDIT, Editor of the Traill County Tribune published at Mayville, brings recollections of "the old days" in a story printed in his last issue which is proof that the present era is just as capable of bringing huge drifts as was the famed year of '96.

"No longer can old timers look back to the 'good old days' and attempt to impress the youth of today with the fact that the big snow of the winter of 1896 surpassed anything that Mother Nature can produce in these decadent times," Condit wrote. "Maybe they did have to tunnel through the drifts that winter to permit residents to get out of their homes, but what of it?"

"So ran the arguments of present day residents of Mayville when they gazed upon the huge drifts that blocked the sidewalk between the homes of Mrs. Ella Berg and Carl Sorum in the north part of the city. Those who ventured out in the elements discovered to their surprise that history truly repeats itself, for again it had become necessary to dig a tunnel to permit pedestrians to negotiate that particular block.

"Of course those who plan on engaging in mountain climbing in the near future and who desire to get in condition for a trek across glaciers might disdain to avail themselves of the ease provided by man-made conveniences, but the average person in Mayville might refuse to clamber over the huge piles of snow. So reasoned the Berg boys as they saw mounds piled over 15 feet high which were deposited there by the high winds of Saturday and Sunday.

"Accordingly they loosened up their shovels, and in a short time a convenient tunnel had been cut in the drifts. Walking became slightly less treacherous as a result of their efforts. Although the rest of the city did not need tunnels the wind did bring more snow into town than local residents desired."

STORMS AND SUB-ZERO temperatures, disastrous on many occasions, bring a sort of comfort to North Dakota old timers who may be snow-bound in their home towns. They provide endless topics of discussion and speculation for these residents, cut off from the outside except by telephone and radio. As evidence of this is the letter sent me by James M. Learn of Bowesmont, which reads as follows: "I have been interested in your articles on the weather of this and other winters that have appeared in your column 'That Reminds Me' from time to time. One who has been in the state for more than forty years gets a great deal of 'enjoyment' in recalling cold periods of the past. If I am correct, the day this was written the temperature was about the thirty-fifth of subzero weather for eastern North Dakota and sets a new record for the future to shoot at.

"As I recall it, the winter of 1905 and 1906 was the one of the big snow. I was attending University at that time and I spent the Christmas holidays at Fordville. I was in company with John Henry who now resides at Cutbank, Mont. We made the trip to Conway on the Great Northern and then changed for the Soo for the rest of the journey.

"WE WERE LUCKY FOR that was the last train that successfully negotiated the Wheatline for some months. A Russell snow plow attempted to come through several days later, but was buried in the cut leading out of the Red river valley four miles west of Conway. I guess the Soo officials then decided to let the individual who put the snow on the tracks take it off.

"Four weeks later two of John's brothers, James and Charles, took us by bobsleight to Conway as the Great Northern had managed thus far to get a train through in the Hannah branch about once a week. The snow was so deep on the level that it was impossible to get off of the beaten trail without upsetting."

"WE HAD THE MOST MAN power so it was up to us to give the road to the other fellow. The result was we went over five times and had the fun of wallowing around in several feet of snow and wrestling our sleight up onto the track again.

"We boarded our train at 1 o'clock Monday afternoon and arrived safe and sound in Grand Forks at 3 o'clock Thursday morning. Again we were lucky for that was the last train on that branch for some time.

"BEFORE THE WINTER WAS over somebody got poetically inspired and his flights of rhapsody carried him along the metrical measures of that old English lyric so familiar to those of a generation ago by the name of "Ben Bolt."

"I think the lines appeared in an issue of The HERALD of that year. If not, it was one of the weekly publications of this corner of the state. I have jotted down the stanzas as I remember them and will enclose a copy of them.

"The past few weeks I have thought many of us might well be tempted to scout around in the attic to see if we couldn't dig up a collection of popular songs of that period and familiarize ourselves with the melodies."

MR. LEARN SUBMITTED THE following "with apologies to Ben Bolt:"

Oh don't you remember last winter, Ben Bolt,  
When the mercury slid away down. When you thought that your nose  
would be frozen, Ben Bolt, 'Fore your reached your office  
down town? When the front door was blocked  
with a big drift of snow, And the water pipes froze every  
night, When you scolded the plumber for  
being so slow, And the iceman kept well out of  
sight?

And don't you remember those mornings, Ben Bolt,  
When you worked with your overcoat on,  
When you said you'd be glad, don't deny it, Ben Bolt,  
When the confounded winter was gone?  
And don't you remember those evenings, Ben Bolt,  
When you couldn't get bed clothes enough?  
Oh how the wind whistled and how the snow blew?  
Just think of it! wasn't it tough?

SOMEONE ASKED ME THE other day if the tulips were up. I replied, truthfully, that I "didn't know, I am not digging down through three feet of snow to hunt for tulips. Consulting the records, however, I find that last year the first of my tulip shoots were seen above the ground on February 3. Alternate freezing and thawing after that did them no good. I'd rather have them buried in snow for some time yet, as they are likely to be.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, was the 62nd birthday anniversary of James W. Foley, poet and philosopher, by birth a North Dakotan and by adoption a Californian. The date is observed annually as "Jim Foley Day" by the Pasadena Rotary club, of which Foley is an honorary member.

Speaking at luncheon in his honor, Foley said:

"I urge Rotarians and all well-disposed men and women to pay more unselfish attention to the moral state of Uncle Sam, If you do, Uncle Sam will get well." The good uncle's economic disturbances were, said the poet, "bellyache" from moral and social ills. The alternative of development of a greater moral sense in individuals and the country as a whole, said Mr. Foley is, " a dictator with a club or a soldier with a bayonet."

THE MORAL SENSE OF which Mr. Foley spoke he described as the will to do right without fear; to be just without thought of gain or loss; the pursuit of human understanding, fellowship and of doing one's work without greed or malice.

"With the right moral outlook," said he, "there are only two things our country need fear: famine and pestilence. And if we cannot provide enough bread for everybody, there is something wrong with our system." He also warned against mechanical progress so swift that it deprived men of opportunity to work, since work is necessary to happiness.

FOR MANY YEARS MR. Foley has conducted a daily column of verse, wit and wisdom entitled "The Top of the Evening" in the Pasadena Star-News, and I'm sure he won't mind if I clip this poem from his birthday column and pass it on to North Dakota readers:

#### **ORDER CLERK, PLEASE.**

*By James W. Foley.* Muse, let us write a poem, we have done it many a time, We have sat at the desk together and figured out a rhyme. We have scribbled and scrawled and labored, we have looked out into the air, And we didn't seem to be seeing, but we found us a theme somewhere. And then we have cut and whittled and fashioned it into a song, And sometimes it took a short while, and sometimes it took a long. And taking things all together we have gotten along right well.

So help me to write a poem that shall grip everyone who reads, One that shall have the spirit to bring him what he needs. One that shall coax from out him the best thing in his heart, That shall check him if he's drifting and get him to do his part. Help me to write a poem, with soul and heart and hand, That shall look in each heart about us and seek to understand. Let us put something in it that each man shall find today, To help him to know his neighbor in a kindly, neighborly way.

Come, let us write a poem, as simple as it can be, To touch that soul that is blinded and help that soul to see. A poem to lift the troubled from sorrow and despair, A poem to quicken laughter and comfort the soul of care. Something with all the wisdom of a white-haired and wandering bard, To bring a smile where the frown is and soften the heart that's hard. To open the way for kindness and bid it come in and rule, A poem to have the laughter of a boy on his way from school.

Muse, we have written short  
rhymes and, Muse, we have  
written long, But wouldn't it be delightful to  
write that kind of a song. Something to smooth the wrinkle  
from the forehead where it lies, Something to bring new twinkles to  
old and tired eyes. Something to prove what love is,  
and friendship and kindness,  
too, Something to pierce the gray sky  
with a wonderful shaft of blue. Something to prove life worth while  
through all of its cloud and sun, Muse, what a wonderful poem, If  
only it could be done.

FROM A VALUED FRIEND comes this correction:

"Someone said that we never write to an editor except when we want to criticize. That is a subtle compliment for it is not often we write and, therefore, it is not often we wish to criticize and, therefore, shows that in the vast majority of cases we approve. How is that for logic? I suppose you will say I should re-examine my categories. "But I am not writing to you for the purpose of debating any system of philosophy. I want to call your attention to column of January 30 wherein you quote "Ruin Seize Thee, Ruthless King". You attribute that to the Scottish poet Thomas Campbell. Was it not Gray who wrote that? Of course, it is good enough for Campbell's production; but an honest Scottish poet, though he may be flattered when the best of another is attributed to him, would not want to obtain credit that was not his due."

WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO USE the quotation "Ruin Seize Thee" I had in mind Campbell as the author, for no reason that I can identify unless, perhaps, it is the similarity between the prophetic mysticism of the poem and Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning." I looked for the poem in several collections and was surprised not to find it among Campbell's works. I attributed the omission to poor judgment on the part of the compilers, and let it go at that.

MY FRIEND'S NOTE MADE everything clear. In some way I had tucked away the fact in the wrong pigeonhole, where it remained for years, until the nudge of a friendly elbow reminded me of its proper place. Gray's Welsh Bara heaps denunciation on Edward I and pictures the disasters that are to be inflicted on his dynasty, treason, murder, military defeat and the sorrow that comes from bereavement. He holds out hope, however, not for Edward, but for the dynasty and the nation in the glorious reign of Elizabeth.

THE SAME FRIEND Continues:

"I note you do not make the mistake so many do of talking of this new king as the King of England. You call him the King of Great Britain, which is correct.

"May I suggest, however, that while England, after the Norman conquest, had six Edwards, Great Britain has had but two as this present king is called Edward VIII. Is it not a fact that the proper rule would be to designate him as Edward II? When James VI became King of England, he was termed James I and VI, and his grandson was James II and VII. Then the parliaments were united in the days of Anne, and Great Britain formed. The English Parliament went out of existence, as well as the Scottish Parliament, and the succeeding parliaments sitting in London were the parliaments of Great Britain. Hence, the Georges have been properly numbered as all Georges have been kings since the union.

"THERE IS NO LONGER AN English Parliament or an English Navy. There is English Law and Scottish Law, and the two systems of juris-prudence differ materially, though, of course, association tends to bring them closely together. King John was not a British king; he was King of England—that is, the John to whom you have reference. I believe there was a King of Scotland by the name of John, but he afterwards changed his name and called himself Robert. Is that not a fact? I see in that issue of January 30 you skate very close to the usual error for you spoke of English kings bearing many names and then referred to the present one."

ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE that on April 1 a tour of the winter wheat belt will be begun by J. Ralph Pickell, head of a Chicago market service, accompanied by Professor Selby Maxwell, weather forecaster, of Northwestern university, and Dr. James E. Boyle, economist, of Cornell. The purpose of the tour is to make an intensive study of winter wheat conditions with a view to making price forecasts. Dr. Boyle, who was quoted in this column not long ago, is a former U. N. D. instructor.

WHEN DR. DA FOE WAS asked some weeks ago what he expected the future of the Dionne quintuplets to be he threw up his hands. He just didn't know. He was doing the best he could, for them as he went along. Later problems must be solved as they present themselves. That there are problems, and some of them very complicated, is apparent. If the children had been left in charge of their parents they would have died. Living as wards of the government they have unavoidably been subjected to undesirable publicity. In the Cosmopolitan Dr. Alfred Adler touches on some of the questions that arise concerning the future of the children.

'LIFE IN A GLASS HOUSE IS not conducive to normal human happiness," declares Dr. Adler. "Five little guppies living in a fish bowl may not be distracted by constant exposure, but babies are not fishes. Children accustomed to being exhibited are never happy unless they elicit attention.

"To separate the little quintuplets runs counter to public sentiment," he grants, "but if we consider the happiness of the children it would seem more advisable to destroy the uniqueness of their position, and make them forget that they are quintuplets. Today they live like the inmates of a model orphanage, and a certain emotional starvation is inseparable from institutional life."

BEING CONSTANTLY Surrounded by policemen and nurses does not develop the initiative of the quins, the psychologist believes.

"The older Dionne children, have definite chores on the farm and do errands for the household," he points out. "All this tends to make them socially minded and inclined to take upon their shoulders some duties, no matter how small. But everything for which the older children must struggle comes easily to the quins. When they grow up a fortune awaits them. How will they learn to carry their own burdens? Always expecting and receiving impairs the sense of social responsibility and makes children self-centered little parasites. They may never learn to face life singly. They will not be able to stand alone.

'EACH OF THE FIVE SHOULD be trained by vocational experts in accordance with her individual requirements. The object of their education is surely not to create a little troupe of trained monkeys, but five separate individuals, each capable of coping with life and assuming its burdens. If they remain together, the lure of the stage or the circus may prove irresistible. Instead of fulfilling their separate destinies, they would, in that case, continue to exploit the biological accident that made them quintuplets."

SOMEONE CONFESSES IN A Maine paper that he "never saw a copper-toed boot." That is quite natural, for probably such boots have not been made for 50 years or more. Before that time they were a frequent and proud possession of the boy of the period. They represented an attempt on the part of paterfamilias of the mid-nineteenth century to make a boy's boots last at least a month. Otherwise the youngster's boots were soon stamped out at the toe. With the copper-toe one could do a lot of kicking and of scraping one's boot toes on the ground in coasting "belly-bunt" on a sled. Very often the shiny copper toes of one's boots were completed by a patch of red morocco leather at the top of the boot in front. With the red leather front and the glittering copper toe, a live boy of 1860 was a gorgeous object on the road and in the schoolhouse yard. But it was terrible when the other fellow had red tops and copper toes and you didn't.

IT IS CLAIMED THAT Copper-toed boots were invented, or first made, at Auburn, Me., which is very likely true; but for a long time they were prevalent at least over all the northern states. Why should they not be as good a thing now as they were in the times of Queen Victoria? It is apparent that boys' boots and shoes wear out at the toe as quickly as they ever did. Some parents will tell you that two weeks is time enough to consign a boy's shoes to the scrap heap. Copper toes might prove a real economy as well as a noble decoration.

IN THE MANUFACTURING plant exact records are kept of fuel consumption, day by day, and, if the information is of importance, hour by hour. It is possible to turn to the record of any period and check against each other for a given day such items as quantity and grade of fuel, price, and outside temperature, and to compare the results with those of any other period. It is scarcely possible for the domestic householder to check the performance of his domestic plant so minutely. At the end of the year he may find that he has burned more or less fuel than usual, but he may not be sure whether the difference has been due to weather conditions in spring, fall or midwinter

I HAVE BEEN INTERESTED lately in checking my own fuel consumption for several years past, beginning with the starting of fires in the fall and continuing, for purposes of comparison, until February 20 of each year. The conditions for comparison are good. There have been no changes in the heating plant; I have used the same grade of fuel oil; the same space has been heated each year; and the living conditions have been fairly uniform.

USING THE PRECEDING five-year average fuel consumption as normal, and giving that average a value of 100, I find that the consumption for each of the six winters up to February 20 is represented by the following percentages: 1930-31, 96; 1931-32, 86; 1932-33, 112; 1933-34, 107; 1934-35, 97; 1935-36, 119.

THAT BEARS OUT THE Universal conviction that this has been a tough winter. Other facts, which do not appear in the percentages, indicate that the increased consumption this year has been due to severe weather in December, January and February. This has not always been the case. There have been years of heavy consumption in which the midwinters were comparatively mild, but the demand for neat was unusually heavy in both fall and spring months.

WHILE THE WEATHER OF the present winter has been severe, it isn't a circumstance compared with the weather during the winter of the Big Snow as recalled by employees of Paul Bunyan in that hero's- Brobdignagian lumbering activities. By many who have given the subject little study Paul Bunyan is supposed to have been a Minnesota personage, but that is a mistake. He performed his first lumbering feats in the Ottawa valley in Canada, moved west to the Georgian bay, crossed over to Michigan, and thence to Wisconsin and Minnesota, leaving in each district scores of lumbermen who had worked for him and assisted in his marvelous exploits.

SANDY M'LEOD AND PIERRE Langlois were two of Bunyan's old force who never wearied of telling of the remarkable experiences which they had enjoyed in the good old days. Both men remembered the winter of the Big Snow, when all the trees were buried out of sight in snow, and logs had to be hauled through a tunnel the 12 miles from the skid-way to the river landing. The river froze to the bottom that winter, and in the spring, in order to get the logs started Bunyan had the tunnel moved down to the river bed and filled with melted snow.

PIERRE'S R E G U L A R JOB was to wind Bunyan's watch, which he did by means of a long sweep like a sailor's capstan. In mild weather Pierre could wind the watch in about six hours, but in that cold winter the oil on the bearings congealed so that he couldn't budge it until he had thawed it out before a big log fire.

SANDY'S JOB WAS TO TAKE care of the thermometer, which was the length of four ax-handles, to allow room for expansion. It registered down to 80 below zero, but in the winter of the big snow that wasn't enough, and in order to keep the bottom from dropping out of it, Sandy had to watch closely, and when the indicator got near the bottom he would warm it up with a bucket of hot coals and give it a fresh start. It often made as much as 50 degrees on the second round, which made 130 below zero altogether.

LITIGATION OVER THE Authorship of the popular song "Home on the Range" has been discontinued. After the song had become popular a few years ago suit was brought against a number of music houses for violation of copyright in publishing the song, which was alleged to have been a reproduction, with slight changes, of "An Arizona Home," published in 1904. Investigation revealed that "Home on the Range" was written in 1873 by Dr. Brewster Higley, who homesteaded on Beaver Creek near the present site of Smith Center, county seat of Smith county, Kansas. Early settlers say that the music for the song was composed in the same year by Dan Kelly, another Kansas pioneer. The words were published in 1914 in the Smith County Pioneer, with a biographical sketch of Dr. Higley and the statement that the words had appeared originally in the same paper in 1873. However, all the early issues of the paper have disappeared.

THE STORY OF THIS SONG illustrates the importance of preserving newspaper files. An item published 50 years ago, and apparently of no importance, may be the determining factor in the disposal of property of immense value. Every newspaper publisher is called on repeatedly for certified copies of legal notices which appeared in his paper many years ago. Unless verified copies can be supplied long and costly court action may be required to clear title to valuable property. And occasionally in the search for some record of that kind it is discovered that some vandal has clipped the page on account of some item on the other side which it was desired to carry off.

THE STATEMENT BY A North Dakota Indian in Washington that quantities of canned meat issued to the Indians was dumped because it was spoiled demands investigation. Presumably the meal reported spoiled was from one of the federal canning plants. Meat properly canned does not spoil and there has been no complaint heretofore that the federal canning was not properly done.

MORE THAN 200 AMERICAN concerns are manufacturing dog foods which run all the way from plain biscuit to beef diets fit for human consumption and flavored with cheese and other knick-knacks to provide variety. These products go to feed dogs at such widely separated points as Johannesburg, South Africa, Bermuda, Edinburgh, Bombay and Valparaiso.

TWENTY BUFFALO ARE TO be shipped from the herds in Canada's national parks to Germany, there to be used in experimental crossing with European bison. The story of the saving of the buffalo from extinction is one of the most interesting in the annals of wild life conservation. Over 60 years ago the buffalo inhabited the western plains of Canada and the United States in countless thousands. The advance of civilization and the improvidence of hunters, however, brought about one of the greatest slaughters in wild life history, when more than a million buffalo were killed off in less than 20 years, all but wiping out of existence this most interesting species. In 1907 the government of Canada had an opportunity to purchase a pure-bred herd of buffalo from one Michael Pablo, a half-breed of Ronan, Montana, who had developed a herd of almost 1,000 animals. It required almost three years to round up and load 672 buffalo, of which 631 were placed in Buffalo National Park and the balance in Elk Island National Park. The growth of the herds at both parks was rapid and in 1923-24 the numbers had increased to such an extent that the grazing capacity of Buffalo Park was in danger of being overtaxed. A policy of annually disposing of a number of animals was adopted and in the intervening years 6,673 animals were shipped from Buffalo Park at Wainwright to Wood Buffalo Park near Fort Smith in the Northwest Territories. Over 12,000 buffalo have been slaughtered, their meat and hides disposed of by sale, and the animals donated to zoological gardens in different parts of Canada, in the United States, and in countries overseas number in the hundreds.

QUADRUPLETS HAVE JUST been born in Charleston, South Carolina. That sort of thing is becoming altogether too common, but nothing is likely to be done about it.

IN A SEARCH OF RECORDS relating to the life of George Washington the discovery was made that on one occasion, date not specified, Washington had his clothes stolen while in swimming. Many boys since Washington's time have had that experience and nothing much has been thought of it, but the theft of Washington's clothes seems to have been a real theft and not a joke played on a boy. The theft was committed, it appears, by two women while Washington was swimming in the Rappahannock. One of the culprits turned state's evidence and the other was given 10 lashes.

ON WASHINGTON'S Birthday Walter Johnson threw a silver dollar across the Rappahannock, being inspired thereto by the ancient story that Washington himself performed a similar feat in his youth. Representative Sol Bloom, who did a fine job of publicity in connection with the Washington bicentennial, says that Washington could not have performed the feat attributed to him, for at least two reasons. In the first place, Mr. Bloom has had a seacry made of English survey records, and from them he finds that at the time when the dollar is alleged to have been thrown, the river was more than 1300 feet wide, whereas it has now shrunk to a mere 372 feet. Further, Mr. Bloom points out that in Washington's youth there were no American dollars, British coins being used exclusively in the colonies.

EVIDENCES ACCUMULATE that Russia is reverting to "capitalism." One of the latest indications of this is the newspaper criticism that has been directed at one of the most conspicuous of Soviet architects for designing an apartment house without kitchens. Not long ago one of the methods for the reconstruction of society to which Sovietism was committed was that of communal dwelling, with large groups fed at a common table with food prepared in a communal kitchen. That plan is no longer considered feasible, and in some of the apartment buildings constructed in accordance with it private kitchens have been installed in spaces intended for bath-rooms or for other purposes. That change is of itself significant as is the fact that it is considered permissible to criticize publicly anything done under government auspices.

IT IS AN OLD STORY THAT King Edward VIII of Great Britain owns a ranch in Alberta, where he raises choice grain and fine cattle, and where as Prince of Wales he has spent some of what he will undoubtedly remember as the happiest periods of his life. While he is the only king to own a Canadian estate, he has many titled neighbors who, a few of them in person, and others by proxy, are actively engaged in ranching.

ONE OF THE RESIDENT nobleman-farmers of that neighborhood is the young earl of Egmont, who, with his father, had farmed for some years in Alberta and were then notified that they had inherited the title and estates. After settling up the business in England connected with the title the young earl returned to his Canadian farm, which he operates in person. Another titled farmer well known in the west is Lord Rodney, who took up a farm in Alberta after receiving a lump sum of \$200,000 in lieu of an annuity voted to his ancestor for defeating the French fleet off Jamaica in 1782.

IN RECENT YEARS TITLED farmers of the west active or keeping resident managers have included the Earl of Minto, a former governor-general of Canada; Lord Aberdeen; the Duke of Sutherland; Lord Arbuthnot, who fell heir to the title while farming out west; the Barons Joseph and Andre Csavossy, Hungarian noblemen who served with the Austrians during the war, and built up their farm with the aid of Hungarian peasants from their former estates; the family of Count Henry de Foras of Savoy, a family of French nobles who have lived near the EP ranch for many years; the Marquis of Anglesey, who has had a cattle ranch in British Columbia, for many years; the Earl of Aylmer has had a fruit farm in the Kootenay region, which has been in the family since 1831.

OTHERS INCLUDE THE Hungarian Count Esterhazy; the German counts of Thunhohenstein and Von Den Hagen; the Austrian count William Ressegueler and the Swedish Count J. W. Hamilton; Lord Cheylesmore, whose wife is reported to have sued for divorce because the ranch house and furnishings were too crude; the Italian Admiral G. Como, after whose family is named beautiful Lake Como in Italy. There are others, some known, others who have lost their titled identity in the democratic Canadian west. But King Edward VIII is the first king to have held a farm in the Canada's west.

TO ANYONE Contemplating a motor trip to the Pacific coast by one of the northern routes; next summer I recommend the purchase of a copy of the "Progress" edition of the Spokane Spokesman-Review. Much more benefit can be gained from a trip if one has some advance information as to the character of the country through which one expects to pass. If the journey is to be a leisurely one, such information will enable one to make as intensive a survey as may be desired. If the trip must be a rapid one, a little preliminary study will make it possible to visit spots of real interest which otherwise would have been passed by.

THE SPECIAL EDITION OF the Spokane paper is devoted to description of the physical characteristics and social, industrial and commercial possibilities of the Inland Empire of which Spokane is the center. Quite naturally, a complete section is devoted to the Grand Coulee dam, the greatest engineering project of its kind in the world. Scenic features of the district are well described, and there are excellent historical and industrial articles.

SPOKANE, HOWEVER, HAS no monopoly either of scenic beauty or of industrial possibilities. The Billings Gazette issues a special number descriptive of "The Land of Shining Mountains," in respect to which Billings occupies a commanding position. In addition to a quantity of interesting descriptive material, the issue contains many pages of fine illustrations, showing picturesque spots along the highways and fine views of the wonders of the two great national parks, Yellowstone and Glacier.

THANKS TO THE WISE Efforts of conservationists, there are 9,589,874 acres in the seven national forests which in whole or part form The Land of Shining Mountains—and of these approximately 2,000,000 acres are perpetually dedicated as "primitive or wilderness areas." That means they will forever remain untouched, unspoiled by road of any sort and largely unexplored and so long as this policy persists will form the backbone of a vacationland as large as some of our states.

SET ASIDE BY THE UNITED States forest service, with exploitation banned, with construction of roads or buildings forbidden, guarded even against the intrusion of airplanes, the seven primitive areas offer the world-weary as completely isolated solitude as is anywhere possible.

CAMERA AND GUN HUNTER, mountain climber, horseman, fisherman, camper may penetrate these timbered mountain fastnesses, losing himself for weeks from civilization. There are no telegraph lines, no dude ranches, no hotels, no restaurants, no transportation other than that of saddle or foot. And there is no expense. Trails alone reveal the handiwork of man.

TYPICAL OF THE POLICY OF the United States forest service is the Beartooth primitive area. While not the largest, its recreational possibilities, long recognized, were peculiarly adapted to the wilderness program when first this program was launched. Heavily timbered, it is yet wooded with non-commercial types of trees. Remote, its fringe is yet accessible. Its ground vegetation is typical of the higher altitudes. Its scenery is magnificent.

CARVED INTO THE Romantic history of this vacation land are the names of frontiersmen, Indian fighters, scouts, explorers, trappers and traders whose exploits, retold in many a dime novel, tamed the Shining Mountains.

After Chevalier de la Verendrye, came Lewis and Clark and their Shoshone guide, Sacajawea, the Bird Woman. After them, Trapper Jerediah Smith; Ferris, the fur trader; Samuel Parker, minister of God; Antonio Mateo, Portuguese trader.

JIM BRIDGER, JOHN M. Bozeman and Capt. B. L. E. Bonneville were the great pathmakers, Bridger and Bozeman leading migrant trains into the western Shining Mountains, the rich Galla-tin valley in the early '60s. Gold at Virginia City, Bannack and Alder Gulch brought murderer and highwayman, captained by that arch-villain, Henry Plummer. And gold produced a man like X. Beidler, who fired the vigilantes to their grim task of "erasing" the desperado.

THESE MOUNTAINS, Birthplace of the Indian, were won by blood, and only after such pitched fights as the Battle of the Little Big Horn in which the gallant Custer and his cavalry battalion were snuffed out in 1876 by Sitting Bull and his Sioux horde. In this land, Terry and Miles, preceded by Scout J. I. Allen, fought to open the Yellowstone valley to settlement. Yellowstone Kelley, chief guide for General Forsyth, later scout for Miles in the campaigns against the Sioux, Bannacks and Nez Percés, rests now in death on the rimrocks overlooking Billings.

THIS IS THE LAND WHERE the Cheyenne, Dull Knife, fought Colonel MacKenzie; where Red Cloud, the Sioux, held off the whites; where Joseph, Nez Perce chief, surrendered to Miles to end the Indian wars; where lie buried Washakie, grand old Shoshone chieftain, and Plenty Coups, Crow statesman who led his tribe into civilization; and where Frank Canton, Allison Tisdale, Ranger Jones, Ed Burke, Dab Bradford and Red Angus fought the Johnson county cattle war.

QUEER, SWAGGERING, Versatile characters: Calamity Jane, Wild Bill Hickock's hard-drinking friend; Liver-Eating Johnson, hunter, trapper, wood-chopper, once czar of Coulson; Buffalo Bill, showman; Skookum Joe Anderson, who opened the mineral resources of the Absaroka and Beartooth mountains.

You cannot throw a stone in this land without hitting some spot trod by these history-makers.

JAMES H. STREET IS A WRITER who is likely to have a lot of explaining to do. In his book "Look Away! A Dixie Notebook," he makes the astounding statement that the song "Dixie," instead of voicing the longing of blacks for their loved southland, is really an expression of longing for Harlem. According to Mr. Street a Dutch farmer named Johaan Dixie imported some negroes to New Amsterdam in the early days of settlement, and found very little work for them to do. Later he sold them to southern planters, and over their hard toil in the south they sang that they wished they were back in Dixie's land.

IT'S GOING TO KEEP MR. Street busy making good on that explanation of the origin of "Dixie." Among other things, he will have hard time making people believe that "I wish I was in de land ob cotton" refers to that section of New York which now contains the major part of the city's color population, and what is intended by "Away down south in Dixie." Then there is the legend of the origin of the name "Dixie," which has been associated with those early surveyors Mason and Dixon. The man who undertakes to upset the traditions of a nation is bound to have an interesting time.

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT that almost everything can be proved by the judicious use of statistics. It is also true that a surprisingly large number of contradictory things can be proven experimentally. Hence it is not surprising to learn from a recent series of experiments that alcohol speeds up nervous and muscular reactions instead of retarding them.

SOMEBODY HAS PREPARED a set of figures which have been widely published, showing the exact time required for an automobile driver to apply his brakes in an emergency before and after taking a single drink of beer. According to the published figures the additional time required after a drink of beer is sufficient to kill a pedestrian or wreck a car. Just where and when those experiments were conducted, and on what bar sis anyone supposes that the reactions of any two persons will be alike in the circumstances described, I have never been able to find out.

ACTUAL TESTS WERE MADE in New York the other day, the subjects being two graduate students of psychology at Columbia and two newspaper men, the tests being observed by college authorities and a representative of the police safety department. On the first test three out of the four subjects set their brakes more quickly after a drink than before it, and the time of the fourth was increased by only .03 of a second. The liquor seemed to have a stimulating effect up to and including the fourth dose, and, as the liquid was administered in quantities of two ounces at a time, it is not surprising that after a fourth application there was noticed some slowing down. However, regardless of the physiological and psychological experiments, a reasonably safe rule is for one to leave liquor alone when he is about to drive.

NEW HAMPSHIRE IS Preparing for its presidential preference primary, which will be held on March 10. Until North Dakota repealed its presidential primary law this state and New Hampshire were in the spotlight in every presidential year, because their primaries, held at about the same time, led off in the procession of states. While the representation of each state in the national conventions was small, there was supposed to be some psychological value in carrying them in the primary. Now North Dakota has dropped out. In New Hampshire the Democratic delegation will be for Roosevelt and the Republican delegates will probably go uninstructed.

MANY OF OUR SENSATIONS are the result of contrast. Our sense of well-being, or the reverse, is heightened by the knowledge that somewhere, perhaps quite near at hand, are conditions quite the reverse of those which we experience. It is conceivable that Adam and Eve did not appreciate fully their surroundings in the garden of Eden because they had no knowledge of anything with which to compare their lot. A course of instruction from Einstein in the history of relativity might have saved them a lot of trouble.

THERE IS ALWAYS Something attractive about a storm and comfort of a cozy room, and most of us have recollections of many similar pleasurable contrasts. To me a snow storm, watched through the window of a comfortable room, recalls among other things the coziness of the barn in which threshing was done in my boyhood back east.

THRESHING MACHINES were in use here and there, but a great deal of the threshing, especially on the small farms, was still done with the flail. Ours was a small farm, and for many years my grandfather flailed out his own grain, assisted sometimes by a hired man, and by me after school and on Saturdays.

BUNDLES OF UNTHRESHED grain filled the great mows on either side of the barn floor, and upon that floor were spread bundles to be pounded by flails until the grain was released from the straw. Wielding a flail was not heavy work, although it might appear so. There was a knack in swinging the implement so that the necessary force was imparted to the sweep with the expenditure of only a slight amount of "energy, and in cold weather the exertion was just sufficient to keep one in a comfortable glow.

IMAGINE, THEN, A STORM raging outdoors, wind blowing and snow piling up in great drifts. In side there was perfect shelter and sufficient warmth for comfort. The thud, thud of the flails and the rustle of the straw seemed to accentuate the difference between the storm outside and the shelter within, while in the leanto stable just beyond the cows on one side and the horse on the other munched contentedly at the abundant supply of feed in their mangers.

ANOTHER PICTURE OF Comfort and content comes to me when I recall getting out cedar poles from a swamp lot in midwinter. There we were secure from all the stormy winds that blew. After or during a heavy snow we might be almost smothered as the disturbed branches gave up their loads, but the foliage was so dense that we were scarcely conscious of wind. When the noon hour came a fire would be built in the hollow at the base of some uprooted tree, and with the wall of roots and earth as a background we got the full benefit of the fire. What a glorious experience it was to sit on a couch of evergreen branches in the warmth of that fire and eat unbelievable quantities of the food that we had brought with us!

I SUPPOSE THOSE WHO LIVE in the tropics are able to persuade themselves that they enjoy the perpetual warm weather when they think of the ice and snow and blizzards in less torrid climates. But that must impose considerable strain on the imagination. For complete enjoyment of contrast it seems that the elements of contrast should be right at hand, where one can actually see the snow fall and hear the wind blow, in order that the comfort of a warm barn, or the warmth of a woods fire, or the security of a cozy room may be appreciated.

AND I STILL MAINTAIN THAT notwithstanding the quantity of snow that we have this year, and the difficulty experienced in getting around, we haven't yet had an "old time" blizzard. One of the essentials of such a storm is a wind blowing at about 40 miles an hour, a wind against which it would be difficult to walk even without snow, and which, with snow on the ground and more falling, fills the air so as to make breathing next to impossible.