

ON SOME OTHER OCCASIONS I have recommended for a day's outing a drive to Stump lake, and after a Decoration day trip there I repeat the recommendation. While it is true that the water of Stump lake is not desirable as a beverage, being intensely salt and bitter, the lake is really a beautiful sheet of water, with surroundings which are both interesting and picturesque. Long ago Stump lake and Devils lake were parts of one great body of water, but they parted company generations ago, and as the glacial waters subsided Stump lake was left in the form of an exaggerated capital Z, with high, rocky banks, miles of which are lined with boulders, many of which are of gigantic size. Those boulders, geologists tell us, were left there by the giant glacier which once covered the northern part of the continent. They show in their smooth, rounded form, the effects of the tremendous grinding force to which they were subjected through centuries. One noticeable peculiarity is that many of the great rocks are flattened on one side, and because of this peculiarity they are known as "planed" boulders. Alf Eastgate and Dan Willard, who ought to know something about it, tell me that around Stump lake is the greatest collection of planed boulders known to exist anywhere in the world.

ANOTHER INTERESTING feature of the lake is its submerged forest. Many years ago the lake was much larger and deeper than it is now. We are told that the country is drying up, and the lakes with it. But still earlier by many years the bed of the lake was dry land, covered with heavy forest. Then the rains descended and the floods came and the forest became lake. The trees died, fell, and formed a tangled mass beneath many feet of water. The wood became saturated with alkaline salts, and as the water subsided again logs caught in the ice each winter floated ashore as driftwood each spring.

THOUSANDS OF CORDS OF such wood have been hauled away by farmers to be used as fuel, and homes have been heated and meals cooked with wood which grew presumably while mammoths trod the earth, long before man made his appearance on the scene. The other day one of our party picked up on the shore a fragment of a tooth, with enamel sound and glistening, a tooth too large for any living creature smaller than an elephant. On former visits I have gathered fragments of driftwood from the lake shore. The alkaline material has penetrated the entire structure so that when the wood is cut with a sharp knife it glistens as if made of metal. Burned in a fireplace it emits variegated flames of purple, orange and other colors.

A LARGE TRACT OF LAND near the southern end of the lake was acquired several years ago by the Nelson county Old Settlers' association which holds its annual gatherings there. The association has built a mammoth and well constructed pavilion, a commodious refreshment stand and several cottages, and the place has become a favorite resort for groups who have learned of the beauties and conveniences of the place.

THE PROPERTY IS IN charge of A. B. Schindele, of Tolna, which has a force at work renovating buildings and preparing for a busy season. Mr. Schindele an old resident of the neighborhood, and at one time was next door neighbor to the Eastgate family whose farm was on the lake shore. Mr. Schindele is well versed in the lore of Stump lake and vicinity, and visitors will find him courteous and accommodating.

A FEW MILES NORTH OF the Old Settlers' resort is what is left of the once ambitious town of Wamduska, which its promoters expected would be the metropolis of the northwest. It was actually intended in the first place that the Great Northern should go west by way of Stump lake. Townsite promoters, becoming aware of that fact, platted Wamduska and told James J. Hill what he could do about entering and passing through the town. Mr. Hill had notions of his own on such matters. He did not consider it necessary for him to go through or near Wamduska. Instead, he routed his road several miles farther north, by way of Lakota, and that was the last of Wamduska, except that the pretentious hotel building which the promoters had built became a farm home, for which purpose it is used today.

WRITING ABOUT STUMP lake the other day I neglected to mention my idea of the best way to return from that interesting place. The lake is eight or ten miles directly south of Lakota, and a corresponding distance north of Pekin, on state highway No. 1, and from Grand Forks one may go either by federal highway No. 2 to Lakota, or by way of Thompson, Northwood and Pekin. The distance is about the same. My preference is to go by way of Lakota and return by way of Pekin.

MY REASON FOR CHOICE OF this return route is that as one returns from a picnic jaunt in the late afternoon or early evening he will have the sun at his back and will be able to enjoy a splendid view of the Red river valley as he ascends into it, step after step, from the greater elevation of the upper lake district. The shore of the geologic lake which once occupied what is now the Red river valley is broken into several shelves, or levels, and on the drive eastward from Pekin one Descends what resembles a giant stairway, descending some 700 or 800 feet within a few miles, and from vantage points along the way there is afforded a splendid view of the whole level floor of the Red river valley. There one overlooks a vast area of level land unsurpassed in fertility by any in the world, and bearing evidence in its cultivated fields, wonderful groves and fine farm buildings of the industry and thrift of its inhabitants.

THAT SECTION, WHICH IS drained by the Goose river, was settled 50 or 60 years ago by Norwegian families from Iowa and southern Minnesota and others direct from Norway. Those people were enterprising and industrious, and first and foremost they were home builders. They came to this country to live, not to get rich and move away. Their original dwellings were humble and primitive, sometimes built of sod, sometimes of rough boards covered with tarred paper. They expected to build more permanently later on. To them church and school represented essentials of life, and neighborhood churches and school buildings soon dotted the prairie. The establishment of these institutions gave evidence of their intent to take root in the new country.

WHEN THOSE EARLY Settlers arrived there was not a tree in the entire Red river valley except along the streams, or occasionally where a lone cottonwood seedling had survived parching winds and prairie fires to become a landmark, visible for many miles. With the making the settlers began immediately to plant trees. Today, as one surveys the scene from the western elevation he looks down upon what appears to be a well timbered country. In the distance grove overlaps grove until the skyline appears as unbroken forest. Without question those groves are the most numerous and the finest in North Dakota.

CONSIDERABLE ANXIETY has been caused in recent years by the dying of trees in many of the farm groves. Usually this has been attributed to drouth, but it seems that some other cause must have been at work, for, while precipitation throughout the entire northwest has been less than normal, there has always been moisture in the soil of the Red river valley at depths reached by the roots of trees. The damage to trees has not been general or uniform, and many groves have escaped altogether although other groves near by, and under identical conditions of moisture, have suffered severely. There seems good reason to believe that the trouble is due to blight or other disease quite apart from drouth.

A DRIVE THROUGH THE country just now is inspiring. One gets some idea of the unconscious tenseness which has been caused by prolonged dry weather from the pleasure with which he now welcomes the sight of a mud puddle, and there are lots of them. There is no surplusage of water, but water stands here and there in low spots in the fields and meadows and ducks have again found that there are places in which they can swim. Everywhere crops have got a good start and the fields present a cheerful and inspiring appearance.

A FEW YEARS AGO SOME disease carried off jackrabbits by the thousands. The tougher members of the family survived, and they are multiplying with the rapidity that is characteristic of rabbits. In some sections these animals have done considerable damage to trees. Just now the rabbits may be seen loping across the fields in greater numbers than for several years past. It is interesting to watch them, but the farmer who is trying to grow trees does not approve of them. Trees may be treated with certain applications which render the bark distasteful to rabbits and mice, but to treat a large grove is something of a task.

THROUGH THE COURTESY OF Mrs. B. O. Chappie, of Bathgate, I have just received a collection of remarkably fine tulips, a flower in which Mrs. Chappie has specialized for years, and in the culture of which she has become an authority. I am unable to identify the blossoms by name, but among them are some of the largest and finest tulip blossoms I have ever seen. All are of the tall, late-blooming groups, those of dark red and other solid colors evidently being Darwins, while there are several richly variegated blossoms which I judge to be Breeders. One yellow, tipped with pink, is a truly magnificent blossom. Many thanks for the flowers, and may the tulip beds continue to thrive and give joy to all beholders.

LILAC TIME IS HERE. ITS approach was leisurely and steady, and the display is all the better for the cool weather and occasional showers. It is difficult to compare one good flower display with another when both seem perfect, but it seems to me impossible for any display of lilacs to surpass in beauty that which we have here and now. I understand there are several hundred varieties of lilacs, all named and classified, but to my mind there is no other lilac that equals in beauty the old-fashioned lilac, the kind that adorned our grandmothers' gardens.

THIS SHRUB HAS BEEN dubbed by the horticulturists *syringa vulgaris*, a name which was not intended to be offensive, although it may have that appear-lance. When the intelligentsia use the word "vulgaris" they mean something that is in general use by the plain people, and to earn that title a thing must have real merit. The common lilac has it. Just look around and you will see those shrubs just now whether growing singly or in clumps or hedges, crowned with solid masses of beautiful purple, the blossoms filling the air with fragrance.

ONE TROUBLE WITH THIS lilac is its enthusiastic and irrepressible habit of growth. In a lawn or other uncultivated place its suckers are kept in check without great difficulty, but the fellow who plants one next his cultivated garden is laying up trouble for himself, for the roots will spread in such soil almost faster than they can be dug out.

FOR THIS REASON OTHER varieties of lilacs are often preferred by those who have little room to spare. Usually the Persian and French lilacs do not sucker, so they stay where they are originally put. Their blossoms are graceful and delicately tinted, and some of them are fragrant. Usually the blossoms are of open habit, as contrasted with the close massing of the common variety. This year, for some reason, the Persian and French lilacs are setting more compact blossoms than usual, which adds to their attractiveness, from my standpoint.

THIS YEAR I AM Experimenting with an aster which is described as rust-proof. I hope it is. The aster is a beautiful flower, and about as easy to grow as wheat. It begins blooming quite late, and if nothing happens it will keep right along blooming until hard freezing weather sets in. The trouble is that the plants are subject to a disease which discolors the stems, shrivels the leaves and distorts the blossoms. I have read that infection is carried to the plant by a minute insect, and some of the books say that the only way to protect the plants is to grow them under cheese-cloth and thus keep the insects away. That may be all right for those who wish to grow asters just for cutting, but otherwise, who wants to monkey with a garden under cheese-cloth? Perhaps the "rust-proof" variety solves the problem. We shall see.

I HAVE A CONVENIENT WAY of estimating rainfall, provided there isn't too much wind. When the bird bath is empty at the beginning of a rain, and the rain fills it just level full, the University record says that there has been just an inch of rain. It doesn't work so well in a gale, however, for then the tendency is to blow all the water out of the bath rather than to put more in. That was a fine rain, anyway, whatever the record may say.

DRIVING ANY DISTANCE through the state in any direction one cannot fail to note the quantity of water in the small streams. This is due only in part to the more liberal rainfall this year than in some other seasons. Chiefly it is due to the fact that care has been taken to conserve such water as has fallen. Little dams have been built across every little river and across almost every coulee. Some of those dams are temporary affairs, of makeshift construction, likely to be carried away by anything approaching real flood conditions, while others are of substantial construction, good undoubtedly for many years. But whether temporary or permanent in character, all are serving a useful purpose in storing up water for future use.

THE NEED FOR SUCH Storage basins has been demonstrated during the past few years, when wells went dry and farmers and villagers found it necessary to haul water for stock and for domestic use. Often the river beds themselves were dry except for occasional pools into which water continued to seep from hidden springs. Storage of water in innumerable small basins will simplify the hauling of water if hauling becomes necessary again, and in time the pressure from those newly created levels must be helpful in replenishing underground supplies.

GRAND FORKS RESIDENTS who watched the furious downpour of rain on Saturday night would have ridiculed the suggestion that on Sunday afternoon the sky would be overcast with dust clouds, that inside window sills would again be coated with dust, and that dust would again clog the nostrils and make gritty the teeth. Yet that is exactly what happened. I am leaving it for the meteorologists and other authorities to say where the dust came from. Certainly it did not come from the soil that 'was so thoroughly drenched in Saturday night's storm. That storm, however, while it deposited lots of water, was very narrow and local. They tell us that at the University comparatively little rain fell. Here in the south end of the city it came down in bucketfuls, and the flashing of the lightning indicated that the center of the storm was still farther south.

THE DUST MAY HAVE COME from north and west where earlier rain had merely dampened the surface, the strong wind drying it quickly. Or it may have been kicked up by the Nebraska tornado before the torrential rain fell there.

AMONG THE PREDICTIONS made by some students of weather is that the coming summer will be marked by much lower temperatures than usual because of the presence of dust in the atmosphere from the storms of last year and the early spring of 1935. Those finely divided particles of dust, we are told, may float for months, and their presence will diminish perceptibly the power of the sun's rays. That dust may remain suspended in the air for months has often been demonstrated. Dust from the tremendous explosion of Krakatoa in 1883 is known to have been carried by the wind completely around the earth, and floating particles of it were identified more than a year later.

"I'M ORGANIZING AN S. P. A.," said Jitters. "Want to join?" "What is it?" asked Flitters. "Society for the Prevention of Animals. Latest thing there is, and there's a crying need for it. Take cats. They howl and screech at night so nobody can sleep. And by day they hide in the shrubbery and pounce on the birds. And dogs. One dog is all right, provided it's my dog, but I don't think so much of the neighbor's dogs. And who wants a whole flock of dogs about the place, anyway. They scratch, and dig, and make muddy tracks, and have other rude and annoying habits. And cows. You take a cow on the highway and she's a menace. That's what, a menace. I wouldn't mind a cow at the side, of the road, or in the middle of the road, if I knew what the blamed critter was going to do. But nine times out of ten, just at the last second, she'll make up her mind to do the wrong thing, and do it. There ought to be a great future for the Society for the Prevention of Animals.

LONG AGO I MENTIONED some fine daffodils that I had seen growing in a garden, and commented on the rarity in this territory of these flowers in gardens. I have just received from Mrs. J. E. Lee, of W a l h a l l a, some specimens of daffodils as fine as any that I have ever seen anywhere, and, I am sure, finer than any that I have seen growing out of doors. They are from a large bed of similar flowers in Mrs. Lee's garden, and I am sure that the bed itself must be a beautiful sight.

THESE ARE SINGLE Blossoms, pure yellow in both trumpet and perianth. Flowers of this type are sometimes called daffodils, and this and some others are often grouped as jonquils. I have tried to get the terms straightened out, without success. Both are of the great narcissus family, and I find no uniformity in catalogues in the terms used. By whatever name known they are magnificent flowers.

I HAVE GROWN SOME FINE daffodils as house plants, but in recent years I have had no success with them. I have consulted seedsmen and agricultural authorities, but the replies that I have received have been vague and unsatisfactory, suggesting the thought that those whom I consulted were trying to conceal their lack of knowledge in a bewildering array of words. I had about given up what seemed to be a waste of effort with these bulbs, but since receiving Mrs. Lee's fine blossoms I am about ready to try again, this time out of doors. If Mrs. Lee will give for use in this column some information concerning her method of treatment I am sure the information will be welcomed by many lovers of flowers.

MRS. J. F. STEWART, OF Gilby, forwards a copy of an old poem, "Mary, Queen of Scots," which she has received from her sister, Mrs. Peter Fyfe, of Tennessee, a pioneer of Grand Forks county. The poem is by H. G. Bell, and begins:

I looked far back into other years,

and lo, in bright array, I saw, as in a dream, the forms of  
ages passed away. It was a stately convent, with its  
old and lofty walls, And gardens with their broad!  
green walks, where soft the  
footsteps falls;

And o'er the antique dial-stone the

creeping shadow passed, And all around the noonday sun  
a drowsy radiance cast.

THE POEM RECOUNTS THE varied experiences in the tragic life of Scotland's unfortunate Stuart queen. Years ago it was popular for declamation, and it seemed to be specially favored by girls just approaching womanhood. It is found in many collections of selections for recitation. It is much longer than the selections which I am usually able to reproduce in this column, but if I receive a sufficient number of requests for it I shall be glad to use it some day when space is available.

IN CASE NOBODY HAS TOLD you, this is Tomato week. Who made it so, I don't know, but the idea seems to have originated in Texas, where they are having a national tomato show, partly, I suppose, for love of the tomato, and partly, I suspect, to stimulate demand for one of the products of the Lone Star state. From whatever standpoint it is approached, I am for it, for the tomato is one of my favorites.

WHEN ONE CAN DO NO Better I recommend tomatoes from Texas and such other southern states as produce them early in the season. But for real excellence of flavor there are no tomatoes produced anywhere which surpass, and few that equal those that can be produced in the home gardens of North Dakota and northern Minnesota, or, if one hasn't a home garden, in the truck gardens of Minnesota Point. Though I spake with the tongues of men and of angels I should be but as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal in trying to do justice to our northern tomatoes, which can be grown in anybody's back yard and eaten ripe, right off the vine. Mine aren't planted yet, and I was glad of it when the wind blew so furiously and then when frost threatened.

ARRIVING AT THE OFFICE the other morning I found on my desk a dozen lilac blossoms with a card from M. L. Hilligos, 626 North Sixth street. I suspect that the gift, for which I return sincere thanks, was prompted by my remarks about the comparative beauty of the common lilac and other varieties. The blossoms left by Mr. Hilligos are as thickly set as those of the common lilacs, with purple as much darker and richer as that of the common lilac is deeper than that of any of the French or Persians which I have seen. I should be glad to know the name of this lilac, and I am sure others would, in order that they may be guided in making selections at some future time.

PERSISTENCE OF Cloudiness through most of Tuesday night saved us from the severe freeze which almost certainly would have occurred had the sky cleared and the wind died down early in the evening. As it was, the temperature here got down to just about the critical point, and no lower. I have heard only of the freezing of a few window-box plants, and those were probably so situated as to promote rapid evaporation.

PROTECTION OF TENDER vegetable and flowering plants from late spring frosts presents quite a problem. The plants have been nursed and coddled through their early stages and have become strong and well rooted. Then, when frost threatens in late May or early June, one is confronted by the prospect of having them ruined or the alternative of swathing them in old newspapers, blankets and covering them with the heterogeneous collection of pots, kettles and other junk that is to be found about the place. The task is a formidable one, but one hates to see a whole garden destroyed when perhaps it can be saved by carrying it over one night.

FROST IS A FREAKISH thing which often acts in unpredictable ways. Years ago a neighbor of mine bought a set of patent plant protectors, each consisting of a light wire frame to be set over the plant and into the ground, while over it was drawn a sack or hood of cheesecloth. Those things were admirable for the protection of newly transplanted plants from wind and excessive sunlight. One night in late spring frost threatened, and my friend covered his well-grown tomato plants with the protectors, as far as they would go. The remaining plants he covered, haphazard, with such odds and ends as were available.

NEXT MORNING, TO HIS Chagrin, he found that all the plants covered by the protectors were frozen black, while not another was touched. Even uncovered plants had suffered only slight damage. The explanation was that the cheesecloth, becoming moist in the night air, had speeded up evaporation and thus chilled the air within the enclosure. Later, when it became necessary to use those devices as frost protectors, they were lined with paper, and then they answered the purpose admirably.

THE USE OF SMOKE AS A protection against frost is an old device. Wheat fields over large areas have thus been saved from damage when frost threatened the destruction of the grain just before harvest. Fires started on old manure piles or straw piles sent widening bands of smoke in their lee, and when many such fires were started the smoke bands overlapped. The fires have some influence in warming the air for a short distance, but the chief benefit comes from the blanket of smoke which hangs over the earth and checks the escape of heat. The burning of oil in "stink-pots" in the orchards of California and Florida is one of the standard methods of protection.

JUDGE LEBACKEN HAD A new idea the other evening. He had set out a number of tomato and other tender plants, and on comparing the need with the available resources he concluded that he hadn't stuff enough around the place to cover the plants. Instead of covering, therefore, he just dug up all the plants and took them inside.

VISITORS TO CENTRAL park will find imbedded in each of the pairs of mill-stones in front of the band stand a neat bronze tablet bearing the following inscription: "Mill stones from the first flour mill in the Red river valley, built in Grand Forks by Colonel Frank Viets in 1877." This inscription, on tablets provided and put in place by the Park commission, will serve to identify those blocks of stone to many persons who are not only unacquainted with their origin, but who do not know the purpose for which the stones were originally used.

THE NAME OF COLONEL Frank Viets is associated with many pioneer enterprises in the Red river valley. Colonel Viets was a pioneer merchant. On the site now occupied by the Ontario store Viets and Twamley operated a general store for several years. The old Hotel Dacotah, which burned in 1897, was operated by Viets and Dow. Several additions to Grand Forks bear the name of Colonel Viets. The colonel is credited with bringing to Grand Forks the first iron plow ever brought to the Red river valley. In his little sawmill was cut lumber from the timber growing along the Red river. And, as the inscription says, the Viets flour mill was the first flour mill ever built in the valley.

THE VIETS MILL WAS Operated as a flour mill for many years, and then was devoted to the grinding of feed. The building burned something like 35 years ago, and the heavy mill-stones crashed into the basement where they became partly covered over with debris. The Park commission obtained from the owner of the property permission to remove them, and they were taken to Central park to remain as relics of an earlier day. The tablets with which they are marked are neat and attractive and the lettering is clear and distinct.

IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF our industries there has been some loss of familiarity with "how things are done." In an earlier day the industries were operated on a smaller scale than now, and many of them were "conducted in the homes. The spinning of wool and cotton, the treatment of flax to save its fiber, and the weaving of the threads into cloth were quite largely activities of the home. Leather was tanned and shoes made, if not in the home, quite close by. Children stood, fascinated, at the door of the blacksmith shop and watched the sparks fly from the white-hot iron under the lusty blows of the smith. The farm lad took the grist to mill and watched the whole process of grinding and sifting as he waited for his grist.

NOW WE BUY SHOES FROM New England, collars from New York, cotton goods perhaps from Alabama, and from a multitude of places come in cans and packages the foods that were once made from the raw materials right in the home. Therefore, unless special study is made of the subject, one learns little of the processes by means of which our familiar commodities are produced.

WITH RARE EXCEPTIONS, mill-stones are no longer used today, their place having been taken by corrugated steel rollers. But stones were used for grinding for thousands of years, the revolving stones taking the place of the crude stone or wooden pestles with which grain was crushed by primitive man. The stones were used in pairs, the lower one being stationary, while the upper one revolved in close contact with it. Grain ran through an opening in the center of the upper stone and was crushed between the two.

THE GRINDING FACES OF mill-stones were dressed to even surface which was cut into shallow grooves with mallet and chisel. The dressing of mill-stones not only involved hard labor, for the stone was like flint, but it was an art on the perfection of which each miller prided himself. In cutting the grooves on the surface of the stone the miller worked out a pattern which he believed to be most effective for reducing wheat to flour, and usually each miller developed and adhered to his own distinctive pattern. Every miller was prepared to back up the superiority of his pattern with argument as vigorous as any modern car owner uses to maintain the superiority of his own make of car over others. Mill-stones were seldom, if ever, made from one piece. They were built up from many smaller pieces cemented together, and the quality of the completed stone depended largely on the skill with which the several fragments were matched as to hardness and wearing quality. Some of the finest mill-stones came from France.

IRON ROLLERS WERE USED instead of stones for grinding in Hungary as early as 1840, but the use of rollers did not become general for many years. In the latter part of the last century the change got really under way, and mills which installed rollers advertised that their flour was now being made by the "Hungarian roller process." I think there are advertisements of that kind in some old issues of the Herald.

THE RECENT TRAGEDY IN Crookston in which a child was crushed to death by a stampeding elephant and scores were injured in the ensuing p a n i c h a s b r o u g h t to mind at least two other occasions on which circuses came to grief in Crookston, one being when a circus was bogged down by a tremendous rain storm, and the other when the big circus tent was blown down in a wind storm which approached the proportions of a tornado.

GRAND FORKS HAS HAD NO elephant stampedes, but it narrowly escaped one which, had it occurred, would have been a memorable one. The year which I have in mind seems to have been 1905. I am not sure about that, and I haven't looked up the record. One of the large circuses — not Ring-ling's — had its tents pitched in the north end of town, near Skidmore avenue. The morning was chilly and the sky was overcast, threatening rain, but in spite of the threatening appearance of the weather the street parade was held.

NO RAIN FELL DURING THE parade, but about 15 minutes after I the parade was over a violent hailstorm struck the city, smashed all the windows on the south and east sides of the buildings, and ripped the circus and menagerie tents to ribbons. If the hail had struck a quarter of an hour earlier the parade would still have been on the streets, and almost certainly the elephants, of which the show had a big herd, would have charged into the crowds. All the townspeople had turned out to see the parade, and big crowds had come in from the country. The streets were packed, and on the side streets were horse and buggies by the score. Little imagination is required to understand what would have happened if a herd of frightened elephants had charged into those masses of human beings and horses'.

AS IT WAS THE ELEPHANTS were nervous and almost unmanageable, evidently sensing something unusual in the weather. The trainers had difficulty in controlling them on their' way to the circus grounds, but once there, the animals were chained to their stakes and the trainers stood by them during the storm.

THAT STORM MOVED UP from the south. Before it reached the business section, and while there were no indications of a storm down town, a telephone message from my home in the south end informed me that all the windows on two sides of the house were broken and the hailstones- as big as baseballs were rolling across the floors. After a moment or two of that conversation a hailstone which seemed to me as big as my fist struck on the stone window sill of the office and smashed, and then pandemonium broke loose.

WHILE WE ESCAPED A stampede of elephants, we had a sizeable stampede of horses. People didn't park their teams on the street all day, as they do automobiles, but there was innumerable teams on the street when the hail struck, and when the horses felt the pounding of those chunks of ice on their backs they broke loose and started to go places. Buggies were overturned, and horses and wagons were piled up in tangled masses. Strangely, only one person was hurt, so far as I can recall.

A CLOUDBURST STRUCK THE Ringling show on what, I think was its first appearance in Grand Forks, about 1897. The usual morning parade and afternoon performance were given, but after the performance the heavens opened and a perfect deluge came down. No damage was done to the circus property, but it was evident that it would be impossible to load in the mud after an evening performance in time to make the next town. Therefore the evening performance was canceled and loading began about 6 o'clock. It lasted until about 4 o'clock in 'the morning.

I HAD POSTPONED MY Circus-going until evening, therefore, I was out of luck, so far as a regular circus performance was concerned. I had just as good a time, though, watching the loading. The Ringlings were always famous for their fine horses and the quietness with which they were handled. The performance of both horses and men in the mud that night was something worth seeing. Heavy wagons sank hub-deep in the mud, and often were stuck and four-horse teams had to be doubled or trebled to drag them out. There were complications of all kinds, but during the night I never saw a whip used or a horse treated roughly. One twelve-horse team of magnificent bays won my admiration. They were driven tandem, two and two, by two drivers, one of whom rode the off horse of the third team from the front and the other sat on the wagon seat. As quietly as if they were on parade those horses jackknifed, doubled back, sent through ditches filled with water, and always they tightened their traces and settled down to pull with their whole weight when the word was given. Excuse my enthusiasm about those horses, but they did stir a fellow.

IN ORDER TO TEST THE tradition that wrens will not make use of a house placed in a tree I hung a bird house in a poplar tree in the back yard. Desire to test the tradition was only one reason for placing it there. The other was that the little house is of birch bark for which no other position about the premises was convenient. For weeks the house has hung there, vacant and neglected, but on Sunday morning I found that a pair of wrens had taken possession and were hard at work. There is another tradition that the wren shows a high degree of reasoning power in selecting the materials for its nest, and remarkable engineering intelligence in always starting a long twig end first into the opening into its dwelling. These theories are to be accepted with some reservations. I think my wrens have occasionally shown poor judgment in carrying twigs which were much longer than necessary for their purpose, and after each of such mistakes there would be a violent struggle at the doorway of the house, as the stick would persist in getting crosswise of the opening. After a futile struggle, sometimes lasting several minutes, the bird would drop the twig, returning after a few minutes with another of about the same size, which might or might not be maneuvered into the house. At the base of the tree there is a good double handful of twigs that have been discarded,

THE WREN IS ONE OF OUR most sociable birds, preferring, apparently, to nest near human dwellings, and often one will remain undisturbed on its nest while persons are moving about within a few feet. Its song is the very essence of cheerfulness, and it has no fear of any of its larger bird neighbors.

AUTHORITIES ON THE Subject seem to agree that the tiny humming bird is about the fiercest fighter of all the bird kingdom. Left alone it attends strictly to its own business, but if it suspects that its nest is about to be attacked, let the aggressor beware. Under those circumstances it will tackle anything. Its ability to strike, dodge and retreat, and its long pointed bill make it a terror to evildoers. It seems to have an uncanny knowledge of the vulnerable parts of its enemies, and while its blows are insignificant when measured in foot-pounds, it can pierce an eye, and sometimes penetrate the brain of its victim.

NOW, HAVING SEEN JOHN Howard as Sir Toby Belch, I want to see him as Sir John Falstaff. What execution he could work on those eleven men in buckram, and what a roystering, rollicking blade he would be.

IT WAS GOOD TO SEE Professor Koch again. The years have dealt kindly with him, and when he stood before the audience at the Twelfth Night performance on Saturday night, except for traces of gray in his hair, he seemed scarcely older than he did when he staged the same play on the University campus a quarter of a century ago. And in his brief remarks he showed the same genial humor that those who knew him remember so well.

IN THE NATURE OF PUBLIC performance the two features which I shall always associate with Professor Koch are the pageants at the Bankside theater and the reading of the "Christmas Carol." The entertainments at the Bankside theater were works of art which grow out of an artistic imagination. Always the coulee had been there, with its curved, sloping bank on one side and its level space on the other, but although all of us had seen it times innumerable, nobody thought much about it. It required vision to see the possibilities of that setting, and to picture there a Shakespearean episode or a Pageant of the Northwest, with all the colorful effects which were introduced in those productions.

DURING THE YEARS WHICH Professor Koch spent here his reading of the "Christmas Carol" became a tradition almost as fixed as those of Santa Claus and his reindeer, the Christmas tree and the stocking hanging by the fireplace. I should be afraid to guess how many thousands have listened, between smiles and tears, to the reading of that masterpiece by Professor Koch and have been made better by the experience. We are all glad to have Professor Koch with us again, if only for a few days, and to revive some very pleasant memories.

A. L. FAILOR HAS GOOD Reason to remember the hail storm which occurred on circus day some 30 years ago, of which mention was made the other day in this column. At that time Failor was superintending the erection of the building on South Third street now occupied by the Grand Forks Seed company. Work was being done on the second story, and from that view point the approach of the storm could be plainly observed. However, the storm broke with unexpected suddenness, and the dozen workmen made for the ladder to get into shelter below. Hail began to fall while Failor, the last to leave, was waiting for his turn at the ladder. The space was crowded, therefore, as the next best choice, Failor took refuge behind a 12 by 12 timber which rose from the second story floor. A 12-inch timber is a sturdy stick, but the protection which it affords from pelting hail is far from complete, and Failor was bombarded, first on one side and then on the other by the icy missies.

AFTER THE HAIL WAS OVER—it lasted only a few minutes— Failor had a fine view from his elevated position of the runaways up and down street. His observation agrees with mine, that if the storm had occurred a quarter of an hour earlier, with the parade on the streets, hundreds of people would have been crushed in the panic. Incidentally dealers in glass did a rushing business after that storm, for practically every window in town, with a south or east exposure, was smashed. Storm sash were taken from their summer quarters and replaced for temporary protection.

THE FEW PLACES IN THE West Indies which I have visited they do not worry about having their windows broken, for, generally speaking, the windows have no glass in them to break. As a rule, the window is merely an opening in the wall, with wooden shutters which may be closed during storm or revolution. This is true, not only of humble cottages, but of more pretentious dwellings. The Palace<sup>1</sup> hotel in San Juan, Porto Rico, where Happy Paulson and I spent a few nights, is a fine building in the center of the city, five or six stories tall, as modern in its equipment as anything in Chicago or New York, but the windows, when we were there, had no glass.

DURING OUR STAY WE HAD no trouble with flies, mosquitoes or other insects, but apparently there are seasons when insects are encountered, for projecting from the head of each bed was a brass rod from which was suspended netting which could be draped over the bed as a canopy. The Palace hotel, while modern in equipment, is built in Spanish fashion, each story being built around a square like a light well, open to the sky. On the ground floor is the dining room, with a fountain in the center beneath the open court, and the tables are arranged around this, being protected from rain by the floors above. We ate dinner one evening in the security of this shelter with rain falling in a deluge into the fountain only a few-feet away.

IN HONOR OF KING George's jubilee certain tribes in the Punjab, an interesting section of British India, have pledged themselves to abstain for the entire year from cattle-stealing. This is by no means to be understood as an admission that there is anything wrong about driving off the cattle of the neighboring tribes. It is more in the nature of an act of voluntary sacrifice in honor of the king. To those tribesmen the raiding of the herds of the neighboring tribes is an industry as normal and legitimate as any other activity of a pastoral people. The Scottish borderers had a similar attitude toward the cattle raised in the neighboring English counties.

IN A STRAY NEWSPAPER paragraph there is reproduced this oddity in verse, which I have not seen before for many years:

U O a O, but I O thee;  
O O no O, but O O me;  
Then let not my O a O go,  
But give O O I O thee so.

Properly interpreted this makes correct verse. Anyone who is so inclined is at liberty to attempt to make sense of it.

COMMENCEMENT DAY always bring a lump to my throat and a hint of moisture to my eyes. It is not that I pity the poor young things who are so soon to learn what a wretched place this old world is, and what mean, sordid, selfish creatures all their fellow creatures are. Not a bit of it. Nor is it that I envy them and wish to take their place. One life is enough to live. But right now down to the soles of my feet I am thrilled by the evidences of joy, hope, expectation and eagerness which commencement day brings, and I make no pretense of concealing my emotion, at least from myself. On the whole, I believe it's good for my health, and I expect to keep it up.

ONE OF THE FINE THINGS about a beautiful garden is that while it may represent the work of one pair of hands, and while the owner of those hands may derive especially keen pleasure from it, it becomes a common possession, which every neighbor and every passer-by shares. A flower, or a shrub, or a tree, cannot be wholly monopolized, even though the person immediately responsible for it should wish to be a monopolist.

JUST OUTSIDE MY Bedroom window lilacs bloom. I had nothing to do with placing them there. My neighbor planted them and tends them. They cost me nothing. Yet every morning I enjoy their beauty and their fragrance fills my room. A little later a humming bird will poise itself daintily before my neighbor's flowers only a few feet from my window, diverting my attention from my typewriter. I did nothing to produce those flowers or to coax the bird there, but I shall enjoy the beauty of the flowers and the swift grace and gleaming coloring of the bird as much as if they were all mine.

SO THE PASSER-BY MAY find pleasure in some bit of color in my garden while I am looking elsewhere. Without spending a cent I can enjoy the beauties of Professor Hitchcock's marvelous garden out on University avenue, or Professor Schmidt's bower of beauty not far away. Fred Goodman lets me prowl about his place and admire his fine trees and beautiful flowers, and Guy Ireland is equally hospitable.

EXCLUSIVENESS IS ONE OF the English traditions, and the English garden and grounds are I regarded much more in the light of personal property than is customary in this country. The high stone wall or the dense hedge prevent strangers from sharing in the beauty of whatever may lie behind them. Maintenance of that tradition contributes to the privacy of family life, which has its excellent points, but our practice of leaving wide open spaces makes it possible for more people to share the good things whose value is not diminished by sharing.

AT THIS SEASON GRAND Forks is beautiful, and it has a beauty that lasts through the summer. To increase one's appreciation of it I recommend a stroll through a number of alleys. There are spots, it is true, to which one must close his eyes, and perhaps his nose, but there are acres of fine grounds which cannot be seen at all from the front, but which, seen from the rear, are marvels of color and form. Just now, of course, we have but the beginning of this, but as the season progresses each day will reveal new beauties and observation of them will increase one's sense of proprietorship in his home town.

A FRIEND OF MINE HAS threatened for several years to set up a shop for the sole purpose of packing and mailing things. The need for something of the sort is felt especially at Christmas time, when all the clerks in the stores are busy, when gifts must be bought for one's sisters and his cousins and his aunts, when boxes and containers of all kinds are at premium, and when thousands of persons quite unfamiliar with such work find it necessary to do up their own packages with such odds and ends of paper, ribbon, string and pasteboard as can be collected on short notice. My friend's idea is to have a place where for a small charge, gift and other packages can be made up and if necessary delivered or mailed. School and college commencement seasons revive the idea by renewed demonstration of the need.

IMPRESSIVE TRIBUTE WAS paid on Wednesday by the citizens of Hillsboro to the memory of L. E. George, for eleven years mayor of the city, and for a quarter of a century publisher of the Hillsboro Banner. Pursuant to a proclamation issued by W. H. Schram, v i c e president of the city council, all business places were closed from noon until 4 P. M., the city flag was flown at half mast, and the Lutheran church was packed during the funeral exercises which were held there. The casket was borne by city officials and others who had long been associated with Mr. George in public work, and hymns were sung by the octet of the Civic association which Mr. George had been instrumental in organizing. Simply, but impressively, the pastor, Rev. A. T. Thornhom spoke of the long and useful life just closed, and of the pride which Mr. George had taken in the city which had so long been his home. Just before leaving for Minneapolis, where he went for treatment, and where he passed away, the pastor said, Mr. George had asked to be taken for a drive about the city, and he went on that last journey with the impressions fresh in his mind of Hillsboro's homes, parks and public places, to the creation of which he had contributed so much.

THAT STORM WHICH GAVE Grand Forks half an inch of water in half an hour late Tuesday afternoon was a typical thunderstorm such as we may expect at any time in the summer months in a normal year in this territory. Near the city fields were temporarily flooded, but all the water was absorbed within 24 hours. Hillsboro had only a light shower, and I am told the rain extended only a short distance north of Grand Forks. Last year, when all the signs pointed to a downpour, when the clouds rolled up black and threatening, it just refused to rain. Apparently the weather is getting back to what President Harding called normalcy.

ONE OF THE MOST Charming birds that frequents our territory is often called the wild canary, although, according to the authorities, there are no native canaries "in North America. The bird which is often known by that name is the goldfinch, of which pairs are often seen about the city, and which often congregates in flocks of considerable size in the country. In the east the goldfinch is often known as the thistle bird because of its preference for the down of the Canadian thistle, with which to line its nest.

WHEN THE BIRDS ARE IN flight it is next to impossible to distinguish the goldfinch from the yellow warbler. When the birds are stationary the differences become apparent. The yellow of the finch is tinged with bronze, and its wings are quite dark and marked with white. The warbler is slightly smaller, although it appears plumper, and its wings are so slightly darker than the body that one gets the impression of solid yellow. Both are attractive birds, but the goldfinch is the better singer, rivaling the genuine canary.

PREPARATIONS ARE BEING made for the celebration of the semi-centennial of the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. The statue was unveiled on October 28, 1886, so the anniversary is still many months away. One reason for giving public notice of the ceremonial so far in advance is that one feature of the occasion will be the republication of poems and articles written with reference to the statue about the time of its erection and which are now found to be worthy of preservation. Thousands of articles and poems on the subject were published, but no record of them has been kept. A general invitation is extended to all persons interested to send to George A. Palmer, Fort Wood, N. Y., superintendent of the Statue of Liberty National Monument, copies of any such material which they may have in order that, if found suitable, they may be included in the new publication. No payment will be made for such contributions.

AMONG THE POEMS Written about the time of the unveiling of the monument were contributions by John Greenleaf Whittier, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, E. C. Stedman, Charles Barhard, Esther Singleton, John J. Garnett and Sidney Herbery Pierson.

FOR SEVERAL MINUTES I watched an ant a quarter of an inch long dragging a dead worm three times as long and several times as thick as the ant itself. The ant, moving backward, held hold of its prey by one end, and at a surprising rate of speed made its way over rough ground, climbing large clods of earth, struggling through dense growths of grass and around the stems of little weeds. I estimated that a similar feat would be for a man to seize a large cow by the horns and drag the animal up and down precipitous hills several hundred feet high, occasionally falling over a cliff as steep as that at Niagara and finding his way, walking backward, through a great forest with the ground cluttered up with down timber and underbrush. Solomon must have been watching some such performance when he wrote "Go to the end, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."

AN INQUIRER IN THE NEW York Times book review wants to know the author's name and the poem from which the following lines are taken:

My grandad sees the world-worn  
cogs And sees the country going to the  
dogs;  
But this is what I wish to state: Them dogs have had an awful  
wait.

I never heard of the lines before, but I should like to get the rest of the piece. If the rest is as good as the sample it's all right.

IN THE SAME NUMBER IS quoted the famous saying of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on the benefits of horseback riding that "there is something about the outside of a horse that is good for the inside of a man."

THAT RECALLS PRESIDENT Coolidge's question about Senator Borah. Mr. Borah, as is well known, takes his exercise on horseback. It is also well known that in his political opinions and activities he goes his own way, seldom agreeing with anyone else. Wishing to confer with Borah one day President Coolidge asked a secretary if he knew where the senator could be found. The secretary replied that a short time before he had seen the senator riding horseback. "Was he going the same way as the horse?" asked the 'president.

"I READ YOUR ARTICLE IN your column this evening about your bird house and the wrens," writes Allan E. Kain, of North-wood. "About two weeks ago I made a bird house and put it up in a tree a few feet away from the house. Every day I would take a look or two up at the house, but there were no birds in sight. But this morning I was regarding the advisability of perhaps changing the color of it, it's blue and green, when what should I see but Mr. and Mrs. Wren come flying up and stopped on the perch, looked in, walked in, came out again, looked around the neighborhood, and, as evidently everything looked O. K., they immediately proceeded to fly around and pick up small twigs as long as six inches in length, fly the twigs to the house and by twisting their heads around to one side shove one end of the twig in the hole, walk in with it and come out for more.

"IT REALLY WAS Surprising the way they got those twigs in. I didn't see them drop any of them in the half hour or so that I watched them.

"There are some birds around that I can't identify, they are about the size of a sparrow, with a light yellow body and light grey wings: These are quite numerous as are some birds that sing one song after another, just as the mocking birds must do. I've never seen these though."

THE YELLOW BIRDS WHICH Mr. Kain describes may be warblers, and the birds that "sing one song after another" may be catbirds, which have just that pleasant habit. The catbird has a harsh cry, not unlike the mew of a cat in distress, but it has a liquid song that is beautiful in its melody. Also, it is imitative, and often reproduces parts of the songs of other birds with surprising fidelity. \* It is not especially shy, but for some reason it is sometimes difficult to locate. I have spent minutes trying to locate a catbird whose music seemed to come first from one direction and then from another, to find the bird at last perched on a post quite near at hand and in plain sight. Apparently the bird is something of a ventriloquist as well as a mocking bird.

DR. N. M. WATSON OF RED Lake Falls sends me a clipping from his old home town, the Cornwall, Ontario, Standard Freeholder, telling of the recognition recently given Miss Annie B. Stewart, of Winnipeg, on the occasion of her 92nd birthday. The story interested Dr. Watson because among his Ontario relatives are several Stewarts of London, Ontario, relatives also of Miss Stewart, and it interested me because Miss Annie Stewart is a native of my home town, Brantford, Ontario. I read some time ago of Miss Stewart as a pioneer school teacher of Winnipeg, but did not know that she came from my town.

MISS STEWART TAUGHT school for 57 years, 38 of that long period in the Victoria school, Winnipeg. She retired in 1921. In earlier life she taught in Brant county, Ontario, and she is proud to have numbered among her pupils Pauline Johnson, the Indian girl who won fame as poet, reader and lecturer. She died several years ago at Vancouver, B. C., and there she is buried.

TWO YEARS AGO I VISITED the ancient Mohawk church near Brantford in the churchyard of which is a tablet to the memory of Pauline Johnson. There is buried her father, who for many years was head chief of the Six nations on the Grand River reservation. I remember Chief Johnson as an elderly man when I was a lad clerking in the village store a few miles from the reservation. He was a well educated man, thrifty and progressive, and possessed of considerable means. He drove between the reservation and the city in a rather imposing carriage drawn by a spirited pair of roadsters, and at that time Pauline and another daughter or two were attending some college or academy for young ladies.

IN THE SAME MOHAWK churchyard lie the remains of Joseph Brant, famous Mahowk chief who assisted in cementing the six Indian tribes into the great Iroquois federation. That was an act of real statesmanship, performed by men who, to their white neighbors, were savages. Mohawks Oneidas, Tuscaroras, Onodagas, Cayugas and Senecas were continually at war with each other over questions of territory and prestige, the same questions that trouble the great powers of the twentieth century. Among their leaders there were men who had sufficient vision to see that there were better ways to settle such questions than with the tomahawk and scalping-knife. A compact of peace was made, a confederation was formed, differences between tribes were submitted to a grand council and the decisions of that council were respected. Thus the red man showed his white brother the way to peace, a way along which the white man has moved with halting steps and much stumbling.

PEOPLE OF THE SOUTHERN states object to the use of the term "Civil War" to characterize the conflict which convulsed this country in the four years 1861 to 1865. Still more emphatically are they opposed to having that war called the "war of the rebellion." Out of consideration for their feelings it has become customary in the north to describe it at the "war between the states."

THIS LATTER TERM IS wholly inaccurate. There is no need now to reiterate the term "rebellion," although that term is strictly accurate. And it does not convey necessarily any suggestion of reproach. The southern states were in rebellion against the national government, just as the colonists were in rebellion against the government of Great Britain. The rebellion of the colonists was successful and became a revolution. The rebellion of the southern states was unsuccessful and failed to become a revolution. Technically there is no other difference.

BUT WHILE IT IS WELL enough after these years to avoid reference to rebellion, to call that war a war between states is to falsify history. In no sense was it a war between states. It was a war between the United States and certain of the states. Because it was confined to the people of one nation it was in every sense a civil war, and it is difficult to understand why there should be objection to the use of that term. The term would be equally accurate if it had been in fact a war between the states, which it was not.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING things about such meetings as that of the Nelson County Old Settlers at Stump Lake last week is the meeting of old friends, some of whom have not met for many years. Another is the exchange of reminiscences by men and women whose experiences in the earlier years were colorful, often amusing, and sometimes tragic. At the Stump lake meeting there were stories of strenuous times, and often of severe hardships, but there was no complaint, for those experiences were regarded as all in the day's work, and it was a part of the job to overcome obstacles.

SOME OF OUR GLOOMY Social philosophers might learn useful lesson by attending a few of those Old Settlers' meetings. It would there be discovered that the men and women who now have the most cheerful and hopeful view of life are those who have actually known hardship, and who have been required to put forth their best effort to make their way. They have learned that while the bitter must be accepted with the sweet, life is by no means all bitter, and they still look forward with courage and hope. From there comes no prophecy of disaster and around them there is no atmosphere of gloom.

AT THE STUMP LAKE Gathering one of the interesting reminiscences was by Mrs. H. E. Hamilton, who told of the arrival in early days of the first parlor organ. That organ, she said, was carted about from place to place, to dances, church sociables and home gatherings of all sorts, and around it gathered the neighbors and sang familiar songs and hymns which have become precious memories. In the production of a great oratorio, in grand opera, in the performance of the great concern artist, there is keen satisfaction and spiritual uplift, but those who have never joined a little company of neighbors around a parlor organ have missed one musical experience which means a lot to those who have shared it.

SAMUEL FOSTER, WHO Settled at Stump lake in 1879 and has been there since, came as a boy from a clerical position in England. Fully convinced that in the United States he would find it necessary to defend himself against Indians, he brought with him a 14-gauge shotgun for that purpose. He never had occasion to use the gun for that purpose, hence he has no positive knowledge of how deadly its execution would be.

MR. FOSTER HAS A THEORY concerning the early history of Stump lake which is different from the glacial theory generally accepted, I believe, by geologists. He believes that Devils Lake, Stump lake and the Shyenne river were once parts of a mighty river, and that the lakes are potholes in what was once the river bed. He was told by Little Shell, famous Indian chief, of a tradition that once the men of his tribe went off on the war path, leaving their squaws and papooses at the village. When they returned the lake had swept away the village, and their families with it.

ON THE LAKE SHORE IS A rock from which Mr. Foster and his companions were in the habit of diving, and on which they painted their names. That rock is now 200 feet from the water, and in the years hence then the water level has dropped 27 feet. At one point Mr. Foster and others dropped a line into the water 450 feet before bottom was touched.

THE PROMONTORY ON which the Old Settlers' resort is situated contains 200 acres and is owned by the association. It is a picturesque spot, well wooded, and lies between two arms of the lake. It is a historic spot, being on the old trail between Grand Forks and Fort Totten. The Nelson county people have done a fine piece of work in rescuing this site from demolition, but the task of caring for the property permanently and adequately is too great to be imposed on the people of one county. That park ought to be a state park, and the preservation of its beauty and its historic features should be a state responsibility. The present owners are generous in their hospitality, and during each summer thousands of persons make use of the park for camping, picnicking and general recreation. School and other groups hold meetings there, and the place is treated as a public possession. While this is pleasant to guests, maintenance of the property costs money, and the state should assume that responsibility.

MENTION OF THE CIRCUS hailstorm of some thirty years ago reminded Professor W.H. Moran, of the University faculty, of a hailstorm at Dallas several years ago of which he took pictures. I judge from the pictures that the Texas storm must have been almost a duplicate of that in Grand Forks. Statements about hailstorms "as big as baseballs" are often received with incredulity by those who have never seen a real, man's size hailstorm. Professor Moran's pictures should remove all doubt on that score. In one picture the size of the stones is indicated by a foot rule lying alongside, and in others it is easy to compare the size of the close-up stones with familiar objects close by. Undoubtedly many of the stones were as large as any baseball, and they covered the ground several inches deep.

A LAKOTA MAN WHOM I MET in a group the other day, and whose name has escaped me, told me an interesting story of the cleverness of a small bird which frequented his premises. For some days he noticed that a robin hopping about the lawn was accompanied by a small bird, evidently of the sparrow family, and which, from his description I judge to have been a clay-colored sparrow or a chipping sparrow. The little sparrow always kept not more than two or three feet from the robin, and it was assumed that the two had struck up one of those I curious friendships which sometimes occur between birds or animals of different families.

A SUDDEN MOVEMENT ON the part of the sparrow caused careful watch to be kept, and it was found that the case was not one of friendship, but of deliberate plunder, in which the little bird outwitted the big one. The robin was hunting for worms, and when it was indicated that he had found one the sparrow prepared for action. As the robin pecked at the earth to secure the worm the sparrow came closer, and when the worm was dragged into sight the little robber made a rush and grabbed it, leaving, usually, only a fragment in the astonished robin's beak. This performance was repeated many times, and each time the robin seemed to be astonished at what had occurred. Recovering from his amazement, he hunted another worm, to be robbed of it as before.

OCCASIONALLY IN THIS Column I mention stamps and stamp collecting. Several times I have been asked to devote a part of the column regularly to this subject, but this would tend to impair the utter irregularity of the column, which I try to preserve. My sympathies, however, are with the stamp collectors, and I think I can promise them a regular department in some other part of the paper in the near future.

IN THE MEANTIME, I HAVE a letter from Melvin Jacobson, of Broomfield, N. D., who would like to know the approximate number of stamp collectors in Grand Forks. I haven't the least idea how many there are, but I shall be glad to help Mr. Jacobson find out. An invitation is extended to those interested in stamp collecting to send me their names and addresses, together with names and addresses of others whom they know are interested. In this way we should be able to get within reasonable distance of the total.

TO MOST OF US MIDWAY and Wake islands in the Pacific are mere dots on the map. To millions of birds these islands are home. The birds have taken possession and remained in possession because there they encounter no enemies. Establishment of air bases on the islands introduced a new element which will interfere seriously with bird life unless precautions are taken. No great danger is anticipated from the aviators and mechanics who will occupy the island air stations, but there is danger from the dogs and cats which the men are likely to take with them, and still greater danger from the rats and mice which are often carried in bales and boxes to out-of-the-way places.

THE ISLANDS ARE Inhabited by countless thousands of aquatic birds, whose power of flight enables them to get out of the way of danger, -but there are also the only colonies in the world of flightless rails, which are sure to be destroyed unless protected. The rails, sharing inability to fly with the ostrich and allied forms, were transplanted to Wake and Midway from Laysan island which they formerly inhabited and where there was nothing to molest them. But rabbits were turned loose on the island, and, free from natural enemies, they multiplied and overran the island. They became so numerous that they devoured practically all the plants on the island, and the birds starved to death. Before the last of them were gone they were collected and taken to the other islands, where they have done well. The navy department has given assurance that every possible precaution will be taken to protect the bird life of Midway and Wake.

MANY READERS OF THE Herald will have noted with regret the death of Gaar Williams, whose cartoons on the editorial page have been responsible for many a sympathetic smile and many a pleasant recollection. Williams has been aptly described as the James Whitcomb Riley of cartoonists. His work was marked by the same quiet humor and homespun philosophy that characterized the famous Hoosier poet. In his drawings the reader was often able to recognize himself in character of thought, if not in form and environment. He made his little dog Zipper one of the most amusing and at the same time one of the most appealing figures in pictures. He laughed at folly, but in his laughter there was no trace of malice. Another will take his place, but we shall regret his passing, for he had made himself one of us.

IN AN EASTERN CITY school children picketed the offices of the board of education, staging a demonstration in protest against disciplinary measures which the board had taken against certain faculty members. The pickets shouted loudly the slogan, "We demand academic freedom." Some of the smaller ones didn't quite get it and gave as their interpretation "We demand epidemic freedom."

WHENEVER I READ OF A demonstration by school children demanding this or that action, whether the erection of a new building or the extension of "academic freedom" or anything else concerning the merits of which they have not the slightest conception, I wish somebody would turn the fire hose, not on the youngsters, but on the parents, teachers, or agitators of any kind who have prompted the demonstration. Most demonstrations are stage managed, and those by school children with reference to public affairs are always carefully arranged by older persons who have axes to grind.

A WASHINGTON DISPATCH says that Mrs. Roosevelt will be "off the record" until about the middle of August. Perhaps she will find it possible to extend her vacation. She has earned a long one.

RECENTLY I QUOTED Certain lines about things going to the dogs and inquired for the rest of the verses. A friend who did not give his name supplied the following, copied from an issue of the Dakotah Student, where it was published without anything to indicate its origin or the author's name:

My granddad watched the world's

worn cogs, And thought things were "going to  
the dogs."

His granddad in his house of logs Said "things are going to the dogs." His ancestors in the Flemish bogs  
Vowed "Things are going to the

dogs." The cave man, in his queer skin  
togs Swore "Things are going to the  
dogs."

But this is what I wish to state: The dogs have had an awful wait.

SOME OF THE PAPERS ARE wrath over the jailing of the reporter who refused to reveal the source of his knowledge concerning certain criminal activities of which he wrote for his paper. The article charged public officials with grave offenses. The reporter refused to disclose the source of his information on the ground that the facts had been given him in confidence. The court held that he must answer or be held in contempt of court. He chose to take a jail sentence.

THERE ARE CERTAIN Communications which are privileged, as from the penitent to his priest, from patient to physician and from client to attorney, and no demand for their disclosure is permissible. But such communications relate solely to the affairs of the individual and are not intended for publication. A communication made to a newspaper reporter and given by him to the public is in a different class. The newspaper man is not obliged to publish the statement, but if he does publish it he may expect to be questioned concerning it. If he received it in confidence he must keep faith, but if the judge insists he must go to jail.

ELOQUENT TRIBUTE WAS paid to the memory of William McMurchie, pioneer resident of Pembina county and for many years state's attorney of that county, at a special session of court held at Cavalier on June 14. Such tribute was paid in words by members of the county Bar association who had long been associated professionally with Mr. McMurchie, and no less- sincerely by old neighbors who had known him as a friend for many years. Mr. McMurchie had lived in Pembina county for more than half a century. Born in Ontario, he came to Dakota territory in the early eighties, and for several years he taught school. He was admitted to the bar in 1890, and continued in active practice until in March of this year he died after a brief illness. From 1910 until 1926 he served as state's attorney of his county. Whether in private practice or as a public official his career was marked by ability and integrity. The sentiments that such a life inspires are fittingly set forth in the following lines which were made part of the resolutions adopted in honor of Mr. McMurchie:

Man strives for honor, glory, fame, That all the world may know his  
name;  
Amasses wealth by brain or hand, Becomes a power in the land. But when he nears the end of life,  
And looks back o'er the years of  
strife,  
He finds that happiness depends On none of these—but love of  
friends.

I HAD A GOOD VISIT, though a brief one, the other day, with E. J. Taylor, for many years registrar of the state supreme court at Bismarck, in early days superintendent of schools of Grand Forks county, and later state superintendent of public instruction

It was from Taylor that I received the teacher's certificate under authority of which I taught some of the Grand Forks county children their A. B. C.'s. If they failed to benefit from the instruction given, Taylor is the man primarily responsible. Some of those youngsters are now grandparents.

LIKE MANY OF THE REST of us, Mr. Taylor likes to revisit the scenes of his early life. He came here as a youth from the state of New York, lived for some time at Emerado, and later in Grand Forks. And on his rare visits here, he feels that he is "back home." It was pleasant to have him here just now, when nature is doing its very best for the appearance of the city. To those of us who have been here continuously the growth of Grand Forks has been so gradual as to be barely noticeable. But let one of the old-timers come back, and he is lost.

WHEN TAYLOR WAS Superintendent of schools the Belmont school was just about the edge of a wheat field. Since then two fine school buildings have been built, many blocks farther south; the city has developed a park system which helps to make it more liveable; and in their surroundings the homes are trim and well kept. There is, too, the element of sadness in such visits, for, as Mr. Taylor remarked, he finds on each return that the circle of surviving old friends has grown smaller, as one after another has dropped out.

DOWN IN CHICAGO THEY had a hand-car race on the street railway tracks the other day. The vehicles used were not the luxurious "hand" cars of today, which are not really hand-cars at all, but gasoline wagons, on which the section hands sit at ease as they speed along. The cars used in the Chicago race were genuine hand-cars, propelled in the good old-fashioned way of pumping the handles up and down. Occasionally one of those cars picked up a hitch-hiker, but the hiker had to work his passage, and pumping those handles against a hard wind was no child's play.

SEVEN HUNDRED AND twenty years ago last Saturday, according to the modern calendar, Magna Charta was signed by King John and the English barons whose display of force had terrified that monarch into at least temporary submission. Between Old Style and New Style there is an interval of a couple of weeks, and during that period the signing of the Great Charter is being celebrated in this jubilee year of King George, who is probably not very proud of that remote ancestor of his.

REFERRING TO MAGNA Charta as the "foundation of English liberty and jurisprudence," and also the "foundation of American liberty and jurisprudence," Senator Norris asked and received unanimous consent for the printing of the Charter as a senate document in order that 'it be made more generally available. He had not been able to find a copy even in the Congressional library. If Senator Norris has consulted either Senator Frazier or Senator Nye of North Dakota, undoubtedly either of them would have loaned him a North Dakota blue book containing the full text of Magna Charta, although that would not have served for general distribution.

THIRTY YEARS AGO, OR more, State Senator Leslie Simpson of Dickinson, submitted a joint resolution, which was passed, directing the publication of the text of Magna Charta in the blue book which was then being published after each legislative session and which contained statistical and other information relating to the affairs of the state. Thereafter, until the publication of the blue book was discontinued—the 1919 issue being the last—each issue contained the text of Magna Charta together with texts of the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, Constitution of the United States, act admitting North Dakota to the Union, and the state constitution.

SIMPSON'S IDEA WAS Identical with that of Senator Norris, that the foundations of American liberty and American institutions lie deeper than the events of the Revolutionary period, and that out of the conflict in a distant land seven hundred years ago was wrought something of priceless value to Americans of today. That fact, thought Simpson, ought to be made familiar to those who seek to understand the meaning and origin of our present institutions.

MAGNA CHARTA, AS EVERY student knows ,had its origin in a conflict between King John and his nobles, many of whom, it may be supposed, were not wholly altruistic in their defiance of the king. But in limiting the authority of the king over themselves, they achieved also something of importance for the common man. From that moment the king ceased to be an absolute and irresponsible ruler, and the possession by the individual of certain inalienable rights was definitely recognized and set down on paper. That the king himself violated his pledge, and that some subsequent kings sought to rule as despots are details of history. But on every such occasion appeal was made, and with ultimate success, to the guarantees of Magna Charta.

IN MOVING FOR THE Publication of this great document Senator Norris called special attention to these two paragraphs:

"No free man shall be seized or imprisoned, or disposed or outlawed, or in any way destroyed; nor will we condemn him, nor will we commit him to prison, excepting by the legal judgment of his peers or by the laws of the land."

"To none will we sell, to none will we deny right or justice."

The essential meaning of those paragraphs is incorporated in the; Bill of Rights which is an essential part of the American constitution.

THANKS TO SEVERAL Correspondents who have supplied the lines about the several grandfathers who were sure the world was going to the dogs. I am not sure that the verses do not do injustice to our revered ancestors. I have met grandfathers and great-grandfathers of late whose outlook on life is more hopeful than that of some of those who have scarcely cut their eyeteeth. The old fellow who has taken hard knocks and recovered from them is quite apt to think that it can and will be done again.

ONCE IN A LONG TIME get a pleasant note from Frank S Lycan, and occasionally I see him at his hotel in Bemidji. He was a live member of the Grand Forks community a good many years ago, and a recent mention of the tornado of 48 years ago has brought from him the following contribution to the history of that interesting event:

"I NOTICED IN THE ISSUE of Tuesday morning's Herald, an item saying that 48 years ago Grand Forks Was visited by windstorm which did considerable damage—that the steeple of the Catholic church was blown down and that a train was blown from the track near Schurmeier. I have reason to recollect this incident as I was a passenger on this train, I was traveling at that time, for I a wholesale grocery house located I in St. Paul and boarded the train at Ardoch. When we left Manvel the oncoming storm was very threatening and the engineer reduced the speed as the wind became stronger. When we got a few miles out of Manvel, the storm Broke, wind and rain was terrific and it was almost dark as night. I got up from my seat in the rear coach and walked back to get a look out of the rear window. I felt the coach lurch and apparently leave the rails on the windward side—it immediately settled back, but the next instant, over we went—coach, smoker, baggage car, over on their sides—nothing left standing but locomotive and tender and even the tender was partially derailed.

"THE COACH I WAS IN WAS well loaded with passengers and the confusion was great as everyone was thrown from their seats and of course, were running up and down the car stepping on the windows and dodging the swinging seats as the car was lying on its side. When the car went over I happened to fall on the stove and stove screen which cushioned my overturn. A tiny baby belonging to a lady passenger was lost in the confusion but was found partly under the car having evidently gone through the window when the car overturned. The baby was not badly hurt.

"ONE OF THE FUNNY, things that I remember well was the sad plight of the train conductor, I think it was Frank "Dinky" Miller. It seems that at Manvel, some storekeeper had loaded on the baggage car three bushel baskets of eggs. Miller was in the baggage car when it turned over and he looked like a huge omelette when he crawled out of the wreck. Outside of a few bruises, no one was badly injured—but all this doesn't seem like 48 years ago to me."

YESTERDAY I QUOTED from an eastern paper the statement that when Senator Norris proposed his resolution to have the text of Magna Charta printed as a senate document in order that it might be made more generally available, he reported that he had been unable to find a copy of it even in the Congressional library. It seems that there must have been some mistake, as it can scarcely be possible that a document which has played such an important part in the world's history should have been omitted from the comprehensive collection in the Congressional library.

THERE IS AN Organization, with which I have not been familiar, known as the International Magna Charta Day association, which was created several years ago "to secure the observance of June 15 annually in common by the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Great Britain and Ireland, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, and to strengthen the ties which bind them together. The secretary of this society is J. W. Hamilton of St. Paul, and I have before me a letter from Mr. Hamilton to a Grand Forks friend in which he says "Our movement grows apace."

THIS SOCIETY OWES ITS existence to the energy and idealism of Mr. Hamilton, who is an enthusiast on the subject of cooperation among the English-speaking peoples for the promotion of the peace and progress of the world. While his first approach is to those peoples who speak the English tongue, his vision embraces all peoples. He has proposed, and supported vigorously, the idea of setting apart May 30—our Decoration day—as an International Peace Day, to be observed throughout the world. He has also advocated the inauguration of an international peace postage stamp, also the development of a world language in order to bring about closer and more friendly international relations.

MR. HAMILTON HAS NOT confined his useful activities to international projects. He is observant of practical needs wherever they are found. The traveler by rail who has a Pullman ticket for lower 8 in Car 61 has not difficulty in finding his quarters, for he finds the car number displayed on a card in the car window. That was a little idea of Mr. Hamilton's. Experiencing the inconvenience of having to hunt blindly for his car, he proposed to railway men the numbering system, and hundreds of thousands of travelers have reason to thank him for it.

AGAIN, KNOWING OF THE service rendered by stewardesses to women passengers on ocean liners, he saw no reason why passengers on equally palatial railway trains should not receive similar attention, and from the submission of his ideas on this idea to railway managers came the installation of matrons on the de luxe trains. He has a mind which recognizes needs which many other overlook, a practical trend which sees the way to meet that need, and a way of approaching people which enables him to have his plans adopted. These contributions of his are free gifts to humanity. He has never made a dollar from them.

A NOTE FROM MARIO Cappelli gives information concerning the "singing village" festivals at Clear Lake, Iowa, July 5 to 14, and at Lake Louise, near Petosky, Mich., Aug. 1 to 15. When Signor Cappelli, Italian tenor, sang in Grand Forks early in May he told of what is known as the "singing village" movement w h i c h seems to have unusual possibilities in the discovery of musical talent in young people who now lack opportunity to learn of their own possibilities and to have those possibilities developed.

THE FIRST STEP IN THIS Direction was taken by a man of large means who donated a beautiful tract of land near Petosky, Mich., to be the site of a summer camp for young people where training in music would be given by masters of the art, in wholesome, healthful surroundings. Signor Cappelli was chosen as director of the enterprise, and he has selected a staff of capable instructors in voice and in instrumental work, eminent speakers and directors of physical training, scouting and other activities appropriate to camp life. The second institution in the working out of the plan has been established at Clear Lake, Iowa, and it is expected that other similar camps will be established as the movement gets under way.

THE PURPOSE OF THE movement is to provide opportunity for boys and girls who have some musical talent to test that talent under capable direction in order that they may be advised as to their capacity and as to the kind of training needed if there is the probability of satisfactory development. These boys and girls will thus spend two weeks in intensive musical work, which will include even grand opera and it is the purpose to have the entire program and the surroundings during the stay such as will be consistent with the finest ideals. Such a movement should aid in the discovery of talent which otherwise would go unknown and undeveloped.

I HAD A CALL THE OTHER day from Sam Rosensweig, who left Grand Forks a boy and has returned for a brief visit a sturdy, stocky, prosperous looking business man. Sam is salesman for a large furniture company in San Francisco, where, occasionally, he meets former Grand Forks people. When Sam was a schoolboy in Grand Forks he could usually be found at or near the mathematical center of wherever something interesting or important was going on. In that he resembled his cousin Mose, who now directs the affairs of the state of Minnesota through the instrumentality of Governor Olson.

IT WAS IN THOSE DAYS that William J. Bryan was running for president, and lecturing in between political campaigns. On one of his visits to Grand Forks Sam worked his way through the crowd and shook hands with the great man, who greeted him cordially and learned his name. A year later Bryan was here again. Again Sam was on hand to do the honors. He stationed himself at the Pullman steps and when the visitor appeared he held out his hand and said "Hello, Mr. Bryan! Welcome, to our city." Bryan shook hands! and said, "Why, hello, Sam! Let's! see, you should have red hair." With this he reached for Sam's cap, and lifted it, and there, sure enough, was Sam's red hair. Among all the thousands of people whom Bryan had met in the meantime, he had remembered the red-haired boy at Grand Forks whose name was Sam. What a memory!

AMONG THE MANY GOOD stories told by Margot Asquith is one in which William E. Gladstone figured. Gladstone, a very pious man, often took home with him women whom he found walking the streets late at night, and he and Mrs. Gladstone would try to show them the error of their ways, not always successfully. Some of Gladstone's friends remonstrated with him, fearing that this practice followed by a man in Gladstone's position might result in scandal. Gladstone couldn't see it that way, and Mrs. Asquith, then a small child, was present on some occasions when the subject was debated. Gladstone was a firm believer in the perfectibility of the human race. He held that the time would come when animalism would be banished and people would live on a higher plane. Little Margot could make nothing of all this. She had never seen an animal, and hadn't the faintest idea of what an animal was.

I HAVE A PHOTOGRAPH which I should like to reproduce as a relic of old times, but, because of its faint tones the figures in it would be indistinguishable when reduced to newspaper proportions, so I can only tell about it. It is a photograph of the Ransom county exhibit at the territorial fair at Grand Forks in 1887, which was in charge of Thomas Durbin grandfather of Mrs. N.B. Knapp of Grand Forks. In the picture are shown Mr. Durbin, and also his son C. K. Durbin, of Englevale N. D., Mrs. Knapp's father, who was here to participate in a bicycle race, which he won. He rode, of course, one of the old high wheels and is shown in cap and knickers the appropriate riding costume.

THE OLD TERRITORIAL fair was a real agricultural exhibition. Ransom county is 200 miles or so from Grand Forks, yet it was thought worth while to get together an exhibit of the products of the county and send it to the fair here. The exhibit shown in the picture occupied a large booth, with numerous specimens of the county's products tastefully arranged. Hung on one of the posts, and barely decipherable is an advertisement of the A. Appel Clothing company, at that time one of the large mercantile institutions of the city.

I SUPPOSE EVERYONE WHO grows roses, or tries to do so, has trouble with the rose beetle, a long-snouted bug which looks a little like a ladybug and a little like a bedbug, saving your presence. The bug operates by piercing a developing rosebud with its proboscis, and thereafter the bud will either shrivel up and drop off or produce a twisted, knarled and misshapen blossom which is not at all a thing of beauty. According to all that I have heard or read this bug differs from other insect pests in that it cannot be destroyed either by feeding it poison or by applying to its body any preparation that is not strong enough to destroy leaves and blossom.

THE ONLY WAY TO DEAL with it is to apply the elementary principles recommended by a man who advertised, and sold, a sure-death potato bug exterminator for a dollar. The customer who sent in his dollar received by mail two little blocks of wood, numbered 1 and 2, with the following printed instructions: "Place bug on No. 1. Apply No. 2 to No. 1. Squeeze hard. Remove bug and proceed as before."

FOR THE ROSE BEETLE I DO not recommend the use of blocks. The bug is a tricky beast, and on the appearance of danger he may fly away, but he is more likely to curl up his feet, drop to the ground and play dead. Those who have large rose gardens—which I haven't—find it necessary to spend considerable time each day picking bugs one at a time by hand.

THIS IS THE SEASON OF wild roses, and, in town, of the little yellow roses which are but one remove from the wild rose. Both are beautiful and desirable in their place. The small yellow rose has come down through several generations, practically unchanged, and just now the bushes are covered with bloom in which the yellow of the petals contrasts well with the green of the foliage.

OF WILD ROSES WE HAVE two distinct groups, of which there are probably several subdivisions. The prairie rose grows in the open, along roadsides, and often in poorly cultivated fields. It is usually from one foot to two feet tall. A tall variety grows in the woods, and occasionally a clump of these will be found along the roadside. The woodland rose is usually the more richly colored, probably because it has the advantage of partial shade. In each case the op-blossom lasts only for a short time, but if well-developed buds are gathered and set in water they open nicely and form satisfactory decorations both on account of their color and the fragrance.

THE SUGGESTION HAS BEEN made to me that a bit of space somewhere on the University campus be set apart for a hedge or other collection of wild roses. The idea appeals to me, for wild roses are not as plentiful as they were, and there is plenty of space on the campus, perhaps across the coulee where a collection of such roses would be attractive and would help to perpetuate a beautiful flower that is becoming more and more rare.

ANOTHER FACT IS THAT the colors of the wild rose, pink and green, are the official colors of the University. In nature those colors make a charming combination, but as college colors they have a washed-out appearance which leaves much to be desired. However, they are the University colors so why not have them growing on the campus where people can see how beautiful they really are?

I HAVE WRITTEN LATELY of the hailstorm of circus day, 1905. The storm of July 4, 1911, is also well remembered. George K. Munro has shown me a postal-card photo of a lot of the chunks of ice which fell in that storm, and for comparison the hailstones are grouped with several hens' eggs. The hailstones are more than twice the size of the eggs. That storm occurred just about 6 o'clock on the evening of July 4. The ball game was over, so there was no interference with that. There was practically no wind with that storm, the icy missies falling straight down, so that little damage was done. I recall no broken windows. There were some split shingles, and garden stuff suffered wherever the hail hit. It is when hail comes with a strong wind that the real damage is done. Then even small hailstones can be terribly destructive.

THAT RAIN AND WIND storm of Monday evening seems to have developed almost tornadic velocity in spots, although there has been no mention of a funnel-shaped cloud, which is typical of the well developed tornado. In such a storm as the recent one several centers of violence may develop at different points in the storm's area, and in the more clearly defined storms the wind velocity increases and subsides and the storm may jump over localities right in its path.

YEARS AGO GRAND FORKS people watched a small, but violent storm pass west and south of the city about 7 P. M. Presently it was learned that the storm had done great damage at Emerado and had wrecked an elevator and several other buildings at Thompson. Still later there were reports of damage over in Minnesota. Then we heard of a tornado which had wrecked things in southern Minnesota during the night. The stories sent gave no indication of anything more than local, and apparently unrelated storms. The wires told merely that a tornado had struck suddenly at a given place at a given hour, and had disappeared.

I BEGAN TO WONDER IF there had been many storms, or only one. I took a map and on it spotted the places from which reports of storms had been received and also checked the time of the storm, where time had been reported. The line of storms lay in almost a straight line from somewhere in Canada, past Grand Forks, and away down into Illinois, where trace was lost. From the time reported at various places it was possible to check the rate of the storm's travel, and the storm had maintained that approximate rate of speed all through its course. Evidently one storm had started somewhere in the Canadian northwest and traveled in a southeasterly direction at least as far as central Illinois, touching the earth in spots and then skipping many miles, but all the while that tremendous force had been whirling on and overhead.

ONE INSECT PEST FROM which the northwest is free thus far is the termite, which is described, perhaps inaccurately, as a species of ant. Termites have been known to wreck buildings by destroying their timbers, and they will eat anything that is less vulnerable than cast iron. Often their presence is unsuspected until it is found that they have eaten away the interiors of supporting timbers, leaving nothing but an external shell. Recently they were found at their deadly work in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. There they had made their way into cases containing priceless and irreplaceable books and documents. The management is having the entire building examined and whatever steps are possible are being done to repel the insects.

A CONNECTICUT PASTOR has resigned his pastorate to take a position as first mate on board an Atlantic freighter. As a youth he served several years at sea, and at different times he has gone back for a time to his early love. This time he intends to make a permanent job of it. His clerical work has undoubtedly familiarized him with a lot of Biblical words which nautical men find useful in their business.

MONDAY EVENING'S WIND storm swayed the poplar tree furiously and left the little wren house in it suspended at a dizzy angle. Taking a step ladder I mounted it very cautiously, drew the house to the perpendicular, and fastened it with a cord. Thinking that the mother bird might be within I moved very quietly so as to avoid disturbing her. She was not within, but out foraging, and she returned and caught me in the act of taking liberties with her house. And what a scolding she gave me. Flitting about within feet of my head she expressed her indignation in language which needed no interpreter. She was mad clear through.

WHEN I HAD FINISHED MY job I retired to a respectful distance and watched. The wren lost no time. She hopped from twig to twig, lit on the landing platform and entered her domicile. In a moment the male bird appeared. Apparently he, also, had been foraging, and, whether by accident or design, had not arrived in time to assist in protecting the home. He also hastened to the house, mounted the landing shelf, inserted his head through the tiny opening and held conference with his mate. Learning that all was well within he flew to the nearest twig and burst into a song of confidence and thanksgiving. Heretofore he has seemed to regard me, if not as a friend, at least as something to be tolerated, but when two-legged giants climb ladders and meddle with nests, he may be pardoned for having his doubts.

I HAVE WATCHED IN VAIN for the return of the chipping sparrow whose nests have been violated two years in succession by a cowbird. Two years ago the sparrow's eggs disappeared mysteriously and the cowbird's egg was found in the nest. The sparrow never returned to it. I blamed the cowbird because I saw it in the neighborhood, but not near the nest. Last year I found the cow-bird's egg in the nest with the others, and removed it carefully. Next day, through a window I saw the cowbird deliberately tearing the nest to pieces. The damage was done before I could interfere. Since then the cowbird is on my black list.

MR. AND MRS. PAUL H. Townsley and daughter Jane, who are guests for a few days of Mr. Townsley's sister, Mrs. H. E. French, 316 Hamline, will have had a long and interesting journey when they reach their home at Lihue, on the island of Kauai, of the Hawaiian group, where Mr. Townsley has been engaged in the sugar industry for the past 23 years. Leaving Lihue on a freight boat they made the voyage to New York by way of the Panama canal. From New York they drove overland to Vermillion, S. D., to visit Mr. Townsley's mother and a brother, J. B. Townsley, who is publisher of the Vermillion Republican. Thence the party drove to Grand Forks, and from here they go by the Canadian route to Vancouver, B. C., and thence down the coast to San Francisco, sailing from that port for home July 17.

THE GOVERNMENT'S SUGAR policy has reacted unfavorably in the industry in Hawaii, according to Mr. Townsley. The United States consumed more sugar than is produced in all its area, including Hawaii. The additional quantity needed is imported from Cuba. The Hawaiian industry can be expanded considerably, but in order to provide for larger importations from Cuba a processing tax has been applied in this country, coupled with an acreage reduction plan. The Hawaiian planters, who are ready to produce more sugar are paid to produce less, in order that Cuba may sell us more, and the consumer pays the tax. An explanation of this is found in the fact that the Cuban sugar industry is owned largely in New York.

I AM QUOTING FROM THE Vermillion Republican the following paragraphs concerning relief work on the island of Kauai from information supplied by Mr. Townsley:

"Kauai, in the Hawaiian group, is a comparatively small island with a total population of 30,000 people. The two major industries are raising sugar cane and pineapples. There is much work in both of these industries that is done by hand. There is work for everyone.

"In response to governmental demand, a relief office was opened. Every man who applied was found work of a permanent kind, on the plantations. Many of the men placed would work one day, and return to the relief office. Usually they were given a second job. When they threw this aside they were told emphatically where they could go. Within two months every man had been given a job, or an opportunity for a job, and the relief office was closed.

"Politicians from Honolulu continue to demand the reopening of the office, but they are told that no need exists, and the office remains Closed."

EARLY IN THE CIVIL WAR Captain McCarter — afterward colonel—a resident of southern Minnesota, and grandfather of Mrs. G. A. Abbott, was captured, with his company, by a Confederate outfit in an engagement somewhere in the Vicksburg territory. The northern soldiers were taken to a prison in the far south, and there Captain McCarter learned that his home country in Minnesota was being threatened by Indians, who, while all the military forces of the territory was being used in the war, were planning raids on the Minnesota farms and villages.

McCARTER'S MEN WERE ALL from Minnesota, and they were anxious for the safety of their families. To the commandant of the prison McCarter made a proposal which probably had no parallel in the entire history of the war. "If you will parole my men and me," he said, "and allow us to go north long enough to teach those Indians good behavior, I'll give you my word that when the job is done we will return and remain prisoners until exchanged or otherwise disposed of." Much has been written of the cruelty and tyranny of officers in charge of home Confederate prisoners. But this Confederate was a gentleman who recognized another gentleman when he met one. The plight of those families up north appealed to him, and he granted the request. In some way McCarter and his men made their way north, and I disposed of the Indians. And the record shows that all but two of those men returned to the southern prison as they had agreed.

TO STRANGERS TWINS Often look exactly alike, but the resemblance is seldom so close that members of the family cannot tell them apart. I suppose there is always a difference. Western people often say that all Chinese look alike, and they do not look alike to their own people. In Pearl Buck's "A House Divided," the principal character, an educated young Chinese, comes to America, and is confused by the fact that all Americans look alike. That is one phase of the idea that will strike Americans as odd, but undoubtedly the author presents faithfully a fact which most of us are not apt to recognize.

TWO OF MY SCHOOLMATES, grown girls when I was in the second reader, were twins whose brothers and sisters had no difficulty in telling them apart, but the rest of us had them hopelessly mixed all the time. In that family were 15 children, and except the twins I never thought of any two of them resembling each other. Twenty years after I had left that part of the country I returned for a brief visit, and, passing a photograph gallery, I saw displayed among the pictures a Houlding family group. I recognized the group instantly, but to my astonishment, all its members looked alike. I spent some time over the picture, and as I examined it I began to recognize individuals. And, as I did so, the resemblance faded, and the individuals looked as different as they had always done.

DOWN IN WASHINGTON they have put microphones and loudspeakers in the house chamber, just on trial, as the member said who is responsible for the innovation. And the members don't like it. The pounding of the speaker's gavel makes a deafening sound, and side conversations between members are carried through the room. Those are some of the reasons advanced against the installation. Back of it all may be a spirit of rebellion against being required to hear each other talk.

AT BODENSTOWN, IRELAND, where thousands assembled to pay tribute to the memory of Wolfe Tone, famous Irish patriot, two armies were represented, the Irish Republican army and the Citizens' army. Leaders of the former objected to a banner which was carried by the Citizens' army and ordered it removed. The Citizens refused and the Republicans attempted to take forcible possession. There was a good fight, with sticks and stones, and there were many casualties. But the climax of the affair came when one battalion of the Republicans mutinied and went over to the enemy. What will the Chinese think of that when they read about it?

A MAMMOTH EDITION — 60 pages—of the Minot Daily News celebrates Minot's golden jubilee and notes the progress made since the little village on the Mouse river was established in 1885. While the News under its present name is quite modern, in direct ancestry it is older than Minot itself, as its first progenitor, the Republican, was first published at Burlington. That town was originally the county seat of Stevens, now Ward county, and there J. L. Colton brought a newspaper outfit from Lisbon, Dakota territory and established the first newspaper in the county. When the county seat was moved to Minot the newspaper went with it. Other papers were established, and through the process of absorption and elimination the News was left along in the daily field.

THE PRESENT ISSUE OF the News contains a volume of interesting and valuable historical material, records of the arrival of early settlers, of the founding of towns and villages in the Minot territory, and of the varied experiences of pioneers. One of its very interesting features is the unusual number of stories of personal experiences of pioneers. The paper is a mine of information and a valuable piece of publicity for Minot and its neighboring territory. My copy goes into my files, and I expect to draw on it freely for some time to come. The publisher, as it happens, is a relative of mine, but that doesn't prevent me from saying that he has produced a mighty creditable paper.

WALTER FIEST, 120 EIGHTH avenue, S. E., has something interesting in his garden in the form of two irises which seem to have absorbed color from neighboring plants. Originally light blue, of the tall, late-booming varieties, they were planted immediately back of early Iris plants whose blossoms are of much darker shade. This year they produced immense blossoms of a rich, deep purple. The change of color is indisputable, but it is possible that this has been brought about by some accidental and unrecognized change in cultivation or fertilization rather than by proximity to other plants.

ACCOMPANYING AN O T E from J. W. Hamilton of St. Paul, originator of the Magna Charta day movement, is the following hymn by Mrs. Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon, well known novelist and poet, of New York City:

**FOR THE NATIONS.**

Great God of all nations,  
We, sons of one speech,  
Pray now for the wisdom  
Thou only canst teach.  
So strengthened in union,  
So weakened apart,  
(Repeat) Thou gavest one tongue,  
    Lord— Oh, give us one Heart!

One Charter confirmed us,  
One Scripture we knew,  
One Bard is our glory,  
All history through.  
Now grant us one vision,  
Now show us one goal!  
(Repeat) Thou gavest one tongue,  
    Lord— Oh, give us one Soul!

Now, shoulder to shoulder, Hand reaching to hand, What traitor shall part us? What foe shall withstand? What cannon shall thunder, Our voice cannot still? (Repeat) Thou gavest one tongue,  
    Lord— Oh, give us one Will!

This stirring poem, written to be sung to Sir Edward Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" march, was awarded the prize offered by the League of Nations in a nation-wide contest.

A POLAR BEAR AT Rochester, N. Y., is said to be the most-photographed animal in the world. The bear is used by a company dealing in photographers' supplies as an object for testing lenses, films and other photographic items. It has been found that in coloring and in the rhythm of its movements this bear is ideal for such work, and because of this it has been "shot" thousands of times.