

IN A STORY RECENTLY Published in the Herald N. H. Fagerlund of Rolla told how the receipt of a message from Territorial Governor Church recalling the militia company of which he was a member prevented a serious battle with Indians and the probable repetition of something similar to the annihilation of Custer's force at the battle of the Little Big Horn. Publication of the story brought to light the original telegram from Governor Church which is now in the possession of F. H. Martineau, now a druggist at Cando.

FAGERLUND, IN AN Article by Win V. Working, Herald historical writer, recalled that while he was a member of the militia his company was ordered by Major W. H. McKee of Dunseith to unite with a St. John company in attacking an Indian party in the Turtle mountains.

Before the company had gone far, Fagerlund said, a man on horseback delivered a message to McKee ordering the men back to Dunseith, Fagerlund believed the move was wise since 20 heavily armed braves were waiting in ambush for them.

THE MESSAGE NOW IN Possession of Martineau, handed down by his uncle, Frank Phillips who was then Rolette county auditor with office at St. John, indicates that McKee's order for a drive against the Indians, had not been sanctioned by Louis K. Church, governor who served from 1887 to 1889. His message to McKee, dated February 14, 1889, read as follows:

"YOUR DISPATCH OF Fourteenth received. Don't use militia for any other purpose than as a matter of protection. Under no circumstances commit any aggressive act without fully informing me in the first instance.

"In an emergency of this kind you should exercise the greatest care and discretion possible that no overt act on your part should produce a clash between you and the Indians. Act with the greatest discretion.

"THE SHERIFF HAS NO right to call you out for duty. It rests solely with the providence of the governor to order out the militia and in case of any unlawful act upon your part or of your men they will be subject to the laws the same as any other persons who committed unlawful acts.

"I don't approve of your action. You must not under any circumstances move against the Indians or permit any act that would tend to cause a breach of the peace without further orders. I have wired commanding officers at Fort Totten and also the war department."

IT WILL BE SOME TIME Before we see the first robin, barring the few that may have remained through the winter and survived the cold weather, but Peter Bjerklie of Gilby reports the first Cecropia moth for 1937. He writes:

"LAST SUMMER WE FOUND the cocoon outside and we put it in a jar in a warm room upstairs. On January 16 it came out. At first it was a weak, flabby thing, but it continually gathered strength until it stood in the full beauty of life. It spread its wings at first experimentally and at last sailed around the room. We caught it, chloroformed it and mounted it. I hope your cocoons are doing well and that your moths are as beautiful as mine is.

THANKS FOR THE GOOD wishes. My Cecropias are still dormant, probably because they have been kept in a cool basement. Soon I shall bring them up to the warmth of the living quarters and see what happens. I have no doubt they will be beautiful, if they emerge, as the markings of the Cecropia are quite uniform. It is one of the mysteries of nature that the tiny egg from which the caterpillar emerges contains some indistinguishable quality which is carried through the life of the caterpillar and which decrees that from the cocoon there shall come a gorgeous creature, brilliantly colored, and marked according to an unvarying pattern as accurately as if the design were drawn with a mathematical instrument.

COMPARED WITH THE floods in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys the story of the biggest flood in the Red river valley makes tame reading, but that is due chiefly to the fact that the area covered in the Red river territory was smaller and the population less dense. The flood itself was serious enough.

MY FRIEND M'ALLISTER, the barber, was a boy then, living on a farm in Minnesota near the mouth of the Snake river. The McAllister farm house went floating down the river, and the family took refuge at the home of a neighbor who still had a dry second story. For years that neighbor had been preparing for a flood, for he had heard stories of earlier floods. Near the farm buildings he had built a great mound of earth and stable manure, and on this elevation, surrounded by a wire fence, his farm stock spent the days of the flood. At that time the flood waters reached from the Red river clear back to Stephen.

A FRIEND WHO IS IN Entire sympathy with the purpose for which the annual president's ball is held wonders if the purpose sought could not be attained more effectively by means of direct contributions rather than by the holding of balls. Listening over the radio to the descriptions of the balls he was impressed by the similarity between this movement and the practice of financing churches by the indirect means of suppers, entertainments, etc., in which a large proportion of the gross income is consumed in necessary expenses, leaving but a small net return to be applied to the main purpose of the effort.

HE SUGGESTS THAT IN VIEW of President Roosevelt's splendid personal fight against infantile paralysis and the interest which he has shown in the use of preventive and curative methods, his birthday still be honored by a concerted movement for relief measures, that the occasion and purpose be publicized as vigorously as now, and that then direct contributions be invited in place of the method now employed. In that case every dollar given would go directly to swell the fund, with no deduction for expenses of any kind. Of course that would not stand in the way of a ball then or at any other time which might be desired for its own sake. It would, he feels, bring subscriptions from many who do not find it convenient to attend the ball, or who may not care for dancing.

WHEN WE ARE TOLD THAT the Ohio river at Cairo, Ill., has reached a stage of 60 feet, just what does that mean? The question was asked across the table the other day, and there were all sorts of speculative answers. My understanding is that the figures used represent the height of water at a particular point above a "zero" mark which has been established by a government survey. That zero mark is popularly known as "low water," although it may not mark the lowest level which has actually been reached at a given point. Professor E. F. Chandler says that the zero mark on the Red river at Grand Forks was fixed by government engineers about 1881 at the stage of water which, according to the best information then available, was the lowest known. Probably the water had been lower in some earlier years, and it has at times been lower since. That is immaterial. The object is to establish a point from which measurements may be made. The zero of 1881 is still the point from which engineers' calculations are made. Some years ago, probably about 1920, the geological survey fixed its own zero mark here at a level about 5 feet lower than that of the engineers. The monument placed by the engineers, however, is the only one remaining at Grand Forks.

"FLOOD STAGE" IS A LEVEL fixed by rather rough estimate at the point where rising water begins to do damage. There is also a theoretical "high water" level, which is also fixed by a sort of rough estimate. It is not the level reached by the highest flood known, but the general average of ordinary high water, usually the point below which only brush and the smaller vegetation is found, and it is at this line, as nearly as it can be ascertained, that private ownership of meandered streams ends.

GILBERT ANDERSON, WHO has been employed in the Great Northern car shops in Grand Forks for 15 years, sends greetings to his Grand Forks friends from La Feria, Texas, where he is visiting a sister. He writes of the vast citrus orchards and great fields of vegetables which are to be found in southern Texas. On January 23 the temperature there was 80. Cabbage was selling at \$8 per ton, grapefruit at \$16 and oranges at \$20 per ton.

AT MAT AMOR AS, TEXAS, MR. Anderson changed an American \$5 bill and received nearly \$19 in Mexican money for it. He expects to visit Cuba before his return, which will be about March 1.

REFERENCE IN THIS Column to the old practice of "lining out" hymns recalled to a friend the story of the leader whose "lining out" brought unexpected results. On one occasion the leader had forgotten his spectacles, and he addressed the congregation: The light is poor, my eyes are dim;

I cannot see to read the hymn. To his astonishment the congregation sang the lines which he had pronounced. He undertook to explain in another couplet, which the congregation sang, also. So it went, couplet after couplet, the congregation following the leader faithfully, as was the custom. At length the old gentleman in desperation exclaimed:

I'm reading you no hymn at all; I hope the devil takes you all! And the congregation sang that.

ONE OF THE MOST Remarkable cases of optimism that I have seen mentioned recently is that of the man in the east—the locality is not specified — who expects to make a fortune raising muskrats. He started in a small way last year, and he "estimates" that he now has 65 animals. As muskrats are very prolific he expects at the end of two more years to have 18,000. He has it all figured out on the basis of so many young to a litter and so many litters a year. The pelts, he says, will bring from \$1 to \$175 each, which will give him a tidy fortune.

HE IS DOING EVEN BETTER, on paper, than people did years ago with Belgian hares, and in that business the paper profits piled up at a rate which would compare favorably with the profit rate in Wall street in its craziest days. The principal feature of the Belgian hare business was that of raising animals for breeding stock, and some fancy prices were actually realized for a time for pedigreed animals. But when everybody got to breeding and there was no market for the meat or fur, the business collapsed.

THESE THINGS GOBY waves. A few years ago the country was all wrought up over silk stockings. The scheme was worked on the chain basis, and the key member of each group derived a profit from the sales made by others. The idea was for each member of the first group to become the key member of a group of his or her own, and so on, ad infinitum. If the thing had lasted long enough we would all have been selling stockings to each other, and growing rich at it. At least that is about the way it was supposed to work.

THEN A COUPLE OF YEARS ago we had the chain letter, which became about as wild a craze as any of them, and which incidentally increased materially the postoffice revenues from the sale of stamps. All at once that craze blew up, as crazes will.

JUST NOW WE SEEM TO BE headed for an epidemic of Townsenditis. The original Townsend plan has disintegrated, but it has left a lot of fragments lying: around loose, and in several communities steps are being taken to apply the principles of the plan in a limited way and on a local basis in order to demonstrate the feasibility of the general plan. One obstacle which is likely to retard the spread of those localized efforts is that \$200 actual cash is needed as a starter. Then comes the grind of having to pay a tax large enough and often enough to keep the fund revolving.

THEY ARE HAVING AN Exhibit of Valentines in a New York museum, and there should be some interesting specimens among the exhibits. The earliest specimen is of 1811, and is strictly a home-made affair, made by folding paper and cutting in it an intricate design. All of the Valentines of the early part of the last century were of home manufacture, and it was not until about 1840 that the factory-made product came into use.

THOSE ANCIENT Valentines contained ardent love messages, but they were not any more ardent than are some of the popular songs that one hears over the radio. And, as a rule, they were written in better English. One Valentine in the New York collection presents a puzzle. It contains a most affectionate message, but the word Mary, which was first written, is partially obliterated and the name Emma is substituted. One explanation offered is that it was sent by a thrifty Scot who had transferred his affections from Mary to Emma and did not wish to waste the Valentine. Another is that the sender wished to convey to Emma a gentle hint that she was not the only peach in the orchard, and that Mary might be substituted for her if she didn't watch out.

THAT AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF Kipling's, covering the earlier years of the author's life, is a joyous thing to read. It is full of little incidents, many of them trivial, in which Kipling saw material for inimitable twists of humor and these are related in a manner as original as anything in the things that were written in the years covered by the autobiography.

ON HIS WAY AROUND THE world Kipling, while still a very young man, was a fellow passenger with General Booth, whose measure had not then been taken by the world which he was to serve for so many years. His first view of the latter was of the general walking backward along a wharf, beating a tambourine, and bidding farewell to the crowd that had assembled to see him off. Meeting him on the ship later Kipling expressed surprise that the general should make such an exhibition of himself.

"YOUNG FELLER," THE General replied, "If I thought I could win one more soul to the Lord by walking on my head and beating a tambourine with my toes—I'd learn how!"

When the two men next met General Booth was receiving the honorary doctor's degree at Oxford. Wearing the robe which became his well, he recognized Kipling, and, stepping over to him, he said: "Young feller, how's your soul?"

AT ADELAIDE A LARGE crowd came out in boats to welcome the general. Kipling noticed that he waved his arm with a downward gesture toward one of the boats. Looking closely he saw that on that boat a woman crouched on the paddlebox, with her skirt tucked well up to her knees. That accounted for the general's downward gesture, which was discontinued when the lady had adjusted her skirts more in keeping with the general's idea of propriety.

JAMES BRADY WAS CAUGHT burglarizing a house in Newark, New Jersey, the other night. He is 66 years old, and 44 of those years have been spent in prison, mostly for burglary. Those who believe that you can't teach an old dog new tricks will point to Mr. Brady as a shining example.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT was the regular thing in England until comparatively recent times. I have heard my grandfather tell of an old fellow who lived in his village in England who was continually getting into debt, and as regularly going to jail for it. The prisoners were quartered in a large room where each was at liberty to make himself as comfortable as possible. This chronic debtor had! appropriated to himself one corner of that room, and on being recommitted, if he found that corner occupied, he always insisted on ejecting the invader. He was going to have his own corner or know the reason why. The moratorium against ejection had not then come into vogue.

INVESTIGATIONS CONDUCT-ed on a large scale by automobile and good roads people lead to the conclusion that the safest highway is a four-lane road with a parked division of some sort down the center. On such a highway the head-on collision is impossible, because all the traffic on the side on which one is traveling is going his way. The three-lane road is almost everywhere condemned as a direct invitation to head-on collisions.

WILL THE NEXT Important development in automobile design be to place the engine at the rear? There are indications that point that way. Henry Ford recently patented a car embodying that feature, although he seems to have no immediate intention of using it. Nor are other manufacturers known to contemplate early adoption of the rear engine. But automobile engineers are continually discussing it, and setting forth its desirable features, one of which is said to be a lessening of the tendency to skid. Also, the fact that the driver will sit right up in the front of everything may inspire caution.

A LOT OF INTERESTING history is contained or suggested in the fiftieth anniversary number of Scribner's magazine, recently issued. The name, "Scribner's," is a familiar one to older magazine readers, and there was a Scribner's magazine much more than 50 years old. The present magazine, however, was established in 1887 and has since been continued under the same name and ownership, which is somewhat unusual in these days of change.

THE ORIGINAL SCRIBNER'S was founded in 1870. Roswell Smith, who had made a fortune in real estate, interested Dr. J. G. Holland in the project of starting a monthly magazine, and the "two interested Charles Scribner, founder of the Scribner book publishing house in the venture. The new magazine bore the title "Scribner's Monthly, and under the editorship of Dr. Holland it attained a wide circulation. Roswell Smith introduced many new features into the business management. One of these was the solicitation of advertising, a practice which had been considered undignified by reputable magazines. Another novelty was the employment of women in the business office. This shocked many sensibilities. Smith's wife had in earlier years played her part in another important innovation, for it was she who, in 1844, had sent the first message over Professor Morse's telegraph line, "What hath God wrought?"

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE with the Scribner enterprise was with the earlier magazine, which I read regularly for several years. At that time it was issued in a purple cover, and I still have some bound volumes of those early issues whose pages, when I have time to glance at them, recall the pleasure with which their contents were read so many years ago.

IN 1881 ROSWELL SMITH purchased the Scribner interests in the magazine, changed its name to the Century, and organized the Century company. The magazine was published by the Century company until its recent amalgamation with another concern. In the meantime, the Scribners had agreed not to publish any competing periodical within five years following the sale. At the end of that time the present magazine was established as "Scribner's Magazine," the title being slightly changed from the earlier one. This is the fiftieth anniversary of that magazine.

INCLUDED IN THE Magazine, in addition to a historical sketch of the magazine and the period covered by its publication, are reproductions of representative articles published during the half-century. There is a story by Bret Harte, and an article on Thomas Jefferson by Paul Leicester Ford. Stephen Crane is represented by a story, also Theodore Roosevelt, Edith Wharton, Paul Dreiser and others who have become famous. There are illustrations by Frederic Remington, Will James, F. C. Yohn, Charles Dana Gibson, Max-field Parrish and others whose names are familiar. The material also includes contributions by authors and illustrators of the present day. Scribner's has played its part in the development of literature and art in America.

SOME TIME AGO I MADE some comment on the fact that here and there can still be found the town crier, a survival of the days when all public announcements were made by word of mouth. My friend H. C. Rowland sent the article to the town crier of Rhye, his home town in Wales, from whom he received acknowledgment, together with a small advertisement clipped from a local paper which reads: "Robert Jones, 36b, Wellington Road, Sunny Rhyl. Leading town crier. "Ring out the old, ring in the new; "Let me ring the customers for you."

THERE WAS ALSO Received an ornate Edward the Eighth calendar, published before the abdication and in anticipation of the coronation, on which appears this sentiment from Burns: "Long may you live; long may you love; and long may you be happy." Was there something prophetic about that?

I HAVE A LETTER FROM Mrs. L. A. Bradley, now of Alhambra, California, who wishes information as to the date on which the first airplane landed on the grounds near the state Agricultural school at Crookston. Mrs. Bradley writes that she was born in Massachusetts in 1850 and with her husband came to Crookston from Vermont in 1880 and lived there for many years. She is writing a story of her experiences for the information of the younger generation, and wishes information concerning the arrival of the first plane at Crookston, as that was the first one which she ever saw.

IF ANYONE CAN SUPPLY Information concerning the landing of the first plane at Crookston it will be forwarded to Mrs. Bradley. The first plane to fly anywhere in the Red river valley was the Wright model operated by Arch Hoxey, which made several flights at the Grand Forks fairgrounds. This, however, was some time before the appearance of a plane at Crookston.

THERE SEEMS TO BE A Saturation point in marriage about which government can do little, or nothing, of a permanent nature. Germany and Italy have made frantic efforts to stimulate the growth of population by encouraging early marriage. By the imposition of special taxes on bachelors in Italy, loans to newly married couples in Germany and other similar methods both governments have striven to increase the marriage rate, and there was rejoicing in official circles when it was found that in 1934 the marriage rate had increased 15.5 per cent in Germany and about 12 per cent in Italy. But in 1935 the German rate showed a decline of 12.6 per cent and the Italian of 10.8 per cent. The supply of eligible young people had been exhausted.

FOUR COUNTRIES WHOSE marriage rate gain in 1935 ranged from 7 to 9 per cent are Portugal, Australia, New Zealand, and Northern Ireland. Other countries showing some increase are the United States, with 1 per cent, Japan, Canada, Scotland, England and Wales.

MENTION OF THE FIFTIETH anniversary of the present Scribner's magazine naturally directs attention to the antiquity of American magazines in general. The title page of the Saturday Evening Post carries the statement that the magazine was founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728, which seems to entitle the Post to be considered the oldest American magazine. The statement, however, is not strictly correct. Franklin established in 1728 a weekly newspaper, not a magazine, entitled, the Gazette, which was published until 1815 and then suspended. In 1821, when Franklin's paper had been in suspense for six years, the Post was established, and the rights of the old paper were acquired by its publishers.

FRANKLIN, HOWEVER, DID publish a monthly magazine, entitled the General Magazine, and a facsimile of it is to be published by the Columbia University press on February 13, 1937, the 196th anniversary of its first issue. Franklin's time was a time of cut-throat competition in the publishing business. It was a case of the devil take the hindmost, and ethical considerations had no weight.

FRANKLIN AND ANDREW Bradford were rival printers. Franklin planned the publication of a monthly magazine and engaged John Webbe to be its editor. Bradford heard of this and made Webbe a better offer, which Webbe accepted. Bradford's magazine came out three days ahead of Franklin's, but it also expired first. It lasted for three issues and Franklin's for six.

RIVALRY BETWEEN Franklin and Bradford had long been bitter. Both published newspapers. As postmaster of Philadelphia Bradford was able to frank his own paper through the mails and to deny Franklin the right to use the mails. He did both. When Franklin became postmaster the tables were turned and Bradford's paper was denied the use of the mails. Franklin maintained that this was done on the order of the postmaster general. Maybe so, but Franklin was as adept as his neighbors at tricks of that sort. Those were great days.

NONE OF THE EARLY American periodicals lasted very long. The next three appeared in Boston, in 1743, the first one being The Boston Weekly Magazine. This was followed by The Christian History, the first definitely religious magazine in the colonies and one of the results of the "Great Awakening." Then came another American Magazine. All of these died, and the next four were published in New York. They were The Independent Reflector (1752); The Occasional Reverberator (1753); The Instructor (1755), and John Englishman (1755). All were primarily concerned with the pros and cons of the religious revival.

TWO YEARS LATER THE scene shifted once more to Philadelphia where another American Magazine appeared, numbering George Washington among its subscribers. Between this time and 1789, 27 more periodicals were born. The Royal American Magazine (Boston, 1774) featured engraved political cartoons by Paul Revere. The Pennsylvania Magazine (Philadelphia, 1775) edited by Thomas Paine, printed the Declaration of Independence in its July, 1776, issue. The United States Magazine (Philadelphia, 1779) was enlivened by a controversy over General Charles Lee's offer to present a pair of his pants to a young lady. The first periodical to make a definite appeal to feminine readers was The Gentlemen and Lady's Town and Country Magazine (Boston, 1784). The American Monitor (Boston, 1785), although it lasted for only one issue, was the first with a commercial appeal. Isaiah Thomas, in his Worcester Magazine (Worcester, 1786) printed the Northwest Ordinance, while in The Columbia Magazine, begun in Philadelphia in the same year, Fitch explained the workings of his steamboat. The earliest publication in the field of music was The American Musical Magazine (New Haven, 1786). In The American Museum, (Philadelphia, 1787) can be found Daniel Boone's "Autobiography" and the Constitution. Children did not have a magazine intended just for them until The Children's Magazine (Hartford, 1789).

ONE OF THE INTERESTING works now "being published serially is the autobiography of Ignace Paderewski, the great pianist. In one of the installments Paderewski tells the story of a spider, the only story ever published, know, of a spider so far as I know, of a spider with an ear for music.

AT THE AGE of about 24 Paderewski was practicing diligently many hours a day to fit himself for a career as a pianist. He had won some distinction as a composer, but teachers told him that he had neglected the piano until it was too late. Working desperately to overcome the effects of his earlier neglect, one day he noticed a tiny spider suspended from its silken thread just above his piano. At the time he was playing thirds, and while he did so the spider remained motionless. When he changed to sixths the spider ran up its web to the ceiling. Curious to see whether the music had any effect on the spider, he changed back to thirds. Down came the spider and the instrument, but whenever he changed to another measure the insect retreated to the ceiling. This continued for weeks. Always the spider came down to listen whenever its favorite measure was played, and always it climbed back when another measure was played. Paderewski was called away for some weeks, and when he returned the spider was gone, never to reappear. Paderewski missed the little creature, for he had come to regard it as a friend.

OCCASIONALLY THROUGH the years, I have seen the name "Lord Saye and Sele," and have thought idly of its peculiarity without ever knowing anything about the person who bore such an odd title. Recently the owner of that title died, and it turns out that he was a person as interesting as his title was odd. His full family name was a mouthful. He was Geoffrey Cecil Twisleton-Wyke-ham-Fiennes. An ancestress was Goda, daughter of the Saxon king Etheldred of England, and sister, of Edward the Confessor. Members of some English families boast that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror. Lord Saye and Sele could high-hat them on the ground that his people were there first.

ANOTHER ANCESTOR, LORD Saye, was one of the twenty-five barons who forced King John to sign Magna Charta. Another was admiral of England under the famous Earl of Warwick, the King Maker. Still another took a prominent part in the resistance of parliament to King Charles I and another held an important office under Cromwell. Still another Lord Saye, also an ancestor, in company with his friend, Lord Brook, founded the Connecticut town of Saybrook, the name of each contributing a syllable to the name of the town.

LORD SAYE AND SELE, WHO just died at his ancestral castle in England at the age of 78, was as interesting in person as his distinguished ancestry might lead one to believe. He had a lively sense of humor which often led him to breaches of court etiquette which brought rebuke from King Edward VII, who demanded rigid observance of all the rules and could detect the slightest irregularity at a glance.

HE DETESTED THE Formality of court uniform, and on one occasion, when he was required to be present at the reception of a foreign sovereign, a spirit of perversity led him to study the military regulations with a view to attiring himself as incongruously as possible without departing from the technically correct. He appeared at the reception wearing his regimental doublet and truss, the uniform of his Scottish corps, the cross-belt of a staff officer and a cocked hat. "Could a monkey with a hand organ have done better?" he wrote. His outfit was as conglomerate as a tail coat with a red necktie, a fur cap and a pair of overalls. Yet the rules of the game entitled him to wear each item. Edward, then prince of Wales, looked him over and said: "Your uniform is the most dreadful I have ever seen in my life."

WHILE A BOY AT ETON HE was ordered by his masters to refrain from choral singing because of his "unmelodious voice." The lad appealed to the higher authorities, maintaining that "every Englishman had a right to sing" in his church," and he won his case. In early manhood he was employed as a traveling salesman for a brewing concern, and when rebuked for "going into trade" he repudiated the "mischievous ideal that the possession of an illustrious ancestry debars a man from earning an honest living in trade or' otherwise." He won decorations in several wars, and he seems to have been a living illustration of the fact that one may wear a title and still be a regular and delightful fellow.

BEAUTIFUL, INSTRUCTIVE and entertaining is "The Book of Indians", for children, by Holling C. Holling, published by the Platt & Munk company of New York. Particularly interesting to Grand Forks people is the fact that it is dedicated by the author to Fran Black, young son of Richard B. Black, engineer and explorer.

In the dedication the author says to his young friend: "You were too young to remember the wind in the sand, the tide ebbing, and one lone Indian dipping his net in the surf. But you are growing up. And, when you are old enough to read this book for yourself, remember this about the old-time Indians: They were men; they were honest; they faced life unafraid. Be a good Indian."

What boy is there who would not like to have such a book dedicated to him in such a manner?

CONCERNING THE MANNER in which the material for the book was gathered the author writes:

"In all parts of the country scientists are digging in the earth, writing about what they have found, and the things they find and the books they write are being stored in museums and libraries. Mrs. Holling and I have visited these museums and libraries and have talked with the scientists themselves. Besides that we have lived with Indians. In the northern forests we paddled their birch-bark canoes, and slept in their wickiups. We rode our horses beside theirs across the great plains and camped in their tepees in the mountains. In the desert they made us feel at home in their pueblos. We have fished with them in the surf on the Pacific ocean. This book is the result of some of that hunting, riding, camping and research."

OUT OF THAT EXPERIENCE has come a book of stories of Indian life, each of which describes some habit or custom of Indians in the scene of the story. There are stories of the Indians of the plains, of the Great Lakes area, of the desert, of the mountains and of the seacoast. Every page is decorated with interesting drawings and the book is superbly illustrated with colored plates. A feature which helps to make the stories intelligible is the large map just inside the cover. In every way the book is one of which the author and publisher have a right to be proud.

MY THANKS ARE Extended to the publishers, E. D. Lum and Sons, for a copy of the magazine supplement to the Richland County Farmer-Globe, of Wahpeton, which was published last September. The principal feature of the magazine is a history of Fort Abercrombie, one of the historic spots of the northwest. This involves a summary of the history of the northwest itself and there are given interesting accounts of exploration, early settlement, Indian scales, adventures in floods, fur trading and navigation, and the later development of the territory. On the cover is an excellent picture of the old fort as it was, and articles relating to it are illustrated by drawings copied from original records. The magazine will be kept in my files to serve as a reservoir of information upon which I shall draw from time to time.

GREAT FLOODS DESTROY wild life in huge quantities, and one of the modern problems is that of combining flood control with the preservation of wild life, which is not always an easy task. The biological survey people are diligently seeking ways to fit flood control works as nearly as possible to the needs of the wild creatures, a task which involves the reproduction as nearly as possible of the features which nature itself implanted on the plains and in the forests.

OLEANS ROE, OF ST. Thomas, writes from Prescott, Arizona, where he is spending the winter, sending greetings to all his friends along the Neche branch of the Great Northern where he has been employed for many years. While Arizona is a warm-weather state, Mr. Roe writes of two feet of snow having fallen earlier in the season. He also mentions a temperature of 15 to 20 below zero. I wonder if he doesn't mean above zero. Mr. Roe is the father of seven sons, two of whom who have been living at Prescott since the World war, and he is spending the winter with them. He expects to return to St. Thomas about the time the geese fly north.

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT while some great fortunes have been made in the automobile business, the customer has been getting greater value for his dollar year by year. But just how significant this change has been is scarcely appreciated unless one has an opportunity to compare specifically the present with the past. That one becomes impressed by the fact that not only have prices been greatly reduced, but the product of today is infinitely superior to that of the past in design, material and workmanship and everything that is desirable in a car.

IN THE FIFTIETH Anniversary number of Scribner's magazine are reproduced a number of advertisements which have appeared in the magazine during the half-century. One of these is a page advertisement of the Ford automobile, published in 1905. The car that is illustrated is a weird-looking vehicle, topless, of course, loaded with inconveniences, and having every appearance of discomfort. Prices are given of three models. Model C, described as a tonneau car weighing 1,250 pounds, sold for \$950 at the factory. Model F, a side entrance tonneau, weighing 1,400 pounds, sold for \$1,200. Model B, side entrance tonneau, was priced at \$2,000. The famous Model T seems to have come later, as did the transverse spring, as the picture shows the car with longitudinal springs.

VIRGINIA HAMMOND, WHO takes the role of Lady Capulet in the Shearer-Howard production of "Romeo and Juliet," recently shown in Grand Forks, was a classmate of Professor E. D. Schonberger's in a Chicago dramatic school. Miss Hammond had one of her early triumphs in E. H. Southern's production of "If I Were King" several years ago.

A LETTER FROM D. F. Douglas of Gilby encloses the report card of his sister, Esther Douglas, now Mrs. Esther Wilcox, given when she was a pupil in School Section No. 8, Howick township, which, for the information of the uninstructed, is in Huron county, Ontario. The report, printed on thin print paper, is for the month of March, 1879, and is interesting for its form and simplicity. No marks were given for subjects studied, the record being confined to attendance, recitations and conduct. On the card the pupil is credited with perfect recitations, 55; good conduct 30; and one other which cannot be deciphered, 19, making a total of 94. Esther seems to have been a good student and a well-behaved girl, for she is credited with imperfect recitations none and misdemeanors none.

AN INTERESTING FEATURE of the record is that there is provided a blank for marks on which the record of the pupil may be compared with the school record. That form reads "Greatest number of credit marks given to any member of the third class was 157, given to Joseph Wallace. Least number 65." No provision is made for recording the name of the pupil with the lowest marks, which was a kindly and sympathetic gesture, even if discipline in the old-time country school was a little rigorous.

MR. DOUGLAS WRITES: "It is interesting to note the simplicity of the card and markings in contrast to the report cards of the public schools of today upon which are recorded grades in everything from ability to effort and conduct."

HOWICK TOWNSHIP IS A few miles north of the village of Ethel, where my father lived for several years and where I spent vacations and clerked for a year in a village store. It contains much rugged country and is inhabited by a hardy race of Scots who settled there when the country was a forest wilderness. The forests are now gone, save for the wood lots that have been kept at the rear of the farms. Also they have cut down the hills to accommodate the automobile. In recent years I have driven a car without difficulty or inconvenience over roads in Howick township over which it was once a thrilling adventure to go with a horse and buggy. Many of the Howick families are now represented in North Dakota.

WHEN PRESIDENT Roosevelt proposed that judges over 70 be relegated to innocuous desuetude he started something that may have its points, kept within reasonable limits, but who knows where it will stop? The subject has peculiar interest for all who are approaching the end of their first century, and there are a lot of us. It seems incumbent on us to start a backfire as a means of self-preservation. It is recalled that the convention that framed the constitution of the United States was by no means a gathering of youngsters, and that Benjamin Franklin, who was more than 80, was one of its most influential spirits. Longfellow, too, at 70 or more, had ideas on the subject of age, and wrote this:

"Cato learned Greek at eighty;
Sophocles wrote his grand Oedipus, and
Simonides bore off the prize of verse from
his compeers when each had numbered more
than fourscore years; And Theophrastus, at fourscore
and ten had but begun his Characters of
men. Chaucer, at Woodstock with the
nightingales,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury
Tales; Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the
last, Completed Faust when 80 years
were past.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD HAS just been observing the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dwight L. Moody, undoubtedly the greatest of modern evangelists. It must be nearly 40 years since Moody visited Grand Forks and he spoke at the Metropolitan theater. His stocky build and appearance of vigor, his vigorous utterance and the impression of profound sincerity which he conveyed are still vivid memories. He was never guilty of clowning, and he had none of the sensational tricks that were used by some other exhorters, and it is generally accepted that the results which he achieved were more enduring than theirs. In a Grand Forks address he used as his text "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and as he repeated the text from time to time he drove it home with sledge-hammer blows.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S Father had a philosophy of his own which crops out often in the Kipling autobiography which is now being published. Kipling had in mind a story dealing with the period during which the Romans occupied England. During a visit to the parental home he spoke of the idea to his father, and the two men "smoked" it over together. The father said, not for the first time, "Most things in this world are accomplished by judicious leaving alone." Kipling let the story alone for a while, and when it had been sufficiently incubated it came forth.

THERE IS A DELICIOUS BIT about Kipling's visit to Montreal where he received an honorary degree, the first of many to be bestowed on him. He writes:

"The university received me with interest, and after I had delivered a highly moral discourse, the students dumped me into a fragile horse-vehicle, which they hurtled through the streets. Said one nice child sitting on the hood of it: 'You gave us a dam dull speech. Can't you say anything amusin' now?'"

A DEAR OLD LADY, WRITING from a long distance, sends an ancient, yellowed clipping on prison reform in which is told the story of the reform method adopted by an Oklahoma judge. He sentenced a young man to a year in prison, but suspended sentence, saying:

"I'm going to allow the sheriff to make a man of you. I am going away, but in three months I shall return. Instead of sending you to prison I am going to instruct the sheriff to keep you here in jail. If, when I come back, you have learned the Ten Commandments, The Lord's Prayer and two of the Psalms, and can repeat them correctly, I will release you. If not, you must go to prison." The story is that the young man reformed and became a good citizen.

PICTURES OF LINCOLN AND stories about him are always numerous about the anniversary of his birth. The great majority of them emphasize the penury of his youth and his employment in many forms of manual labor. It is true that in his early years Lincoln spent much of his time laboring with his hands. But essentially and temperamentally he was not a backwoodsman or a manual worker. He was a student and thinker, and he preferred to work with his mind rather than with his hands.

THERE ARE MANY MEN, splendidly equipped mentally, leaders in commerce or the professions, who have an innate love of manual work and who occupy themselves with it in periods of relaxation. Lincoln was not of that type. He chopped down trees, and split rails, and grubbed out stumps as a means of making a living, and he was faithful and diligent in such occupations. But he did not love that type of work for its own sake and he abandoned it as soon as he could. And I have seen nothing anywhere to indicate that in his later life he shared in any measure the feeling of affection for the life of his boyhood such as is found in many a man of wealth and position who, having been reared on a farm, buys himself a farm for a plaything.

ACCOMPANYING A LETTER from Neil McDougall of Omemee are copies of the Kincardine, Ontario, in which are reproduced parts of the articles on passenger pigeons which recently were published in this column. Mr. McDougall, a native of the vicinity of Kincardine, sent clippings to his former home paper, knowing that flights of passenger pigeons were once familiar sights in Ontario. Miss Jane P. Yemen, who conducts a department in the Kincardine paper and who arranges the Stevens letters for republication, says: "Mr. Stevens rendered a great service to all America in writing those letters on pigeons."

AS A GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS Miss Yemen had one view of a flock of passenger pigeons, which she records in the following paragraph:

"WE HAD AT THAT TIME NO school on our concession and bush separated us from the next concessions, so at six years of age I had been sent to my grandfather's to begin my education. Now our family had moved to another farm, a frame house had been built and lumber piles stood around for a barn. Like a visitor I came home to get acquainted with the small members of the family. A path was to be cleared to a school on the next concession. As all was new and strange, impressions were very vivid. The high lumber piles easily climbed at the corners made a happy hunting ground. On top of these a small sister and I were busy when we heard the sound of a rushing and mighty wind. We looked up and saw a wonderful sight. Like a cloud darkening the sunny afternoon came flocks and flocks of birds. Fear never entered our minds. They were flying low, and now I know they were going to their rookery in Ashfield township, Huron county, thirteen acres in extent. We stood up, clapped our hands and made as much noise as possible. We knew they feared us for they tried to rise higher but those following kept the same low level as our clamor ceased and those in front dropped to their former path. The procession seemed endless. When we descended from the lumber pile it was to find our mother and by persistent and subtle questioning assure ourselves that we knew all she did about wild pigeons."

MR. McDOUGALL, WHO Acted as the medium for this exchange of information, spent his boyhood on his father's farm near Kincardine, of which he writes:

"My grandfather took up the farm in 1852. On his death in 1863 it passed to my father, and on his death in 1876 the farm passed to the third generation. My brother, who is of the third generation, is now in possession of the old homestead. This farm has never had a mortgage placed on it, and as far as I know the taxes never were delinquent."

A pretty good record for nearly a century.

A WRITER IN ONE OF THE current magazines discusses swing music. He likes it and apparently believes that he understands it. But according to him few players, and practically none of the general public know anything about it. It is something too deep for the comprehension of ordinary mortals. And he has a low opinion of those who say that they do not like it. What, he wants to know, does the elderly lady who attends symphony concerts know about swing music? Can she play it? She cannot. Can she even hum it? Not at all. Very well, then; what does she know about music, and what business has she to think that she likes or dislikes any of it?

IT HAPPENS THAT I NEVER made an apple pie. I never even made a pie crust. I am quite sure that if I should attempt it the result would be horrible. Yet I think that I like apple pie, when it is well made. I may be mistaken, but that's the way I feel about it. And I am quite sure that I should not like the filling of my pie flavored with mustard or asafetida. I never tried it that way, but I know I shouldn't like it.

NEVERTHELESS, I SHALL go on eating the kind of pie that I like, when I can get it, and whose business is it? I should like to know. And if I prefer what once was called music to what is now called swing, and if I don't care a whoop to see a drummer juggle his sticks or a cornetist dance a jig, is that any of the swinger's business? Them as likes it can have it, but excuse me!

EVER SINCE KIPLING wrote "On the Road to Mandalay" carping critics have found fault with his geography, pointing out that Moulmein, the home of one of the singers, is not on the road to anywhere and does not command "any view of any sun rising across the Bay of Bengal. On this point Kipling makes the following comment in his autobiography:

"HAD I OPENED THE Chorus of the song with 'Oh' instead of 'On the road,' etc., it might have shown that the song was a sort of general mix-up of the singer's Far-Eastern memories against a back-ground of the Bay of Bengal as seen at dawn from a troop-ship taking him there. But 'On' in this case was more singable than 'Oh.' That simple explanation may stand as a warning."

WHEN AN AMERICAN WAR vessel entered Manila bay not long ago the customary salute of nineteen guns was fired in honor of the president of the Philippines. The only government vessel in the harbor was the presidential yacht and she had no guns with which to return the salute. One of the officers, however, had a revolver, and with that the salute was solemnly returned, pop, pop, pop, nineteen times. That met all the requirements.

THERE WAS A CASE IN which a British battleship, visiting a foreign port somewhere in the Mediterranean, fired the customary salute, but with small guns, for blanks for big guns cost money. The local authorities thought they were being slighted, and demanded more noise. The battleship captain let them have it. He repeated the salute with his heaviest guns, and before the salute was over all the windows in the town were shattered.

THEN THERE WAS THE case in which President Borno of Haiti was permitted to enter New York harbor without the customary salute. He made no protest, but Washington demanded an explanation of the omission. The top officer explained that he had ordered the salute and had passed the order on to his next in rank, who had passed it on to a lieutenant, who had forgotten all about it. President Coolidge then ordered that when the dark-hued president left New York the usual salute should be given, and that every responsible officer, from the top down, should be on the job in person while the guns were being fired.

THE FAMOUS DIONNE Quintuplets have been guarded by the Ontario government almost ever since their birth. Now they have been copyrighted by the dominion government of Canada. Because their name, or variations of it, have been used by some advertisers without authority the copyright law has been brought into play, and hereafter it will be unlawful for any person to use for advertising purposes the names "Dionne," "quintuplets," "quints," or any other designation which will be understood to apply to the five Callendar babies, without permission from their legal guardian. The law does not prohibit the birth of another set of five, but if that should occur they would have to be given another set of titles.

IF ANY READER OF THIS column has information about the late Charles M. Russell, -famous cowboy artist, and will forward it to James B. Rankin, 423 West 118th St. New York City, it will be gratefully received. Mr. Rankin is preparing a biography of Russell and is compiling a catalogue of his work. He intends to record all possible original pictures, modelings, letters and books illustrated by Russell and to make contact with any who knew him well. Although Russell spent most of his life in Montana, he visited North Dakota several times, and in all probability he left evidences of his presence in the state. He was an Elk, and it is thought possible that some of the Elks lodges in the state may contain work done by Russell.

SPEAKING AT THE Dedication of the new high school building on Thursday evening, Dean Bek, of the University Liberal Arts department, mentioned six former students of the Grand Forks high school who had distinguished themselves in their subsequent studies in college. The Herald's circulation department is rather proud of the fact that four of those students, Robert Mautz, James Otto, Fred Mosher and William Krueger, served as Herald carriers during all, or most of their high school years.

AN OLD GREAT NORTHERN Railway man sends in this contribution on auto speed, which makes up in punch what it may lack in poetic quality:

AUTO SPEED.

Hurry; hurry! Get there! Scoot! The undertaker has your suit! Clear ahead; don't look around; Look much better under ground. Slippery pavement, never fear; You'll grow like it in a year. Railroad crossing—you and wife Will sit beneath the tree of life. Pull the throttle, use the gas! I'll tell your friends I saw you pass!

ACCORDING TO THE TERMS of a resolution pending in the North Dakota legislature, and which may have passed by this time, the official language of the state is to be known hereafter as "American," not "English." Nevertheless and notwithstanding, most of us will continue to speak English, just as we have been accustomed to do.

MANY PERSONS HAVE struggled laboriously to establish the existence of an American, as distinguished from the English language, but nobody has made any great success of it. The basis of the language commonly spoken in every American state and in most of the British possessions is Anglo Saxon, with which has been merged a quantity of Norman-French and scholarly Latin and Greek. In addition to that there have been borrowings from every language in the world. The language is as much Uncle Sam's as it is John Bull's, but it is one language.

THE LANGUAGE IS NOT spoken in the United States quite as it is in England. It is not spoken in Yorkshire precisely as in Devonshire, though those two English counties are only a few hours apart by train. Neither is it spoken in North Dakota as it is in South Carolina or Vermont. In each case there are local idioms and bits of slang in the common speech which residents of other localities find strange. And even among the educated there are decided differences in accent originating in local custom. Those things do not affect the identity of the language. Open any well written book at random and read a page, and unless there is some local reference you can't tell whether it was written in the United States, England or Australia. But if it was written in any one of these countries in the native tongue, it was written in English.

WHAT IS SAID TO BE THE smallest book in the world was recently presented to the library of Columbia University. It contains a translation of "The Rose Garden," by Omar Khayyam, printed on 27 pages, each of which measures one-fourth of an inch by three-eighths of an inch. It was privately printed in 1932 by a firm in Worcester, Mass. I have often wondered what became of the smallest book that I ever saw. It was a tiny volume measuring about an inch each way, substantially bound in stiff covers, and containing, I should say, about 100 pages. It was printed in small, but quite readable type, and its contents consisted of a child's story of whose nature I have now no recollection although I read it through many times. The book was a family possession of my grandparents, but how it came into their possession, or why it was published, I have no idea. It disappeared, together with a lot of other things that now would have been precious.

A LETTER FROM THE OLD home country is a delight, provided it expresses the personality of the writer and is not indicative of a desire to be formal. One such letter has just been received from a former girl schoolmate between whom and our family there has been conducted during the past few years a desultory correspondence. For the purpose of this comment the writer shall be known as Susan, because that is not quite her name. Susan writes just as she talks and acts just as she did 60-odd years ago, slap-dash and helter-skelter. Always she was a bundle of energy, and her comment on persons and things is utterly frank and unaffected.

APOLOGIZING FOR DELAY in writing she says, "I shall soon be 72, and at that age I think you slow up some." That idea has just occurred to her, but when we saw her last she gave no evidence of slowing up, nor does her letter indicate any abatement of interest in what is going on around her.

REFERRING TO ANOTHER old acquaintance she says: "I met Tom Blank the other day, and he said 'Susan, I am not well. My heart is bad.' I felt like telling him that if he left liquor alone perhaps his heart would be all right." The surprising thing is that she did not tell him. Tom is only 70, but he ought to have learned by this time to use liquor in moderation, if at all. But boys will be boys.

THEN THERE IS JIM DASH. Jim has been a widower for many years, and lived on the old farm in the house occupied by his son and son's family. But he lived by himself, takes care of his own room and does his own cooking. The other day Susan met him in a store buying a darning needle with which to mend his socks, so that he will have something to occupy his time. What a difference in types. If Susan lives to be 90 she will never be at a loss for something with which to occupy her time. To her the world is as fresh and interesting as it was 60 years ago. She may "slow up," but not much.

THIS SUPREME COURT Discussion brings up the matter of age in various forms. Among other things it has reminded me of a cartoon published many years ago. It may have been by Briggs, or possibly Gibson. In the picture are a very old man and a boy of about eight. The boy is telling his grandfather's fortune with a pack of cards. Looking intently at the cards to decipher their message the boy says, "Grandpa, you are going on a long, long journey." The amused, quizzical expression on the old man's face shows that he detects a hidden meaning in the words that is not grasped by the boy. He foresees a "long, long journey" of a sort quite different from that which the boy finds in the cards.

SOMEONE ASKS IF THERE is any wood that is heavier than water. I'm not posted on woods, and for all I know there may be several kinds that are heavier than water. Teak, however, is heavier than water when green, and for that reason it cannot be rafted down the East Indian rivers where it grows until it has been seasoned. Seasoning is done while the tree is standing. The tree is girdled to prevent the circulation of sap, and the tree is then allowed to stand for two or three years before being cut down. Teak has been used extensively in shipbuilding because, in addition to other valuable properties it neither shrinks nor warps.

A LITTLE OVER 30 YEARS ago the Wrights, for the first time in history, flew in a machine operated by mechanical power. Since their exploit and its later development, not only have men flown t h e continents and the seas under mechanical power, but they have flown for hours at a time without any power at all save that supplied by the wind itself. Long before the Wrights innumerable persons, including t h e mythical Darius Green, attempted unsuccessfully to fly as a bird flies, using the power of their own muscles for suspension and propulsion. Broken bones including necks, resulted, but nobody flew.

THE FEAT WHICH SO MANY men attempted, and in which all failed, has at last been performed. Two or three weeks ago, at Milan, Italy, Vittorio Bonomi, an Italian pilot, flew five-eighths of a mile in an "aerocycle" which took off and flew with the aid of no power save that of the pilot's sturdy legs operating a pair of bicycle pedals which, in turn, whirled a propeller. The machine rose to a height of 28 feet and attained a speed of 20 miles an hour. The new flying machine was designed by Enea Bossi, a naturalized Italian who is in charge of one of the research sections of a Philadelphia manufacturing plant. Two years ago a German flier utilized the bicycle-pedal system for a short flight, but in his take-off he was assisted by a powerful rubber cable.

O. O. MINTYRE WANTS TO know what's become of hog's head cheese. Just between the two of us, it's down at our house—what there is left of it. This is not the head cheese of commerce, all gooey, or dry as chips, with all the life pressed out of it, but honest-to-goodness head cheese, just like grandma used to make.

THE M A K I N G OF HEAD-cheese is in danger of becoming a lost art, but really it's quite simple. For the best results the head should be a fairly large one, so that the addition of extraneous material will not be necessary. The head should stand on its own feet, so to speak. In case of necessity the feet of the animal may be used, but this is apt to yield too much jelly. It's cheese that we are after, not glue. And if a big, plump head is used the cheeks may be saved for another purpose. The tongue makes a satisfactory addition to the structure.

FOR THE PROPER Dissection of a pig's head a quiet Sunday afternoon should be chosen, and there should be no spectators. In the good old days it was customary to use an ax for the major dissecting operations, but the ax invariably shattered the bony structure and it was next to impossible to remove all the tiny bits of bone. The use of a meat saw avoids this, and is a decided improvement.

WHEN THE HEAD IS CUT UP and trimmed it is put to soak in salt water and then boiled until tender. The bones are then removed and the meat is chopped. I have been told that some misguided persons run their headcheese through a meat-chopper, a practice which should be prohibited by law. What is wanted is a wooden bowl and a sharp chopping knife which will leave the meat in fragments just the right size.

FOR SEASONING ONLY SALT, pepper and sage are permissible. The salt and pepper can be bought anywhere, but the sage should be grown in the home garden, gathered preferably just when the leaves have dried off following a rain and before they have had time to gather dust. It should be hung to cure in the shade, and when cured the leaves should be separated carefully from sticks and stems and packed carefully, in a tight jar. That will give you seasoning that has some kick in it.

IF ALL THE INGREDIENTS in the headcheese are properly balanced and the cooling is done just right the, result will be a real work of art. A pig, properly bred and reared, has a substantial tail. Head and tail may well meet in headcheese, for there seems to be a harmonious relationship between them. But the tail alone, roasted, makes a delectable dish. Then there are the cheeks. They look fat, and they are, in a sense, but their fat is different. It is granular, which other fat is not, and a slice of it, fried, makes good filling for a sandwich. One of the good old customs was to pickle the cheeks for a couple of weeks in a mild brine containing just a touch of brown sugar and then smoke them.

WHENEVER THEY BUILD A more powerful gun, that will drive J a heavier projectile a greater distance with greater force, somebody immediately brings out something new in the way of armor, of greater weight and of tougher steel, that will resist the discharge from the new gun. So, when the device of the sit-down strike was invented, it became incumbent on somebody to devise a new method to meet this novel attack. Mr. Bendix is the man who did the trick, in at least one instance.

MR. BENDIX IS HEAD OF the company which makes the Bendix starter. That, as you know, is the little dingus under the hood which gives the engine a start when you step on the right button. It is a marvel of simplicity and ingenuity, but not more simple and ingenious than the method employed by Mr. Bendix to deal with a strike. In the Bendix plant, according to the story there was a strike with the modern sit-down accompaniment. A number of the employees just stuck around, refusing either to work or to get out.

MR. BENDIX WAS NOT Disturbed. He made no attempt to evict the trespassers. He sought no injunction, nor did he call for the police or the militia. He just took a handful of five-dollar bills, went down the street and hired 25 comely girls at five dollars each and. told them to go down to the plant, make themselves at home and entertain the boys. The news spread quickly, and in scarcely more time than it takes to tell it, every striker's wife was down at the plant, dragging her husband out by his left ear. That particular sit-down strike was busted.

THERE ARE PERSONS WHO have a knack for remembering figures. I never had. And I never cared much. Usually one can find all the figures he needs by looking them up, so why wear out the brain cells trying to engrave them on the memory? Of course there are figures that one has had so thoroughly drilled into him that he couldn't forget them if he tried. I know offhand, for instance, that William the Conqueror "came over" in 1066, that there are 5,280 feet in a mile, that the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776, and just a few things like that. I know that the debt of the federal government is 34 billions, plus, but I don't try to remember that because it will be more next week. And the most eminent statistician couldn't tell you what it was last week without looking up his records.

THERE ARE, H O W E V E R, ways of remembering things, and in his autobiography Paderewski tells of what he has found necessary in his own experience. On one occasion he was to play on short notice a number of compositions unfamiliar to him, and he crammed for the occasion. He began the concert fearful that he might forget some of the passages, but he got through without making a mistake. But next day, to his astonishment he found that he couldn't remember a single one of the numbers. Anent which he moralizes:

"ALL THIS SHOWS THAT nothing can be accomplished through one big effort of forced memory. I crammed and I stuffed myself literally like one of the famous Strasbourg geese! Every student should realize that good and enduring results are only obtainable through a series of small but continuous daily efforts, but a single effort is absolutely sterile. Knowledge, whether in science or in art, or in any human occupation, can be achieved only through daily toil and effort."

OF THE CREATION OF Organizations, as of the writing of books, there is no end. One of the new organizations is that of the "Fifty years in business" club, whose founder, Charles C. Gilbert, of Nashville, Tenn., is trying to round up all the concerns in the United States that have been in business 50 years or more. Thus far he has listed 3,697 newspapers, magazines and other publications, 2,207 banks and banking institutions, 1,198 Industrial and mercantile firms and establishments and 368 schools, churches, lodges and other organizations.

MR. GILBERT'S INTEREST IN the subject is not confined merely to a desire to assemble figures. He believes that both sound sentiment, business and service can be prompted by bringing into contact those associated with institutions of long standing and successful experience, and he subscribes to the sentiment expressed long ago, and now partly forgotten:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried, Nor yet the last to cast the old aside."

I AM INDEBTED TO PROFESSOR W. H. Moran for an opportunity to inspect a copy of McGuffey's fifth grade reader which was one of his father's textbooks and which is still in good condition, though showing evidences of wear. In the introductory part of the book are instructions for reading which are carefully worked out, and these, and the arrangement of the reading lessons, show that much thought was given to the preparation of the work. Of the prose selections there are only a few which would be included in reading courses today, but among the poetic selections there is a liberal representation of such authors as Shakespeare, Byron, Whittier, Bryant and others whose work forms a necessary part of the modern textbook.

I WAS INTERESTED IN A letter in the New York Times from Katherine W. Stewart, of Dayton, Ohio, a granddaughter of Dr. McGuffey, commenting on another writer's expression of regret that in recently published collection of "Old Favorites from the McGuffey Readers" no Christmas selections are included. She explains as follows:

"DR. M'GUFFEY'S PARENTS were Covenanters, as were many of the large groups of pioneers who came from Scotland following the Revolution, and settled in Western Pennsylvania and later developed the Ohio country. The feasts of the church as we know them today must have been quite unknown to the circle in which he grew up, and Christmas stories for the young had not yet been published, or if they had they had not yet crossed the mountains.

"MY MOTHER WAS THE Eldest daughter of Dr. McGuffey, and from her I learned a great deal of the days in which the early editions of the McGuffey Readers were developed. One of her stories which interested me the most was her account of the first time she ever heard of Christmas. It was after the family had moved from Oxford to Cincinnati, when she was about 12. Her uncle, Alexander McGuffey, gave her one December morning a beautiful cornucopia filled with candy and with the greeting, Merry Christmas. She was delighted to have the candy, a rare treat for a little girl in those days, but quite mystified by the greeting, and asked in surprise, What is Merry Christmas?"

DOES ANY FORMER Canadian who reads this know where the village of Orono, Ontario, is? I don't, and I should like to find it, for evidently it is an unusual place. It is described as a village of 600 population, absolutely without debt. Everything in the place is paid for, including the church, the schools and the sidewalks, and not one of its homes is mortgaged. The village jail is used as a storehouse, for there have been no arrests in the place for 50 years. The community contains neither rich nor poor, and when some years ago a good woman left to the village \$1,000 to be distributed to the needy the village fathers didn't know what to do with it.

NOTWITHSTANDING THIS blissful condition Orono has a serious problem confronting it. Its population is dwindling. The place is inhabited principally by retired farmers and the birth rate is far below the death rate. When an inhabitant dies there is another empty house, a condition which affects property values, and farmers are not moving in as they once did. The village has a chamber of commerce which will try to market some of the vacant property, so as to insure the continued existence of the village, which was founded 104 years ago.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THAT village seems to show that something more is needed in a community than just keeping out of debt. If the good people of Orono could start a fight about something, or load themselves up with a bond issue, it might ginger things up.

I HAVE BEEN ASKED IF MY tulips are up yet. I don't know. They are covered with about four feet of snow, and I am not going to dig into that to look. But I haven't a doubt that under the snow where they catch the slight warmth from the basement wall, the plants are at work and that their shoots are either above the ground or just preparing to cornel through. I have read of an Alpine plant that sends its first shoots through frozen earth or ice, not by main force, but by generating heat through some chemical action and thus thawing its way to the surface, but I don't think that tulips work that way.

WUENTIN ANDERSON, A Senior in Columbia college, and son of Maxwell Anderson, famous playwright and former University of North Dakota student, is one of fifteen young men who will represent Columbia in an intercollegiate spelling match to be held by radio in the near future. He won his position on the team notwithstanding his failure to spell the word "oscitancy" correctly in a try-out. Twenty-five young men and one woman student presented themselves for the tryout, and in three-quarters of an hour twenty-one boys and the lone girl had bit the dust or choked on misplaced letters. When Anderson was floored only two others remained. One of the two went down on "herpetology" and the last on "nescience."

QUITE OFTEN SPELLING comes handy in the life of the college student. In the room occupied by two of them one student, laboring over a letter home, demanded of his room-mate who was immersed in material for tomorrow's test: "How many n's in "financially?" "Two," replied his companion, without raising his eyes from the book, adding, as an appropriate sequel: and there arc two r's in "embarrassed."

THE MAIL BRINGS A Cordial invitation to send for material descriptive of the new Encyclopedia Britannica. I understand that the new edition of that monumental work is a fine one, but I haven't quite finished reading the old one yet. There is a story of an elderly traveling man—English of course— who found it difficult to go to sleep unless he read something in bed which would bring his mind to a state of complete composure. Therefore he always carried with him a volume of the Britannica which he read until sleep overcame him. He had begun at the beginning and read every article, just as it came. He was found one morning peacefully sleeping his last sleep with the book beside him opened at the article on hibernation.

FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY of Jasper Vale, long a resident of Grand Forks, will be interested in learning of an accident which befel Robert E. Martin, of Oakland, California, whose wife was Marie Vale, a University of North Dakota student and prominent in musical circles during her residence here. A few days before Christmas Mr. Martin, assistant manager of a gold mining company was severely burned by contact with a highly charged wire at the company's mine about 30 miles east of Stockton. A large scraper broke loose from a tractor and rolled down a hill to a pole carrying the power line. The pole was broken in the impact, snapping the wires and permitting them to fall to the ground. Mr. Martin rushed to the spot to supervise repairs, and in the darkness accidentally walked into one of the wires. He is recovering in an Oakland hospital, but it will be several months before he is able to be out, as the tendons of both feet and hands are almost burned away.

HOW FAST CAN A GRIZZLY bear run? The animal is awkward in appearance, and by many persons is supposed to be slow on its feet. But Thompson Seton, the naturalist, says that for 50 or 100 yards the grizzly can outrun any horse, and that he can keep up that speed for a great distance. Seton says that Indian ponies that have wintered out and are in poor condition in the spring are frequently captured by grizzlies.

PERSONS WHO Contemplate visiting any of the larger western national parks may meet grizzlies as well as other bears, for they have them there, and it is well not to take liberties with any of them. Several cases are reported by Yellowstone park rangers in which grizzlies have been clocked by auto speedometers at 28 and 30 miles an hour. One such case occurred when a mother grizzly had become separated from her cubs and apparently thinking that a passing car has something to do with their disappearance she chased the car for several miles and kept up with it at 30 miles an hour, which was as fast as the driver could go under the road conditions at that place and time.

ON A FARM NEAR WINGHAM, Ontario, lives Dolly, a horse now 40 years old, who for thirty years had taken her master, Walter Carruthers, to town almost daily. She had learned to know her master's town cronies, and when she sees one of them waiting, without command or guidance she will pull up to the curb and stop while the two men chat.

Thirty years ago Dolly's master, an expert barn framer, fell from a building on which he was working and so injured his spine that the doctors said he would never walk again. He never did walk well, but when he was able to hitch himself about he had made for him a carriage so constructed that he could get in and out and sit in it with comfort. Then he bought Dolly, who was then 10 years old, and hitched her to the buggy. Almost daily ever since she has made that trip to town and back with her master, and she is still doing it, though she has no longer the sprightliness of youth. Mr. Carruthers attributes Dolly's long life and good health to the fact that she has never pastured on grass.

MENTION OF A VERY OLD horse brings to my mind my grandfather's little buckskin nag, Jack, who lived to be 30 and was able to do a moderate day's work almost up to the time of his death. Jack was a churchgoing horse, and if he could have *so* arranged it he would have had every day Sunday. A mile from the farm was a cross road. Straight ahead the road led to town, but the turn to the left led to the little country church where the family worshipped. In the churchyard was a big shed for the accommodation of the members' teams, and as services were held morning and afternoon, with an intermission at noon for lunch the horses had a long, idle day, with nothing to do but eat hay and munch oats. In driving to town during the week it was difficult to keep Jack going straight ahead. He would make a plunge for that corner and insist on going to church.

AN EFFORT WAS MADE TO oust the chief of police of a New Jersey township on the ground that he is unable to read or write, and therefore ineligible for the position. The officer steadfastly refused to commit himself on the subject or to submit to a test, and the complainants were stumped. They insisted that the officer was illiterate, but they couldn't prove it. The township recorder testified that the chief had never made out a written complaint in his court, but that he, himself, had always made out summonses. But on cross-examination he admitted that he had never asked the chief to draft a complaint, so that was that. In the meantime a petition signed by 830 citizens asked that the chief be retained regardless of his literary attainments.

IN ANSWER TO A RECENT inquiry in this column concerning Charles M. Russell, the cowboy artist, Ted Worrall, of Loma, Montana, writes that he is acquainted with several persons who knew Russell well. He says that there is an excellent collection of Russell's paintings and personal belongings on display at Great Falls.

SCIENTISTS FROM THE United States department of agriculture found in the valley of the Tigris, near the reputed site of the Garden of Eden, the largest watermelons that they had ever seen. The country is semi-arid, receiving only about 12 inches of rain each year. The melons are grown along the river, close to the water. There, in sand or gravel, is dug a trench about three feet deep at the bottom of which the seed is planted. As the plants grow earth and manure are filled around them until the trench is full. Thus assured of food and water the vines grow and spread, and melons of excellent quality and astonishing size are grown.

THE AMERICAN SCIENTISTS are in search of foreign-grown plants which may prove useful in dry areas of the United States. Some of our most useful grains and forage plants have been brought from distant parts of the world by agents of the department of agriculture.

A FEW DAYS AGO AT THE meeting of the North Dakota society in Washington, D. C., the banquet toastmaster, Sydney L. Wardwell, called attention to the fact that in addition to himself and the guest of honor, Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, there were present at the table six other persons who were classmates at the University of North Dakota 37 years ago, these being Senator Lynn Frazier, Representative William Lemke, Dr. John Coulter, Judge Crewe, Charles D. Hamel and J. F. T. O'Connor, while four others of the same class, John Hancock, Colonel Don MacDonald, Mrs. Flora Baptie Evans and James Douglas, while not present at the banquet, live either in Washington or only a short distance away.

DR. STEFANSSON CITED HIS own experience and observation in the Arctic in refutation of the familiar idea that it is almost necessarily fatal for a person lost in a blizzard to lie down and sleep. This, he said, is not true unless the sleep is that of exhaustion. He said that the Eskimo caught in a blizzard will pull his arms inside his parka against his body, sit down with his back to the wind and rest and sleep for hours until the storm abates. He recalled the experience of an Eskimo woman who thus slept at intervals for three days and nights during a storm, rising and exercising when she became too cold for comfort, then placidly going to sleep again. She was asleep when found, and her only complaint on being awakened was that she was hungry.

I HAVE A LETTER FROM Archer B. Gilfillan, the "shepherd" who spoke entertainingly at the recent meeting of the North Dakota Wool Growers in Grand Forks in which the writer refers facetiously to the extreme cold of the Grand Forks weather during the convention and the bleak appearance of the prairies, buried deep in snow. As the letter bore a Pierre, South Dakota date, I assumed hastily that the writer was a South Dakotan, and I thought it odd that a resident of that state should find snow and cold weather so unusual. Finally I got my bearings and realized that the writer is the shepherd-at-large who has herded sheep down close to the tropics as well as in more northern latitudes. Under the supposition that he was a South Dakota man I had checked up a little on weather conditions in the sister state and found that at the time of the Grand Forks convention South Dakota was having its touch of winter weather, with temperatures below zero, and that stock was dying because feed on the range was buried in snow. South Dakota roads were blocked and the press dispatches told of numerous persons being storm-stayed.

AS TO SNOW, I CAN ASSURE Mr. Gilfillan that he "ain't seen nuthin" yet. The weather bureau reported 13.1 inches of snow on the ground at Grand Forks on January 31. Before the wool convention six inches more had fallen. That is much less snow than they have over in Minnesota and very much less than the normal snowfall in any of the states or provinces east of us. It is also less than would be welcome here, as we realize the need for water.

I HAVE FOUND OUT ABOUT Orono, the Ontario village that has no public debt, no mortgages and no crime. M. F. Swanston, of Michigan, tells about it in the following letter:

"IN YOUR THAT REMINDS Me column of yesterday, you asked where the town of Orono, Ontario was located. I have a sister living in the town of Orono at the present time, a Mrs. S. M. Eillings. The town is located in Clark township Durham county, Ontario. It's al very pretty town, well kept, with beautiful homes all owned by a very thrifty English, Irish and Scotch peoples.

"THE WRITER LIVED THERE at one time, from 1881 to 1883, although born at Port Hope, Ontario. It might be interesting to you to know that I attended the same school at Port Hope, with the former publisher of The Herald, Norman Black and the late Admiral Sims."

SEVERAL, CORRESPONDENTS of the St. Paul Dispatch in replying to criticisms of the confusion caused at a recent dramatic entertainment in the St. Paul auditorium by occupants of the balcony moving to the lower floor, have attributed this change of seats to the poor acoustic properties of the building. They say that although the entertainer at the time was an experienced professional it was quite impossible to hear her from their original seats. Protesting to the management they were permitted to take seats on the lower floor.

GRAND FORKS PEOPLE ARE fortunate in the acoustic properties of the new High School auditorium. The room has been care fully designed so that those on the stage can be heard as well as seen. An ordinary speaking voice on the stage can be heard in any part of the room. Both audiences and speakers will appreciate the difference between this and the old city auditorium in which it has been necessary to hold most of our larger gatherings for several years. On the other hand, excellent acoustics characterized the old Metropolitan.

IN CONNECTION WITH Acoustics it may be observed that no design of building can compensate for weak tones and indistinct utterance on the stage. Too little attention is often given in schools to the art of speaking. One result of this neglect is that in many local talent performances the words spoken on the stage are inaudible to most of those in the audience. It may be said that few school children are expected to become professional entertainers or orators. But there are few persons to whom ability to express themselves readily, correctly and intelligibly would not be of value on many occasions. Hence sound voice training is an important part of education.

A CORRESPONDENT AT Devils Lake wonders why we can't have road rights-of-way six rods wide. He writes: "I believe in Canada the road allowance is eight rods wide. If we had six rods that would leave a rod on the outside of each ditch that could be reached with a team and mower and would give all farmers with teams and tractors a chance to go to the fields and stay off the highways. If all farmers would consent to build fences three rods from the center of the highway we would have 100 per cent better roads in winter. Can't something be done about this by the state legislature which is now in session at Bismarck?"

I THINK THE Correspondent is mistaken about the width of the Canadian roads. I have in mind those of Manitoba and the other western provinces. My information is that the roadways there are six rods—practically 100 feet—wide, as against the four rods customary on this side of the line. Another difference is that the Manitoba highway is separate from and in addition to the section of one mile square, while with us the roadway is taken from the square mile. The strip of land along the international boundary which is often supposed to be a sort of no-man's land is really the six rods reserved by the government for road purposes when the land was surveyed.

IN THIS COUNTRY THERE has been considerable demand for wider right-of-way and many of the trunk roads have thus been widened. Usually this has been done to provide better facilities for grading and drainage. In Manitoba the strips along the ditches are habitually used by horse-drawn vehicles. With us when a right-of-way is widened it is through agreement with owners of adjoining property or by means of condemnation proceedings.

I AM NOT LIKELY TO Forget where Orono, Ontario, is. I am receiving letters each day telling about it. George J. Smith of St. Thomas, writes that he was born at Brougham, about 35 miles from Orono, but he has not seen the place for 60 years, and 35 miles was quite a distance so long ago. An account of the fiftieth wedding anniversary was given in The Herald last year. Mr. Smith came to St. Thomas in 1885.

MRS. M. W. M'QUEEN OF Langdon writes that she visited Orono some 40 years ago, and that she has relatives there who will be surprised at the publicity which their village has received. I find that in 1935 I drove within about 30 miles of Orono, as it is about that distance north of Highway No. 2, which parallels the north shore of Lake Ontario.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, FOR many years one of the country's leading actors, has retired to a home for aged actors in New York. Faversham will be best remembered in the part of Jim Carson in "The Squaw Man" in which his finished performance won him plaudits wherever he went. He played for several years in Charles Frohman's companies, and he was leading man for Mrs. Fiske in several of her successful plays. After a long and successful career he was adjudged bankrupt a few years ago, and now, at the reputed age of 69, he passes into oblivion. Too bad!

C. E. COLOSKY, SECRETARY-treasurer of the Grand Forks county Historical society, is performing a valuable work in the collection of material relating to the early history of Grand Forks county. To many of the older residents he has sent out questionnaires the replies to which will cover much of the period of settlement. While a number of responses have been made, others are still to come, and it is urged that those in possession of useful material of the character requested send it in as soon as possible to Mr. Colosky at Manvel. Not only is there much valuable historical material which should be assembled while there is yet time, but scattered about the county are innumerable objects of interest associated with the days of settlement. Many such objects are of little value to their owners, but they would add greatly to a historical collection. Mr. Colosky would be glad to have information concerning old books, documents or articles of historic interest. The county society is co-operating with the state society in the prosecution of this work.

A LETTER RECEIVED FROM a local friend from Mrs. T. De Witt Tanner, of Bellingham, Wash., contains interesting notes of a journey in far-off places. Mrs. Tanner will be remembered in Grand Forks as Mrs. Frank Van Kirk. A widow for several years, she married Rev. T. De Witt Tanner, rector of a Bellingham church. For several years Mr. and Mrs. Tanner have made extended trips in Europe and the Orient, and they are now enjoying another such journey.

THE LETTER JUST Received was written at sea on the way from India to Mombassa on the east coast of Africa where the party was to visit the big game country of the interior. A similar party last year saw 200 elephants at about the same time of the year. The district is one of those visited by Theodore Roosevelt on his African hunting trip.

IN INDIA THE TANNERS visited and admired the Taj Mahal, and later they expected to visit Palestine, through which they had traveled on an earlier trip. India was found fascinating, but not altogether attractive. Mrs. Tanner writes:

"When one has to be constantly on guard against germs—don't drink the water, nor use green vegetables nor fresh milk,—it is a good country to get out of. But we have wonderful memories to carry home with us."

REFERENCES MADE IN THIS column to the McGuffey readers by J. E. Stevens and which found their way to the office of the Kincardine, Ontario News, prompted a description by Miss J. F. Yemen, of that paper, of an old reader used in Canada in the early days which was compiled by the famous Lindley Murray. Of this book Miss Yemen writes:

"THIS QUITE UNIQUE Reader was issued from Toronto, U. C. (Upper Canada) printed and published by Eastwood and Skinner, in 1836. A boy's grandfather bought the book and gave it to the lad, first inscribing with a quill pen the owner's name T. F. Yemen, November 8th, 1843. T. F. was by this time thirteen and no doubt his new reader gave him "the willies," whatever that may be, for tradition says he showed no desire to be a scholar. Depression must have been the companion of the conscientious, while wading through this reader unless the teacher was a superman and here again tradition reports a dearth of supermen in the teaching of that day.

"YOU MIGHT SUPPOSE THE compiler would have chosen some entertaining story for the first lesson, but, "not on your tintype," as I have heard said on the western prairies! Read the following, all marked, rising and falling inflections—most maddening — howl had anyone a chance to grasp the sense of the passage read, even granting that the children of that time had the necessary sense at thirteen to understand the content!

"Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young.

"The acquisition of knowledge, is one of the most honourable occupations of youth.

"Whatever useful or engaging endowments we possess, virtue is requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre.

"Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood.

"THERE ARE 12 OF THESE nuggets, then, note, in four capitals, the compiler has exhibited sentences in a great variety of construction, and in all diversity of punctuation. If well practised upon, he presumes they will fully prepare the young reader for the various pauses, inflections, and modulations of voice which the succeeding pieces require. There follows 249 pages of type guaranteed to injure the finest eyes if the necessary study is given. An old lady enjoyed reading the dictionary because there were so many short stories. Still she might not have enjoyed this reader of which 31 pages are devoted to 10 sections, each containing a number utterly, unconnected paragraph as for example, what misery does the vicious man secretly endure!—Adversity! how blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver, in comparison with those of guilt!

"THEN COME NARRATIVE pieces, the hill of science, the journey of a day; a picture of human life. Next are Didactic pieces a suspicious temper the source of misery to its possessor. Argumentative pieces. Descriptive pieces, Pathetic pieces, Dialogues, Public Speeches, Promiscuous pieces, a title at random "The pleasures of virtuous sensibility" and Part II Poetry, consisting of selections from Cowper, Milton, Thomson, Pope, Prior, Young, Seattle, Gay, Addison, etc.

"SUCH A DREARY BOOK I have seldom seen—small type, close lines, narrow margins, matter away beyond the experience and comprehension of the pupils for whom the great Lindley Murray intended it. Faint memories come to me of the terrors of the same gentleman's English Grammar as related by students who prepared for college many decades ago."

USUALLY WE THINK OF flowering plants as needing abundant sunshine, but with some plants shade is also important. Recent experiments with chrysanthemums have yielded finer and more lasting blossoms when the rooms in which the plants were grown were kept dark until 8 A. M. and again darkened at 4 P. M. The idea seems to be that lengthening the period of darkness gives the plants rest periods during which strength is stored up, to be expended in producing finer blossoms.

NEW YORK CITY IS Preparing for its World's Fair, and as one of the means of giving it publicity the New York state legislature has been considering the plan of placing a fair advertising slogan on the state's automobile license plates. Texas did that last year, and the additional words made the numbering on the plates indistinct. The practice ought to be headed off, otherwise we shall soon have all the states using their license plates for advertising purposes— North Dakota its Dakota Maid flour, Minnesota its ten thousand, lakes, and so on. License plates are made for just one purpose, to identify the cars which bear them, and they should be confined strictly to that purpose.

DR. A. B. FIELD, OF FOREST River, who is spending the winter in California, has been having fun with the birds down on the waterfront at Long Beach. Flocks of pigeons are there to be fed, and, like pigeons everywhere when they are given encouragement, they become very tame, alighting on the heads and shoulders of those who bring peanuts to feed them. Gulls, too, are numerous, and are skillful in catching while on the wing the table scraps that are thrown to them.

DR. FIELD WRITES OF THE agility of the sandpipers which race along the sand, following each wave as it receded snatching morsels of food, and racing back before the next wave and never being caught. There is also a method of feeding sparrows which seems to be entirely new. Of this Dr. Field writes:

"A SHABBY OLD MAN IN Lincoln park, with an old short-stemmed pipe in his mouth and a handful of bird-seed has a dozen sparrows at his feet. The sparrows shoot straight up into the air and catch the seed as the old man keeps flipping it up. The birds make about a 90 per cent catch, at that. Then the old man sticks out his hand from his side, turns his head away and stands perfectly still, and some of the more trusting birds hop up and feed out of his hand. Try it."

THEN THERE IS "OLD MIKE," of whom the doctor writes: "Down at another pier where the fishing boats land one sees a huge black, ugly head whose owner they call 'Old Mike,' and which the men unloading the boats often have to push out of the way. A big fish himself, Mike is waiting for tidbits from a near-by fish stand."

PRESS DISPATCHES TELL OF the floods in that section of California. Dr. Field mentions five inches of water falling in one period of 24 hours, a downpour so great that catch basins could not take care of it, consequently the streets were flooded. On the road to San Pedro, which is cut straight through the hills, landslides of mud and clay are frequent, often covering the pavement to the depth of a foot or more. Road crews are kept busy carting off the mud, much as other crews cart off snow in more northern latitudes.

DOWN AT THE BEACH Below Point Firmin lake is a large flat rock several rods from shore which is a favorite spot for people to visit at low tide. Because Mrs. J. G. Moore of Grand Forks visited that rock frequently last winter those who know her well have named the rock in her honor.

AN ALASKA DISPATCH says that the Black River glacier, whose movement has caused some anxiety in the territory immediately below it, had traveled five miles during the past four months, an average of about 220 feet a day. That is better speed than was made by the Alpine glacier on which Mark Twain and his companion, Harris, thought they would take a ride. According to Mark's veracious account, the pair, returning from a trip high in the mountains, reached the glacier, and Mark had a brilliant idea. Walking down the rough terrain was tiresome work. All the authorities were agreed that the glacier was in constant motion and it was going their way. Why not get abroad and ride? They climbed upon the glacier, established themselves comfortably, and waited. After resting some hours they took an observation and so far as they could tell, they were just where they started. They abandoned their plan, with uncomplimentary remarks about the people who talked about glaciers moving.

AMONG THE CENTENARIES now being observed is that of the application of the screw propeller to navigation. Fulton's paddle-wheel steamer had been in use for several years, but in 1837 Francis Pettit Smith tried out his first screw-propeller steam launch on the Paddington canal in England. After cruising for a short time the propeller struck an obstacle and about half of it was broken off. To the astonishment of the inventor the launch traveled faster than ever, and the accident led to the re-designing of the propeller. A model of that first screw is shown at an exhibition now being held.

FROM A RELATIVE IN Portland, Oregon, Dr. E. T. Barber has received information of the death in that city of a Dr. Ramsey, dentist, who, it is assumed, was Dr. R. S. Ramsey, a former resident of Grand Forks. Dr. Ramsey left Grand Forks about 1910 for the west coast. Although his age must have been about 80, he continued the practice of his profession until almost the moment of his death. He died while seated in a chair in his office waiting for a patient.

A CUSTOM ONCE FAMILIAR in English schools was the employment of a "whipping boy," to receive punishment in lieu of another. The youth of aristocratic family might be unruly or fail to get his lessons, but naturally, it wouldn't do to whip him. Therefore a boy of humbler station was induced to receive the caning in his stead, his reward being the honor of attending the same school with his "betters," and, perhaps, a slight monetary honorarium.

THAT PRACTICE HAS Disappeared from the schools, but a modification of it is found in certain criminal circles. When a gang crime is committed and the authorities are too hot on the trail, an underling is induced to "take the rap" and thus quiet the disturbance and save from exposure and penalty those higher up who are really responsible for the crime.

IN YUGO-SLAVIA THERE IS an interesting variation of this plan as applied to the newspaper profession. Censorship is strict and penalties are sometimes severe. Every newspaper in Belgrade has its "jail editor," whose job it is to confess that it was he who wrote whatever article it was that gave offense, and to go to jail in consequence,

A LETTER FROM WIN V. Working, who is visiting in Toronto, brings clippings from two Canadian papers. One of them shows a picture of an elm tree in Toronto which is said to be the largest tree east of the Rockies. The tree is more than 120 feet tall and measures 24 feet in circumference at shoulder height. Its age is estimated to be 562 years.

THE OTHER CLIPPING tells the story of the festival held by the Cayuga Indians on the reservation near Brantford, Ontario, and the annual payment to them of treaty money of five dollars each, a total of \$6,000 for the 1,200 members of that tribe now living. This represents the income from a fund of \$100,000 which had its source in a treaty made with the Cayugas by George Washington during the revolutionary war.

IN CONSIDERATION OF THE neutrality of the Cayugas in the war Washington promised that his government would pay them \$2,000 annually. This was done up to the war of 1812 when it was claimed that the Cayugas had lost their treaty rights by support of British arms. The case was settled by arbitration in 1929 and the claim was settled by the payment of a lump sum by the United States. That sum has since been held in trust and invested for the benefit of the Indians.

THE CEREMONY AT WHICH the recent annual payment was made is known as the feast of the White Dog. Originally a white dog was sacrificed at this feast, but this has been discontinued. The Cayugas are members of the Iroquois group of Six Nations, the other members being the Mahawks, Oneidas, Senecas, Tuscoraros and Onondagas. The population of the Six Nations on that reserve is 4,400, of whom about 400 are non-Christian. The total population has increased in recent years, but the Tuscoraros have become almost extinct.