

PROSPECT OF THE Enactment of a state law providing for a drinkers license fee of two dollars is attracting much attention. The possibilities involved are interesting, the purpose of the proposed law is to raise money with which to pay pensions under the new statute. That being true, it will be the manifest duty of each public - spirited citizen to take out a drinker's license, even though he may not be particularly interested in drinking. Having the license, which cost two dollars, the holder will naturally wish to get his money's worth. He will increase his drinking so as to reduce the overhead. This will increase the volume of liquor sold, and there will be a corresponding increase in receipts from the liquor tax. The pension fund will thus be increased by contributions from both ends, and it would not be surprising to find the fund so swollen that it will be necessary to provide for more and bigger pensions.

AMONG THOSE WHO CAME into personal contact with some of the principal actors in the Northfield, Minnesota, bank raid of 1876 is Mose Billings, of Lakota, who writes:

"I WAS A BOY OF 10 LIVING with my grandparents one and one-half miles south of the small town of Blue Earth, situated at the forks of the Blue Earth river. There was a strip of timber along each stream reaching south to the Iowa line. One evening grandfather and I were sitting on the porch which faced south and also faced the timber. I saw a man on horseback and called Grandfather's attention to him. We thought that he was someone looking for stock that had strayed away.

HE RODE UP TO THE PORCH and informed us he was a deputy sheriff looking for horse thieves. I think he said his name was Sewart. He got a lot of information about which piece of timber reached farthest south and which would be the least obstructed by fences or other things that would hinder the thieves. It seems that he knew where to come for the he wanted, as grandfather was the first white settler in Faribault county and located a great many people for some distance in each direction.

THIS "MR. SEWART" HAD supper with us, and, grandfather being of pioneer stock, invited him to stay over night, which he did. I was very much impressed with his horse, a beautiful sorrel with light mane and tail, legs white up to the knees and a white stripe on the face. Of course we were living in one of those pioneer houses—one story, one room. There were two beds, so the visitor slept with me. He was a fine looking man, tall, straight, very well built, with black hair and dark, brilliant eyes. He gave me a dime and asked grandpa the price of his food and 16dging, which was nothing, but he left a dollar and went away, heading north.

IN ABOUT FIVE OR SIX DAYS we learned of the Northfield robbery. After the capture of the Younger brothers we saw their pictures. Our "Mr. Sewart" was Cole Younger. I mentioned the horse because that makes it certain. After the capture the horses were disposed of, and a Mr. Decker became owner of the horse I thought was so beautiful.

THE ACCOUNT GIVEN BY Mr. Billings corresponds with others that have been given of the care with which the bandits examined the territory in which they intended to operate, separating and on various pretexts checking up on roads, streams and other features which might help or hinder their escape from pursuit. The unexpected reception given them at Northfield threw all their plans awry.

HERE IS A PROBLEM SO OLD that it will be new to many readers:

A cistern is furnished with two supply pipes, A and B, and a discharge pipe, C. If A and C be left open together for three hours and C be then closed, the cistern will be filled in half an hour more. If B and C be left open together for five hours and C be then closed, the cistern will be filled in one and three-fourths hours more. Or it can be filled by leaving A open for one and two-thirds hours and B half an hour. In what time can the cistern be filled or emptied by A, B, and C separately?

GUTZON B O R G L U M, THE sculptor, thinks he can have his work at Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills finished next year, and then the carved likenesses of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt will look down in all their majesty from their lofty eminence upon an admiring world, Mr. Borglum thinks there is a grand opportunity for the extension of this kind of work in to all the states, and that every state may well have the heroic statues of its famous men and women carved in imperishable—or almost imperishable—stone.

THE SCULPTOR MENTIONS several famous characters whom he thinks might thus be appropriately memorialized. Of course he has not exhausted the possibilities of the Black Hills. Deadwood has some sizeable peaks, and doubtless would appreciate having the figure of Calamity Jane carved on one of them. Probably Missouri has a mountain out of which a figure of Jesse James could be whittled. The field is unlimited, and if the idea spreads we shall presently see every boulder carved into the likeness of some local celebrity. Those of us who have ambitions in that direction may as well begin picking out our rocks.

MR. BORGLUM COMPARES the cost of the Rushmore project with the vastly greater sum already left in the Black Hills district by tourists. The inference is that the sculptured figures constituted the attraction. He has forgotten, perhaps, that God Almighty did quite a job of carving in that region long ago, and that the result is a spectacle of beauty and magnificence which has few parallels on the continent. Carving human features on its rocks doesn't improve it a bit, and I know of many persons who have visited the scene who wish that Mr. Borglum had let it alone.

D'OYLY CARTE AND HIS Company are doing Gilbert and Sullivan in New York, a fact of which one is reminded when, as the dial of the radio is turned, snatches of the familiar numbers are heard, if it happens to be the right hour. Taken as a whole, the Gilbert and Sullivan operas are remarkable for their apparent spontaneity. Words and music just seem to bubble forth without effort or prearrangement. Actually, Gilbert was one of the most rigorous of stage directors. He insisted that every expression, every gesture, should be exactly as he wished it, and he ruled his company with a rod of iron. Sir Henry Lytton, last survivor of the original Savoyards, who died about two years ago, played in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas more than 15,000 times. I think it was to him as a beginner that Gilbert addressed this bit of exhortation with reference to a certain speech:

"THAT SPEECH, 'O MY Forefathers,' is now a short speech, but originally it consisted of three pages of closely-written manuscript. I condensed and condensed. Every word I could I removed until it was of the length you find it today. Each word that is left serves some purpose—there is not one word too many. So that when you know that it took me three months to perfect that one speech I am sure that you will not hurry it. Try to remember that through your career in these operas."

ROBERT B. GRIFFITH FOUND a Herald dated January 19, 1909 that long had been used as a lining for a desk drawer. And immediately he was impressed by the extra flourishes with which journalists of 30 years ago embellished the news. Such as this item Bob quotes from the "social corner":

"MASTER JOSEPH H. NIKLE, of 1917 Dakota avenue, was the victim of a happy surprise party on Thursday evening last that was one of the events in younger circles in his neighborhood. There were 26 invited and 19 present and those who stayed away missed the tide of their lives for Joe is a royal entertainer even if his guests do come in unawares. It was Joe's fifteenth birthday and he was properly spanked the allotted number of times. At 10 o'clock the company was refreshed with dainty eatables."

JOSEPH H. NIKLE STILL IS a resident of Grand Forks. Among the guests at his party 30 years ago, according to the 1909 item, were: Alice Fourre, Ed Fourre, Mary Nikle, Manley Weston, Annie Herdigen, Emery Bliven, Alvina Sanden, Perry Bliven, Mona Westen, Harmon Nikle, Julia Sanden, Pete Nikle, Eva Nikle, Adam Yesipikie, Cashmere Yesipikie, John Yesipikie, Joe Bourma and Bennie Shue.

ONE THING THAT KEPT down the list of accidents in Tuesday's storm in Chicago is the fact that the storm was so severe as to keep people from venturing out. Another is the fact that the storm was even more severe, if possible, than the press reports indicated. Snowfall was not quite as great as during a similar period a few years ago, but the wind made conditions of travel even more hazardous. Those whose occupations usually took them some distance from home simply remained where they were, and almost every activity was at a standstill. There were relatively few automobile accidents because scarcely anyone ventured on the streets.

WEDNESDAY'S STORM IN North Dakota was a different storm. The Chicago storm seems to have started in Missouri or thereabouts and moved northeastward all the way to the Atlantic. Doubtless the northwestern storm was a part of the same great air movement, but each storm was separate.

SOME TIME AGO I HAD AN inquiry for an old song "The Man Behind the Plow." Several others have written of the song as one once familiar to them. Mrs. W. J. Gumming, Route 1, East Grand Forks, has supplied the verses as follows:

THE MAN BEHIND THE PLOW.

I'm not so much at singing as your
high falutin' chaps, My voice is kind of husky and a
little loud perhaps For I have been a plowin,' with a
lazy team, you see, They keep me rather busy, with my
gid-dap, whoa, haw, gee, But if you'll pay attention I have
just a word to say, About a great mistake they make
and do it every day, In dealing out your praises, and if
this you will allow, Too often do you slight the man,
who walks behind the plow.

Chorus:

You talk about your learned men, their wit and wisdom rare,
Your poets, and your painters, they get praises everywhere,
They are well enough to make a
show but can you tell me
how?

This world would ever do without the "man behind the plow.

It's well enough to go to school
and learn to read and write, It's nicer still to dress up fine and
sport around at night, Your music, painting poetry are
very hard to beat, But tell me what you're goin' to
do for something good to
eat?

You say my boots are muddy and
my clothing rather coarse, I make a good companion for the
oxen and the horse My face is red, my hands are hard,
'tis true I will allow, But don't you be too quick to
spurn the man behind the
plow.

Chorus: . . .

Your buyers, clerks and business
men, with fingers white and
small, And men of each profession, but
the farmer feeds them all, If he should quit his business,
there would be an awful row The world could not exist without
the man behind the plow, There is the city dude you know,
a trippin' with his cane, His hands are soft and white as
snow but then, Ah! what of
him, He is nothing but a parasite and
this you will allow, He couldn't hold a candle to the
boy behind the plow.

Chorus: . .

I like your great inventions and

I'm glad you're gettin' smart, I like to hear your music for it
kind-a cheers my heart, But it can not fill the stomach of
a real hungry man, But I've called your attention to
the kind of thing that can, Now boys don't be too eager for
to quit the good old farm, Your 'father's strength is failing,
soon he'll need your faithful
arm, If you're honest in your purpose,
at your feet the world will
bow, For We Greatest of all Great Men
is the Man Behind the Plow.

Chorus: . . .

REMINISCENCES OF THE Northfield bank raid continue to crop up, many of them prompted, no doubt, by the approaching release of the filmed play "Jesse James," which is to be shown at the Dakota theatre next week. In its issue of January 12 the Hibbing Tribune, whose managing editor, George Fisher, is a former Grand Forks Herald reporter, has a story of the raid as told by W. H. Becksted, a Hibbing man, at whose home five sisters and a brother had gathered for a family reunion.

AT THE TIME OF THE RAID Mr. Becksted was a boy of about 7, living with his parents on a farm about two miles from Northfield. He tells of several mounted men, usually representing themselves as cattle buyers, having been seen in the country around Northfield two or three days before the raid. Then came the attack on the bank, the street shooting and the wild flight of the bandits. Mr. Becksted makes one statement that I had not seen before, namely, that Stiles, one of the robbers, was a Northfield boy who had been raised by an old local minister and who had recently joined the gang. Presumably the leaders found his knowledge of the neighborhood serviceable.

ONE FEATURE OF THE Northfield affair, which is characteristic of criminal enterprises in general, was the effort that was expended on preparation for the robbery and subsequent escape as compared with the returns in money that could have been expected. As it turned out the attempt was a failure, but if it had been completely successful, the amount of loot would not have been great. The bank contained no very large sum of money. To secure it eight men had prospected the country for several weeks. They had spent money freely on hotel bills and entertainment. Obviously, had they escaped it would have been necessary for them to go into hiding for sometime. They could not have expected to repeat with other robberies in the same territory within a short time, as every community would have been on its guard. Altogether, the whole thing seems to have been a pretty stupid performance.

IN ADDITION TO OTHER world's fairs there is to be an international poultry congress in Cleveland this summer, not an exclusive turkey show, as is the All-American at Grand Forks, but one at which will be shown specimens of all species of domestic fowl, with representatives of many of their ancestral strains. Among the exhibits will be specimens of the Azeel game fowl, the oldest known breed of domestic fowl, having an unbroken family pedigree of more than 6,000 years, away beyond the time of King Solomon and the Pharaohs. Only forty of these fowl now exist in the United States, and the entire stock will be shown at Cleveland.

IN WHAT IS BELIEVED TO be the first action of its kind since women received the ballot, a New York judge dismissed from jury service a woman juror because she was late in reporting for duty. She explained her tardiness by saying that she had missed a train, but the judge pointed out that there were several trains, and that she had been late every day of the session, holding up the business of the court and demoralizing things generally. The lecture that he gave her was a severe one.

FOR THOSE INTERESTED IN such things, here is a little problem in ages:

The difference between the ages of A and B is twice as great as the difference between the ages of B and C. The sum of the ages of A and B is half as much again as the age of C; six years ago it was only one-third more. Find their ages.

IF YOU HAVE A GRAND-father clock that persists in stopping, although apparently in perfect condition, there is a reason for the stoppage, just the same, and scientific clock-makers in London have just figured it out. For a long time dealers have been puzzled by complaints that came to them of the stoppage of clocks, and the subject has been thoroughly investigated.

The typical grandfather clock is enclosed in a tall case of mahogany or other dark wood, stands on the floor, and is usually fastened to the wall for security. Its heavy pendulum is a little over three feet long and swings once a second. Power is communicated to the mechanism by a heavy weight suspended on a chain. One winding suffices for a week. In the investigation it was found that many of the clocks were not securely fastened to the wall, and that the swing of the pendulum caused them to sway ever so slightly, and that at certain times this sway was sufficient to counteract the swing of the pendulum. In one case it was found that if the clock were wound on Sunday which was the custom, it stopped invariably on Friday. By that time the weight had run down to a point it would sway slightly in synchronization with the pendulum, and one movement tended to counteract the other. The trouble was easily remedied by tightening up the fastenings. A few generations ago the remedy would have been to burn some witch at the stake.

THE SONG "THE MAN Behind the Plow" seems to have been better known than I supposed. Within the past few days I have received several copies of it, some written from memory, the text varying, but all substantially alike. Thanks for the offerings.

NEIL JOHNSON, OF Fordville, sends a faded clipping from the Grand Forks American, a daily paper which several members of the Nonpartisan league of some 30 years ago have reason to hold in painful recollection. The article is in part a reproduction of one which appeared in the Herald in 1901 and which was contributed by Mrs. Catherine V. King, at that time a resident of Grand Forks county and an active W. C. T. U. and woman suffrage worker. Her husband was a civil war veteran, a member of the first North Dakota legislature, and the first settler to file on land in Elkmount township. In her article there are enumerated as follows the aims on which was then known as the "Committee of 48" had agreed to concentrate its efforts:

1. DIRECT LEGISLATION AND proportional representation.
2. Direct nomination and popular recall.
3. Equal suffrage regardless of color or sex.
4. Honest elections free from partisan manipulation or control.
5. Direct taxation through progressive land value, income and inheritance taxes.
6. Public ownership of telegraphs, telephones, railroads, and all other public utilities.
7. The eight hour day.
8. The sole control by the people through their government of their medium of exchange.
9. Home rule for cities, and local option in taxation.
10. Postal savings banks, state insurance and workmen's compensation for industrial accidents.
11. Opposition to militarism and conquest, and advocacy of international arbitration.
12. We demand for others the same rights and liberties we ask for ourselves.

MR. JOHNSON ASKS HOW many of those aims have been realized and what the effect has been. There is material in the subject for several long lectures, and many lectures on the several topics are continually being given. Without attempting anything in the nature of a lecture some facts may be summarized:

WE HAVE DIRECT Legislation in the form of the initiative and referendum. The results have not been altogether satisfactory. We vote now on a lot of things that we know nothing about. Proportional representation is on trial in several communities.

SOME, HAVING TRIED IT, have abandoned it. Many forms of direct nomination are in use. Some are fairly good and some are abominable. We have equal suffrage, but the millennium that was sometimes promised has not arrived. Honest elections cannot be guaranteed by legislation. Taxation is a muddle as great as ever. We have not public ownership, but there are powerful elements that are heading us that way. Generally we have the eight-hour day—when there is any work. One could continue thus with the rest of the program. The record of the human race is a spotted one, and there is no prospect that it will ever be otherwise.

A STATEMENT IN ONE OF the weekly feature columns refers to the extinction of the passenger pigeon and intimates that there is danger of the mourning dove also becoming extinct. The facts do not bear out this suggestion. In his book on birds Dr. Roberts, of the University of Minnesota, says that t h e mourning dove is one of the few birds that have increased greatly in numbers in r e c e n t years. There seems to be no danger of its extinction. It is a valuable destroyer of weed seeds and is protected throughout Canada and most of the United States. During the summer in this locality its soft, mournful note is one of the most familiar of outdoor sounds.

MRS. EMERY BLIVEN, 1204 Fourth avenue North, Grand Forks writes:

"YOUR COPY IN LAST Thursday's paper of the party given 30 years ago, of which Joe Nikle was the honored "victim" was read by my husband, Emery Bliven, with a hearty chuckle. He vaguely remembers the occasion, as he was but 11 years of age at that time, but he does remember part of the "dainty refreshments" which were served, which were garlic cucumber pickles, the biggest ones he has ever seen, and the making of which Joe's mother was famous. A huge barrel of them stood in the kitchen, and the kids had a contest to see which one could eat the most."

"A FEW WEEKS AGO IN your column," continues Mrs. Bliven, a reader from Niagara asked for the lines to the song "The Man Behind the Plow." The lines I sent him differ from those Mrs. Cumming sent you, although I notice they are in the same meter. I cut mine from a magazine and pasted it in my memory book, about 20 years ago. Perhaps these are just a couple of verses Mrs. Gumming did not have."

"THE MAN BEHIND THE PLOW.

They sing about the glories of the
man behind the gun, There's something sort o'thrillin'
hi the wonders he has done; And it makes you want to holler
when the boys go marchin'
by; And the books are full of stories
of the flag that's wavin' high, But when the shoutin's over and
the fightin's done, somehow We'll find we're still dependin' on
the man behind the plow. By S. E. RISER.

I FIND THAT "THE MAN Behind the Plow" has attracted the attention of several rhymsters who have made additions to the original. Here are a couple of stanzas which I picked out of the air:

THE MAN WHO MAKES THE PLOW.

I join in paying tribute to the man
who tills the soil, Who satisfies our hunger with the
products of his toil; But there's another fellow to whom
we owe a debt, Whose service to mankind is one
that we must not forget; He swings a heavy hammer, and
there's sweat Upon his brow; A staunch and sturdy man is he—
the man who makes the
plow.

He may labor in a smithy,' beneath
a spreading tree, Or he may be one of thousands in
a busy factory; But it is his hands that fashion
those sheets of gleaming,
steel,

That set each clevis, coulter, bolt,
each share, and beam and
wheel; The plowman treads the furrow,
but I can't imagine how He'd turn the sod without the help
of him who makes the plow.

A SHORT TIME AGO A Correspondent revived the old question of whether or not horsehairs change into snakes. Scientists are agreed that there is no such metamorphosis, but I suppose there are many boys in this generation, as there were in mine, who think they have seen the change take place. That there are to be found in pools of water some time thread-like living creatures resembling hairs in form and size is a fact too often observed to be questioned. Some biologists would confer a favor by telling us just what those creatures are. Charles P. Oliver of Bottineau thus recounts his own experience with a "hair snake."

"SOME 50 OR 55 YEARS AGO my folks lived in a small town in the western part of Iowa, and as a boy will, I heard some queer stories, one was about horsehair snakes. Well of course it sounded something like a hoop snake. One day this horsehair bug popped into my mind, why not try this thing out. Back of our house at one corner, in the shade, was an oak barrel to catch rainwater, two-thirds full of water, that had stood some days. Father owned a team of broncos, out to the barn I went and pulled some hairs from the tail of one horse, I had four or five long hairs, selecting two that looked promising. (Now one of these hairs in particular had some white substance at the base, just as your own hair would look if pulled out by the roots), this hair and the other I put in the rain barrel.

"THESE HAIRS WERE, I should judge 18 or 24 inches long, possibly longer. After some time I remembered my horsehairs, and looking in the barrel I saw one hair floating just about as I had dropped it in the water, but as I looked this other hair was moving in a slow wiggling movement like a snake. Now believe it or not, at the base end of the hair was a head, looking like the head of an angleworm, light nose and dark gray head. My snake was the thickness of two hairs and about 12 or 14 inches long. Now this is a question for some argument. What was this thing, where and how did it originate? Was it my horsehair turned into some hair worm?"

THE OLD MISSIONARY hymn tells of "Ceylon's isle, where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." But that vileness is not confined to man in all missionary lands, but sometimes includes such features at weather and roads is what one gathers from the experience of a group of missionaries of whom a former North Dakota girl is one. She is Mrs. A. A. Carsallen, wife of an elder of the Seventh Day Adventists, now doing missionary work in South America. She is the daughter of L. O. Johnson, of Tolna, North Dakota. After spending four years in South America she and her family spent a year in this country and visited relatives at Tolna. They left last summer for the interior of British Guiana, and from there sent letters describing some of her experiences. Parts of her story were published in the Lakota American last week.

THE JOURNEY FROM GEORG Georgetown to the interior station was partly by boat and partly on foot. The boats were small and crowded and the native help incompetent. The roads were mere trails through jungle. In one case it took the party three and one-half days to cover 30 to 40 miles. In many places the road lay through swamp where poles had to be laid to keep travelers from sinking into the mud, but often the poles sank into the ooze. There were mountains, too, and of crossing one of these we read:

STARTED CLIMBING UP A very steep mountain, which no horse could climb, therefore it is worse than the Rocky Mts. for Lewis and Clark crossed the Rockies with Indians and horses before there were roads. Only monkeys and people could climb these Mts. The top of the Mt. was a precipitous wall of rock and one could only get a toehold into the vines and roots entwined in the rock. It rained before we reached the top which soaked us outside and we were wet with perspiration insides. Raincoats could not have helped us and they were too heavy to wear. I had a raincoat but couldn't climb with it so wrapped it around a parcel of flour and other things which an Indian girl carried. Most of the flour was wet and sticking to the raincoat by night. We put Muriel's raincoat over Brook's baby though Mr. Brooks tried vainly to hold an umbrella over it. There were two precipitous mountains one on each end of the trail. In between there. Were hills, rivers, creeks, too many to count, and we were so soaking wet we waded right through them like the Indians sometimes over our knees. The deeper ones and where there were falls we crossed on logs, with an Indian to hold our hand. Leona and Viola were usually carried over. When it was raining and where the train was worn, it was like walking in a ditch.

IN FRANCE, WHICH WE Usually consider a democratic country, there survives what to most of us would seem a curious autocratic—or should we say aristocratic?—custom. At any rate it is a custom in which the will of one man in a matter of life and death is supreme. Not long ago the press dispatches recorded the death of "Monsieur de Paris," the official title of Henri Anatole Deibler, executioner to the French government. M. Deibler operated the guillotine whenever it became necessary to cut off the head of a citizen of France. Not only was he the official chopper-off of heads, but he had a monopoly of the business, the machine was his personal property, and his office was hereditary by law. No other person could lawfully perform the work, and no other could legally be appointed to the position.

M. DEIBLER WENT QUIETLY and unostentatiously about his work, and whenever a head was ordered off, off it came under his expert manipulation. It is not recorded that any of his subjects ever complained of his manner or method, before or after the operation. Once, and once only, he refused to perform his duty. Last year Mme. Josephine Mory was convicted of murder and sentenced to death. M. Deblie was notified, but he refused point blank to operate. The lady, he said, was a woman, and he had never executed a woman, and he never would. Entreaties failed to move him, and the lady was pardoned. There was nothing else to be done.

DOWN IN MINNEAPOLIS they are advertising sleigh rides, with swift horses, bells, and all the appropriate paraphernalia. It is pleasant to learn that somewhere there are horses that are fit for sleighriding. There may be snow, and sleighs, and bells, and buffalo robes and all that sort of thing, but a sleighride behind a team of plodding dray horses is but dreary entertainment. And there are few communities in which there are horses that are good roadsters. Your heavy draft team can move a big load, but for a real sleighride there is needed at least the sensation of moving along. Otherwise one might as well bundle up in robes in a drygoods crate and sit out the ride in a snowdrift in the back yard.

I SUPPOSE EVERYONE IN this country has read "With Malice Toward Some." If there are any in England who haven't read it they are likely to do so as a result of an interchange of remarks between Rebecca West, who reviewed the book for the London Times, and Margaret Halsey. Miss West approached the subject in the ponderous and pontifical manner which tradition associates with the London Times. She assumed the book to be a serious one, and she treated it seriously, very much so. She dissected it much as a butcher might be expected to dissect a butterfly, and she was very much in earnest about it.

HER REVIEW BROUGHT from Miss Halsey, written much in the vein of the book itself. Unless I miss my guess, English readers who haven't read the book will feel that they have missed something and will immediately get the book and read it to learn what the disturbance is about. There are books that should be taken very seriously, but Miss Halsey's is not one of them.

THE DEPARTMENT OF Agriculture is circulating copies of a pamphlet in tree planting in which there are many useful suggestions. That trees can be made to grow anywhere in North Dakota is evidenced by the fact that there is no section of the state in which they have not been grown successfully. It is true that tree culture is more difficult in the western part of the state than in the Red river valley, where rainfall is more abundant. But it is precisely in those localities where rainfall is scant that there is the greatest need for trees, for shelter, for protection of fields against blowing, and for beautification. One fact emphasized in the department's pamphlet is that trees planted in groves should not be placed too far apart. Planted reasonably close they protect each other and there is formed a soil covering of leaf mould which helps to conserve moisture and enriches the soil.

A SECOND LITTLE BOOK OF poems comes from the pen of Mrs. Eva K. Anglesburg of Thompson, N. D., under the appropriate title "For Many Moods." Mrs. Anglesburg is one of a group of writers of verse who write for love of it. For years her work has appeared from time to time in various publications, usually those of the northwest, for she has written chiefly from the inspiration which is found in northwestern life and its environment. Many of her poems have appeared in anthologies of the productions of northwestern writers.

HER FIRST COLLECTION, published under the title "The Level Land," contained many poems marked by beauty of sentiment and felicity of expression. In the present volume containing many poems already given periodical publication, one also finds the graceful touch and the keen appreciation of beauty which characterized the author's earlier work. There are descriptions of scenes of natural beauty and grandeur, scenes of the rolling prairie, the picturesque Badlands and the gorgeous sunsets. There is also the expression of the contemplative mood, and there are several brief, but earnest appreciations of men and women, known and loved, who have passed on.

IN HER FOREWORD THE author tells us that one of the poems, "When Fears Assail," was inspired by a sermon preached by Dr. E. P. Robertson. It is a poem of hope and confidence, the expression of a spirit much needed in a time of doubt and confusion. Its closing stanza seems peculiarly appropriate just now:

When fears assail turn back to those dark ages
When the race halted in its upward climb,
 God so patiently gleaned good from evil,
Even as he is doing in our time. Eventually the level always rises, Though this age wavers we should
 not despair; Much was achieved and he who
 reaps the centuries Garners the wheat and winnows
 out the tare.

I HAVE JUST BEEN Looking over a copy of the American Review of Reviews for March, 1904. The Review was a great magazine in its day. Under the able editorship of Dr. Albert Shaw it gave the American public some excellent things in literature and in comment on the world's progress in science, in the arts and industries, and in every department of human thinking and activity. But it was overtaken by the deluge, and although it struggled bravely to maintain its position, it was swept away, together with several other fine magazines.

THE MAGAZINE'S Advertising pages, no less than its literary content, are sharply suggestive of the change that has come over the scene. Perhaps this is brought out nowhere more clearly than in the automobile advertising. Thirty-five years ago the automobile was an accomplished fact, but not yet a very impressive fact, for there still gave doubts as to the extent to which the automobile could ever be made a suitable vehicle for general transportation. However, the automobile had reached the commercial stage, and the Review of Reviews carried advertisements of several of the very latest things in cars.

THERE WAS THE CADILLAC, of course, and the Olds, standbys which are still with us. But there were several others, among them the Yale, an open two-seater, prices at \$1500; the Mitchell, air-cooled, at \$700; the Toledo, which had over-stuffed seats for five passengers, four cylinders, 24 horsepower, price \$3,500; the Peerless, Winton, Darracq, Crest, Columbia, Rambler, White and some others, all topless, and all right-hand drive.

What a fine thing it would be if we had made as good progress in all other directions as we have with the development of the automobile.

WITHOUT RESPECT TO race or creed, millions of human beings, in every corner of the world, unite in paying tribute to the memory of Pope Pius XI, who has just been called from the scene of his labors. Under any circumstances the man who holds his high office has a difficult task, for he represents the spirit of unity and peace in a world in which dissension is always present. Pope Pius entered upon his duties in a stormy period, and a large share of his work was devoted to the formidable task of directing the thoughts of men away from selfishness and hatred and toward those spiritual values which are in reality the essentials of human life. It was his tragic fate that in his last days he looked out upon a world in which chaos seemed to have become ascendant.

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS in recent years death had come very close to Pope Pius, but time after time his will to live asserted itself effectively, and there was presented the extraordinary spectacle of a man approaching 80 years of age rising from what had seemed likely to be his last sleep to resume with unabated vigor the discharge of duties requiring both mental and physical fitness. That he was able to do this, and to repeat the process until he had passed the age of 81, was due both to a sound physical inheritance and to a well disciplined life. The athletic exercises to which he had been devoted in his earlier years enabled him to build up a reserve of strength which made him almost immune to the frailties of advancing age. He will be remembered long as a wise and devoted apostle of peace in a world society in which the spirit of war seemed ascendant.

THIS IS THE ONE Hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the birth of another lover of peace whose fate made him an actor in a turbulent time. No man ever longed more earnestly for peace than did Abraham Lincoln, yet it was his task to direct the energies of his nation in one of the world's greatest wars. To avert that war, or to bring it to a close, he would have made any personal sacrifice. He would have compromised liberally and generously on any question of expediency, but on basic principles he was adamant. In the darkest hour of the nations history, when the land was drenched with blood, and widows mourned, and all around him men cried "Peace, peace!" he urged the people on to still further sacrifices, that those who had died might not have died in vain, and government of the people, for the people and by the people should not perish from the earth.

THE CAPABLE AND Highly esteemed correspondent David Lawrence does not like the injection of politics into the selection of judges. Neither do many others of us. Commenting on the rejection of the nomination of Floyd H. Roberts for a federal judgeship through the appeal of Senators Glass and Byrd to "senatorial courtesies" Lawrence says:

"The senate has assumed an embarrassing and awkward position in allowing political considerations to become so influential, and so has the president."

That, it seems to me, is putting the cart before the horse. The president had his knife out for Glass and Byrd and tried to use the judicial appointment as a means of getting their scalps. The two senators might have yielded, but they chose to fight back, and they got the best of it. If everybody is to be censured I would at least reverse the order and say that the president having issued the challenge and named the weapons, the senate fought it out with him on his own terms and beat him.

THE END OF THE WAR IN Spain seems to be in sight. With three-fourths of Spanish territory and most of its important cities in the hands of the insurgents and no prospect of external relief for the loyalists, it seems that the complete collapse of the loyalists cannot long be deferred. Paradoxically, the prospect of cessation of that conflict brings into focus problems even more acute than were involved in its continuance. So long as the issue remained undetermined, no one of the rival powers or groups could consider Spain an asset. Italy and Germany have been active allies of the Spanish insurgents. Will their success embolden them to undertake new adventures in aggression, or will Franco, having established himself, decline to serve as tail to Mussolini's kite? That is one question that is troubling several European capitals.

THERE ARE GREAT Possibilities in Mr. Langer's proposal for a constitutional amendment making it possible for the voters to appropriate money by means of an initiated measure. The next logical step would be to abolish the state legislature, for there will not be much left for it to do. Let us once adopt the practice of appropriating money by popular vote and we shall have initiated measures making appropriations for every imaginable cause and aim, and house-to-house campaigns will be carried on in their support. Demagogues can do a lot in the way of effective work among those who hope to get something. We shall have pension plans and subsidy plans without number, and when the money is appropriated for all of them there will be none left with which to carry on the government. We shall have no use for a legislative body and no money with which I to maintain one.

IN LOOKING OVER SOME old family effects Mrs. L. G. Chapin, of Crookston, whose husband, the late Dr. J. S. Chapin, was for many years a practicing physician at Euclid, Minn., found a letter which had been written to relatives by Wm. B. Austin, of New York, April 29, 1865. Lincoln had been assassinated only about two weeks earlier, and the nation had not recovered from the shock. Reference in the letter to the assignation indicates the intensity of feeling that prevailed. That portion of the letter reads:

"THE GREAT CALAMITY HAS shrouded all our homes in mourning. God has permitted the assassin's bullet to take away the life of Abraham Lincoln. It has always appeared strange to me how we could so far forget ourselves as to idolize any mortal men. Yet it does seem to be as though we as a people were instinctively proximating to that end, for no mortal man ever drew the hearts of the people to him so fast as he has done, especially the last year, yet without any ostentation, without any perceptible change in the man. He was the same honest Abe when he was murdered than he was when living in his western home. Being surrounded with all the great men of the world seems to make no difference in the man.

HE WAS EMPHATICALLY one of God's noblest workmanship of humanity. There seems to be no guile in his mouth. They hated him without a cause, for his only one was to do good to all mankind without respect to color or condition. He seemed to be best pleased when he was doing the most good to all the world. His whole nature seemed to be made up of kindness and good will to his fellow men. Even his enemies have to acknowledge he was their best friend, notwithstanding he was killed by one of them. But his blood had to be shed to seal up the final doom of the curse which is the cause of all our trouble, slavery.

"WE THINK IF HE COULD have spoken he would have said 'It is finished.' It seems to me that our heavenly Father said in his providence, 'Abraham, thy work is done and well done, come home.' And now I think we should all pray that the mantle of Abraham may fall upon Andrew. It would seem that his nature was made up of too much tenderness and mercy to deal with justice toward treason as it should be in the reconstruction of those states. I hope for the benefit of all mankind that our new president will deal out justice as well as mercy in settling up our national trouble. Yes, the name of Abraham Lincoln will grow greener and greener in memory down to the latest generation. He will stand side by side with Washington, the one the father, the other the savior of the country, through all coming time.

"AND NOW, DEAR FRIENDS, I congratulate you all, children and all, for they will receive the most benefit of it, upon the prosperity of our common country. The dove of peace is about being let out of the ark to find rest. She will soon come bringing the olive branch, and our dear soldiers and survivors may return home to their loved ones to enjoy the benefits of their toil and suffering, I hope, to learn war no more. May the swords be beaten into plowshares and the spears into pruning hooks very soon.

"I HAVE NOT SAID Anything about Wm. H. Seward, our dear secretary, and his son. It is' said the days of miracles are over, but if they both survive I shall begin to think they are not over, for certainly nothing but the special interposition of Providence will save them. They both will be public property after this as long as they live. May God preserve them as mementoes of this slaveholders' rebellion so that very; many of other countries may be permitted to see them as God's monuments to the cause of human liberty, to which their name will ever be attached. I think the last battle of any account has been fought. It only remains for our army to look after the odds and, ends and catch Jeff Davis and the rebel leaders with their plunder, for which I pray they may before you receive this letter, and then it is over."

THIS LETTER HAD Evidently been passed on to other members of the family by "Aunty Austin," who filled its only blank page with a message of her own in pencil. Concerning the Lincoln funeral exercises in New York she wrote on May 3:

"MR. AUSTIN AND I STO__ in the ballroom in the old Ta__ many hall just opposite the c__ hall, where we saw the process__ when it came with the remains__ the hearse, drawn by three spa__ of dark gray horses, all covered with black, We had a splendid view of the whole transaction and wish that you all could have seen it__ was a solemn sight, and such__ crowd you never saw. One would have almost thought that the la__ day had come."

MRS. J. M. GILLETTE TELLS me that she has a hepatica in bloom, with six fine blossoms. Hepatica is an outdoors plant, but this one has been given indoor treatment according to a method which can be used successfully with many other plants. It was left out of doors, subject to all the experiences of weather, until about six weeks ago when it was taken inside, potted and covered with glass. It started up promptly, and its beauty, now in midwinter, is complete reward for the care given it.

WHEN MRS. GILLETTE Asked if my tulips were up I could only tell her that I didn't know. They are buried under several feet of snow, and I shall let that snow stay right where it is until nature removes it. One year, when a thaw had carried off the snow, tulip sprouts were visible above the ground on February 5. Perhaps they are now working their way through the snow. I wouldn't be surprised.

MRS. L. G. CHAPIN WRITES an answer to an inquiry that Mr. and Mrs. Austin, extracts from whose letters written shortly after Lincoln's assassination were published in this column yesterday, were her uncle and aunt, then residents of New York, and that the letters were written to her father and mother who lived at Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE OTHER DAY I mentioned some of the automobile advertising which I found in a copy of the Review of Reviews of March, 1904. Aviation was then even a greater novelty than the automobile, for it was only a few months earlier that the Wright brothers had made their first successful flight. The public was still skeptical, but John Brisbin Walker, editor of the Cosmopolitan magazine, had faith in the success and the utility of the flying machine, and wrote an article about it for his magazine. I quote the summary of that article which appeared in the Review of Reviews:

"WRITING IN THE MARCH number of his magazine on "The Final Conquest of the Air," Mr. John Brisbin Walker estimates that the 200-horse-power aerial machine, with a capacity for lifting eight thousand pounds weight of men and machine,—three thousand pounds weight of machine and engine—would carry merchandise in excess of four thousand pounds, and will move it a thousand miles at a cost of 10 ½ cents a pound. As Mr. Walker remarks, an oil-pipe line could do no better. The only appreciable cause of delay would be extraordinary winds, and it is believed that by rising to the proper elevation even these might be avoided.

"AS AN ESTIMATE FOR Passenger traffic Mr. Walker offers the following: Distance covered, 1,000 miles; time to Chicago, 10 hours; net weight carried, 5,000 pounds, or 33 passengers; fare from New York to Chicago, per passenger, \$1; for 33 passengers carried on trip, \$33; total cost of operating machine from New York to Chicago, \$10; net profits for the day, \$23."

THUS MR. WALKER HAD IT all figured out to his own satisfaction. There is a discrepancy between his estimate of the cost of 10 ½ cents a pound for carrying weight 1,000 miles and of one dollar fare for carrying a passenger weighing approximately 150 pounds the same distance. However, the continent has been crossed by air in just a little over 7 hours; passengers are carried across oceans at a speed of some 200 miles an hour, and the horsepower of airplane engines is measured in thousands instead of hundreds.

THERE IS AN OLD COUPLET which says: "The blackest month of all the year
Is the month of Janiveer."

Perhaps, when monthly averages are taken, January may be our coldest month, but it is almost always in February that the temperature reaches its lowest point. Late in the month milder weather raises the average.

THE SEASON AROUND EACH anniversary of Lincoln's birth brings fresh additions to the volume of material, biographical and interpretative, pertaining to the great Civil war president. One of this year's interesting contributions is a short magazine article by Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, about the president's son, Robert Todd Lincoln. Butler learned from a friend that Robert Lincoln was about to destroy a collection of his father's papers that remained in his possession. Butler visited him, found him sitting in his living room before an open fire, with a trunk containing the precious papers close at hand, and succeeded in dissuading him from his purpose. Lincoln consented to have the papers preserved, but only on condition that they should not be made public, or even examined during his lifetime. As directed in his will they are now in custody in the Library of Congress, where they are not to be opened until 21 years after Robert Lincoln's death, which means 1947.

AS THAT DATE APPROACHES there will be increasing interest in whatever those precious papers may reveal. In connection with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln there have grown up many legends. One of the most familiar is that John Wilkes Booth was not killed, as the official records have it, but escaped to die many years later under an assumed name. Another is that persons high in the government were among the conspirators against Lincoln, and that one of these was Secretary Stanton. Some persons believe that the guarded Lincoln papers will be found to contain evidence substantiating this view. Dr. Butler utterly rejects this, and thinks it more likely that the papers will be found to contain material relating to the president's domestic life. Whoever has the task of examining and reporting on those papers some eight years will have at hand material for a best seller.

THE WEEK ALSO BRINGS announcements of several new books with Lincoln backgrounds. In "The Man Who Killed Lincoln" Philip Van Doren Stern presents a collection of facts relating to the conspiracy against Lincoln, with a personal history of the assassin. Unlike Dr. Butler, this writer seems to give at least partial credence to the theory that the plot against Lincoln involved high government officials, and even a member of the cabinet.

ANOTHER LINCOLN BOOK contains selections from the diaries and letters of John Hay, secretary to and biographer of Lincoln, which, while not especially new or important, give much of the detail on which the Lincoln and Hay biography was based. Still another, entitled "Lincoln Talks," is a collection by Emanuel Hertz of anecdotes about Lincoln by persons who knew him, and of stray bits of biography.

SOMEWHERE, PROBABLY IN storage, is a mummified body which has been represented to be that of John Wilkes Booth, and which has served as a sideshow attraction through many seasons. Booth is represented as having escaped and as living in retirement somewhere in the southwest until he became an old man. He is said to have revealed his identity to intimate friends, and numerous documents have been exhibited in support of this theory. These are generally discredited, and the exhibition of the preserved body has been a losing venture to the succession of speculators who have handled it.

JAMES H. GARDNER OF Langdon gives this explanation of the "miracle" of horse-hairs changing to snakes: "These 'horse-hairs' are round worms belonging to the group called invertebrates, as they lack backbone. One of these is the 'vinaiger eel,' found occurring in vinegar. By far the larger number of them live in the soil, the water, or bodies of plants and animals. They live, for instance, in the body of a grasshopper during a parasite stage of its life history. After it matures it makes its way out of the body of the grasshopper into a stream, where the ignorant believe that a horse-hair has become alive."

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK Review publishes an excellent portrait of Vilhjalmur Stefansson together with a review of Stefansson's new book, "Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic." In this book the author lists several cases in which persons venturing into the far north have died or disappeared from causes which have never been definitely established. From his own experiences in the Arctic Stefansson has reached his own conclusions as to what happened in each of those cases, and those conclusions, with the reasons therefore, are presented in this book.

IN 986 A. D. SOME 400 Persons went out with Erik the Red and established a colony in Greenland. Four years later they organized a republic, which continued for nearly 300 years, when Greenland became a dependency of Norway. Records of that colony continue down to 1520, but what became of the colonists after that no one knows. Stefansson believes that many of the colonists died from malnutrition, being unable to obtain the kinds of food to which they had been accustomed, and acquiring only slowly the food habits of the Eskimos. Excavations in some of their burial places show that many of the inhabitants suffered from rickets. The author believes that the remnant which survived became assimilated with the Eskimos, and their identity thus was lost.

THE REASONS FOR THE fate which, befell Sir John Franklin's expedition has remained a mystery. Stefansson is convinced that the members of that expedition died because they failed to adapt themselves to the food requirements of the north, where the natives, lacking fresh fruit and vegetables, ward off scurvy by the use of raw meat and blubber. Had the Franklin explorers done this they might have lived indefinitely, for they were well supplied with ammunition.

ANOTHER MYSTERY Surrounds the death of Andree and his two companions, who left Spitzbergen in July, 1897 on a Balloon flight for the north pole and were never seen alive again. Not until 1930 was any trace of them found, but in that year two young men from a scientific group stumbled upon part of a canvas boat projecting from the snow on an island some distance east of Spitzbergen. Under the snow was found a hut, and in it the bodies of Andree and Frankael, dressed and lying as if they had gone to sleep or been frozen to death. The body of their companion, Strindberg, was found near by, covered with stones.

IN THE HUT WERE FOOD, ammunition and fuel. Evidently Strindberg had died and been buried by his companions, but there was no apparent cause for their death. Stefansson ascribes their death to carbon monoxide poisoning. Their hut was built in the lee of a cliff, and it is the writer's belief that snow had drifted over it and choked the vent which usually carried away the fumes from their oil stove, and that they had died quickly and quietly from the escaping gas.

FROM NEW YORK COMES, one of the strangest stories of embezzlement, including an item of \$2,000,000, none of which benefited the culprit. Raymond E. Marien, an accountant, had charge of the books of the Interstate Hosiery Mills. He was arrested for attempting to forge three checks for \$1,281 on its account in Lansdale, Pa.

Then it was discovered that he had been juggling the books since 1934. He had manipulated the figures until the company appeared to have profits of \$2,000,000 which didn't exist. It paid \$160,000 income tax too much which it is seeking to recover and gave bonuses to officers of \$285,000, which it has called back. The officers in turn will seek to get back income, taxes which they paid. The company had to pay \$50,000 for a complete audit of its books for the four years. The court psychiatrist Suggested that too much figuring had caused a mental lapse and that Marien got some kind of vicarious thrill out of his statistical misbehavior. Marien is now in the penitentiary for two and a half years for attempted forgery.

READERS OF DICKENS ARE familiar with his skillful depiction of winter scenes. Modern Christmas cards give us pictures of snowy landscapes and stage passengers heavily bundled to keep out the cold, and the comment often made on such pictures is that they are "like something out of Dickens." The contact of Dickens with such scenes, it appears, was largely vicarious. I have just read that in all his life Dickens never saw more than two "white" Christmases. The statement was made by a correspondent who described the unusual appearance of London after a recent snowfall. Everything was white and glistening, and children were enjoying the unusual experience of sliding down miniature show hills wherever a sloping surface made it possible to slide. To any of us in the northern states such things are commonplace, but London seldom has real snow. Occasionally a few flakes flutter down through the murk carrying with them soot collected on the way, and landing on a surface of grimy slush, soon to melt and be carried off into the sewers. Once or twice in a lifetime they have real snow, such as they had the other day, and such as Dickens is said to have seen during his many years in London. But what splendid use he made of those rare experiences! There are millions of us who think we know all about snow who couldn't produce a Christmas Carol like that of Dickens.

FOR A REAL DESCRIPTION of winter that is winter I recommend a reading of "Lorna Doone." I understand that in southwestern England there was actually such a winter as is described by Blackmore, and his hero, John Ridd, tells the story in a way that makes it seem as real as any modern blizzard, and the romance that runs through the story doesn't hurt it a bit.

ALONG ABOUT 1880 A PARTY from my home town in Ontario attended the Mardi Gras carnival in New Orleans, and I heard one of them tell about it on their return. They reached New Orleans on a Sunday morning just on the heels of a heavy snowfall which had covered the city with several inches of soft, white snow. It was the first snow that many of the inhabitants had seen during their lives, and only once or twice in the lives of the oldest inhabitants had such a thing been seen in New Orleans. The whole city went wild over it and everybody was out snowballing. Every top hat was a target for snowballs, and most of the wearers of the top hats joined in the fray with all the enthusiasm of youngsters. My friend said that the snowballing was a better show than the carnival itself.

NEW YORK IS GOING AFTER the billboard nuisance, and going after it hard. Civic organizations of many kinds have long been struggling to prevent the defacement of the landscape by billboards, and a committee composed of representatives of such organizations, together with eminent public officials has just sponsored the most effective bit of publicity on the subject that I have seen. It is in the form of an artistically executed publication, large magazine size, in which are presented photographic reproductions of localities, many of them of great natural beauty, in which the billboard is the most conspicuous feature. Not only are the billboards shown, but the advertisements on them, for the pictures are true to life. Matters are not minced in the title of the publication, which reads "The Billboard, A Blot on Nature and a Parasite on Public Improvements." In the text there is summarized the recent history of the struggle against billboards in the state of New York, but the pictures, showing things just as they are, constitute by far the most effective feature of the publication.

AN ARTICLE CLIPPED FROM a Kansas City paper presents the portrait of Frederick P. Barnes, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Barnes, of Grand Forks, with the announcement of his admission as a general partner in the stock exchange firm of Lamson Bros. & Co., one of the nationally known investment firms. "Pete" Barnes has been associated with the Lamson firm for 12 years, during the past 10 as assistant manager. He has been active in the business life of the city, and is now vice president of the Bond Traders' club of Kansas City. He attended the University of North Dakota, received his degree at Dartmouth, is married and has two sons.

GEORGE ELIOT'S MR. Poyser, in "Adam Bede," was not enthusiastic over the peace movement of his day. Britain was at war with Napoleon, and was beating him. Mr. Poyser was confident that this could continue. Meanwhile, there was brisk demand for Mr. Poyser's farm stuff at good prices. So why spoil a good thing by starting something new? Why not leave well enough alone and let the war go on?

IF MR. POYSER WERE living today he might or might not follow quite the same line of reasoning, but undoubtedly he would be disturbed by the prospect of a cessation of the war in Spain. That war has been in progress for many months, and it was regarded with grave anxiety in many other countries. But so long as it was undecided, its effect on other nations remained in suspense. Nothing much happened as a direct result of that war. But now that war seems to be nearing its close, and General Franco seems likely soon to be the undisputed dictator of Spain. And with the arrival of peace, of a sort, in Spain, there arises the question: What next? Will Franco be ready to repay Mussolini and Hitler for the assistance they have given him and join hands with them in the world war which is so generally believed to be just around the corner, or will he devote himself to the rebuilding of the country and seek support in that work from the democracies rather than from the autocracies?

THE AUTOCRACIES ARE having their own troubles. Mussolini has made a great deal of noise, and he is able to prevent public expression of dissatisfaction. But there is dissatisfaction, nevertheless. The Ethiopian adventure cost much in men and money, and there are no returns in sight. On the contrary, more and more taxes must be collected to maintain large bodies of troops in Ethiopia. The country has by no means been pacified, and the invaders must be constantly on the alert against surprise attacks by roving bands of natives. There is not the slightest prospect that Italians in any considerable numbers will migrate to Ethiopia, except at the point of the bayonet, or that their presence in Ethiopia would be productive if they went. So there are rumblings indicative of subterranean forces which may at any time cause an upheaval.

IT WAS ONE THING FOR Hitler to march into Austria and take possession, but it is proving to be quite a different thing to make Austria happy as a member of the Reich. Before annexation the Austrians managed things in their own country pretty much in their own way. Now they find themselves goose-stepping under the direction of Prussian drillmasters, and travelers tell us that an atmosphere of gloom has settled over the country, especially over Vienna. As a matter of fact Vienna has never had much in common with Berlin, and the people do not take kindly to Nazification.

IT IS GENERALLY accepted that Hitler's absorption of Austria and part of Czechoslovakia was intended as preliminary to further movements eastward. What has been done seems to have aroused the Balkan nations and Poland to a sense of their own critical position, and there are indications of a stiffening of anti-Nazi sentiment in Poland, Bulgaria and Rumania. This, with the undercurrent of hostility in the German middle and upper classes toward Nazi regimentation and Nazi excesses is creating problems which Hitler may find difficult to solve.

THE ALMOST UNANIMOUS vote in the house in favor of the large appropriation asked for immediate defense measures, especially in air service, is one of those demonstrations that are given occasionally that party alignment cuts little figure when the issue is that of preparedness for whatever conflict may come. There is doubt concerning the foreign policy of President Roosevelt. There is a rather definite feeling that the president himself does not know what his foreign policy is from day to day. But there is also, in congress and the country the conviction that at a time when force rather than reason seems to be ascendant, this nation must be armed so adequately that no nation will lightly provoke it to war.

THE PRESIDENT CAME out a poor second in his controversy with the senate over the nomination of Floyd Roberts for a judicial appointment. In his acid comment on the subject he took, the position that the senate is bound to confirm his appointment unless they are rejected solely on the ground of unfitness. The constitution says nothing of the kind. It says that the executive "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the senate shall appoint" certain officers. The obvious intent is that there shall be co-operation between president and senate. The president sought to make his appointive power an instrument with which to carry on a political purge.

AS THE NORTH DAKOTA legislature approaches the closing days of its session there is evidence that the gravity of the relief problem is being more and more clearly recognized by the legislators. There are western counties in which not more than 25 per cent of the taxes levied were collected last year. The relief situation has its bearing on the movement for financing the \$40 old age pension law. Several members of the legislature from counties that have been hardest hit are more interested in providing funds with which to protect their entire populations from starvation than in increasing pension payments to any select group.

FAIR MANAGERMENTS AT New York and San Francisco are overlooking nothing that can contribute to the comfort and convenience of guests. At the New York fair, for instance, arrangements are being made for magistrates court right on the ground so that cases arising at the fair may be tried without delay. At present cases arising in the spring may not come up for trial until fall, and the out-of-town defendant may thus be obliged to remain in the city for weeks or months awaiting trial, or, if released under bonds, he may have to return to New York when his case is called. All this delay and inconvenience is to be avoided by the establishment of the new courts. Thus visitor to the fair who assaults and batters someone whose appearance he doesn't like, or who picks a pocket, may be arrested, have his case tried, and be lodged in jail before night, instead of having to wait all summer for disposal of his case. Actually, they seem to think of everything to make it pleasant for us.

A TWO-COLUMN ARTICLE IN the Eastern Underwriter, national insurance journal, tells the story of the business success of a former Grand Forks man, Charles A. Loughin, who is a brother of Mrs. J. L. McBride, of Skidmore avenue, and a son of the late Charles Loughin, for many years Great Northern yardmaster in Grand Forks. Charles Loughin was born in Grand Forks, attended the University of North Dakota, where he was prominent in athletics, was twice wounded in the World war, and upon his return took up the study of law. He practiced in Minneapolis, and in 1930 went to New York to join the legal staff of the Home Insurance company, of which concern he is now general counsel. The Eastern Underwriter says that he "has built up a reputation as one of the best legal insurance minds in the country."

MOST OF US THINK OF Daniel DeFoe as the author of "Robinson Crusoe." Some know him as the author of "Moll Flanders," which is quite a different book. It is less generally known that he was editor and publisher of a magazine whose contents were in general character not unlike those of the popular news magazines of today. The phraseology was different, and there was no telegraph or radio, but when they got around to it they made a valiant effort to cover the ground. A recent publication gives a paragraph from DeFoe's magazine giving readers news of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim. This is what DeFoe wrote less than a week after that battle:

"THE VICTORY OF THE Duke of Marlborough, I allow to be a very great Action, the Greatest, most Glorious, and most Compleat Victory that I can find in History for above 200 Years past; and as no Man in Europe more heartily rejoices at it, than the Author of these Papers, so perhaps I am ready to own it Greater in its Consequences than everybody imagines . . . The Circumstances increase the Glory of it, 15,000 Prisoners, a Mareshal of France, 16 other Generals, and 1500 other Officers in the Number, such a thing the World could never speak of before."

EVIDENTLY DEFOE HAD thought more of the battle of Blenheim than the poet Southey did. You remember how old Kaspar explained it to his grandchildren: "And everybody praised the Duke Who this great fight did win." "But what good came of it at last?" Quoth little Peterkin. "Why, that I cannot tell," said he, "But, 'twas a famous victory."

TOMORROW WE SHALL BE celebrating Washington's birthday. Washington himself had two birthdays, as explained by John C. Fitzpatrick, who edited the four volumes of Washington's diaries. He writes:

"THE UNASAILABLE SOURCE of the date of George Washington's birth is his own letter to Sir Isaac Heard, garter king-at-arms, London, May 2, 1792, which enclosed a genealogical table of the Washington family. Washington's birthday was February 11, from 1732 to 1752, and from 1752, the year in which, by Act of Parliament, Great Britain adopted the Gregorian calendar, George Washington's birthday fell upon February 22, and will continue to so fall until an official calendar change is adopted by the civilized world.

"THERE IS VERY Conclusive evidence as to George Washington celebrating his own birthday at any time. He was a polite and philosophical gentleman, and when friends and acquaintances hose to celebrate his birthday on February 11 as Count de Rochambeau did in 1781, and when the Continental Artillery band serenaded him on February 22, 1778, he accepted both with complacency."

BARNUM'S STATEMENT that the American people like to be humbugged might have been made more inclusive and still be true, for not only in the United States, but in most other countries we see repeated evidences of the persistence with which people hug their favorite delusions. Barnum exhibited his synthetic wonders and admiring crowds that had paid to see them could scarcely be persuaded that they were not the real thing. And still frauds and fakes are accepted with unquestioning faith, and proofs of their impossibility are resentfully rejected.

SOUTHERN MINNESOTA, IN the vicinity of Adrian, is witnessing a revival of the hoary "Drake fortune" fraud in which at different times many thousands have been induced to invest money in the hope of participating in the distribution of a fortune of 35 billion dollars which never existed. Time after time the fraudulence of this scheme and the rascality of its promoters have been exposed, but each revival of it develops a fresh crop of dupes who cling to the myth as to a religion and denounce as deceivers and enemies any express doubt of the reality of the fortune. The publicity that the current spasm has received will doubtless cause it to subside and the rascally promoters will go into hiding or perhaps to jail. But many of the dupes will cling to the fable and presently another group of promoters will appear to revive their hopes, add to their number, and disappear with more of their dollars.

THE DRAKE FORTUNE IS merely one of a great number of imaginary fortunes that have been used as a means of extracting money from the unwary. It must be about time for a revival of the "Spanish prisoner" fraud, which is of a different type in that it has been used to obtain relatively large sums from single individuals rather than to collect smaller sums from members of a large group. In this the prospective victim receives a letter telling of the plight of a prisoner in a Spanish dungeon who has a great fortune stored away in a secret place. If the recipient will provide funds needed to obtain the prisoner's release he will share in the fortune, 50-50. Transparent as this fraud is it has separated hopeful victims of many thousands of dollars each.

I RECALL A PATHETIC CASE in Canada in which an honest old workman was induced to pay money out of his meagre earnings through several years in order that he might participate in the distribution of several million dollars said to belong to a family of which he was a member. The old fellow was a cooper, owner of a little one-man shop, whose earnings could not have been much more than enough for ordinary living expenses, yet he paid assessments of a few dollars each, month by month, to provide for "legal expenses" in connection with the settlement of the claims. Always the distribution of the fortune was just around the corner, but always some new obstacle arose and had to be removed. The old man's friends had tried to convince him that the whole thing was a fraud, but he would not listen. At any rate, he was happy in his belief, for he was confident that he had riches just within his grasp, and he died in that blissful state of ignorance.

THE LA MESA, CALIFORNIA, Scout publishes a biographical sketch of an old resident of Grand Forks county. James M. Barry, now living at La Mesa, who celebrated his 98th birthday on January 22, and who hopes to reach the age of his grandmother, which was 107. Mr. Barry, a native of Ontario, came to Dakota territory in 1879 and floated his effects on a raft from Fisher's landing to a point near Manvel. He settled on a homestead near where the Manvel postoffice now stands, and for years operated a farm of 480 acres there. One son is still on the old home place and another is a resident of Pembina.

MR. BARRY BUILT THE first house in the Manvel area. His first plowing was done with a mule and a milch cow that were taken down the river on a raft. Mail was then carried by stage. Moving to California in 1935 to make his home with a daughter, he enjoyed the ride in a modern streamlined train, and he has become an enthusiastic traveler by automobile and by air.

PROFESSOR HENRY Norris Russell, director of the Princeton observatory, reported the other day to a gathering of scientists at Philadelphia the discovery of a process by which the energy of the sun is renewed periodically so that the effect is almost that of perpetual motion. In the tremendous heat generated atoms are torn apart, and substances are changed, hydrogen into helium and helium into carbon and the latter, being burned, is recreated, to be burned again. It's all very interesting if you know what its' about. The thing that interested me most was the time required for the completion of the cycle, which Professor Russell places at 52,052,000 years and 13 minutes. I was glad that the professor put in those 13 minutes, which might be quite important if one had to catch a train at the end of the 52 million years.

IN THAT MATTER OF TIME it isn't always safe to go by the sun. A good clock is much more accurate. Usually the sun is either fast or slow. There are only four times in the year when it is exactly right. Just now, toward the end of February, it is about 13 minutes slow. It will be just right about the middle of April, after which it gains slightly, then loses, until it is again correct about June 12. It's greatest error is about November 1, when it is more than 16 minutes fast. It winds up the year just about right. A clock that behaved that way would be sent in for repairs or thrown on the junk heap.

THEO. OVERBO OF Starkweather, asks:

What population is required to make a city, or is there some clause defining the difference between a town, village and city?

ANSWERING THE QUESTIONS in inverse order

New York is the largest city on the American continent.

Devils Lake is a city.

The laws governing: the organization in cities and villages vary in different countries, and this country in different states. In North Dakota any community of not less than 500 inhabitants may be incorporated as a city by following certain prescribed rules.

There seems to be no population requirement for the incorporation of villages. Persons desiring to incorporate a village petition the county commissioners, who thereupon have made a survey of the area affected and a census of the inhabitants. If approved by the county board an election is held and a majority vote of the qualified electors decides the question of incorporation.

IN THE STATUTES THE terms "town" and "village" seem to be used interchangeably. When a village is to include territory in more than one county the population in the area affected must be not less than 100. Under our law the incorporated village is independent in most matters of local government of the township in which it is situated. The city has a still greater degree of self-government.

WHEN A CITY OR 'VILLAGE occupies territory in more than one county, while it is governed by one central body, its inhabitants can vote only in the county in which they reside. The city of Reynolds is situated partly in Grand Forks and partly in Traill county. The people in the first ward vote in Grand Forks county on all matters peculiar to the county and pay their taxes in this county. Those just across the street vote and pay taxes in Traill county.

THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO has, or had, three forms of incorporation, village, town and city, each a little different from the others, and having certain requirements as to population. In my boyhood my' home town, Brantford, had a "town" government, whatever that was. Attaining a population of 10,000 it became organized as a city, whereupon we had a grand celebration, with bands, parades and speeches.

In England there are certain ecclesial considerations affecting cities, and years ago I was surprised to learn that the great city Of Liverpool never had been a full-hedged city. The matter had something to do with bishops, and I believe that Liverpool is not technically and completely a city.

I HAVE JUST BEEN Looking over a booklet issued by the American Telephone and Telegraph company containing a reprint of an article published in the company's Quarterly dealing with the experiences of the great company and its subsidiaries during and after the hurricane which visited New England last September. The article is illustrated with many pictures of the devastation wrought by the great storm. Text and pictures together convey a profound impression of the magnitude of the task imposed on the company by the shattering of its system of communication in a densely inhabited region, and of the wonders which were worked by trained men and well-knit organization in the performance of that task.

IN THE AREA COVERED BY that storm more than half a million telephones were put out of commission, and this under circumstances which made communication immediately and imperatively necessary. The radio, man's latest servant in the transmission of intelligence, proved of inestimable value, but nothing could take the place of direct personal communication, and it was the job of the telephone people to restore that service as quickly as possible. In this emergency organization became of prime importance. In a system composed of unrelated units there would have been no lack of willingness to help, but there were needed immediate centralized direction and control over equipment and materials which a wide-spread organization alone could supply.

ALMOST BEFORE THE WIND had ceased to blow and telephone lines to fall in tangled wreckage crews from distant parts of the country had been started for the scene of the disaster, crews of trained men bringing their own equipment with them and ready to go to work. The work of reconstruction, instantly begun, required weeks to complete, but within two after the storm there were at work 2,300 experienced and skilled men drawn from every district headquarters east of the Rocky mountains. It was a performance comparable to the marshaling of the units of an army for concentration on a given point.

AS I READ THE STORY MY thoughts went back some 65 years to the time when Alexander Graham Bell was conducting his experiments with the reproduction, of sound at the family homestead near Brantford, Ontario. Then the telegraph was the marvel of communication, and few had dreamed of the possibility of transmitting speech over wires. I recalled the skepticism with which even the few who knew of the experiments regarded the subject and the amazement when it was learned that the thing actually could be done.

A MAN ONCE KNOWN IN Grand Forks assisted Dr. Bell in his early experiments. He was W. H. Griffin, then chief operator in a Brantford telegraph office. After Bell had adjusted his instruments so that speech could be carried from room to room in his father's house he obtained permission from the telegraph company to use one of its wires in attempted "long distance" conversation between Brantford and Paris, about 10 miles distant. Griffin assisted with the arrangements and had charge of the transmission at the Brantford end while Bell and some friends listened in Paris. As the outfit was fitted only for one-way service, Bell used another wire to telegraph instructions to Griffin as to the adjustment of wires and coils until the sounds received were satisfactory. That was the first "long-distance" conversation ever made. Subsequently a private line was strung from the Bell homestead to the home of the inventor's uncle in town, and that line remained in use until the inventor's father moved to Washington, D. C.

WALTER GRIFFIN CAME west two or three years earlier than I did. I had known him slightly, but had lost track of him. Years later I recognized him crossing the railway yards in Crookston to board the car of Superintendent Jenks, and hailed him. As I was going in the same direction we rode together for some distance and I learned that he had gone into railway work and had become chief clerk to Captain Jenks. I never saw him again.

NOW WE HAVE A LEGAL, ruling that the onion is a fruit and not a vegetable. That decision was made by a Baltimore magistrate, and I suppose it will hold until somebody rules differently. Long ago the United States customs department decided that the tomato is a vegetable rather than a fruit. Botanically both decisions are contrary to fact. The tomato is the fruit of the tomato plant, and it bears no resemblance to anything else. As to the onion plant, its fruit is the little capsule at the tip of the stalk, containing the seeds, while the onion itself is a bulb. The law makes so many curious decisions that one is sometimes impelled to agree with the statement of Dickens' Mr. Bumble that "the law is a ass and a idiot."

ONE OF THE NORTH Dakota legislators, supporting a proposal for more rigid regulation of grain elevators, said that while most elevator men are honest, some are given to defrauding in the matter of weights. In evidence of this, he said, he had in his possession weights taken from the scale of a country elevator, the under sides of which had been drilled to make them lighter. This reminds me of the experience of a country elevator man many years ago.

FOR A TIME HIS WAS THE only elevator in the village. His business was satisfactory and his relations with all the farmers were cordial. But a new elevator was built, and suddenly all the farmers began taking their grain to the new house without even giving the first buyer a chance to bid on it. He was surprised and hurt that all his old friends should have abandoned him without a word of explanation, and he could not understand the reason.

MEETING ONE OF HIS Former patrons he asked what was the trouble. "I hate to talk about it, Jim," said the farmer, "but you may as well know that we found that you were not giving us square deal in weights." "Just what do you mean?" asked Jim.

"Well," said the farmer, "after Blank started up here he told some of us that you were cheating us in Weights. We couldn't believe it, because we thought you were perfectly square, but Blank said we could prove it for ourselves. He said if we would examine the weights used on your scale we would find that every one of them had one or more holes drilled into the metal, making it that much lighter. A few of us looked, and we found it just as he said. It was a perfectly plain case."

"TOM," SAID THE ELEVATOR man, "did you stop to think that the lighter the weights were made, the more of them it would take to balance your wheat and the more bushels you would seem to have?" "By gum!" said Tom, none of us thought of that. But what's the idea of drilling the holes?"

"Simply to true the weights," was the answer. "You see those weights are cast, and they are seldom quite accurate. Usually they are a little too heavy, and to correct that a little metal is removed so as to make them just right. You go examine Blank's weights and you'll find them drilled the same way. Sometimes, if too much drilling is done, lead is poured in to correct the error and the lead is stamped by the official inspector. If you find lead in Blank's weights, be sure to look for the inspection stamp on it."

A LITTLE FEATURE ARTICLE in the Herald on voice training reminded me again of the Bell family, of telephone fame. The inventor's father, Alexander Melville Bell, was a teacher of elocution, as his father had been before him. He spent years in the study of the voice and prepared an elaborate analysis of the component parts of speech, assigning to each sound and inflexion a symbol by which it could be identified. His son, Alexander Graham Bell, assisted in many of his father's experiments. One exercise in which the two collaborated was for the father to utter sounds which an assistant recorded by means of their designated symbols, whereupon the son, who had been out of hearing, would read the record and reproduce the sounds as his father had uttered them. It was this interest in human speech, which had persisted through three generations of the family, that led to young Bell's experiments out of which the telephone emerged.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED pamphlet setting forth in considerable detail the purposes and plans of a new organization for the defense of true Americanism. The purposes of the society, as they are explained, seem to me admirable. The organization commits itself unreservedly to the ideals of liberty and democracy, to the promotion of that freedom in which the individual enjoys the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. These ideals can best be realized, according to the statement in a representative democracy that is, a republic. Totalitarianism of every kind, whether Communistic, Fascist, or what not, is rejected as thoroughly unsound. Education and morality are to be inculcated in the young. Adequate provision is to be made for the defense of the nation against whatever foes may assail it. As I read the statement I agreed with all of it, being convinced that the principles stated are essential to wise government and orderly progress.

WITH THE STATEMENT IS an invitation to me to become a member of the society's advisory committee. It is explained that no duties are involved in such position nor are there any financial obligations. The purpose, it states, is to make this a nationwide organization, with advisory committee members in every state, so that there may be created a vast army devoted to the principles upon which the nation was founded and which must remain the guiding force in our national life if the nation is to be preserved.

AFTER READING THE statement I dropped it into the wastebasket, where so many similar communications go. Notwithstanding the fact that I agree heartily with the sentiments expressed, I shall not be a member of the committee, or join the society in any other capacity. In the first place, I am not interested in holding an office in which there is nothing to pay and nothing to do. If the officer has nothing to do, why create the office? And if there is no contribution to be made, financial or otherwise, why have any members? And, as to contributions either of labor or money, if any were required, I have all the commitments now that seem to be desirable.

ANOTHER REASON WHY I do not respond to the invitation is that I do not know who extends it. The statement gives me no names of officers or members of this presumably excellent society, and before I join anything I want to know some thing about my associates. If I join a society of this kind blindly I may find myself called on the carpet some day to explain my membership in a society of whose members have been engaged in activities anything but American and may be called on to defend myself against the charge of sympathizing with them. Several persons more important than I am have been caught in that net.

SEVERAL THINGS Impressed me about the Nazi gathering in New York. One is that the meeting itself was orderly, except for some of the conversation. There was a lot of anti-Jewish talk which did no credit to the speakers, but which could neither break bones nor change opinions. One incident that threatened a riot was the heckling of a speaker by a woman correspondent who writes as a defender of Americanism. She was violating her own principles. Outside the building was a mob in which were many representatives of the element which had been denied the right to hold meetings in Jersey City. They protested vigorously against the denial of that right to them, but it required all the efforts of the police to prevent them from mobbing others who were exercising the same right that they had claimed for themselves. Outstanding in the whole episode was the attitude of Mayor LaGuardia who, thoroughly detesting the principles and methods of the Bund, used his police force to protect its members in their constitutional right to meet and speak.

THE POSTOFFICE department's deficit for the current years is placed at nearly eight million dollars. Under any administration there is always a postoffice deficit, though the postmaster general usually insists that the department actually makes a profit. Probably it does, but the profit is eaten up, and more, by the obligation placed upon the department of carrying free public documents and material and by the franking privilege granted members of congress. That seems like a senseless arrangement. I never could see any reason why the postoffice should not be conducted on a cash basis, with postage paid at regular rates for every item carried except as it relates to the business at the department itself.

IT WOULD COST THE Government no more to have all the other departments and the members of congress pay postage in cash if proper allowance were made for postage in the appropriations made for each department and for the estimated requirements of members of congress. The postoffice department would not then be carrying part of the load which properly belongs elsewhere. One effect of such a change would be to reduce the volume of publicity material which now emanates from the departments and the office of congressmen, and the country could get along with much less of that.

ALTHOUGH THE LENTEN period has been observed in Sundry ways and with varying regularity since the early years of the Christian era its timing remains uncertain. As now observed it is the period of 40 days immediately preceding Easter, and to know when Easter will come in any year there are required astronomical and mathematical computations quite beyond the range of the ordinary person, However, the whole thing has been reduced to a table by means of which one may ascertain the date of Easter in any year.

ACCORDING TO THE Present practice Easter is observed on the first Sunday after the first full moon on or after March 21, the date of the spring equinox. There are thus involved the revolution of the earth on its axis, its circuit around the sun, the circuit of the moon around the earth, and the days of the week, none of which "mesh" exactly with each other as the cogs of one wheel mesh with those of another. Easter may occur as early as March 22 or as late as April 25. In spite of the fact that the date of Easter was fixed arbitrarily by very human churchman after long and bitter controversy, there has been a widely prevalent belief that an early Easter means an early spring, and vice versa.

OUR CALENDAR IS A Clumsy thing, full of inconsistencies and absurdities. A perfectly accurate calendar is an impossibility because nature has so ordered it that the earth does not complete its circuit of the sun in an exact number of days, so that there must be arbitrary adjustments once in a while. The vanity of Roman emperors gave us needless irregularity in the length of the months, which added to the confusion. The calendar was brought up to date in England in 1752 by the dropping of 11 days, which accounts for the fact that although Washington was born on February 11, we celebrate his birthday on February 22.

MANY METHODS OF Reforming the calendar have been proposed to do away as much as possible with the present irregularity in weeks and months. Two of these have received considerable attention in recent years. The first of these proposed that the year be divided into 13 months of 28 days each, making every month begin on Sunday for all time. An extra day would be inserted between the last of one year and the beginning of the next, and in leap year another day would come between June and July. These would not be considered days of any month or week.

ADVOCACY OF THIS PLAN has been pretty well abandoned, the opinion being that the change would be difficult to bring about, and there is the further fact that there would be complications in dividing 13 months into quarters. Someone has noticed, too, that under this plan the thirteenth of each of the 13 months would fall on Friday. Probably that has had nothing to do with the apparent abandonment of the plan, for the Friday-the-thirteenth superstition seems to have vanished save as its wraith is paraded occasionally by the newspapers. We newspaper people are reluctant to let a good old superstition die.

THE WORLD CALENDAR, SO called, has been indorsed generally by scientific, commercial and religious bodies throughout the world. It retains the 12 months under their present names and provides for an extra day between the old year and the new, with one between June and July in leap year. The year begins on Sunday, as does the first month in each quarter. The first month in each quarter has 31 days and the other two 30 each. A given day of the month will always fall on the same day of the week, and each quarter will begin on Sunday and end on Saturday. This latter is highly important in making comparative analyses of business operations.