

IN THE FALL OF 1882 MRS. Mary Dodge Woodward, a widow 56 years of age, moved from the village of Kingston, Wis., to a farm in Dakota territory eight miles from Fargo. Twenty - five years earlier she had made the long journey from Vermont to Wisconsin with her husband, father and two or three small children. Her husband had died, and after a few years of widowhood it was her fate to move again into a new country and take up life under new and strange conditions.

THIS RESIDENT OF DAKOTA I came of good stock. Her father was a celebrated Baptist preacher. One of her ancestors was Stephen Hopkins, one of the Mayflower Pilgrims. A cousin of the great-uncle with whom she lived during her orphaned childhood was Henry Dodge, first territorial governor of Wisconsin. A cousin, Daniel Dodge, a man of considerable means, owned 1,500 acres of land in Cass county, Dakota, and, as it was not being successfully managed, he offered the position of manager to Walter, Mrs. Woodward's son. The offer was accepted, and Walter, with his mother, his 18-year-old brother, Fred and sister, Katie, moved in October, 1882, to the Dodge farm which was one of the smaller of the bonanza farms of which little more than the names now remain;

LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE WAS a new experience for Mary Woodward. For her it was not the pioneer life of the homesteader, but it was pioneering, nevertheless. She had come from a country of rolling hills and forests to a treeless plain, from the restfulness and graciousness of a settled home to an atmosphere of frenzied effort for the growing of wheat and more wheat, to the exclusion of everything else. It was a difficult experience for a woman of her age, but she set herself to her new tasks bravely and cheerfully. Many others have done as she did, but she was one of the few to set down her thought day by day in words. During the six years of her life on the Dakota farm she kept a diary in which she recorded not only the facts of her daily life, but her own thoughts and impressions. The diary was kept without any thought that its contents would ever be published, and in the privacy of its pages she gave expression to the changing moods of happiness and loneliness, of alternate shrinkage from the bleakness of the prairie in its sterner aspects and admiration of its beauty when decked in its summer garb.

DURING THE HALF-CENTURY that has passed that diary has been read by the writer's children and her children's children. The public is now permitted a glimpse at its contents in a book entitled "The Checkered Years," published by The Canton Press. The selections have been made by Mrs. Woodward's granddaughter, Mary Boynton Cowdry, who also supplies sufficient biographical material to make the story intelligible.

THE DIARY PRESENTS AN intimate picture of Dakota farm life in the eighties which will be easily recognized by those who have experienced that life, and which must convey the impression of truthfulness to those who have only heard or read of it. Written solely as an outlet for the writer's own thoughts, the record is simple and natural, dealing with the homely incidents of daily life, without thought of literary effect. We are told the great blizzards that swept the plains in winter, of the beauty of spring flowers and summer wild roses; of the anxiety with which a setting hen was watched, and of the tragedy of having the setting smashed when the bottom fell out of the box that contained them. We are told of the refusal of the dog Jack to accept other ownership, of his return from captivity with the remains of a gnawed rope around his neck and his disappearance until danger of capture was over, of the tragic end of Roxy, the female dog who had been the family's friend and companion for years, and who was gored by a cow jealous of her watching the cow's calf. There are sketches of dust storms, of harvest scenes, of the busy days of the threshing season, of cherished flowers being frozen and of young tomato plants whipped to tatters by the wind.

ALL THESE ARE GIVEN IN excellent English, for the writer was a cultured woman, and the family had been well reared. Casual mention is made from time of books and magazines that were being read. The bookshelves contained several cyclopedias, and there were books by Scott, Eugene Sue, Dickens, Charles Reade, and other prose writers. Among the magazines were Harper's, Scribner's and Leslies. And the entries in the diary and interspersed with quotations from many of the best poets and with many original little verses from the writer's own pen.

NO SATISFACTORY IDEA OF the book can be obtained without reading it, but tomorrow I shall give a few excerpts from its pages just to indicate its quality.

YESTERDAY'S COLUMN WAS devoted to a description of the book, "The Checkered Years," a collection of excerpts from the diary of Mary Dodge Woodward, written during her six years' residence on the Dodge farm, near Fargo, in the eighties, Today I am giving some selections from the book itself, which will illustrate the writer's simple natural style, and her cheerful philosophy, and which set forth strikingly some-of the conditions of farm life in the early days.

ON JANUARY 1, 1884, THE diarist wrote:

"The temperature is 20 degrees below zero at 8 A.M., which is too cold to work and almost too cold to live. But the sun nearly always shines in Dakota, and although the days are cold they are not gloomy. The big coal stove booms night and day and we cannot suffer in the house; however, it is really not safe to be out of doors. Walter froze a spot on his cheek while he and Fred were getting out manure. We are all frostbitten even to Roxy the dog and Bjone, the cat.

"No mortal could paint such beautiful designs as adorn my kitchen windows, and when the evening sun, descending, sets the sky on fire with redness, they resemble white lamp shades over a bright light."

MARCH 16, 1885—"TWENTY degrees below zero. There was an eclipse of the sun at noon, and I could scarcely see to get dinner. My rose geranium chilled for the first time this winter. It measured 40 inches from the soil to the topmost leaf and was a regular tree in form. I loved it. The ink jug, bluing bottle, and other things in that pantry froze solid."

WALTER HAD BROUGHT SOME wood from an Englishman or a Mennonite, who offered "hoak, halder, hash and hellum." They wood has been cut from the Sheyenne, which Mrs. Woodward thought a crime where there were so few trees. She sprinkled the butt of a tree to which moss adhered, "and a miniature forest grew up. It is beautiful." All through the book there are entries indicating her love of green, growing things.

ON MAY 30 THERE WAS hail. Mignotte plants that had been brought from town were whipped to shreds.

"The hailstones were as large as nutmegs, and how they did kill things! I was frightened nearly out of my wits. The peonies that I brought fro home were budded for the first time, but they were cut off, tough though they be. Our wheat, that looked so green, has disappeared and the fields are bare. Walter says the wheat is only beaten into the ground and will come up again."

IT WASN'T ALWAYS COLD OR stormy. Under date of June 19, 1887, we read:

"The roses are in bloom all over the yard, peeping out of the grass in the most fascinating way. There is a snow-white blossom which looks like a syringe that makes an attractive bouquet when combined with roses and the lovely grasses. One of these looks like pampas grass, only that it is smaller. I cannot go to the garden without gathering a nosegay, for one feels so free to gather, without stint, wild flowers on the prairie where they grow so plentifully without cultivation. My peonies are beautiful with 10 blooms on the old-fashioned red one and 20 on the rose and the white. Walter brought some very handsome daisies, red centers and orange petals. He had pulled them up, roots and all, and set them in the rear of the buggy, and they came nodding into the yard."

AND HERE ARE SOME Miscellaneous items:

"Walter brought a load of barbed wire which is to be stretched around the pasture. I cannot bear to think of my lovely prairie being enclosed by the ugly-looking stuff!"

"We now have 12 in the family (July) I bake eight or nine loaves of bread every other day; besides warm biscuits for supper often, and pies for dinner—pies or puddings. Some days I get very tired and have to lie down to rest, which I never used to do."

"Our family has increased until there are 32 . . . We have a man cook and he has taken 16 men at his table out there . . . The yard is full of threshers . . . It looks very queer indeed to see an engine running around the yard with no horses attached to it. They whistle and toot and frighten the chickens and some of the horses."

"The new cook says he has cooked in Germany, on ocean steamers, in pineries, and at summer resorts and hotels. He came to us from the Gay Cook House in Fargo. He is fat and lazy and gets mad and scolds us.

"The boys finished the fence. There is a neat gate painted white, which looks homelike; but somehow I feel shut in since they have put so many fences on the place. I like the open prairie best. We still have it on the east where there is nothing to obstruct the view between the timber on the Sheyenne and us."

"Yesterday a hen hawk swooped down and picked up a large-sized spring rooster. The hawk rose up a little way when Jack saw it and flew to the rescue. It dropped the rooster and Jack jumped high in the air and pursued the hawk a long way. He goes with me to hunt eggs. Today when we went to the barn, he stuck his nose in a hole in the straw, and there, sure enough, was a nest of eggs. He is the smartest dog I ever saw, though for fine sensibilities Roxy is as far ahead of him as any female is ahead of a male."

"Fred is working with two balky horses. He never whips them. He is much more patient with a team than is Walter. Of course he tells them what he thinks of them, and all that, but he doesn't like to see a team abused."

POOR ROXY WAS GORED TO death by a cow. Her bereaved owner wrote:

"I slept very little last night, for I could not keep poor Roxy out of my mind. What a terrible ending to her life! I have had her sleep by me since Katie went away. Last night I imagined I heard the patter of her feet; then I would wake and think how tragic it was for that beast to toss her to death. She lies in her box in the tool-house, covered with her blanket. Jack teased me all the evening to bring her in. He would wait at the door, and, as soon as it was opened, he would hurry out to where she lay. He stayed there beside her all night.

"Walter and Fred dug a grave by the granary and buried poor Roxy . . . I should be glad she were gone if she had not met such a terrible end. I have looked after her for so many years, and then I was not there to defend her in her greatest need, and she, blind and deaf. I should have watched her more carefully, but it was almost impossible when I was doing the work, and I never thought of the cow's hurting her. I suppose in her blind way she went near the calf. Jack teased us to bring Roxy in all the time until she was buried. When we took her out to the tool-house where she lay, he would pull the blanket and whine. Now he sits out by her grave. The cow has bawled all day for her calf, which I was glad to hear. I cried when she killed my Roxy."

THERE ARE SEVERAL BITS in Mrs. Woodward's Dakota diary, "The Checkered Years," which I intended to use in earlier columns, but for which there was not space. Still, I find it hard to lay the book aside, and mention will be made of a few other items.

ON APRIL 17, 1886, the diary describes a violent dust storm. They had dust in those days, plenty of it. But the Woodwards thought themselves fortunate, for they had just heard of the terrible storm that struck St. Cloud and Sauk Rapids, according to reports killing about 100 persons and injuring 200 more.

JUNE 19, 1887, THE DIARY tells of a storm of wind, rain and hail, and the writer says "Later we heard that this was a cyclone at Grand Forks."

One comment says, "There has never been a cyclone so far north before, although there have been tornadoes." The writer had the same hazy idea that still prevails as to the difference between a cyclone and a tornado.

ANOTHER ENTRY: "WE have been reading in a Wisconsin paper of a man and his wife and three children who left New York City last May (this was August 27) and have walked as far as Clinton, Wisconsin, on their way to Dakota. Their household goods are loaded on a two-wheeled cart which they have drawn the entire distance, but which needed repairing at this point. The man thought the far west would be dangerous, so he brought along a revolver with which to protect himself. The children's ages are nine, seven and four."

MENTION IS MADE IN THE diary of the passage through Fargo of Sitting Bull to attend the Minnesota state fair, where he was lionized, to the disgust of many. Last week a granddaughter of Sitting Bull died in Washington, D. C. She was Mrs. Gertrude Simmons Bonnin, a full-blooded Sioux whose Indian name was Zit Kala-Sa. She was 62 years old, the widow of an army captain, and was a woman of great beauty and culture. She had been a leader in work for Indian welfare and was the author of several books and numerous magazine articles.

THE TRUCK DRIVERS' strike set a lot of people wondering what they could do when they had scraped the bottom of the coal bin. Such emergencies help one to realize how much, in this modern social structure, all of us are dependent on others. When the backwoodsman wanted fuel he chopped down a tree. The problem was a little more difficult for the prairie pioneer, for he seldom had trees growing near by. But just the same, he had to rely on himself for fuel, and if possible hauled in enough loads of logs in the fall to last him through winter.

EVEN YET THE FARMER does most of his own hauling, but coal is quite commonly burned on the farms, and coal must be dug by miners a thousand miles away and hauled by railroads. The breaking of a casting or the burning of a wire in the central power plant will plunge hundreds of homes into darkness. Not long ago the kerosene lamp was a great advance in illumination. A little earlier it was not necessary even to depend on kerosene, for the housewife made her own tallow candles, and if the fire happened to go out she started a new one with flint and steel.

UP IN REYKJAVIK, THE Capital of Iceland, they have solved the domestic heating problem in a manner which makes them independent of truck drivers, railroads, miners and all the rest. Hot springs are numerous throughout the country, and they have piped the water into the city, to be run through radiators. When the installation is complete, which will be within a very short time, every building in the city will be heated in this manner without cost to anybody except for installation.

THAT BRINGS US TO A scheme which has been the subject of speculation for many years. As everyone knows, the interior of the earth is tremendously hot. After leaving the slight depth which is influenced by surface temperature, the heat increases at the rate of one degree to about each - 55 feet in depth. The idea is to dig a big hole as deep as may be necessary, (figure it out for yourself) and turn in the river. The water which went in cold would come out boiling. It's perfectly simple, and something ought to be done about it

STUDENTS OF Transportation in general, and especially of the development and future of the railways of the United States, will find material both interesting and instructive in two books just published by Prentice - Hall, Inc., of New York. One is "Railways of Thirty Nations," by P. Harvey Middleton, secretary of the Railway Business association, and the other "Government Ownership and Operation of Railways for the United States," by Lewis C. Sorrell, professor of transportation of the University of Chicago.

MR. MIDDLETON'S BOOK IS largely historical, dealing with the creation of the broad system of railway transportation and with the building of the separate systems which now provide rail transportation for the civilized world. To deal with a subject so large within the compass of a single volume it is necessary that the treatment given to each system be brief. The author has complied with this requirement and at the same time has made discriminating use of his space, going into considerable detail in his discussion of the larger and more important systems and sketching briefly the railway history of those countries where rail problems have not assumed great importance.

IN CONSIDERING WHY MANY of the important countries of the world have either built their own railways or taken them over from private operators the author points out that the great railway systems of Europe, Asia and Africa were built for political, strategic or social purposes instead of as commercial enterprises. Germany, for instance, did not construct its great east and west lines primarily to carry passengers and freight, but to carry troops to the Russian and French frontiers. Similarly Russia's great trans-Siberian road was built for military purposes.

BECAUSE OF ITS Restricted area and dense population, and to no small degree because of the general attitude of its people, Great Britain has had its railroads built and operated under private ownership. Great Britain, says Mr. Middleton, "has achieved the most practical and adaptable transportation policy of any country in the world through the retention of private ownership and the co-ordination of all its transportation services."

THE BOOK GIVES AN Excellent outline of railway development in the United States. We are told of the early agitation in favor of government ownership in this country, of the definite decision in favor of private ownership, of the origin of the land grant system and the reasons therefore, of the over-building in the early decades, the development of the present system of regulation and of renewed agitation for public ownership.

PROFESSOR SORRELL'S book is devoted to consideration of the problem of public ownership rather than the historical development of railways. But in the study we are given not only theoretical arguments, but citations from the experience of many countries. Obviously such information is essential to an understanding of the problem as a whole.

PROFESSOR SORRELL, HAS arranged his material admirably. He discusses in succession "What is government ownership of railways? "Is government ownership imminent now in the United States, and why?" "Special interests in the issue of government ownership of railways." "The public interest in the issue", and "The appeal to experience." Under each classification facts are cited bearing on that special phase. Under the head of special interests, for instance, there are discussed respectively the interests of labor, the investor, railway management, shippers and patrons, taxpaying groups, local governments and their taxpayers, railway equipment and supply industries, and other forms of transportation.

BOTH THESE AUTHORS reach the conclusion that public ownership of railways for this country is inadvisable, and both must be read with that fact in mind. But the two, taken together, constitute an exceedingly valuable contribution to an understanding of the problems of transportation, and without such understanding no useful conclusion can be reached on the subject of public ownership.

I SUPPOSE MANY READERS of this column have received printed cards announcing the completion of a manuscript history of their respective families, copies of which may be had for the small sum of two dollars. And perhaps the researchers will be rewarded for their industry by receiving a lot of two-dollar remittances from persons who like to be told that their ancestors were persons of distinction. The descriptive text on the card is certainly attractive. One paragraph reads:

THIS MANUSCRIPT IS A genealogical and historical study of the family from the earliest times. It records the origin and growth of the family in Europe; its place among the gentry there; (that's a neat touch) its part in the early settlement and subsequent history of America, including reference to service in the Revolutionary war; and its achievements and leading representatives in this country."

ONE CURIOUS PART OF THIS business is the assumption that persons having the same name are necessarily members of the same "family." It is true that we are all members of the human race, and that away back many of us had a lot of common ancestors, but names have little meaning as applied to relationship. There are millions of Smiths in the world, and hundreds of Smith families which are not related to each other any more closely than they are to the Joneses or Perkinses.

IN NORWAY OLE'S SON Became Olson, and thus a family of Olsons was established, one of many families bearing the same name, but not related. An English carpenter took the name of his trade, a fisherman founded a family of Fishers. In Wales inhabitants of widely separated localities took as their family names some variation of the name of the country's patron saint, St. David. Identification of families by their names is just plain bunk.

MENTION OF THE NAME Carpenter recalls an incident. On leaving our country school I clerked in a village store. We were but a few Bailee from—the Six Nation Indian reservation and had many Indian customers. Among the Indians was a Mohawk family known by the English name Carpenter. They were fine people, well built, well featured, intelligent and progressive. Among them was a strong family resemblance, so that a Carpenter could be identified anywhere.

AN INDIAN GIRL CAME INTO the store to trade. I hadn't seen her before, but her appearance convinced me that she belonged to the Carpenter family. I said: "Your name's Carptenter, isn't it?" She laughed and replied: "No. My name's So-and-so. But my mother is a Carpenter." The family traits were so strong in the younger generation that they were perceptible to a chance stranger.

SKIING HAS BECOME A Popular sport in the United States, and has an instrument of sport the ski has quite supplemented the webbed snowshoe, part of the winter footgear of the American Indians. The webbed snowshoe is used by Canadian trappers as a means of winter travel, but we are indebted to Norway for one of our popular means of sport. In Norway they take their skiing enthusiastically, and preparations are now being made for the annual international contests which will take place this year on March 5 to 7.

AT THE FAMOUS Holmenkolen hill, only a short distance from the city of Oslo itself, a vast throng of 50,000 to 80,000 people will assemble to watch the jumps and see the finest skiers of Norway and other skiing nations compete for the King's Cup, awarded annually by King Haakon himself. Only once a year is this famous hill opened for competitions, so that every skier, whether he come from the most remote mounts village or from the great capitol has an equal chance to win reno at this event.

THE HOLMENKOIJLEN COM-petitions are the highlight of a skiing season which in Norway extends from December through April and which takes up a good share of the time of every Norwegian during the winter — and an even greater share of his thoughts. For skiing, once the only method of travel through the snow-clad mountains, is now the favorite pastime, recreation and sport of the nation's thousands of inhabitants, old and young alike.

IN NORWAY THE HISTORY of skiing extends back hundreds of years, to the days when early Norsemen curved long sticks of wood into a practical means of traversing the snow-covered hills. So old is the art that it belongs to Norse mythology, and references to skiing abound in the ancient sages.

AS A SPORT SKIING Received its first impetus in the middle of the nineteenth century, when a meet was held at Tromso in 1843. The first ski jump on the Huseby Hill near Oslo was held in 1879 and a few years later competitions began on the Holmenkolen hill, where the contests soon became the premier attraction of the skiing world.

BUT SKIING IN NORWAY does not belong to the experts alone. On winter Sundays in Oslo thousands of men and women, boys and girls strap on their skis and head for nearby Nordmarka, a hilly forest which stretches for thirty miles to the north of the city. In this area, the playground of Oslo during the summer months, is the famous Skimuseet, or Ski Museum, which is now planning special exhibits for the Oslo Exhibition from May 12 to September 18. Among the most interesting displays Americans will find there is a ski nearly 4,000 years old. Known as the Myrfunnen ski, it was discovered in the Osterdalen Valley and is probably the oldest in existence.

NORWEGIAN SKIERS, However, devote little of their time during the winter months to the Ski Museum — every free hour of the day is for the sport itself. The climax of their season comes at Easter, when practically the entire population abandons its daily tasks to enjoy a holiday on the rolling sun-lit mountain slopes. Weather conditions are at their best, the midnight sun of summer is already shining more than half of the hours out of each twenty-four, and the feeling of spring, a season which comes swiftly over the Norwegian countryside and which is drawing increasing numbers of travelers to Norway

is once more in the air.

THE BOTTINEAU COURANT accuses me of using without credit two articles from "Farm Forestry Facts," the excellent little magazine published by State Forester Freeman at the School of Forestry at Bottineau.

To the first count in the indictment I plead not guilty. An article giving the writer's selection of the ten most useful trees which was used in this column was credited specifically to the writer, who made the selection, "Henry Clapper, secretary of the Society of American Foresters, as reported in Nature magazine." It was not thought necessary to carry the credit further.

To the second count I must plead guilty. Paragraphs describing the germination of coconuts should have been credited to "Farm Forestry Facts," from which they were taken. Apologies are tendered herewith, and if Mr. Freeman finds anything in this column he is welcome to use it as he sees fit.

SELECTION OF JAMES Kennedy by the board of park commissioners to fill a vacant place on the board served as a reminder of old times, for in 1905, when Jim was a mere youngster, his father, Dean Joseph Kennedy, was appointed a member of the first Grand Forks park commission, and the first to be established in North Dakota.

GRAND FORKS, LIKE OTHER communities in the state, had been struggling with the park problem and found themselves blocked by the absence of legal means for financing park improvements on any adequate scale. A few members of the old Commercial club studied the subject and prepared a bill for submission to the legislature providing that upon acceptance of the plan by its city council any city could, by the action of its council, create a park district and appoint the members of a park commission, such commission should have power to acquire land for park purposes, to improve and manage it, and to levy taxes to provide the necessary funds.

THE BILL WAS PASSED, THE plan was approved by the local city council, and the following park commissioners were appointed to the council: George B. Clifford, Joseph Kennedy, M. F. Murphy, Stephen Collins and W. P. Davies. The board proceeded to issue bonds to raise money for its initial operations, but in a test case brought to determine the validity of the bonds the Supreme Court ruled that the commission, being an appointive body, was without power to issue bonds or levy taxes. At the next session of the legislature the law was amended so as to make the park commission an elective body, and the same commissioners were elected at the ensuing city election. George B. Clifford was the first president of the board.

DEAN KENNEDY WAS AN active and useful member of the board, interested in and attentive to its work, a devoted servant and an ideal associate. He left for his son an honorable and inspiring example. Of the original members of the board only Mr. Clifford and myself are left.

I SEE THAT THE SHERIFF has impounded that kidnap dugout over in Minnesota and placed it in cold storage in Brainerd until the court decides what shall be done with it. The best use that could be made of that material would be to burn it. Then, if the ground which it occupied were leveled so that no trace of existence were left, there wouldn't be much opportunity for anyone to capitalize on the morbid and moronic passion to gaze on the scene where horrors were committed.

SOME PHILOSOPHER, Writing on the subject of strong drink, laid down this rule: "Never take a drink when you need it," There may be a certain hazard, he thought, about taking a drink at any time, but when one has reached the point where he is conscious of the need for a drink, he has developed an appetite which requires prompt and heroic treatment.

IN A RECENTLY PUBLISHED biography of Dom Pedro II, last emperor of Brazil, this story is told:

Visiting the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, the emperor, in addition to directing public attention to the newly invented telephone exhibited by Alexander Graham Bell, was shown a mechanical gadget which he was told, made several hundred revolutions per minute. "That speed is remarkable," said the emperor. "It beats anything that we are able to do in South America."

JUST MET A MAN ON THE street armed with bow and arrows Getting back to first principles. He was dressed for outdoors and looked as if he might have been hunting rabbits, but didn't see any rabbits. Have we an archery club here ? They are becoming popular. Not only do they practice target shooting but a good many have taken up hunting with bow and arrow. It is said to be great sport, and it gives the game a break. I have forgotten the name of the man who went hunting lions with bow and arrow a few years ago. His published stories made good reading. His idea was that when a lion was hunted with the rifle the odds against the animal were too great. Therefore he went after them with bow and arrow. He killed several, but he took the precaution of having a companion armed with a rifle near by. Just in case. They can have their lions, for all of me. I haven't lost any.

THERE WERE SOME Remarkable marksmen when bows were the fashion instead of guns. And there were some tall stories told, as tall as some of those of Paul Bunyan. Of course the story of William Tell shooting the apple off his son's head has gone the way of the story of George Washington's hatchet—there never was none such. And Sir Walter Scott, for whom I have the profoundest respect, seems to have drawn rather liberally on his imagination in describing feats with the bow.

THERE IS THE STORY IN Anne of Gierstein in which the young Englishman astonished his Swiss friends by bending and stringing a mammoth bow which none of them have been able to master, and then shooting three arrows, the first into the post to which a pigeon is tied, the second cutting the cord by which the bird was confined, and the third striking the bird itself. All of which was according to the plan written down in advance by the young archer. And we have the story in Ivanhoe of Robin Hood providing a pen which was needed in an emergency by shooting a wild goose that chances to be flying overhead, and whittling a pen from one of the bird's quills. There may have been such archery, but I have my doubts.

A BOOK JUST RECEIVED IS "You and Your Money," by William Lemke member of congress from North Dakota. The book is published by Dorrance & Co. and is priced at \$1.00. In this book Mr. Lemke contends, as he has done for many years, that our financial system is all wrong, and that the system of issuing bonds to provide funds for the government, paying interest on them and exempting the bonds from taxation is creating! a small highly privileged class and' a large class which has no privileges at all. He would have the government issue money on its own account as needed. Mr. Lemke is a forceful writer, and even those who do not share his opinions will find his new book interesting.

ARTHUR STRINGER, AUTHOR of "The Old Woman Remembers," soon to be published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., spent many seasons on his Ontario farm hybridizing and perfecting his own pet strain of sweet corn, which he christened Candy-Top. One summer his dinner guest was an English authoress, plainly in doubt as to how hat New World table novelty should be approached. So she waited until the others had tackled theirs, and then, enlightened, she exclaimed, "Oh, you gnaw at it!"

FOR CORN ON THE COB, OF course, is practically unknown in he Old Country. It is so unknown hat when Stringer's young cousin from Dublin first encountered it, the customary method of consumption had to be explained to him. He succeeded, with gusto, in denuding his cob. Then he glanced hungrily at his host and dropped this gem of agronomic wisdom: "Sure and I'd be after having another av them wee rods wid the pays (peas) on it!"

THIRTY YEARS AGO GRAND Forks had no street car line, but a pair of promoters were trying to interest Grand Forks people in an electric railway to run between St. Paul and Seattle. The project was an ambitious one, involving the third-rail method of propulsion for cars which were to travel at the rate of 90 miles an hour. The promoters said that the plans of their engineers called for a main line running west from Fargo and a branch extending north to Grand Forks. However, it was said that if sufficient interest in the project were displayed in Grand Forks the main line could be run through this city.

SOME STOCK IN THE Project was sold, and probably some Grand Forks men still have some of those stock certificates filed away as mementoes of unfulfilled dreams. It soon became apparent that the railroad scheme was a fake. Cost of construction of such a line would have been prohibitive. There was no demand which would have warranted its building. And the promoters had no money with which to build anything. Later some of them went to jail for fraud. But they painted a pretty picture, and for a time they had some of our people going.

SINCE THAT TIME, WHILE we have had no electric line to the West coast, we have built, used and abandoned a local street railway. It is recalled that the first unit of the local street railway was the line running from the University to Third street at First avenue North. A car shuttled back and forth on that line for some time. During the first winter it became snowbound. At first shovelers were employed to clear the track, but later a snowplow was obtained. On its first trip the snowplow was derailed in a-drift, left the track and overturned, and it remained there until spring.

"THE CANOE WENT "Apeechequanee and they went chimmuck."

That's a short, short story in Red River dialect, the language of the old fur traders in the Northwest Territories of Canada, according to Osborne Scott, general passenger agent of the Canadian National Railways and an authority on the subject. Translated it means that the canoe went head over heels and its occupants fell into the water. The word "chimmuck" makes a sound like a stone being thrown into a river.

THE DIALECT, ACCORDING to Mr. Scott, was a combination of Cree words, Scottish words and English spoken with an Orkney accent. Occasionally a word or two of Otchipawa was thrown in but it is seldom heard now. Descendants of Orkneymen, who made up most of the traders, and Indians spoke it with peculiarities of pronunciation not common to their ancestors. They could not speak the "sh" sound and therefore "shall" was "sail" and "sure" was "sewer".

INDIAN TERMS Frequently used included "Keeyam" which means "never mind" or "skip it" and the Scottish term "byre" was always used in preference to "stable" or "cowshed". A light never was put out. Always it was 'slocked."

WHILE TO THE SCOTS A cowstable was a "byre," to Yorkshire people it was a "shippon." That term was often used by my Yorkshire grandfather, but I hadn't heard it used since my boyhood until during the war Captain Edwards, of the British army, made a speech in Grand Forks in which he used the word. He spoke of soldiers in France often being quartered in "shippons." I wondered if I were the only person in the auditorium who knew what he meant.

ANOTHER OLD YORKSHIRE word which is sometimes met in modern print is "midden." Among our Yorkshire people that meant a manure pile. The word is often used now among archaeologists as applied to any pile of refuse. Objects illustrative of ancient civilizations are often recovered, we are told, from old village "middens."

AN UNUSUALLY FINE Anniversary number is the golden jubilee issue of the Logberg, the Winnipeg Icelandic weekly, which comes with a fine cover in colors, 52 pages of text and advertising, and a splendid line of portraits and other illustrations. Logberg is published in the Icelandic language, which renders it as mysterious to me as all print was to Dickens' Mr. Boffin, but without being able to understand the text one can recognize and admire many features of excellence in the paper.

LOGBERG IS THE PRINCIPAL Icelandic paper in America, and it has a large circulation in the Icelandic colonies of Manitoba and in Pembina and McHenry counties in North Dakota. The paper contains greetings to those of Icelandic origin in Canada and the United States from Lord Tweedsmuir, governor general of Canada, Governor Langer of North Dakota and numerous public men and educators in Manitoba as well as from Hermann Jonasson, prime minister of Iceland and the Swedish consul in Winnipeg.

IN EXTENDING GREETINGS to the Icelandic settlers, who, he says, have helped to enrich the life of North Dakota and the nation, Governor Langer writes:

"With much pleasure I call attention to the fact that we have in the northeastern part of our state, in Pembina county, the largest as well as one of the oldest Icelandic settlements in the United States. Smaller Icelandic settlements are in McHenry county and Cavalier county. These Icelandic settlements are thriving communities and have made a noteworthy contribution to the cultural and material development of the state. ! Within their boundaries, particularly the large Pembina county settlement, have been reared not a few individuals who have achieved state-wide and even nation-wide reputation, as well as a considerable number of persons of high professional attainments."

THE UNIVERSITY OF North Dakota is well represented in this anniversary number. The official history of the paper is given in a comprehensive article by Dr. Richard Beck, who also contributes an article on the University of Iceland, of which he is a graduate. There are portraits and in some cases biographical sketches of Judge Gudmunder Grimson of Rugby, N. D., Vilhjalmur Stefansson, famous explorer, Dr. Sveinbjorn Johnson, now of the University of Illinois, and Hjalmar A. Bergman, K. C., of Winnipeg, president of the Columbia Press, which publishes Logberg, all of whom are of Icelandic origin, and all of whom were students at the University of North Dakota.

NOT ONLY HAVE THE Icelandic families that settled in the northwest produced numerous individuals who have won distinction in business, in the professions of public life, but the communities which they established have been marked by a high average of those qualities which make for progress and stability. On a trip on Lake Winnipeg last summer our boat stopped for an hour or two at Gimli, an Icelandic village on the west shore of the lake. I was told by a man who was familiar with the facts that Gimli was the only village in Manitoba which had no persons on relief. Its people practice industry and thrift and take just pride in the fact that they stand on their own feet.

I HAVE BEEN LOOKING over a questionnaire by means of which the recipient is invited to catechize himself as to his qualities as an automobile driver. There are about twenty questions, each with its appropriate credit, the whole making a total of 100. The first question is "Do I drive at reasonable speed, with proper regard for the rights of others." Perfection under that head is given a credit of 10. Of course my answer to that is "yes." That would be the answer given by almost any one. The person who can score 90 or over on the entire list is said to be an excellent driver, with lower averages grading "fair" and "poor." I think most of us, marking the card quite consciously, would score above 90. Yet there is something the matter with some body's driving.

A.B. DILL, LOCAL MANAGER for the Equitable life, has returned from a trip to Florida. Stopping at an oil station in Kentucky he chatted with the attendant about matters and things. When the conversation turned to crops he asked, among other things, if potatoes were grown in the neighborhood. The oil man said they were. "Do you grow your own seed?" asked Mr. Dill. "No, we plant Red River seed," was the reply. "Just where is Red river?" asked the Grand Forks man. That stumped the Kentuckian. He hadn't the faintest idea where Red river might be.

MR. DILL WAS INTERESTED, both in the fact that seed potatoes from his own part of the country were used in that southern territory, and in the fact that Red river was an unknown quantity. At other oil stations he asked similar questions and received similar answers. After two or three stops the thing became a sort of game, and wherever a stop was made the same line of questioning would be followed, always with the same result. They grow potatoes in the south. They know the excellent properties of Red river seed. But they don't know where Red river is. To one man Mr. Dill said that Red river adjoins North Dakota. The man said that couldn't be, Red river couldn't be that far away.

OF COURSE IT IS KNOWN that potatoes from the Red river valley are sold in large quantities for seed in the south. Southern climatic conditions make it impossible to carry seed potatoes over, and growers look to the north for their seed. Potatoes grown in the Red river valley have a national reputation. Might there not be some merit in a campaign of publicity to associate North Dakota with the Red river in the minds of our southern neighbors?

IN ANSWER TO CERTAIN inquiries which, I am sure, were intended facetiously: My tulips aren't up yet. I looked. Looking for tulips at this time of the year may seem crazy, but one year I found the first green shoots just above the ground on February 5. This year, while there is a little strip of bare ground where the bulbs are planted there is no sign of growth yet. Possibly if there had been more snow the story would be different. Heavy snow protects the ground in that spot from outside temperature; and permits escaped heat from the j basement wall to stir the bulbs to life.

DOWN IN NEW YORK THEY are showing signs of concern over the language spoken in the metropolis, which is a barbarous jargon if ever there was one. The prize monstrosity is the substitution of the combination "oi" for the letter "r" in such words as "journey," "world," certain." That practice, while most pronounced in the slum districts, is not confined to them, but is found all over the city.

THOSE WHO KNEW JAMES A. Dinnie well recall his remarkable physical vigor, which continued well into his later life. The firm of Dinnie brothers built the local Masonic temple. At one period during the construction labor was scarce. Jim had long passed the period when it was necessary for him to do manual labor. But in the emergency he donned overalls, grabbed a wheelbarrow and went to work wheeling brick up a plank. He kept that up for days, until the labor shortage was over.

REFERENCE HAS ALSO BEEN made to his uncanny ability to carry complicated facts and figures in his head. It is said that he could estimate the cost of a piece of construction work mentally and as exactly as most men could do with pencil, paper and blue-prints. That ability to assimilate and recall facts was often shown in his discussion of political events. He was able to recall at will details of former political campaigns for which others would have been obliged to go to the records.

BROADCASTS WERE SENT by short wave the other day from both the exterior and the interior of the Great Pyramid at Gizeh, Egypt. The messages from without the pyramid came through well, according to reports of those who heard them, but those from within were muffled and distorted by echoes which it was found impossible to eliminate. The echo explanation is all very well for those who have not delved beyond the realm of the physical sciences. But students of the occult will understand readily that what were described as echoes were protests by the spirit of the ancient Pharaoh against the desecration of his last resting place by barbarians without respect for sacred things.

IN THE CITY OF THE Pyramids it has been learned that Egyptians of the pyramid era were well versed in mathematics and possessed a knowledge of astronomy quite remarkable for men who had no telescopes and who supposed that the sun, moon and stars revolved around a flat world. There are those who hold, however, that they had scientific instruments of which all trace has been lost, and that they knew more about electricity than we have yet found out. That belief persists in some quarters, despite the fact that neither among the objects recovered from ancient stores nor in the Egyptian writings has there been found the slightest evidence that the Egyptians knew anything about modern mechanics or electricity.

REFERENCE TO THINGS Egyptian often recalls to me that old poem in one of our school readers entitled "An Address to an Egyptian Mummy," beginning: And thou hast walked about—how  
strange a story, In Thebe's streets three thousand  
years ago, When the Memnomium was in all  
its glowy,  
And time had not begun to overthrow Those temples, palaces and piles  
stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

ACCORDING TO DR. JESSUP, head of the Carnegie foundation, one doesn't have to be a football player to be an object of competition among colleges seeking new students. The competition, says Dr. Jessup, extends into other fields. Particularly, he says, it includes students from wealthy families, from whom contributions for college exchequer may be expected later on. Also, he says, it includes prospects, who have special accomplishments, such as ability to beat a drum, blow a horn or wield a drum-major's baton in an artistic manner. Apparently it is going to be necessary for John Howard to get out into the field and do some scouting in order to keep his band replenished with new material.

WINTER SPORTS ARE ON IN Grand Forks. Occasionally winter sport programs have been impaired by too mild weather, but those have been exceptional times. Think of trying to have winter sports where on the average there are only four snowy days in the year. That's what they are up against in London. Yet they do have some winter sports in Britain. A little publication, "Coming Events," gives this picture:

"WINTER IN THE BRITISH Isles, like the other seasons, possesses the blessed charm of uncertainty; seldom flies to extremes but, on the other hand, escapes the charge of monotony. For most parts of the country February is the coldest month, and in various regions heavy snowfalls are experienced.

"Scotland has a much larger snowfall than England; there is a plateau on the Cairngorms where snow rests for six months in the year. Outside the area of heavy falls the function of the snow is merely to give the countryside a pleasant Christmas card effect, such as is reproduced on the cover of this issue of Coming Events by a photograph taken in Surrey.

"The districts most adapted to winter sports lie in the Pennines and the Scottish hills from Cheviots to Cairngorms. These are definitely skiing regions. The Peak District of Derbyshire, over 1,000 feet up, has 37 snowy days a year, and among other places that experience heavy snowfalls are Dartmoor, Exmoor and the Cotswolds.

"For London winter sportsmen there are—occasionally—the Chilterns and South Downs. The London snowfall, as recorded at Kew, is restricted to an average four days a year, but when conditions are favorable toboggans may be seen on the suburban heights of Hampstead!"

A BRIEF NEWS ITEM Announced the death on Thursday of Charles T. Dazey, aged 82, in a Quincy, Illinois hospital. To most of us the name means nothing, but when it is added that Dazey was the playwright who wrote "In Old Kentucky," there is a stirring in the memories of old playgoers. For years that old drama of the turf shared popularity with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Shore Acres," and other dramas which warmed the hearts and stirred the emotions of the generation of forty years ago.

FOR SEVERAL, YEARS THE Kentucky play was a regular visitor to the old Metropolitan stage in Grand Forks. One date on which it appeared was October 12, 1899, but its several appearances here occurred both before and after that date. Those who saw it will not readily forget the gallant old Kentucky colonel whose middle-aged innamorata tried with only partial success to cure him of his habits of horse-racing, smoking strong cigars and drinking corn likker. And there was high comedy in the spectacle of the colonel viewing the forbidden race from the branches of a tree while his lady fair was thrilled to pieces as she watched the same race through a knothole.

THE GRAND SPECTACLE IN the play, of course, was the race, which was staged with scenic and mechanical effects whose elaborateness varied with the finances of the company and the ingenuity of the director. In one production real horses galloped frantically on a treadmill. In others mechanical horses were made to assume the appearance of life. A local man tells of one production in which he assisted with the mechanical effects in which the imitation horses were made to move by the use of ropes. The fellow operating the rope attached to the head of one horse became so excited that he pulled too hard and jerked off the horse's head, and the audience was treated to the unusual sight of a headless horse galloping across the stage. Them were the days!

IN A CHATTY LETTER W. A. Meddaugh, of Westhope, refers to last year's precipitation in his locality. The total for Westhope for only ten months of the year was 24.31 inches, which indicates that the soil around Westhope ought to be in good condition for this year's crop. For the entire year Grand Forks received 23.03 inches, which is above the yearly average for the valley. Mr. Meddaugh's son Harvey, who has succeeded his father in business, was elected president of the North Dakota Retail Hardware association at the association's annual meeting just closed in Grand Forks.

IN MY MIND THE STATE Hardware Dealers' association is always associated with the recollection of the late Charles N. Barnes, who was secretary of the association for many years during its early history. In that work he was a model of industry and exactness, and under his direction arrangements for the annual meetings were always worked out perfectly to the last detail.

AMONG THE EFFECTS OF the late Thomas Vaaler, whose funeral was held Thursday, was found the passport which authorized the migration of Mr. Vaaler's father to the United States. The passport, issued under authority of the Norwegian government, is dated 1862, the year in which the family came to the United States way of Quebec. The document has been carefully preserved for three-quarters of a century.

W. P. KIRKWOOD, FORMER professor of journalism in the University of Minnesota, writes of an experience of his relating to the understanding of the meaning of words. While a college instructor he met a group of young students at table each day, and they invented a new game which consisted in trying to stump each other with words which occur often in ordinary English. Many such words were strange to some or all of the group. Dr. Kirkwood made notes of a number of such words, and he presents the following list. What, if anything, do they mean to you when you see them in print?

IMPLACABLE, THORAX, Exigent, jeremiad, irascible, concoction, rancorous, rapacity, dilemma, sophist, magniloquence, excrescence, phantasmagoria, circuitious, bedizened, fustian, ludicrous, lucidity, perspicuity, gabble, archaism, opaque, coterie, solecism, pedantry, vituperation, dalliance, pantheism, extant, taciturnity, ornate expatiate, harangue, mobile, obviate, colossal, euphemistic, mammon, opalescent, intrepidity, gamut, multifarious, utilitarian, efficacy, voracious, lucrative, deflation, regale, purveyor, impunity, inimical, immolation, predilection, eclectic, amalgamate, omnivorous, conjoint, gewgaw, bathos, expiate, propitiate, nonchalance, spurious, mundane, ascetic, voluptuous, aesthetics, secular, anthology, flaccid, eccentric, urbane, prolix, obeisance, delectable, insipid, contemn, ceramics, palaver, circumspect, autonomy, inculcate, atrophy, perennial, sporadic iconoclast, incubus, inveigle, obese, connoisseur, tantamount, cortege, prototype, bauble, confrere.

SOME LITTLE TIME AGO A letter was received from J. G. Kane of Russell asking for information on several questions which he submitted as follows:

"Why is it that the length of the day increases so much faster in the evening than in the morning?"

"What is a degree of latitude, and how is it ascertained? What is the salary of a United States senator? Of a representative?"

"Can you tell me where I can get that old song that we old boys used to sing when we went to school 50 or 60 years ago: 'Sweet summer's gone away'?"

THE QUESTIONS RELATING to the length of the day and the degree of latitude were submitted to an authority on those subjects, Dean Chandler of the University, who writes as follows:

"THE SECOND OF YOUR questions is the easiest to answer. Briefly speaking, an entire circle is three hundred and 60 degrees, therefore a quarter circle is ninety degrees. The entire circumference of the earth is about 25,000 miles, or (more exactly) the quarter circumference from equator to pole, which is from latitude 0 degrees to latitude 90 degrees is about 6215 miles. 6215 divided by 90 is about 69. Therefore one degree of latitude is about 69 miles; although this varies very slightly (from 68.70 miles to 69.40 miles) in different parts of the world because, as you know, the effect of the daily rotation of the world is to make very slightly flatter near the poles. (The surface of the earth at the poles is about 13 ½ miles nearer to the center of the earth than the earth's surface at the equator is.)

"THE FIRST OF YOUR Questions is more confusing. In introduction, I might explain at length that the earth in making its annual circuit around the sun does not travel in a true circle, but in an oval, so that at some months the earth is about three per cent nearer to the sun than in some other months; also the orbit is tipped up 23 degrees. As a result the sun may be said to "gain time" or "lose time" in different parts of the year. To exemplify. At Russell if you use railroad central time the sun will shine directly into your south window at 12:44 P. M as an average time for the year but at sometimes will be as much as a quarter-hour earlier or later than that, ahead or behind its average time. On the first day of January, 12:47; first of February 12:58; of March, 12:56; April, 12:48; May, 12:41; June, 12:41; First of July, 12:48; August, 12:50; September, 12:44; October 12:34; of November, 12:28; December, 12:35.

Thus evidently from November to January or February everything is getting later. And thus although the shortest day is December 22 or the next day, and after that the days begin to lengthen slowly, because the sun is getting later the mornings continue to shorten until (at Russell) about January 2. Similarly (because the sun is getting later more than the days are shortening) the afternoons begin to lengthen about December 12. By railroad time at Russell, Sunrise December 2, at 8:16; 12 at 8:28; 22 at 8:35; January 2 at 8:38; 12 at 8:35, 22 at 8:27 A. M. Sunset December 2 at 4:50; 12 at 4:48; 22 at 4:50; January 2 at 4:57; 12 at 5:09; 22 at 5:23 P. M."

THE NEXT QUESTION IS easy. Senators and representatives receive salaries of \$10,000 a year, plus allowances of clerk hire and traveling expenses.

THE SONG TO WHICH MR. Kane refers is not on my list. I do not recall the title. Perhaps some readers can supply the information.

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT writes :

"The reference in your column Borne days ago to the frequent recurrence of the same name among certain peoples reminds me of a pioneer community in which I lived for some years. The settlers consisted principally of immigrants from Wales. There were so many individuals having the same given and family names that special designations had to be used. Two named William Davies were dubbed respectively Willie G. and Curly Bill, and a third of the same name had to be content to be called Section 18, because of the location of his homestead. Three David Joneses were known as Red Dave, Black Dave, (from the color of their whiskers) and Big Cardy, (because he was portly and came from Cardiganshire). Being the only farmer in the community owning a span of mules one William Williams was called Billy Mule; a second, because he lived on Madison Creek, was locally known as Billy Madison; a third was simply William O. Two Jonathan Davies's avoided confusion at the postoffice by one becoming John N. Davies.

Into the settlement one day came an Englishman with the name Titus Sitchell which the village wags gleefully change to Tight Satchel, a sobriquet that clung to him."

O. O. M'INTYRE IS DEAD That news has brought a shock to the innumerable readers with whom McIntyre's daily column took first place, or almost first place, in their daily reading. He was the most widely read columnist in America, which is to say that he was the most widely known and read columnist in the world.

MANY explanations of McIntyre's popularity as a writer have been given. He had been a news reporter and an editorial writer. He wrote many magazine articles. But it was his daily column of observations on "New York day by day," that made effective appeal to the vast army of readers who always welcomed its appearance. Thrones might topple, war might menace the world, perplexing problems might absorb statesmen, but these things could not divert attention from McIntyre's column.

WHAT WAS THE SECRET OF his popularity? Admittedly he was a careless writer. Often taken to task for grammatical errors, he made no denial and offered no defense. He cultivated the use of strange and unusual words which contributed neither to the strength nor to the clarity of his statements. In respect to statements of fact he was often as careless as with his grammar. While he often wrote humorously, he had none of the kind of wit that characterized Will Rogers, for instance. Yet his popularity was undeniable.

AN ARTICLE BY J. BRYAN, published in The Saturday Evening Post a few weeks ago, gives a partial explanation of the hold that McIntyre had on many of his readers. He wrote voluminously of New York from the standpoint of its theaters, its night life and its popular celebrities, and, living in the midst of it, he invested the city with the glamour with which it is invested in the minds of millions who have never seen it. Through his eyes they were able to see the great city, seemingly at close range, and to enjoy vicariously the thrill of meeting on intimate terms captains of industry, celebrities of the stage and screen, pugilists, adventurers, authors, and to delve into obscure corners of the city.

THAT ESTIMATE IS Doubtless correct, but it tells only part of the story. McIntyre's column was intensely personal, and some of his best writing was about himself, his sentiments, his habits, his likes and dislikes and his amusing blunders. His readers were brought into actual contact with a human being, and they learned to know and love him.

MOREOVER, HE HAD BEEN a small-town boy, and his frequent affectionate references to Gallipolis, Ohio, the home of his youth, with its familiar characters, placed him on common ground with the residents of hundreds of other small towns who recognized in his descriptions the touch of reality and of undying sympathy.

M'INTYRE HAD WON FAME and wealth. He lived luxuriously and he hobnobbed with the great and the near great. But in his reference to the old home town, whose opportunities he had long since outgrown, there was never a note of cynicism or superciliousness. His remained a Gallipolis boy until the end of his days.

ANOTHER OF HIS HEART warming qualities was his love of dogs. To him his dogs were more than mere pets. They were friends and companions, each with its own personality, and with peculiarities that were accepted tolerantly, sympathetically and respectfully. His tribute to the dog that died is undoubtedly filed away in thousands of scrap-books.

GALLIPOLIS PRODUCED Another columnist, less widely read, but whose writings were full of homely wisdom and cheerful humor. He was W. G. Sibley, who, after years of experience on smaller papers became chief editorial writer on The Chicago Journal of Commerce, and who, for years after his retirement from active editorial work, conducted for the Journal of Commerce a daily column entitled "Along the Highway." One of Sibley's columns was entitled "The McIntyre Romance." In that the writer sketched an outline of McIntyre's career and paid affectionate tribute to both him and his wife, Mabel, who was another home town product.

"HE JUST GREW UP," WRITES Sibley, like other small town boys, and made the acquaintance of town characters, like Tad Bashore, Cooney Schreck and Billy Menager, who wandered over town with his tenor drum, a typical simpleton. Saloonkeepers, preachers' sons, river characters, Denizens of Wild at Alley and Dogham all looked alike to Odd, who was a manly little fellow, and treated the town sots and men like Colonel Vance and John T. Halliday with equal courtesy."

SIBLEY'S ARTICLE, Written several years ago, refers to a visit made by Mr. Vance to McIntyre in New York, and closes:

Mr. Vance brings us the good news that McIntyre, the best known man who ever started his career in Gallipolis, is to visit his home town next summer. Of course Mabel will come with him. We shall all be glad to see him and honor him, and do all we can to make his visit pleasant and happy. And we are glad that he has arranged, when his life's experiences on earth shall cease, to have his clay deposited in the old home own of his boyhood. That will be his final tribute to Gallipolis."

And now McIntyre will be going home.

RETURNING FROM A TRIP to Denmark after an absence of 23 years, Harold Jensen, who operates a large dairy just north of Grand Forks, is glad to be home again, although he found his visit to the old home land exceedingly pleasant. He came to the United States 23 years ago, a youth of 18, and on this, his first return, he found very few of the schoolmates and others of his own age whom he had formerly known. A few of the men who had been engaged in business when he left are still carrying on the same lines of business in the same locations, but most of those of his own generation, like himself, have migrated to other parts of the world.

WHILE CHANGES ARE made more slowly in an old country like Denmark than in our newer states, Mr. Jensen noticed changes that had taken place, especially in the cities, during his absence. Copenhagen, always a neat and beautiful city, has developed greatly. Many fine buildings have been erected, and the city has made progress industrially.

AGRICULTURE CONTINUES to be the principal industry of Denmark, with dairying its most important branch. Farms average about 40 acres. The largest farm in the country of which Mr. Jensen has any knowledge contains about 900 acres, but this is part of an estate owned by a titled family for many generations. On a 40 acre farm there will be kept about 24 cows. These are kept indoors or in small pastures, as land is too precious to permit the animals a wide range. Alfalfa and other green feed is cut from the adjoining fields and fed to the cattle daily.

CLIMATICALLY DENMARK is admirably situated for dairying. The weather both summer and winter is usually moderate, and in winter the temperature rarely falls much below the freezing point. Shortly before Christmas they had a cold snap, with the temperature about two degrees below the freezing point. Everyone thought the weather was very cold, and though he is accustomed to much lower temperatures in North Dakota, Mr. Jensen suffered from the cold, as the air is always moist from the sea breezes. After the cold snap farmers resumed their plowing, which had been temporarily interrupted.

IN DENMARK THE CO-Operative movement includes practically the agricultural population. Almost all farm products are marketed through the co-operatives, and a rigid system of inspection serves to insure the quality of the products. England was once the principal consumer of Danish farm products, but in recent years Germany is taking an increasingly large proportion of those products.

DENMARK HAS NO MINES and no large forests, and most of her raw material for manufacture come from abroad. Coal is brought from England and Germany, iron from Germany, wool and mutton from Iceland and the Faroe islands, and a fine quality of granite from Greenland. These products enter into textile and metal manufacture. Copenhagen has a large export trade in diesel engines.

MR. JENSEN FOUND Considerable unemployment, especially in the Danish cities, and the expenditure for unemployment payments are direct relief charges impose tax burdens which cause much complaint. There are no exemptions from taxation. Even the farm laborer, whose wage is the equivalent of about \$200 a year, must pay about \$7.00 in taxes. The factory workmen earning \$2.00 a day is taxed on a similar basis. Food prices are lower than here, which compensates in part for low wage scales, but imported goods are costly.

COPENHAGEN HAS LONG been known for its bicycle traffic. In that city practically everyone rides a bike and when the factories close and the workmen start for their homes the streets are filled with solid ranks of bicycles so dense that movement seems almost impossible. Automobiles are few. A modern Ford car casts in the neighborhood of \$1,200, and this, with the high annual tax on ownership and the high gasoline makes an auto an expensive luxury. Not more than one farmer out of ten or twelve owns a car. Roads are practically all hard surfaced, but they are narrow, and any considerable automobile traffic over them would be impossible.

THROUGHOUT DENMARK Mr. Jensen found a rather general expectation of a war that would involve some of the nation's powerful neighbors, and the people are hoping that they will not be involved. Despite differences in political systems and the absence in Denmark of any thought of dictatorship or approval of it, good feeling exists between the Danes and their German neighbors, and their commercial intercourse is steadily increasing. As one of the results of world war, Denmark, though not a party to that conflict, gained the return of the province of Schleswig, which was gratifying to national pride, but which has proven a financial liability, as the government has been obliged to spend large sums for the readjustment of the inhabitants of the regained province, 75 per cent of whom retained their Danish sympathies and Danish language during the generations of German rule.

DENMARK RIVALS HOLLAND in the exportation of tulip bulbs. On January 23, just before leaving for home, Mr. Jensen noticed large plots of tulips with the growing shoots well above the ground and the plots taking on the green of spring.



SOME TIME AGO I RECEIVED from Edward Everson of Niagara a letter containing a word of 58 letters which had been given him by a Welsh friend as representing a Welsh word, said to be the longest word in any language. Mr. Everson submitted the word to me as a curiosity, and for interpretation. Being completely ignorant of the Welsh language I followed my usual practice where anything Welsh is concerned, and submitted the problem to Professor Hywel C. Rowland of the University. Professor Rowland has not only interpreted the word and explained the manner in which it is built up, but has made some interesting observations about the Welsh language, and about some peculiar uses of English. His letter follows:

"BEFORE I SAY ANYTHING about the long Welsh word I would like to mention that I happened to notice in Sunday, February 6 TWENTY YEARS AGO column this observation: "Miss Mabel Fodness, R. N." etc. I presume it meant Registered Nurse in her case, and it struck me that in England R. N. would mean Royal Navy. It also popped into my mind that we call our University graduates A. B.'s. The same two letters mean in England and "able-bodied seaman" and the English University graduates are termed B. A.'s, Likewise, a graduate of the Royal Academy of Music is entitled to use R. A. M. after his name, but that would probably convey the idea in America that he was a Royal Arch Mason.

"NOW TO OUR LONG WELSH word, which even your correspondent does not give correctly. I have had occasion to use it in articles written in America, but have not succeeded in having it spelled correctly by the printer, who was probably confused by the plethora of w's, y's, and double l's. I am going to make a great effort to have my stenographer type it accurately, and if The Herald compositor succeeds in setting it up without an error I shall be glad to present him with a cigar. Here it is—58 letters in all! Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch.

"OF COURSE, IT IS A Composite word and is really a joke which is played on the unsuspecting Sassenach tourist. Long strips of paper on which these 58 letters are printed in large type, picture post cards, and other devices for making a pecuniary profit on the word, are sold. The alleged reason for the whole thing lies in the fact that there are so many places called "Llanfair" (St. Mary's) in Wales, so words which particularize which St. Mary's is meant, are frequently added. An English example is of St. Mary Axe in London, which, by the bye, is pronounced "Simmery Axe". Some Welsh wag saw a chance to pile up description in the case of Llanfair P. G., as it is called for short, with the result that we have the following:

"LLAN — PARISH; FAIR —' Mary; pwll — Hollow; gwyn — white; gyll-hazel; go—near; ger— to; y—the; chwyrn—fierce; dro— turn or whirl; bwl—pool; llan—parish; Tysilio—a saint's name; gogo —cave; goch—red.

"LOOK AT THE WORD "pwll", which is given as meaning hollow. Note this, with a slight mutation, is the same as the syllable "bwl" which is translated as "pool". The Welsh word **pwll** and the English word **pool** are almost the same in pronunciation, and the same in meaning. Tysilio is a saint's name which might be translated "the one from the house of Sunday". Note the similarity of the syllable goch (red), which may also be used as "coch," to the first syllable of "cochineal".

So the whole thing means "St. Mary's of the hollow of the white hazel, near to the fierce whirl pool of St. Tysilio of the red cave".

"SOME TIME AGO I NOTICED that John Hix in his STRANGE AS IT SEEMS printed a Welsh word which he said was one "without a vowel". Naturally the frequent use of w's and y's in Welsh words puzzles people. The word Hix quoted was "crwth" — the Welsh name for the violin, a very early form of which originated in Wales. If you pronounce the c as k, the w as oo, and the "th" thing, you have krooth, which is quite easy to say.

"Y AND W ARE ALWAYS Vowels in Welsh—the w is oo as in soon and the y is either like i in sit or u in sup. The single f in Welsh is like the English v; the equivalent of the English ff is ff. In spite of its rather fearsome aspect to some people, Welsh is really easy to pronounce, with the exception perhaps of two sounds—the guttural ch and the double l, which is an aspirated l. One puts the tongue in a position to say l and blows down the side in order to articulate it. It may also be approximated by saying kl as in the Scottish word clan, which means virtually the same thing as the Welsh word llan. Welsh has seven vowels and is purely phonetic. With the one exception of y, the letters of the alphabet have one sound only, and the accent always comes on the penultimate syllable. When I look at words like Sczycs and Mieczyslaw in other languages I am not inclined to an apologetic, for the aspect of Welsh words, whose pronunciation is perfectly simple after anyone has learned the sound of each letter in the alphabet.

"NOW TRY TO PRONOUNCE this Welsh word—Dwygyfylchi!"

MODERN COLLEGE YOUTH are often said to be cold, hard-boiled and cynical, but every once in a while something occurs that knocks that idea into a cocked hat. It was observed that this year, for instance, St. Valentine's day was observed on the University campus in quite the old-fashioned manner. The boys sent valentines to their girls, just about as their fathers sent valentines to their girls long ago, and they were pretty much the same sort of valentines, too, tender and sentimental, some of them a bit gushy, perhaps, but indicating that the tender grace of a day that is dead has not vanished from the earth.

WAR'S GLAMOROUS ASPECTS —if war has any such aspects-were not mentioned in a letter written during the Civil war by Louis Harwood to his sister Etta, who became A. N. Cooper's grandmother. The letter, written at Camp McClelland February 9, 1862, has been kept through the years in Mr. Cooper's family. The paper on which it is written is somewhat browned with age, but otherwise is in good condition, and the ink is still a perfect black.

WHEN THE LETTER WAS written the war was less than a year old, and the latter contains no descriptions of battles, but was evidently intended chiefly to convey to the writer's sister information as to his health and that of "Charles," clearly Etta's husband, who was down with measles. The latter says:

"The health of the regiment at present is very poor. There are about 50 in the hospital, and about one-fifth of the entire number who are unfit for duty." Harwood writes that for some time he has 'averaged but three hours' sleep a day.

A FEW DAYS EARLIER FORT Henry had been taken by the combined efforts of Grant's land forces and Foote's gunboats. Grant was still an obscure commander, but he was presently to increase his reputation by the capture of Fort Donelson. The letter says:

"News is scarce, and I am too sleepy to write what little there is. I sent father an extra of the Cairo paper containing an account of the battle at Fort Henry, which place was taken by the forces that left here, and that account is more specific than I could pen if I should try. I have seen the gun-boats since they returned, and I assure you the rebels left their marks upon them. One of them had unfurled beneath the Stars and Stripes the Stars and Bars, that formerly waved proudly over Fort Henry. It was a beautiful flag. Troops for the last week have been almost constantly arriving by sail and embarking for some point above upon the Ohio. There was also a large number came down the Mississippi and went up the Ohio. We shall undoubtedly hear of other battles soon. It worries Charlie some to think he cannot have a hand in the game, but he bears it very well. I presume we shall have all the fighting we have any anxiety for yet."

ANYONE WHO OWNS AND loves a dog, especially if he has had the responsibility of training it from puppyhood, will appreciate this address to his dog written by C. Q. Tverberg:

#### **TO MY DOG.**

"Sparky, you rascal. Why should your whole life depend on every move I make, on every action and every word spoken? Why do you look so disapprovingly at me when there is the least change in my routine? Yes you rascal you are a true friend, but I wish you wouldn't idolize me so, you make it so hard for me to disregard you. You bum, I wish I could forget that first night I brought you home, determined that your place was in a nice cozy bed in the basement, but you voiced your disapproval so strongly that I had to make two trips down the basement and spank you good and hard, but without any success, but the third time I went determined that this time you should get a real beating so you would know once and for all that your place was down in the basement.

"BUT WHEN I OPENED THE basement door and saw your tiny little body lying on the top step with your cold nose snuggled between your front paws, with tears rolling down your cheeks and moaning like your heart would break. Then the victory was all yours. I was beaten, for then you struck the inner chord of my heart, and stooping down I picked you up in my arms, carried you into the bedroom, took a nice soft pillow, put it in a basket and covered it partly over with a cayuse blanket and placed you into this cave, and placed the basket close to my bed so I could reach down and put my hand on your tiny head. From then on you never let a yelp out of you and it's been your bed ever since. And ever since then you have been the boss.

"ALL DAY LONG YOU PICK your own spots to sleep, it may be on top of one desk and maybe on top of another and sometime on top of the desk where I keep your blanket, and if you choose maybe on top of the counter or on the extra chair in my office, but no matter, it's all yours and you have everyone's approval, they all like you, you lucky dog.

"SPARKY, I WISH YOU wouldn't have so much faith in me. I am only human and I might fail you some day. But you believe that I can heal all your ills, even when you let the cars hit you and you look like dead. Then those half closed eyes of yours look pleadingly into mine as if to say, 'I know you can help me.' Well so far all has been well, hasn't it? You might as well tell me because I even believe you can talk. I know you understand everything that is spoken, you even know hours, ahead when you are to be left alone then you are in an agony all evening. Tell me, puppy, why do you snuggler you, and why do you to me that 20 hours a day is a long' time, but I guess you know best you suggler you, and why do you come with such a bang and snuggle down on my arm when I try to steal a few winks on the davenport?

'Yes Sparky you have been with me a long time but I guess I don't know a thing about you yet, but after all you are my puppy, aren't you?'"

THE DEATH OF O. O. McIntyre, who contributed so largely to the entertainment of the American public, was followed closely by the death of another man, eminent in a different manner and in another field. That man was Admiral Gary T. Grayson, personal physician to three presidents, loved and trusted by all of them, and respected for his fine qualities by the members of his profession.

The case of Sir Joseph Porter, who stuck close to his desk and never went to sea, and thus became the ruler of the queen's navy, was not quite paralleled by Admiral Grayson, who in his early life was actually a naval lieutenant, but his fame was won and his service performed on land, and the title of admiral was bestowed on him in recognition of his services as a physician rather than as a fighting man afloat.

WHILE HE WAS TAKING A postgraduate course at Johns Hopkins he was assigned by the famous Dr. Osier to prescribe for Postmaster General Payne. He prescribed chiefly sunshine, diet and sleep, and the patient improved rapidly. Theodore Roosevelt wanted to see the "man who had cured Payne," and met the young doctor, whom he later made White House physician. In that capacity he served President Taft, and he was retained by President Wilson.

HE INFLUENCED THE Personal lives of those presidents in ways which contributed to their health, and he varied his treatment in accordance with the character of the material on which he had to work. He found that Roosevelt was wearing himself out with furious exercise and he achieved the almost impossible when he persuaded Teddy to let up—just a little. Taft ate too much for his own good, and Grayson persuaded him to get along on less than three dinners in one evening. Wilson overworked and took too little exercise. Grayson got him started playing golf, a game for which Wilson had not much use, which he described as "an attempt to put an elusive ball into an obscure hole with implements quite unsuited to the task." And once he got Wilson to sleep in a tent on the White House lawn, so that the night breezes off the Potomac and the croaking of the frogs would take his mind off affairs of state.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN Admiral Grayson influenced history in a highly important manner, though it is impossible to do more than guess at what was the ultimate effect of his course. Contrary to his urgent advice, and understanding thoroughly the risk he was taken, President Wilson had undertaken that last speaking tour in the interest of the League of Nations. What Grayson feared occurred. The president was stricken with an illness from which he never recovered completely. For a long time no one was allowed to see him except his attendants and members of his family. Lansing, then secretary of state, proposed at a secret conference that the president be declared incapacitated, in which case Vice President Marshall would have assumed the duties of president. Grayson resolutely refused to make such a report, and the plan was dropped.

DURING THOSE MONTHS THE affairs of the presidency were controlled largely by Secretary Tumulty, Grayson and Mrs. Wilson. Together they reduced to the minimum what the president must be told, Grayson decided when he was in condition to hear it, and Mrs. Wilson gave him the information. After his inauguration in 1921 President Harding gave instructions to the navy department for the retention in Washington of Admiral Grayson in order that he might attend Mr. Wilson, a duty which he performed until the former president's death.

IN 1935 ADMIRAL GRAYSON became head of the Red Cross, and under his direction that organization embarked in a large way on its program for the prevention of disease, in addition to its work of meeting emergencies caused by sudden disaster.

A WEEK OR MORE AGO I published a request from J. G. Kane, of Russell, N. D., for a song entitled "Sweet Summer's. Gone Away," a song which was unknown to me, but which Mr. Kane said had been sung in his school days. Others know it, however, and the first response came from Mrs. T. Ross Hicks, of Grand Forks, who found the song in a little song book which was used in New England schools many years ago. The book was published by D. H. Knowlton Co. of Farmington, Maine, and bears the copyright date 1887. Doubtless it has long been out of print. A second reply came from Mrs. John G. Olson, of Backoo, N. D., who writes that it has been preserved in an old composition book which she used in school 40 years ago. As others may be interested the words are given herewith. I am sorry that I cannot reproduce the tune.

#### **SWEET SUMMER'S GONE AWAY.**

There's a purple tint on the woodland leaves,  
And the winds are up all day There's a rustling heard in the yellow sheaves,  
And it seems to sadly say: Chorus.  
"Sweet summer, Sweet summer, Sweet summer's gone away".

On the browning fields the spider spins,  
Where the lambs no longer play; And the cricket now his chirp begins,  
And the quail is whistling gay. Chorus.

There are loving arms for baby dear,  
Though the skies are chill and gray; And a cozy home nest all the year  
And sweet kisses every day. Chorus.

MR. AND MRS, PAUL W. Dorsher, 1510 Second avenue north have received interesting letters from their daughter, Mrs. John Meany, who is making a leisurely journey around the world, taking the westward route from their home in San Francisco. In Bombay they had the rare privilege of witnessing a Parsee wedding, being two of the six persons who received special invitations to the ceremony. Participants and native guests wore the picturesque and beautiful native costumes, and the ceremony is described as being very impressive. Mr. and Mrs. Meany chatted with the bride and groom, who are cultured people and speak excellent English.

IN ROME MR. AND MRS. Meany had another unusual experience, being invited guests at the marriage of a niece of Benito Mussolini. Mussolini himself honored the young couple with his presence. There was also an audience with the pope, which lasted about 15 minutes. Egypt is described as even more interesting than the books make it.

THE MEANYS INTENDED, ON leaving Rome to go to Vienna to spend the rest of the winter there. If they have followed their plan they are now in the very center of the European powder magazine, whose explosion is being awaited expectantly by many.

A FEDERAL RESEARCH department is busy collecting old songs. Its representatives go into mountain and other remote districts and persuade the older inhabitants to sing the folk songs with which they were familiar in youths. A phonograph records the songs, and there is thus preserved a record of one phase of life of which few evidences remain.

A PROBLEM WHICH SHOULD be of interest to the psychologist and sociologists is to what extent the mental and spiritual outlook of a people is represented in its popular songs. In today's popular songs there is a high average of sloppiness. The sentimentality of an earlier generation was expressed in song mournful rather than erotic. People, it seems, could not be happy unless they had a lot of misery to enjoy. Many of the most popular songs of 50 years ago were of funeral character. Instead of kissing the lips of his beloved the singer strewed flowers over her grave. She may have died of a broken heart, or of galloping consumption, but one way or other she had to be dead, and the singer was supposed to wring tears from his audience.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THIS TENDENCY and a number of songs whose titles come to mind. There were Annie Lisle, Darling Nellie Gray, Ben Bolt, Gentle Annie, Hazel Dell, Dublin Bay, and Lily Dale, to mention by a few. In each the singer mourns the loss of a loved one and pours out his soul in sadness. Many of the tunes to which those words were set were excellent, and if the singer had a good voice nobody paid much attention to the text. That tendency is not unknown in the singing of hymns today.

YEARS AGO, WHEN ONLY Indians and wild animals roamed this section of the northwest, there existed in the eastern part of what is now Marshall county, Minnesota, great areas of marsh land which was always saturated, and in most seasons completely covered with water. Settlers came to the vicinity and took up the drier land near the swamps. Presently there began the drainage era, and big ditches were constructed to carry off the water. Some of the swamps were partially and others completely dried. Thief Lake, a body of considerable size, was drained. Most of the land which had been flooded was put to agricultural use.

THEN CAME THE DROUTH. The process which man had started was completed by nature, and land that had once been too wet became too dry for any use. Some of it burned up, as it consisted of peat, in which fires, once started, could not be extinguished. Wild fowl, millions of which had inhabited the area vanished, as did other species of game that had frequented it.

THE EFFECT OF RUNNING the water off not having been completely satisfactory, the process was reversed, and dams were built to hold the water back. Thief lake was re-established, and dried-up rivers again contained water. Nature took a hand again, and last year deluged the district with rain, so that many of the farmers had to wade in water to save part of their crops.

NOW VIGOROUS PROTESTS against the water-restorations program are being made, and there is conflict between conservationists and sportsmen and certain of the land owners in the affected territory. Long letters are appearing in newspapers of the vicinity, some opposing and some defending the conservation program. Opponents say that the local people have the right to say what shall be done with the water in the territory in which they are interested, and they denounced outsiders for dipping into local affairs which do not concern them. Friends of the conservation program hold that questions of water supply and of game preservation are involved in the question that reach far beyond the boundaries of local interests, and that their program is intended merely to restore in part conditions created by nature which ought not to have been changed in the first place. So the war goes on.

THE THIRD WEEK IN February is pretty early for the return of goldfinches from the south; but George Aase, who lives on the Minnesota side of the river near the Riverside Park dam, reports the appearance of several of these birds at his home. Mr. Aase was not certain of the species of the birds, but in a telephone call described them as resembling canaries, being a sort of bronze rather than a bright yellow in color. We have in this territory in the summer two birds which are often misnamed canaries. One is the yellow warbler, which is a light yellow, and the other is the goldfinch, whose yellow is tinged with bronze. Mr. Aase says that there were seven or eight of the birds, presumably finches, around his premises last summer, and a few days ago he was surprised to see about five similar birds making themselves at home. Thus far we have had no weather which would be thought likely to tempt such birds so far south, but it is possible that tornadoes and heavy rains in the southern states have driven the birds from their usual winter quarters.

MENTION HAS BEEN MADE, too, of the unusual number of snow birds visible from the highway between Grand Forks and Fargo. These, of course, are winter birds, which usually appear in large flocks. A familiar theory is that their appearance indicates approaching snow.

HOW MUCH IS A DOLLAR worth? Once it represented about 23 grains of gold. Now it represents only two-thirds of that quantity, and we can't get any gold at all for it. How long is an inch? There is a bill before congress which would shorten the inch, based on the conviction of the Bureau of Standards that the American inch is too long. To most of us an inch has been just an inch, but it seems there are inches and inches. The British inch is 25.39996 millimeters long, while the American inch is 25.40005 millimeters, which the bureau officials say is too long. They propose to knock off the odd millionths and make the measurement flat 25.4 millimeters.

DR. BRIGGS, OF THE Bureau, says the difference between the American and British inch is intolerable, but if the bill passes there will still be a difference of 4 millionths. Are the British expected to lengthen their inch that much. Dr. Briggs says that the proposed change will not affect industry in any way. One of the most precise measurements used in industry, he says, is that of the wrist pin in the piston of an automobile engine. In the measurement of that diameter the practice is to allow a margin of one-ten-thousandth of an inch for error. The proposed change amounts to only two millionths of an inch, which couldn't be noticed on the end of the average nose.

IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE New York Times appeared a portrait of Miss Mildred Natwick, garbed in the costume of a bygone generation as she appears in Maxwell Anderson's play "The Star Wagon," which is now running at the Empire theater in New York. Miss Natwick is a sister of Miss Tilda R. Natwick, of the University of North Dakota.

EVERY ONE who has had even slight experience in flower gardening knows the ice plant — Mesembryanthemum, if you want to be technical — the spreading little plant that grows much like the portulacca, but which is covered with tiny vesicles filled with water, so that it appears as if encased in ice. The plant has small blossoms in various colors, and in a proper setting it makes an attractive appearance.

I WAS SURPRISED TO READ somewhere that this tiny plant, so frail in appearance, is being used extensively for a task which one would suppose requires toughness and ruggedness, that of protecting exposed hillsides from erosion. Where the land is not useful either for cultivation or for pasture, but it is desired to protect it from washing in heavy rains, cuttings of ice plant are set out, and the growing plants soon form a mat which is proof against both wind and rain. I find that the ice plant has long been of practical service in another field, as its ashes are used in making certain types of glass.

FRED ORTH, OF THE FIRST National Bank in Grand Forks, wasn't always a banker. In his youth he was a grocery clerk, and one of his jobs, which still makes his muscles ache whenever he thinks of it, was to pump molasses on a bitter cold day. The molasses came in barrels, and a pump operated by a crank was used to deliver it into the customer's container. That was all right in warm weather, but in cold weather, if the molasses was kept in a cold place, as it was, usually, the stuff became about of the consistency of chewing gum, and to pump five gallons of it into a farmer's can was a job for Hercules.

PAUL ONSTAD, WHO IS STILL in the grocery business in a large way, got into it a good many years ago, when prunes came in barrels. Packed in that way more or less air got among them and dried them out and some of the sugar which they contained was deposited on the outside of the fruit. That did no harm, but it made the prunes look mouldy and customers didn't like it. Paul's employer knew a way to fix that. He had the prunes dumped out and separated and the boys rolled each prune between their hands with a little olive oil. That took off the mouldy appearance, freshened and brightened them, and did nobody any harm.

THAT GOT ME TO Reminiscing about my own clerking days when we got our dried currants just as they came from Greece, in large casks. The currants would have become a solid mass, making it impossible to dig them out. Instead the practice was to knock the staves off the cask, strip off the staves and leave the currants standing there. The pass was then attacked with shovels. Small quantities would be shoveled onto a large canvas, broken up and then sprinkled with a mixture of vinegar and molasses. Then two of us, one at each end, took the canvas by the corners and rolled the currants back and forth until each had received a slight coating of the mixture, which improved their appearance greatly. Perhaps in these days that would have been called adulteration, but it couldn't have been, for the boss was a devout church member.

YESTERDAY I MADE SOME reference to the controversy that is in progress over in Minnesota over what shall be done about water, one group advocating dams to hold it where it is and another insisting on ditches to carry it off. Such controversies are not confined to this locality. At the wild life conference held at Baltimore last week there was violent disagreement over the problem of mosquito control. Representatives of the public health service advocated continuance of the present methods of control, namely, construction of ditches for drainage, and killing of larvae by the use of heavy oil. Conservationists and sportsmen said that this method was destroying wild life, and they insisted that instead of destroying mosquitoes the ditches cause them to multiply because in hot, dry weather, they contain pools of stagnant water.

THE CALL FOR Information about the song "Sweet Summer's Gone Away" has brought many responses. J. G. Kane, of Russell, who made the original inquiry, writes that he has received a copy of the song from an unknown correspondent. Fred McKinnis, of Emerado, has written the music from memory, and I am sending his score to Mr. Kane. Mr. McKinnis says he is not sure how near correct his notes are. I find that they vary considerably from the notes published in the book borrowed from Mrs. Hicks.

I DO NOT RECALL THAT I ever heard this song, yet it seems to have been familiar to widely separated school children a generation ago. Mrs. Hicks sang it in her childhood school days in Maine. Mr. McKinnis sang it in 1893 in district school No. 86, near York, Neb. I have received copies from persons who, I am sure, never attended school in either Maine or Nebraska. When the song was being sung in so many widely separated places, why didn't I hear it?

A RADIO ANNOUNCER, Commenting the other evening on the new crises in European affairs, referred to the meeting of the British cabinet at "No. 11 Downing street." That didn't sound right to me. I never attended a meeting of the British cabinet, but I have often seen No. 10 Downing street mentioned as the place where such meetings are held. When the radio announcement came I thought perhaps the prime minister had moved. However, I find from numerous press dispatches that he is still doing business at the old stand. So if any of you have occasion to call on him, remember that No. 10 is the number.

THE WORLD CENTER FOR Women's Archives, which has its offices at the Biltmore hotel, New York City, is collecting information pertaining to women's contributions to the world's work during past generations. It wishes to obtain information from all possible sources concerning the lives and activities of women in relation to the great events of American history. In a circular just issued the association asks:

WHATEVER BECAME, WE wonder, of the archives of Catherine Macauley, as brilliant a supporter of the American cause as Edmund Burke, whom Washington honored as he honored Lafayette, with a presentation of one of the two original copies of the Bill of Rights? Or what became of the records of Elizabeth Mallet, the founder in England in 1702 of the first newspaper in the English language? Or of Sara Josepha Hale, editor of Godey's Lady's Book, and originator of the national observance of Thanksgiving? Or of Eliza Pickney of North Carolina, loyal patriot, economist and manager of several plantations in a land in the making? Or of the colorful "Oklahoma Kate", sheriff, nemesis of horse-thieves, who gave the last years of her life to a staunch protection of Indians' lands? Or of Belle Starr, the beautiful and dashing Confederate spy? Or of Anna Ella Carroll, who, the government now admits, actually laid out the plans of the Tennessee Valley campaign in the Civil; war? Or of Phoebe Hearst, the young school teacher, who shared with her husband the hardships of the frontier from Missouri to California and became a pioneer for education in the Great West? Or of Mrs. John Jay of New York, beautiful, gifted, who played a notable part in the making of a nation?

WE ARE ALL ACQUAINTED with some notable names in the history of the northwest. Most of them are the names of men. Of course the Indian woman, Sakakawea has become a historic figure, and her history is fairly well known. But we have heard little about the women of northwestern fur-trading and homesteading days, and there must have been some splendid characters among them. Perhaps their field of activity was not such as to invest them with national importance, but there may be some who would measure up satisfactorily with any of the men whose names are well known.

A COPY OF THE WINNIPEG Free Press of last August reaches me in a roundabout manner, having been sent all the way back from Florida by J. H. Griffin, who is always on the watch for anything that he thinks will interest readers of the Herald. The principal article consists of a series of letters written in 1811 by Miles Macdonald from York Factory, Hudson's bay, to Lord Selkirk, the Scottish nobleman whose colony migrated in that year from Scotland to the northwest.

MACDONALD, WHO WAS IN charge of the expedition, wrote his employer of the progress that had been made and of the preparations that were being made for ascent of the Nelson river, Lake Winnipeg and the Red river to the settlement near Pembina, where the first colony was subsequently planted. The letters were written in October and November, 1811 while the immigrants were preparing for what was to be a long and difficult winter. Boats were to be built for navigating the Nelson early the next summer, also a ship to carry the party up Lake Winnipeg.

REFERRING TO THE Weather one of the letters says:

"Last winter was the severest ever known in these parts. Game disappeared and many of the improvident natives perished through cold and want. The thermometer was at 49 ½ degrees below 0. It is well that it is past and to be hoped this may be a mild one. We have had the thermometer already at 8 and 9 degrees below 0, two succeeding nights, and we have now snow on the ground. It is therefore time for those that are without houses to begin building."

MACDONALD COMPLAINS that the axes brought from England were badly tempered, the edge of one having broken in cutting a soft poplar stick. He thinks that the English artisans do not understand tempering tools for cold climates. Information had been received of a great inundation which had flooded the Pembina river valley the preceding spring. The river was four miles wide, a condition which was unknown to the Indians up to that time.

ANOTHER ARTICLE IN THE paper tells of the journey of Catholic prelates last summer to Fort Chesterfield, a little dot on the map some 200 miles, north of Churchill, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the founding of the first Roman Catholic mission on the west coast of Hudson's bay. A party of Grand Forks men on their way to Churchill met several delegates to that gathering. One had been born in Africa, of white parents—and had spent most of his life there. While he was enjoying the journey, he was anxious to get back home. It was something of a novelty to meet in that remote northern region of America a cultured gentleman who looked with affection on Africa as his home because it was not native land.

THE FREE PRESS OF THAT date contains a column by Frank Williams, the paper's regular columnist, who has this bit about the old-time square dances which are still danced seriously in out-of-the-way places, but which are more often burlesques by those who consider themselves sophisticated:

"I NEVER WAS ABLE TO master the intricacies of the old-time square dances, much as I admire them. I have tried hard, on many occasions, but my feet and brain never seemed able to work out a set of uniform signals, and I became the despair of the caller-off. The square dance never lost its popularity and of recent years many of the youngsters have adopted it for diversion and, as a consequence, it is staging a mild comeback.

"But where will they obtain the expert "callers-off" of other days? A caller-off, like a baseball star, was born, not made. Many of them were so expert in this diversion they evolved a technique of their own. It is certain many of them devised new calls, some of them showing a touch of poetic genius.

"A devotee of the square dance forwarded to me the song of a caller at a dance at Chipewyan in 1910, contained in a book of folk songs gathered by Agnes Deans Cameron.

Salute your ladies! All together!

Ladies opposite the same— Hit the lumber with yer leathers, '

Balance all and swing your dame.

Bunch the moose-cows in the middle,

Circle stags and do-si-do, Pay attention to the fiddle!

Swing her round and off you go!

First four forward! Back to places!

Second foiler—shuffle back! Now you've got it down to cases—

Swing 'em till their back teeth

crack. Gent all right a-hell and toeing!

Swing 'em, kiss 'em if you kin! On to next and keep agoing,

Till you hit your pards agin.

Gents to the centre, ladies round 'em,

Form a basket, balance all! Whirl your girls to where you  
found 'em,

Promenade around the hall! Balance to your pards and trot 'em.

Round the circle, double-quick! Grab and kiss 'em while you got  
'em, Hold 'em to it, they won't kick!

ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY Man to do His Duty —By Quincy Howe. Simon & Schuster.

This book, which comes to the desk for review, inspires mingled feelings of admiration and impatience — admiration for the ingenuity with which the author has selected and fitted facts to fit the conclusions to which he was already committed, and impatience with the obvious assumption that the reader will accept as valid the theory that for more than a century British policy has uniformly been directed to the task of making the United States subservient to British interests, and that during the same period, and especially during all the present century, American political and business leaders, and to a large extent the American public, have either selfishly or stupidly followed the British lead.

AS MAY BE INFERRED FROM its title, the book is intended to support the thesis that the consistent aim of British policy is to involve the United States in relations which will support the shaking structure of the British empire and which will be distinctly injurious to the United States. With that conviction firmly fixed in his mind and that purpose in view Mr. Howe has filled his book with a recital of incidents, often colored to suit his purpose, and each, in his opinion, buttressing the opinion which he has already formed, the whole dissertation leading to this outline of what he believes should be American policy, which is that of complete and undisguised isolation.

IN THE OPENING Paragraph of this article reference was made to Mr. Howe's selection of facts. That reference should be modified. Apparently no great care in selection was necessary. Facts taken wherever they could be found, facts of all kinds, have been twisted to serve the author's purpose. Lord Canning made a suggestion which resulted in the American Monroe doctrine. Therefore in adhering to the Monroe doctrine the United States has been playing the British game. Captain Liddell-Hart, an eminent British military critic, wrote articles for The New York Times giving his views of the strategy and tactics of the Ethiopian war, therefore The New York Times is engaged in spreading British propaganda. American tourists in England visit the tomb of Shakespeare—another instance of slavish American subservience.

THERE IS AN Organization known as the English-speaking union which has societies in both Great Britain and the United States. Its declared purpose is:

1. To draw together in the bond of comradeship the English-speaking people of the world. 2. To strengthen the friendly relationship between the people of the United States and of the British empire by (A) Disseminating knowledge of each to the other, and (B) Inspiring reverence for their common institutions."

THIS ORGANIZATION, According to Mr. Howe, "is nothing more or less than the spearhead of England's cultural drive on the United States." Evidence of the sinister purposes of this organization are found in the fact that its activities "include hospitality to overseas travelers, forums of discussion, interchange of secondary schoolteachers, scholarships, special luncheons and dinners, co-operation with other organizations in entertaining visitors, intelligent travel service, friendly personal contacts, and interchange of gifts and messages between cities and towns in Great Britain and their namesakes in the New World."

THIS ORGANIZATION, BENT in corrupting the American people, has been officered in London by several prominent British politicians, and the shocking thing is that among its members are or have been such Americans as the late Frank B. Kellogg, former secretary of state, General Harbord, several Morgan associates, and George E. Vincent, former president of the University of Minnesota and of the Rockefeller Foundation. These are some of the men who are propagandizing the United States in the interest of Great Britain.

IN HEWING TO THE LINE which he has marked out Mr. Howe is indifferent as to where the chips may fall, presidents Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt are all described as having contributed to the success of the British program. The author's conclusion is that the United States should abandon the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico, keep its army and navy at home, make neutrality mandatory, prohibit all trade with any warring power, and see to it that no American goods of any kind reach a belligerent through a neutral power, permit no loans to any warring government, and give no protection to American property, American lives or American shipping in any war zone. In this way only, thinks the author, can we be free from the menace of British influence.