

RESPONSES HAVE BEEN Received from Mrs. J. E. Stewart of Gilby and Mrs. Douglas T. Park of Hamilton to my request for the poem on "Time," of which I quoted from memory the closing line:

"Time was, time is, but time shall be no more." The two texts differ slightly. That supplied by Mrs. Stewart is given herewith: What is Time? I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs; "Time is the warp of life," he said;

"O tell The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well." I asked the ancient, venerable
dead, Sages who wrote, and warriors who
bled. From the cold grave a hollow mur-mur flowed: "Time sowed the seeds we reap in
this abode." I asked a dying sinner, ere the
stroke Of ruthless death life's "golden
bowl" had broke; I asked him, "What is Time?"
"Time," he replied, "I've lost it—ah, the treasure!"
and he died. I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years.
They answered, "Time is but a meteor's glare,"
And bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the season's in their annual round
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise)
"Tis folly's blank and wisdom's highest prize."

I asked a spirit lost, but who, the
shriek That pierced my soul!, I shudder
while I speak!
I It cried, "A particle, a speck, a I mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to glory, or the path to hell."

I asked my Bible, and methinks it
said: "Time is the present hour, the past
is fled; Live, live today; tomorrow never
yet, On any human being rose or set."

I asked old Father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past.
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel who shall
stand, One foot on sea, and one on solid
land. "By heaven's great King, I swear
the mystery's o'er! Time was," he cried, "but time shall
be no more!"

IN THE TEXT SUPPLIED BY Mrs. Park the second line of the first stanza reads "Wrinkled and curved with worldly cares;" the third stanza contains only three lines, the first two reading: "I asked a dying sinner, ere the

Of life had left his veins; Time, he replied;" and the last two lines of the poem read: "'Mortal," he cried, the mystery now is o'er; Time was,—Time is,—but Time shall be no more."

THESE DIFFERENCES, I AL sure, are not due to errors in copying, but to differences in published texts. The copy which Mrs. Stewart loaned me was taken from a: old book and sent to her 16 or 11 years ago by a brother in Canada Mrs. Park writes that, quite curiously, on the day when the request for the poem appeared she had noticed it in a volume of poems entitled "Fireside Fancies," published in 1891. Her version is identical with that which I have found in an old volume of "Bell's Elocutionist," which was compiled some 60 or 70 years ago by Professors Alexander Melville Bell and David Charles Bell, respectively, father and uncle of Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone.

THE POEM "WHAT IS TIME?" is ascribed to William Marsden, whose identity is not quite clear. The only William Marsden of whom I have been able to find any record was born in 1754 and died in 1836. He was the son of a Dublin merchant, entered the East India service, became secretary of the admiralty, wrote a history of Sumatra and published a grammar and dictionary of the Malay language and a history of the travels of Marco Polo. Presumably he was the author of the poem.

—W. P. DAVIES,

A COMMENT IN THIS Column on the Carney song contest has brought a letter which I cannot refrain from quoting, although I am not sure that it was intended for publication. In view of that fact the writer's name is withheld. The letter reads: "May I express my appreciation of your column in The Herald which dealt with our Carney song contest of last Monday. I saw this contest originate, and for some years it appeared as if we had the start of a fine tradition. It hurts to see it degenerate into a mob ruled brawl, and it has hurt some of us more than we can express to know of the lack of respect shown the presiding officer, a man who has given us the best of his life—I might say, has given us almost all of his life.

"I WOULD DARE SAY THAT not a single person in the audience would willingly hurt Dean Kennedy, but thoughtlessness prevailed and we had no fine leaders to call a halt to what was in reality a riot. Where were the members of the Blue Key who a couple of years ago staged a convocation in honor of Dean Kennedy that was deep in emotion and appreciation?"

"OUR LOCAL PAPER AND townspeople stood by us most wonderfully in a recent crisis, the one of increased tuition. I wonder if they thought it was worth while after witnessing such a hoodlum demonstration as the last Carney song contest. I should like to see Mr. Carney withdraw his annual award."

CARDINAL O'CONNELL MUST have derived considerable pleasure from the responses, that have been made to his denunciation of crooning. I don't suppose he read what I wrote, but he must have seen a lot of editorial comment on his remarks, practically all of it endorsing what he said. Such comment has usually been from the standpoint of the radio listener, who has no very good way of bringing his likes and dislikes to the attention of the broadcasters.

NOW WE HAVE AN Expression from a professional source. Frederick Warren, president of the New York Singing Teachers' association, speaking on behalf of his organization, describes crooning as a distorted type of singing, and says further, "We, as teachers of singing, feel that the influence of this devitalized tone is detrimental to the highest form of normal voice processes. It robs the human voice of its ability to express the higher emotions and deprives it of its inherent devotional quality. It limits the development of the vocal mechanism and corrupts the minds and ideals of the younger generation."

SO FAR AS THE EFFECT ON the crooners themselves *is* concerned I am not worrying. A fellow must be pretty far gone before he gets into that habit. But if the broadcasting companies hope to make a go of their business they must sooner or later have some regard for their listeners.

MY FRIEND *MILO WALKER, of Bowesmont, comes to the front again in defense of his statement that in his boyhood threshing was actually done with a flail. That point, I think, has been pretty well settled. I have given my own personal testimony to the fact that at a much later time than that mentioned by Mr. Walker I threshed peas, wheat and oats regularly with a flail after school and on Saturdays, although threshing machines had been in occasional use for some years.

MR. WALKER DESCRIBES ONE of those early machines which came into his neighborhood in Leeds county, Ontario, in 1853. The cylinder was built into a wooden frame and it was of 8-horsepower. The driving mechanism was in the familiar form of a large cogged wheel which meshed with a small pinion and the power was carried to the machine by means of a tumbling rod. Power for the machine mentioned by Mr. Walker was provided by six oxen and two horses, the animals being hitched to long sweeps and driven by a man who stood in the center and brandished a long whip.

AT A LATER TIME WE HAD 16-horsepower machines, and my ambition was to be the driver of such an outfit or ringmaster in a circus. In either case, it seemed to me, the man with the whip was the object of a public admiration, while somebody else had to do all the work. After a little experience in driving 16 horses all day long I changed my mind about that job. I haven't had a chance at the circus job—yet.

ILLNESS HAS CERTAIN Compensations in the way of kind messages from friends and expressions of hope for recovery. It would be a callous nature that did not appreciate these evidences of good will. Among other things, I see an occasional newspaper paragraph whose author expresses similar concern. Many of these must go unacknowledged save as I give assurance here that I value them and reciprocate the kindly feeling expressed.

IN A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE Mrs. Fiske George C. Tyler writes in the New York Times: "You may see for yourself how great was the span of theatrical history she covered. She was 12 years old when I saw her playing Little Eva in Chillicothe, Ohio. She was 18 years old when she made her first starring venture in 'Caprice'—and when she was an ingénue she was the best ingénue I ever saw. William Gillette and Otis Skinner are the only people that I remember from that early period of her career. When she was 23 her great contemporaries among the actresses were Ada Rehan, Julia Marlowe, Mary Anderson, Fanny Davenport, Agnes Booth and Modjeska, all of whom have vanished from the stage. Twenty years later the leading women were Maude Adams, Viola Alien, Margaret Anglin, Julia Arthur, Henrietta Crosbian, Annie Russell, Laurette Taylor and Ethel Barrymore.

"AND NOW, TWENTY YEARS later, another generation had . grown up in the theater, and she was still in the front rank, turning only recently to other roles. I mean it when I say that she was the last woman in the American theater who had had the benefit of complete schooling, who had learned, her art, at a time when salaries were very poor and it was necessary to work very, very hard to rise even a little."

MR. TYLER ALSO PAYS Tribute to Mrs. Fiske's personal character and tells of her complete devotion to the profession to which she gave her life. He describes her as faithful and thorough in rehearsal, patient with traveling and housing conditions which lesser celebrities found intolerable, and willing to sacrifice her own salary to keep a struggling production going in a difficult season.

THE NAMES QUOTED BY MR. Tyler were once familiar to all theatergoers. Several of them were more than mere names to Grand Forks people, for the artists who bore them visited us and contributed to our enjoyment. Time blurs the edges of memory and confuses some of its images, and while my recollection of some of the old-time actors is very distinct, there are others whom I do not remember so well and concerning whom I cannot be quite certain whether I saw them in Grand Forks or somewhere else.

QUITE CERTAINLY WILLIAM Gillette and Otis Skinner played in Grand. Forks, the latter in "The Liars," and at other times in plays which I do not recall. Of the group of actresses mentioned as being contemporary with Mrs. Fiske when she was 23, Modjeska played Lady Macbeth in Grand Forks. I am not sure about Fanny Davenport. I think we had Julia Marlowe here, though I may have seen her in the east.

FIVE OF 'THE EIGHT LEADING women mentioned in the second group played in Grand Forks. These were Viola Alien, Margaret Anglin, Julia Arthur, Henrietta Crosbian, and Lauretta Taylor.

MR. TYLER, OF COURSE, HAS mentioned only a very few of the outstanding artists who were contemporary with Mrs. Fiske at various stages of her career. Grand Forks audiences were fortunate in I seeing and hearing not only those, but many others of the same period whose names were then household words. A partial list to which I have turned contains a few of the outstanding names.

HEADING THE LIST IS THE name of Richard Mansfield, in his time the most famous of English-speaking actors. There was Robert Mantell, who became scarcely less famous. Then there were Louis James, Frederick Warde, David Warfield, Alia Nazimova, Kather-ine Kidder, Walker Whiteside, Nance O'Neill, William Faversham, Robert Edeson, Dustin Farnum, James W. Stoddart, who spent more than seventy of his eighty years on the stage, Thomas-W. Keene, Alexander Salvini, John Mason, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Lillian Russell, John Drew, Rose Coghlan, Maxine Elliott, Grace George, Thomas, William and Joseph Jr., sons of the elder Joseph Jefferson, Marie Cahill, Eleanor Robson and Max and Oscar Figman.

WHAT A LIST YET EVERY one of those actors and actresses appeared on the Grand Forks stage, some of them many times. And the productions in which they appeared were equal to the reputations which they had earned. Supporting casts were competent, and the settings, while lacking many of the mechanical devices with which modern science has equipped the stage, were as elaborate and artistic as were used in metropolitan productions. The passing of a great actress like Mrs. Fiske recalls to many of us the departed glories of the Grand Forks stage.

PERSONALLY I WELCOME the cold snap, not that I am particularly fond of cold weather, but what one may call the prematurity of the season is dangerous for tulips. If I had not the evidence right on the spot I should hesitate to tell about tulips above ground in this latitude in February, but I have the evidence. Just south of the house, and quite close to it, I have a row of tulips, some of which are hold-overs from last year and some are new bulbs. On Sunday, February 28, I was shocked to find that many of the young plants had made their appearance, some being just visible, while others were nearly an inch above the ground.

THAT WOULD NOT HAVE happened, of course, if the bulbs had been planted in the open. Even the shallow freezing of the past winter would have kept them dormant. But the building furnished shelter, the snow which came early drifted in and prevented further freezing, and I suppose -those bulbs have been busy all winter sending out roots and preparing their top shoots and when the weather turned warm and the snow melted, up they came.

TULIPS ARE AMONG OUR hardiest plants. Even where the earth has been frozen solid the young plants show green almost before it has had time to thaw. A severe cold snap will check their growth without appearing to injure them, and even the blossoms will stand a late spring frost that changes all their sap to ice and then they will thaw out and go on smilingly, as if nothing had happened. Just the same, I don't care to have them blooming in February, or even in March. There is a certain fitness in these things, and I suppose there is a limit to what even tulips can stand.

FINE SPRING WEATHER IS always pleasant, but unseasonable weather usually complicates things. Very warm weather in early spring starts vegetation ahead of its time and is almost certain to be followed by severe frost which destroys the new growth and in reality sets the season back. We had such experience some twenty years ago when a warm March and April created the appearance of advanced summer at a time when growth is ordinarily just getting started. Then came a cold spell that--froze everything solid. Foliage shriveled, and on the first of June the trees were as bare as in midwinter. New growth started and the green of summer was restored, but the bloom of flowering shrubs was destroyed.

THIS BEING A YEAR IN which the soil is full of grasshopper eggs, any kind of weather that will destroy these pests will be welcome. Authorities tell us that grasshoppers are least likely to thrive in a cold, wet spring. That being true, the more disagreeable 'weather we get for a while, the better it will be for us.

KENNETH READ, A FORMER Grand Forks boy, now with the Westinghouse company of Pittsburgh, noted an item in The Herald some time ago telling of the killing, out in Burleigh county, of a snake that had swallowed a gopher, which, in turn, had just eaten a cricket. Kenneth comments:

"WE ARE HAVING HARD times, unemployment, bread lines, etc., here in Pennsylvania, but I never suspected that conditions were so bad in North Dakota that the gophers had not had a meal since last fall."

KENNETH EVIDENTLY DOES not understand the situation correctly. That was a fresh cricket, just caught alive and hopping, and not one that had been devoured last fall. Out in Burleigh county they let their crickets out for air and exercise in midwinter.

WE SHALL HAVE A GOOD deal of memorializing over the fact that March came in like a lion. There is slight basis for some of those old sayings, but in this case we have the fact that one extreme of temperature is likely to be followed before long by its opposite, and the proverb makers have put a fact into a pithy saying. We have had early March storms of great severity. One of the worst of these was the storm of March 8, 1892, which began with a heavy rain and passed through all the stages of sleet, snow, intense cold and fierce wind. Many cattle were lost in that storm, some of them being literally frozen in their tracks as they stood exhausted in water which froze around them. If we could be sure of some such like fate for the grasshoppers this year we might be willing to accept almost any kind of weather. —W. P. DAVIES.

HAVING READ THE Dissertation on colds which appeared in this column a short time ago a valued medical friend sends in the following verses by W. T. O'Connor which appeared in Hygeia:

Have You a Co'd in Deh Head?

WHEN A STEAK HAS LOST its savor, when your coffee has no flavor,
Here's a certain diagnosis of the cause of your neurosis— It's coryza!

When your tongue is thick and flurry, when your eyes are going blurry,
And you sneeze with all the fury of a geys

—a,

When your beak is red and tender like the wind-up of a bender

—It's coryza!

When your voice gets flat and fuzzy and your ears grow dull and buzzy, When
your temperature takes just a little rise —a,

Put away procrastination and duck fever's elevation From coryza!

All your pals will flock in legions
from both near and distant
regions Bringing therapeutic counsel and
advice—a, Disregard their friendly babblings,
do not heed their kindly gab-
blings

On coryza!

It is medicine's proved
sad and sputtering victim That he get/beneath the blankets
if he's wise—a

And let nature's own elixir be the sure and rapid fixer Of coryza!
WELCOMING MY RETURN TO a state of greater or less activity Mrs. W. C. Peterson contributes
these lines on that old friend, the postoffice pen, the authorship of the lines being unknown:

The Postoffice Pen.

Splintered old holder,
Rusty old point, Wobbly and wobbly
And weak in the joint, Corroded, and cursed at
Again and again Sputtering, scribbling
Old postoffice pen.

Inky and dinky
With one tooth gone, Stubby and groggy,
You write on and on. Someday they'll change you
But goodness knows when Rusty, old trusty,
Old postoffice pen.

Stroking you downward,
You work like a charm, But when you go upward
God shield you from harm, For many's the mortal
Holding you then Would sputter still worse than Our postoffice pen.

THE POSTOFFICE Inkbottle has also served as the basis for humor, as when Harry Lauder remarked
that on a certain occasion he had just dropped into the post-office to fill his fountain pen.

SOME OF US WERE TALKING the other day about dialects, and mention was made of the marked
differences that exist in forms of speech in a country as small as England. We have in this country
local idioms and pronunciations, but this is a big country. Alabama and Vermont are a long way apart,
and the residents of each state have inherited forms of speech common among their ancestors for
generations,' during which time there has been little contact between the two sections.

IT MAY SEEM STRANGE, however, to those of us who are accustomed to the great open spaces
that in English localities no farther apart than Grand Forks and Minneapolis the people should have
real difficulty in understanding each other. Yet this has been the case in the past, and it is said to be
substantially true now. In some of her books Mrs. Burnett has given a faithful reproduction of
Yorkshire dialect. Blackmore and George Eliot have done a like service for the dialect of southwestern
England and the midlands. In each there is much that is unintelligible I to the average American
reader, and it is not strange that the speech of Devonshire should seem like a foreign language to the
resident of Yorkshire.

THE REASON FOR THESE marked differences is, of course, that until the railway era there was very
little movement of population in England. Travel was difficult and there was little for which to travel.
Former Yorkshire people have told me of a man in their village who had visited London, now a
night's journey by rail, and who thereafter was regarded by his neighbors as a traveled man, and who
made the most of his reputation. —W. P. DAVIES.

IT IS ALMOST EXACTLY 33 years since John Philip Sousa made his first appearance in Grand Forks. That was on March 28, 1890, when the great bandmaster was in the prime of life and had just got well started on those tours which were to take him into every corner of the civilized world. He was already famous, and he had then to his credit several of the compositions which are accepted as permanent contributions to music. Erect, bearded and uniformed, he presented a fine military figure, and neither in his appearance nor in his manner was there any suggestion of the eccentricity which is so often associated with musical genius. Something indefinable about his carriage accentuated his height and gave him the appearance of much more than his actual very moderate size. In directing Sousa's manner was what might be described as nonchalant. He seemed to take for granted the competence of his players and to follow with quiet approbation rather than to lead them.

THIS AIR OF COMPOSURE ON the part of the march king was doubtless what led one observer to remark that directing a band looked like a job that anybody could do. "Probably anybody could do it — once or twice," replied Sousa. Somewhere beneath the surface was a control imperceptible to the casual observer, but the absence of which would soon be felt.

SOUSA'S COMPOSURE AND lack of demonstrativeness on the platform were paralleled by his naturalness and humanness off duty. His travels had taken him into all sorts of curious places and brought him in contact with all sorts of interesting people. He was alert and observant, quick to sense the beating of an unusual situation and to appreciate the element of humor wherever it was present. His wide experience had stored his mind with an apparently inexhaustible fund of information, upon which he was able to draw at will for the entertainment of his friends.

SOUSA VISITED GRAND Forks several times, and was always welcome. His marches have stirred our people as they have stirred millions all over the world. The one of his other compositions best known here is "El Capitan," which was given in Grand Forks many years ago. Its music was heard frequently over the radio last year, but I have not heard it lately. Doubtless that and others of his compositions will now be revived in memory of the man who did so much to bring good music to the plain people, and who is now no longer with us.

MANY OF THE OLDER Residents of Grand Forks will remember the family of E. C. Elwood, who was engaged here for many years in insurance and allied work, and who moved to California in 1901. One of the daughters, Mrs. Grace Elwood Hoover, has recently won an unusual distinction in that her designs for a set of University of California pictorial plates have been accepted by the famous Wedgewood company.

THIS COMPANY HAS Within the past few years revived the tradition of college plates of a century ago, and has manufactured for several of the leading American colleges commemorative sets of Staffordshire plates in designs appropriate to the colleges represented. For the California set I many designs were submitted, among them those of Mrs. Hoover, who has served for some time as staff photographer for the California Monthly. Her designs were accepted and are to be used on the commemorative plates soon to be produced by the famous English potters.

MRS. HOOVER'S DESIGN HAS for the centerpiece of each of the twelve plates in the set a typical view representative of the university's progress, with a cycloramic border in which twelve campus views are combined in an exceedingly artistic manner. A reproduction of the design on calendered paper makes a beautiful picture, which, reproduced in pottery should make, wonderful ware.

IN A WIRE KENNETH L. Wedgewood, chairman of the board of directors of the Wedgewood company, expressed his admiration of the design and said he was especially -enthusiastic over the use of a typical California background for the border of the plates, something which he said his company had never attempted before. C. E. Leech, the company's American representative, wrote: "We are exceedingly keen about the whole idea, and are convinced that here is something that will eventually become heirloom china. I don't know that I have ever seen any ceramic ware which has definitely attempted to portray a geographical environment."

IN ADDITION TO THE HONOR of having her design accepted Mrs. Hoover has received a substantial financial reward and is also to receive a royalty on sales. —W. P. DAVIES.

INCREDULOUS AS MANY modern persons are concerning the stories of old-time blizzards, it would be difficult to exaggerate the danger that there was in exposure to one of those storms or the helplessness of the individual who undertook to brave one. While meteorologists are agreed that there has been no perceptible climatic change within the space of a lifetime, wide variations in weather are of common knowledge. It happens that for several years past there have been few seasons in the Northwest marked by storms as frequent and as intense as some which old residents can recall. This fact alone tends to throw an atmosphere of doubt around some of the old blizzard stories. Yet the fact remains that a winter storm on the open prairie is and always was an exceedingly dangerous thing.

TO UNDERSTAND ONLY A little of what one of the old storms meant one must consider the conditions which surround it. There was not a graded road in the country. There were no fenced fields. There were few plowed fields. Farm houses were often miles apart. There were no groves such as are now numerous. In a winter of deep snow the whole landscape was one vast sea of almost unbroken white, with nothing to break the force of the wind and few objects to serve as landmarks. Travel was by trails made in the snow from farm to farm, without regard to the points of the compass.

IN SUCH A BLEAK, Trackless expanse, travel was an adventure. In fine weather the going might be good, but within an hour a wind might spring up which would set the snow in motion and render objects a rod distant invisible even in daylight. At night the situation might easily become hopeless.

THE DANGER WAS NOT alone from cold, nor from inability to see. There was added the confusion arising from a sense of strangling. Many inexperienced swimmers know something of the sensation experienced when one is caught some distance from shore in very rough water. The wave break over one and the flying spray fills mouth and nostrils. In the struggle for breath all sense of direction is lost. There is a similar experience in a bad snowstorm. Fine, powdery snow fills the air, and the unfortunate traveler breathes it in with very grasp. The struggle becomes, not one to make progress, but to keep breathing. It is small wonder that under such circumstances one misses the road, loses track of directions, and wanders aimlessly until he sinks exhausted.

THERE HAVE BEEN CASES in which horses, left to themselves in storms, have kept their direction and made their way to safety, but in a bad storm horses are not to be trusted. Nine times out of ten, if left to themselves in a storm, even though the home stable is not far away. This is doubtless due in part to the fact that in a bad storm horses find the same difficulty in breathing that human beings experience. Their nostrils become filled with snow and ice if they are compelled to face the storm, and actual suffocation may cause them to collapse.

A FAIRLY WELL TRAVELED snow road becomes built up into a solid mass over which the snow may blow without much further drifting. This fact has enabled more than one storm-caught traveler to find his way along, a plunge into deep snow on either side serving warning that the track had been left.

ALMOST UNBELIEVEABLE ARE the stories of actual occurrences in which persons were lost when within a few yards of their own doors, or of missing their way in attempting the familiar trip between house and barn. At Devils Lake a mail clerk missed an entire train while crossing the railway tracks, and his body was found weeks later on the flats several miles south of the city. Near Warren a farmer named Frank lost his way while trying to return against the wind from his barn to his house. Fortunately he lived close to the railway track and he brought up against the railway embankment when he supposed he was many rods in the other direction. By fighting his way up the track he reached a point opposite his house and then made a successful dash for it. Hundreds of similar true stories could be told, all illustrating the fact that a real blizzard is not a thing with which to trifle.

MY RECENT UNKIND Remarks about radio crooners have struck at least one responsive chord. "Samuel Qualey, of Grand Forks, writes: "I am a fairly constant reader of your 'column' in the Herald and like it, particularly the slams you hand out to the present day air polluters who more and more monopolize it. It is exasperating when, in the evening, a law-abiding citizen sits down to his fine electric instrument, which is willing to give him the finest and most sublime music in the world, and is met with either the noise of a jazz-phoney orchestra or the moans of a crooner at every point on the dial. How business firms can expect to reap any benefit from putting over such cruelty on a suffering public—well, who can answer it? Here is hoping, Mr. Davies, that your work will put the crooning at least, away off on some other planet."

I AM AFRAID THAT IT IS TOO much to expect Mr. Qualey's pious hope to be realized. I suppose that the crooners will continue to croon until some other equally cruel way of torturing human ears has been discovered. We who listen are at a disadvantage as compared with the telephone listener, who can usually convey to the other fellow the fact that he has hung up. You can't insult the crooner by twiddling the dial. He supposes that you are still listening. In the meantime we can speak our minds occasionally.

I AM GLAD TO LEARN THAT my old namesake, Gomer T. Davies, of Concordia, Kansas, won his libel suit. Gomer rejected all offers of compromise and insisted on going to trial. He came out with flying colors, and what he said about the plaintiff's attorney after the cage was over was plenty. Part of it I shall not publish, as I don't want to provoke a libel suit of my own, but there can be no harm in referring to the story of how the attorney came by the name of commodore. It is said that he mounted an old tractor on a pontoon for the purpose of dredging the Republican river, and the outfit promptly sank to the bottom.

A NOTE FROM G. S. Strandvold, formerly of The Herald staff, and for some time past editor of the Decorah Posten, of Decorah, Iowa, makes note of a late Herald editorial on the alleged Tanaka Memorial and the doubt suggested there as to the genuineness of the document. Attention is called to an article in "Time" for February 8 in which the conclusion is reached that the alleged memorial is spurious. I have not seen the "Time" article, but the tone of the so-called memorial itself is such as to arouse suspicion. However, the document, even though spurious, sets forth a purpose which events have shown pretty clearly to be the purpose of the militaristic element in Japan.

I N THE PAST FIFTY-ODD years of The Herald's existence so many young men—and not a few young women—have been members of its staff that it is impossible to keep track of them. Mr. Strandvold mentions having had a chat with J. C. Hammond, one of The Herald's pre-war reporters, who is now editor and one of the publishers of the Decorah Journal, and whose partner is C. W. Brown, another old Grand Forks man. If by any chance I should visit Yokohama or Timbuctoo I should not be at all surprised to meet a stranger and have him say "I don't suppose you remember me but I used to work for The Herald away back when."

—W. P. DAVIES.

V. McNamara, K.C., Barrister and solicitor at Sault Ste Marie, Ontario, credits The Herald with originating the word "bootlegger," a compliment which whether merited or not, is appreciated. Mr. McNamara harks back to old times in a letter which reads as follows: "In the course of a discussion some days ago as to the origin of the word 'bootlegger' I made a statement to the effect that I believed your paper was responsible for this picturesque addition to the English language. My recollection is that some time between September, 1895, and June, 1896, you published a short article with a picture of a man carrying a bottle of whiskey in long cowhide boots and selling the liquor by the glass to selected customers. During the period above mentioned I was at St. Boniface college in Manitoba and two boys from Grand Forks named Tom Dillon and Tom O'Connor were students there. Tom Dillon's father had I believed some connection with the Herald and Dillon received it daily. If either of these gentlemen is numbered among four list of acquaintances I wish you would give him my kind regards."

THAT SUCH AN ARTICLE WAS published is quite probable but even if the necessary painstaking search of the files should lead to the discovery of the article, nothing conclusive would be learned as to the actual origin of the word. My impression is that the term "bootlegger" was in occasional use much earlier than the time mentioned by Mr. McNamara.

IT IS A FACT, HOWEVER, that the word came into quite general use in North Dakota along in the nineties to designate an illegal liquor seller of a particular type. In territorial days liquor was sold legally in North Dakota under a license system. While there was occasional illegal selling the practice was not general, as liquor could usually be obtained from licensed purveyors without much trouble.

PROHIBITION, WHICH CAME with statehood, created a different situation. Liquor could be obtained legally only by having it brought in from another state. Those who wished to buy by the drink had to depend on those who sold in violation of law. There were numerous drinking places which operated in some cases under some arrangement with local authorities and were conducted quite openly, and in other cases were operated secretly and were continually subjected to the risk of arrest. These were popularly known as "blind pigs," just why, I have never been able to learn.

THERE WERE OTHER Dealers of spirits who had no established place of business, who carried their stock with them, and whose stock and equipment consisted of a bottle of whiskey and a small glass. These gentry operated as a rule where men were employed in groups, on railway and other construction work, and especially around threshing crews in the fall. Knee boots were quite commonly worn, and if he wished to do so, a peddler could quite conveniently slip a pint flask into the leg of his boot. Doubtless some of them did so, and soon it became customary to apply the term "bootlegger" to any itinerate peddler who carried liquor about his person and sold it secretly by the drink.

A CERTAIN AIR OF Respectability attached to the blind pigger. He had an established place of business. He was an actual resident of the community. He paid some taxes. Quite often he contributed to the revenues of the city or village by the payment of "fines" which, by virtue of a common understanding, were assessed in a stated amount and were collected regularly in lieu of license fees.

THE BOOTLEGGER, ON THE contrary, was an -outlaw. He belonged nowhere in particular. He paid no taxes or fees. He was a disturbing element wherever work was going on. And he interfered with the more regularly established business of the blind pigs. He was unpopular everywhere, and special legislation was enacted for his suppression.

IN RECENT YEARS THE Application of the term "bootlegger" has been expanded to apply to wholesale transactions in liquor instead of merely the petty sales by the drink down the alley or back of the strawstack. We hear less frequently of "blind pigs" and more often of "speakeasies," both meaning really the same thing.

TOM DILLON'S FATHER, WHO is mentioned by Mr. McNamara, was P. C. Dillon, for many years circulation manager of The Herald. Tom himself, is managing editor of the Minneapolis Tribune. W. P. DAVIES.

DISCUSSION OF THE Decline of the country village has set me to thinking of the first country village that I ever knew. Although not an old place in my childhood, it was already showing signs of decay. One of its attractive features to boys of my age was an abandoned warehouse which was as fascinating to us as was the old warehouse on the bank of the Mississippi to Tom Sawyer and his companions. The sills of the building had rotted, the walls were out of plumb, and the roof was all awry. The doors were gone and windows had long since disappeared, and while the openings left admitted a certain amount of light there were dark corners into which the light never penetrated. It was a gloomy, fearsome place, with swallows flitting in and out, squirrels scampering away when disturbed, and water lapping in the little channel underneath. It was spooky, mysterious, an ideal playground on a sunny day, but no place in which to linger when the evening shadows fell.

THAT WAREHOUSE HAD been built when steamboats plied on the river. The railroad had not yet invaded the territory, and settlers' goods and merchandise of all kinds were transported either by river or by wagon over tortuous and almost impassable roads. Naturally, the river was used wherever possible, and the river traffic made of the village, not a large, but fairly busy place.

FREIGHT WAS STORED IN the warehouse for distribution to the surrounding territory, and, as surplus crops were presently grown, farm produce of various kinds was deposited in the building to be forwarded by the next steamer. The river traffic developed business for two or three stores and a hotel of the typical country tavern type. Farmers did their trading there, and flatboats, moved by horse power, tied up over night.

WHEN I APPEARED ON THE scene this traffic was a thing of the past. The railroad had come to the little town a few miles away and had banished steam from the river. Most freight could be handled more cheaply, as well as more expeditiously, by rail, and the glory of the river was gone. The change was not wholly a welcome one, for it had made necessary changes in the habits of those who had made their living on the river. Not all of them had been able to adjust themselves satisfactorily to the new conditions. Among the older men there were those who, at the customary loafing places, spoke regretfully of the good old days when the village was a real place of business and cursed the day that brought the railroad into the country.

THE VILLAGE TOOK ON A second lease of life when brickyards were started to transform the blue clay of the hills into building material. The old warehouse disintegrated, piece by piece, but the brickyards furnished employment for quite a number of men, and there was still some business for the stores and the hotel. Then other brickyards were started, more advantageously situated as to transportation and other facilities, and the village entered upon its last stage.

WHEN I LAST SAW THE Village there was left one lone family of the several score that had once inhabited the place. The last vestige of the old warehouse had long since disappeared. Some of the never buildings had been wrecked and removed piecemeal. Others stood empty, yielding gradually to the elements. It was a depressing place to visit, provided one thought only of the village itself and what had happened to it.

THERE IS ANOTHER SIDE, however, to this sketch of a decadent village, which started and completed its down-grade journey long before the day of the automobile, which is sometimes held solely responsible for the fate which has overtaken so many country villages. The little village of which I write served its purpose, but there was no permanent place for it in the general scheme of development. While it was deteriorating hundreds of farmers in the vicinity had been prospering. The neighboring city grew and provided them with service which they could not have been given by a hundred villages. The steamboat had disappeared, but in its place was the railroad, which gave rapid and regular service in place of the slow and uncertain service on the river.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MY little village is similar to that of innumerable other villages that were created by the movement of population into new areas, which served the needs of the day, and which in turn gave way to some thing more responsive to the changing conditions of the time. If we regard only the little village itself, we may consider the process as destructive. But, considered in relation to society as a whole, have we not here merely one phase of an evolutionary development which has been in progress in one form or another as long as human beings have moved from place and changed their environment to meet their needs? —W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

W. P. DAVIES TALKS OF OTHER YEARS

INASMUCH AS EVERYBODY else is guessing about the Lindbergh case I may as well submit my guess about one phase of it. Did Betty Gow participate in any way in the abduction of the Lindbergh baby. On the basis of what appeared to be the established facts, my guess is that she did not. Betty has been questioned by the police, who are reported to have said that nothing has been ascertained which would cast suspicion on her. Members of the family are said to have expressed complete confidence in her innocence. She is not under arrest or subjected to detention. All that is not conclusive. While the girl is not formally detained, she is at the Lindbergh home, directly under the eyes of the police, and she could not leave without her departure being noticed.

IT IS ALSO TRUE THAT Betty was the last person to see the child before he was stolen, and the abduction of an infant from an occupied house in the early evening. With several people moving about, creates the suspicion of inside assistance.

ON THE OTHER HAND, HOW about Betty? According to custom Betty had remained at the Morrow home while the Lindbergh's took the baby with them when they returned to spend the weekend at their own country place. On Tuesday, as the baby had a slight cold, his parents decided to prolong their stay and sent for Betty, who arrived late that afternoon. Sometime between 8 and 10 that evening the baby was stolen.

IT IS UNREASONABLE TO suppose that plans for the kidnapping were made in a few hours. Until sometime Tuesday afternoon nobody knew that Betty was to be at the Lindbergh place that night. Dr at any other particular time. Plans for the abduction, therefore, could not have contemplated Betty's assistance if those plans were for his abduction from his own home. Neither is it credible that the plans were in the first place for his removal from the Morrow home, with Betty's assistance, for that place is less secluded and both access and escape would have been much more difficult. Such an arrangement would also have involved a sudden change of plan, a shifting from one residence to the other, and complete revision of arrangements for approach and escape, all within a few hours. Crime of that magnitude is seldom planned in such a nap-hazard way.

PLANS FOR THE KIDNAPING had almost certainly been made a long time in advance. The completeness with which the kidnapers have hidden their tracks is evidence of long and thorough preparation. If Betty is involved in the crime she must have been in the confidence of the plotters for weeks, perhaps months. She is a regular and trusted employe of the family. She had charge of the child at the home of his parents and of his grandmother. The Lindberghs are able to employ help that is thoroughly satisfactory to them. Betty gave complete satisfaction.

THE FACT THAT SHE DID give satisfaction is evidence that the child was fond of her, otherwise she would not have been retained. Children instinctively love those who love them. It is difficult to assume the appearance of love so successfully as to deceive a child. Betty either loved the child or she is an unusually accomplished actress.

AGAIN, IF THE GIRL KNEW of that plot and had agreed to participate in it, she had carried that knowledge with her for a long time. In the meantime she had gone about her work, taking care of the baby in the usual way, and giving no evidence that was perceptible to others that her conscience was burdened by a load of guilt.

THE POSSIBILITY OF ALL this is not to be dismissed, but if Betty Gow had that guilty knowledge, her concealment of the fact stamps her as one of the most remarkable young woman of the age. I don't believe she is guilty.

IT SEEMS THAT THE Police have information which points to the existence of two Betty Gows, one the Lindbergh's nurse, and the other a young woman not related to her in any way. The name is not a very common one in this country, but Betty is from Scotland, where, in some parts of the country, the name is the equivalent of Smith. In Gaelic a "smith" is a "gow." The term is also so used in Ireland. Many of us remember the old Irish play "The Kerry Gow," which is another name for the Kerry blacksmith, and the hero of one of Scott's novels is Henry, who to the lowlanders was the smith, but to the highlanders, the gow.

W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

W. P. DAVIES TALKS OF OTHER YEARS

ORDINARILY WE THINK OF real spring, with its warm weather, as the time for the mating of birds and the beginning of their housekeeping arrangements. As to most birds this is doubtless correct, but there are birds which do not wait for the snow to disappear and the grass to show green in order to take up their domestic duties. A letter from Alf Eastgate, an authority on northwestern birds, says: "There are few people in this part of our country that will believe that now one of our year-round residents have began the rearing of their young for the year. The Great-horned owl lay their eggs this month in North Dakota. I have found full sets as early as February 2 and always by the last week of the month. I have never found strictly fresh eggs later than the 27th. And no other young stay at the nest as long, usually until the latter part of June to middle of July before they begin to stray away,

"IN LOOKING OVER SOME OF my early notes find this one: March 14, 1892, found a nest of young prairie-horned lark on the prairie, between Riverside Park and North Third street; was carrying mail at that time and was cutting across the open after delivering in the park. It had snowed all night, a soft snow and the mother jumped out as my foot passed over the nest, young- about half grown.

"WITH A MATING SEASON from January to September for our over 200 species and sub-species that breed (or did) in North Dakota, it would take a rather unusual reporter to set a day for the gating of our birds."

S. A. J., PARK RIVER, WOULD like a copy of an old poem entitled "My Mother," a few lines of which read:

Who ran to help me when I fell, And would some pretty story tell, Or kiss the place to make it well? My mother.

THE INQUIRED REMEMBERS that the poem appeared in an old school reader in Ontario, and she hopes that some friend may be able to supply a copy. The poem is an old one, and has been the subject of many parodies. I do not recall any more of it than is quoted. My guess is that it was in Campbell's second reader.

CROONING IS RECEIVING Attention from all quarters. A correspondent sends in a clipping from a rotogravure section showing a patient on the operating table, with gowned and masked surgeons around him and a pair of telephones clamped to his ears. The inscription says:

"IN A RECENT "OPERATION on an actor, crooning brought to-the operating table by earphones was the only anaesthetic used. P. S. The patient died."

I WONDER HOW ANYBODY got the idea that crooning is an anaesthetic. To me it is a stimulant, a caustic irritant, prompting to deeds of violence like throwing a bootjack at the cat or a lamp through the radio set. No wonder the patient died.

ON FEBRUARY 28 I FOUND A lot of my tulips showing well above the ground. Then it turned cold, for which I was grateful, even if it was somewhat disagreeable and the furnace took more fuel. Now, after more than two weeks the sprouts are just where they were, and if they keep that way a little longer they will be all right. Some where, about four inches deep, well rooted bulbs are just waiting to hump themselves when real spring comes. —W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

W. P. DAVIES TALKS OF OTHER YEARS

J. J. MEALY, OF REYNOLDS, does not profess to be an authority on the subject of bootlegging, but he has been devoting some study to the origin of the word, and to its kindred term "blind pig." On these subjects he offers the following observations: "To begin with, I shall make no attempt to write with encyclopedic authority. Justice to this subject requires exact knowledge of several portions of our national history and perhaps some extensive research, which in turn, requires abilities which I do not possess. "I refer to your article in The Herald of March 11 concerning the origin of the word "bootlegger and the phrase 'blind pig.' One may be sure that the individual later known as a bootlegger was abroad in our land when the sale of liquor was legal everywhere. But he was especially active in the newly settled territories and around the Indian reservations.

AS TO THE 'BLIND PIG,' I believe this picturesque institution came into being shortly after the first anti-liquor laws were enacted down in the grand old state of Maine. The story goes that a tavern keeper, now that the sale of liquor was illegal, moved his bar and stock in trade to a room in the rear of his establishment. As his customers appeared they were told that a blind pig was on exhibition in this room, and for a modest sum they would be permitted to view the strange animal. Upon entering this room they were served with their favorite tippie. It is claimed that this tavern-keeper did actually keep a live pig on exhibition for a time.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE story is that this tavern-keeper never kept a live animal, the 'pig' story being told merely to 'blind' the people who disapproved of the liquor business. Thus it appears that any place where any trade or profession is used to mask the main business of illegally selling liquor may properly be called a 'blind pig.' It may also be suggested that the name may have come into being in the same manner as the 'blind tiger' used to designate the illegal gambling establishment.

"THE HERALD HAS Readers 'way down east, and perhaps some well-informed citizens of Maine will be kind enough to give us more complete information. The names of the first bootleggers and the first blind piggers appear to have missed immortality. However, these genial souls probably followed the counsel of the old philosopher who thought it best to 'take the cash and let the credit go.' Perhaps some ambitious post-graduate may yet bring fame to his Alma Mater and earn a Ph. D. with a thesis on this subject. Certainly; many have been written on subjects of less interest.

"THE FIRST ANTI-LIQUOR legislation was enacted in Maine in 1851 and permanently ratified in 1858."

I SHALL HOPE TO HEAR from some "State-o'-Maine" citizen who can shed further light on this subject

THIS BEING- ST. PATRICK'S day I am submitting a poem written in honor of the occasion by Miss Flora Cameron Burr, of Bottineau. Miss Burr I think is not Irish, as might be supposed from the attention which she gives to Ireland and Ireland's patron saint, but Gaelic, nevertheless, being of the Highlands. And St. Patrick, we are told, was a Scot, anyway«

THE 'IRISH DREAM.

To the Irish Nationalists

Saint Patrick's Day, 1932.

By FLORA CAMERON BURR.

Sweet are the songs her bards ay

 sing

Of Erin's worth and fame* Soft is the Celtic tongue that
 breathes At morn and eve her name. Fond are the dreams her patriots!

- Of Irish liberty And rich the hopes her exile waft From far across the sea. From far across the sea.

The drops of dew that glint and gleam

The shamrock's leaves among Are tears the Irish mother sheds

Beneath the Saxon thong. Yet Erin's bard they lightly sing

And still there falls the dew; Her sons would die ten thousand deaths

To make their dreams come true.

To make their dreams come true,

And thus her banished fondly send Their love across the sea

As they behold the hour that brings To Erin liberty.

Softly the Celtic speech it falls O'er many a plain and stream.

We wear the shamrock on our

 hearts

And dream the Irish dream, And dream the Irish dream.

— W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

W. P. DAVIES TALKS OF OTHER YEARS

IS IT CORRECT TO SAY THAT "some mute, inglorious Milton," remains silent and unknown only in the mind of a poet seeking a beautiful line to be fitted into a beautiful poem? That is the statement made in a Minneapolis Journal editorial. The editorial deals with two cases of the under writing of talent. In one case, it is said, friends are providing funds with which to defray the expenses for three years of a young man who has ambitions to be a movie character actor. If the ambitions are realized the money is to be refunded out of earnings, otherwise the investment will be written off. In the other case it was discovered a quarter of a century ago that a budding young author was starving in a Chicago garret because he could not find a publisher for his work. Wealthy business men got together and provided a fund for the youth's maintenance while he continued his work. It is not recorded that he ever achieved success, and it is held that the investment in the young man with movie ambitions is likely also to be unproductive.

THIS LEADS TO THE Expression of belief that "shackled genius bursts its own bonds," that it will find a way to express itself without being underwritten. Hence the comment on the poet's line. That genius has its own ways of expressing itself is indisputable. Nobody underwrote Shakespeare or Milton, yet those men found ways to conquer unfavorable environment and achieve their magnificent work. It is doubtless true that most of the great figures in the world's history have made their own way, and, unaided, have overcome the obstacles that lay in their path. Yet there have been those whose way was made easier by the assistance of friends and who profited by such assistance.

THIS, HOWEVER, DOES NOT touch the subject matter of the quotation. Will genius always express itself, regardless of obstacles? The poet says not. Did he mean what he wrote, or was he merely searching for a pleasing line?

I THINK THE POET IS RIGHT. In countless churchyards there lie the bodies of "village Hampdens" to whom the call never came for heroism beyond resistance to the "little tyrants of their fields," and who therefore remain unknown; poets and artists whose souls were filled with beauty, but who remained inarticulate because they could find no way in which to express the thoughts that were in them.

WHAT A WASTE OF FINE material! Perhaps. But it may be that beauty has more than one way of expressing itself, and that the thought that is denied expression in song, on canvas or in marble may yet help to beautify the life in which it originates and to irradiate the paths of others. Though its influence may be exerted in no spectacular way, and though the nature of that influence may be unrecognized, it may, nevertheless, be very real and very potent.

SKIING IS ASPORT WHICH, so far as I know, we have derived from Norway and Sweden. For practical purposes the ski is useful in that it distributes the weight of the wearer over a relatively lathe surface and enables him to travel with moderate ease over snow in which without some support he would flounder helplessly. For sporting purposes the ski fits itself naturally into the requirements of a hilly country, where slides of all heights and degrees of steepness are built by nature. The artificial slide is a sort of embellishment on what nature itself has provided.

THE INDIAN SNOWSHOE OF the webbed type was in use when white men first visited America, and is of unknown date. It distributes the weight of the wearer, but its width is a drawback, and it is not built for sliding. I have read somewhere that the game of lacrosse was originally played by the Indians in summer with webbed snowshoes, and that it was from this that the familiar modern lacrosse racquet was developed.

I MAY HAVE MENTIONED somewhere the "snow-snakes" used by the Six Nation Indians of the east. These were long, light sticks of hard wood, six or eight feet in length, perhaps three-quarters of an inch in diameter at the thickest part, tapering toward the tail, and with the forward end turned up slightly and carved into the image of a snake's head. These were so shaped that when thrown on ice or hard snow they would remain right side up and would slide for unbelievable distances. They were used in various winter games by the Indians. I have seen no record of their use anywhere else.

W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

W. P. DAVIES TALKS OF OTHER YEARS

GRASSHOPPERS have plagued mankind off and on at least ever since the days of Moses, and very often they have been exceedingly destructive. Experiments have been made with many methods of dealing with them, and authorities appear to have settled on poison as the most effective. The standard formula calls for a combination of poison with bran and molasses, and large quantities of this are to be distributed this spring.

That poisoning grasshoppers is not at all new is apparent from a letter which I have just received from Milo Walker, who has made several contributions to this column. Mr. Walker writes that in looking over some old books recently he came across one which he received many years ago as a premium with the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, and in that book he found instructions for making and using what was called the Griddle mixture for destroying grasshoppers. The recipe calls for one part Paris green and two parts salt mixed with 40 parts horse manure, with enough water to make reasonably soft. This is to be scattered about the fields in quantity according to the number of grasshoppers. It is said that the insects will be attracted by this mixture from a distance of 40 or 50 feet. The mixture is said to be most effective when fresh, but also to give good results after several weeks, even after being washed by rain.

IT WILL BE SEEN THAT THE essential feature of this, as well as of the method now generally recommended is the use of an arsenical poison in combination with more bulky material of a character likely to attract insects. It is interesting to learn that the practice now approved by scientific authorities who are supposed to have the last word on the subject is in principle the practice that was recommended in a book published more than 50 years ago and distributed by a Montreal newspaper.

MENTION OF THE FAMILY **Herald** and Weekly Star will strike a familiar note with many former residents of Canada. As the name implies, the publication was distinctly a family paper, and it was published weekly. Although published in Montreal, largely a French city, it appeared in the English language and it had a wide circulation in Ontario. It was read on the farms and in the villages where the daily could not reach, or where the cost of a daily made it an extravagance. It was, in effect a weekly magazine, containing a digest of the news of the week, a serial story, and departments on agriculture, the home, the church, and various other features. In many a family it was the only paper taken, and such families gained through it their only contact with the world outside of their immediate surroundings.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO ESTIMATE what the world owes to publications of that type. Not only in Canada, but all over this continent, rural communities were isolated. Railroads were few, and compared with income and other ordinary expenditures, travel was expensive. There were no automobiles, and no surface roads on which even buggies could travel more than 8 or 10 miles an hour. The telephone had not been invented and there was no such thing as rural mail delivery. To get his mail the farmer had to go to the postoffice, and often the trip was one not lightly to be undertaken.

UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES the arrival of a weekly paper containing plenty of miscellaneous reading was a godsend. Such papers were by no means confined to Canada, although it was those that I read. I have seen specimens of similar American publications which served a like purpose.

ONE AMERICAN Publication, of a somewhat different nature, which I recall distinctly, was the original American Agriculturist, founded by Orange Judd and for many years conducted by him in person. That was more distinctly an agricultural paper, although it contained a miscellaneous reading for the family, a children's department, and other features which made it very popular. The American Agriculturist has passed through many changes and has been merged with several other publications until it has lost its identity.

I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT there are now in North Dakota hundreds of people in whose families, in their early life, the Family Herald and Weekly Star was the only secular publication regularly received.

W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

W. P. DAVIES TALKS OF OTHER YEARS

Many of the older residents of Grand Forks will remember James Robinson, who preceded J. H. Griffin as division freight agent of the Great Northern in the good old days when Captain Jenks was superintendent of the division. In those days prices were sometimes low, and occasionally we worried about hard times and high taxes, but on the whole we enjoyed ourselves fairly well most of the times. Mr. Robinson left Grand Forks in 1910, and in the mean time he became assistant general freight agent of the Great Northern, with headquarters in St. Paul. I hadn't seen him for a good many years until we happened to meet the other day, and quite naturally, we swapped yarns, partly about some of the old Grand Forks people, and partly about earlier days back east, for we found that a had been neighbors in old Ontario.

Mr. Robinson came from Woodstock and I from Brantford, about 25 miles away. Among the other distinguished persons who hail from, that part of the country is Aimee Semple MacPherson, who lived near Ingersoll, while Hulda Minthorn, mother of Herbert Hoover, was born near Norwich, a village close by. Jim Quirk, a sprinter who once held the world's record for the 100 yard dash, lived in Brantford, and long after he had retired from the track, was mysteriously murdered there in the barn belonging to the hotel operated by his brother-in-law, Fred Westbrook, who had been Forepaugh's trick bicycle rider in the days of the high front wheel.

Neither Robinson nor I knew all these celebrities, but we know of all of them, and of many more. We both knew, too, of the Benwell murder case, one of the most celebrated in Canada, and Mr. Robinson had special reason to remember it. Benwell, a young English remittance man with considerable money in his possession, was lured into a swamp near Woodstock by a villain whose name we have both forgotten on the pretext that he was to be shown a fine livery stable which he had expected to buy. In the swamp he was brutally murdered and robbed. The murderer was arrested, tried, convicted and hanged, all in short order, but the case was the sensation of the day because of the evidence of cold-blooded deliberation with which the murder was planned and of the suspicion, never verified, that several other missing remittance men had met their fate at the same hands.

Mr. Robinson's recollection of that case is especially keen because as a farm boy he had worked in the swamp where the murder was committed. After the execution he visited the cell in which the murderer had been confined. The walls were covered with pictures drawn by the murderer, who had considerable artistic talent, and who had amused himself in that way while awaiting execution.

In the early days of the province the main highway through that section of Ontario from east to west was the "Governor's road," which was well built, partly gravelled and partly planked, and which, built as a private enterprise, was operated as a toll road. Mr. Robinson's father kept the toll gate at a point near Woodstock. On busy days as many as 20 rigs would pass through the gate. A year or two ago Mr. Robinson visited the old home neighborhood. He found that the old toll gate had disappeared, and that the Governor's road had become a paved highway carrying the bulk of the traffic between Toronto and Niagara Falls and Detroit. A brother whom he visited told him that a recent check over the road showed that 7,000 to 8,000 automobiles were passing daily. That is how the movement of people had changed in some sixty years.

It was on the old Great Western railway of Canada that Mr. Robinson had his first railway experience. From there he moved to northern Michigan, and in the eighties he started in as a station agent on the Great Northern, then the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba. It was in 1885, while he was in the Sault Ste Marie territory, that Reil's second rebellion in the Canadian northwest took place. Troops were hurried from the east to quell the uprising, but the railroad north of Lake Superior was only partly completed, and the soldiers had to cover the gaps on foot. It became Mr. Robinson's job to arrange facilities for such transfer, which was no normal job because of the rugged nature of the country. Port Arthur was then the jumping off place, and no Nevada mining town had anything on Port Arthur for wildness and wooliness. Construction men coming in on the last boat of the season with a season's wages in their belts were drugged, black-jacked and robbed, and, with winter coming on, were obliged to set out on foot, penniless, for the nearest construction camp, scores of miles away.

THAT REMINDS ME

W. P. DAVIES TALKS OF OTHER YEARS

MRS. LOUISE B. PAIR, AGED 80, of Oslo, Minn., sends in a clipping giving an account of the provision made by Mayor James M. Curley, of Boston, for the poor of his city several generations hence. Mayor Curley recently insured his life for \$102,000, the income from this sum to be paid to his four children during their lifetime. After the death of the last of the heirs the capital sum is to be invested and the interest compounded for 200 years. At the end of that time the accumulated sum, which it is calculated will reach more than \$45,000,000, will earn close to \$2,000,000 a year, and this annual income is to be devoted to the care of Boston's unemployed.

MRS. PAIR WRITES THAT she and Mayor Curley taught school four miles apart in the province of Quebec, in what year is not stated.

M. H. GRAHAM, PUBLISHER of the Devils Lake Journal, pays a high tribute in an editorial in his paper to Thomas P. McCarthy, who for 12 years served as the Journal's editorial writer and associate editor. The death of Tom McCarthy brought a pang of sorrow to newspaper people all over the state who not only appreciated the quality of his work but had come to entertain a warm friendship for the man.

THERE HAVE BEEN Greater actors and greater singers than Chauncey Olcott, but few men who have occupied the stage have touched the emotions of hearers as effectively as he did. He was a welcome visitor to Grand Forks in the old days, and here, as elsewhere, it was his singing of Irish melodies that warmed the hearts and moistened the eyes of his hearers. Failing health compelled his retirement from the stage years ago, although he was still heard occasionally in concert. As he lay breathing his last an anniversary dear to Irish hearts was being celebrated all over the world, and it was while the air was still filled with the echoes of "My Wild Irish Rose," "Mother Machree," and other songs which he had sung so often that his soul took its flight.

IN RESPONSE TO THE RE-quest of S. A. J., of Park River, A. C. N. of Oslo, sends in the text of the poem, "My Mother," as follows:

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast, And hushed me in her arms to rest
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed? My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye, Who was it sung sweet lullaby
And rocked me that I should not cry? My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head
When sleeping in my cradle bed, And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye, And wept for fear that I should die?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell, And would some pretty story tell,
And kissed the part to make it well? My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray, To love God's holy word and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way? my mother.

And can I ever cease to be Affectionate and kind to thee
Who was so very kind to me? My mother.

Oh, no, the thought I cannot bear; And if God please my life to spare
I hope I shall reward thy care, My mother.

When thou art feeble, old and gray,
My healthy arms shall be thy stay, And I will soothe thy pains away,
My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'twill be my turn to watch thy bed, And tears of sweet affection shed.
My mother.

THE POEM APPEARS IN THE Ontario Second Reader of 1885, a copy of which I have received from Mrs. John L. Bomstead of Grand Forks. It is credited there to Ann Taylor. —W. P. DAVIES.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

MRS. WILLIAM GILES Reminds me that the man who murdered Benwell in the swamp near Woodstock, Ont., many years ago, was named Birchall. Now the name comes back to me and I think I have the correct spelling. In that connection there is a yarn which was told long ago as the truth while the Benwell murder was the sensation of the day, and Birchall was in prison, a stranger registered at a little Wingham hotel as "Birchall." Another man looking over the register noticed "the name. At the moment the two men were alone in the room. The second man said: "I see your name's Birchall. Are you the man that killed Benwell?"

Birchall looked cautiously around the room, and, approaching the other, and lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper, asked:

"Did anyone see you come in here?" "No."

"Then nobody will see you go out," said Birchall, threateningly, whereupon the other made for the door and kept going until he was out of sight. The two Birchalls were not connected in any way, but the name had fearsome suggestions.

A NOTE IN THE PERSONAL column of the Empire Record, published by the New York Federation of Music clubs will interest some of the older residents of North Dakota. The paragraph announces the forthcoming presentation, on February 26, of Pauline Winslow in a special program before the Congressional club of Washington, D. C. The item of special interest to North Dakotans is that the young pianist was to be introduced by Mrs. William N. Roach, widow of the late senator from North Dakota.

SENATOR ROACH Represented North Dakota in the upper house of congress from 1893 to 1899. He was a resident of Larimore, and in the early years he had established the mail route over the Fort Totten trail, which ran from Grand Forks by way of Larimore and Stump lake to Fort Totten. He was one of the leading Democrats of the state, and his election to the senate by a strongly Republican [legislature was due to the inability of the Republican majority to get together on a candidate. Several of the Republicans were on the point of throwing their votes to Col. John D. Benton, of Fargo, another outstanding Democrat, when by a coup of the sort for which he was famed, Senator Jud La-Moure rounded up enough votes to insure the election of Roach. The election of Roach gave the Democrats the majority of one- which they needed to control the United States senate.

IN A LETTER FROM HIS home in California, O. A. Webster commends a recent Herald editorial in which the donation of 40,-000,000 bushels of Farm board wheat was criticized. Mr. Webster is not in sympathy with the tendency to shift all our burdens upon congress. Also, it is evident that he keeps pretty closely in touch with things in the old home town.

A CLIPPING FROM THE Lakota American reproduces an account of a fire at Bartlett which appeared in the Grand Forks Plain-dealer on May 17, 1883. About that time Bartlett, like most of the other new towns, had county seat ambitions. Because of uncertainty as to county lines the town was supposed to be in Nelson county, but the legislature finally established the line where it now is, placing Bartlett in Ramsey county. Devils Lake had the inside track for county honors in Ramsey county and the hopes of Bartlett were blasted.

THE FIRE WHICH WAS Reported at that time was a disastrous one, destroying a score of buildings in the heart of the village. The story of the fire was brought to Grand Forks by S. S. Titus, who had spent the night at Bartlett. Asleep in the hotel, he was aroused by the alarm of fire, and made his way hastily to the street.

NORTH DAKOTA HAD NOT yet become a state, and saloons operated under a legal license system. According to the published report several saloons and gambling houses were destroyed in the Bartlett fire, but the proprietors salvaged as much of their stocks and equipment as possible, and started up business on the street. It may be imagined that in a frontier village after a fire there would be a lively business in deal out liquid refreshments.

ANOTHER STRAY Newspaper paragraph which I have found says that fifteen antelope were seen in the immediate vicinity of Lakota on March 10, 1890. That must have been about the last herd of antelope seen in that part of the country. —W. P. DAVIES.

EASTER DIFFERS FROM some other festivals in being in its origin part Christian, part Hebrew and part pagan. There is nothing about Christmas, for instance, which is derived from the ancient Jewish customs or traditions. The occasion which brought Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem was not related to anything in the religion or history of their people. Their visit to that village was because of the taking of a census of the Roman empire, and the day which we celebrate is the nearest approximation to the anniversary of the birth of Jesus. Into our observance of it have been woven fragments of tribal customs in many lands associated with the winter solstice and the approach of the new year.

IN OUR OBSERVANCE OF Easter we commemorate the Resurrection, which gives to the day its special Christian significance. As the festival occurs in spring, there have been gathered around it many of the customs with which prehistoric and pagan peoples celebrated the advent of spring. Our method of fixing the date of the festival is that followed by the Israelites in fixing the date of their great Passover festival, and thus Easter is with us as a "movable festival."

IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO Understand why the custom of changing the calendar date of Easter became established. The early Christians were Jews. The Resurrection occurred immediately after the Passover. All their lives they had been accustomed to the shifting of the Passover date. Calendars at that time were confused and little understood. The Julian calendar had been established, but the people of the outlying provinces of the Roman empire knew little about it. It was most natural for the early Christians to associate all the events of Passion week with the Passover, and to continue to shift the date in accordance with the phases of the moon, in the manner to which they had been accustomed.

ONE EXPLANATION OF THE fixing of the date for the Passover in the early stages of the full moon is that this method was chosen in order that the wandering Israelites might have the benefit of moon light on the pilgrimages which they made across the desert in the years following the exodus from Egypt. Whatever the explanation, this method of fixing the time for the Passover and Easter has persisted until the present day.

EASTER FALLS ON THE first full moon on or after March 21. Thus it is possible for Easter to be as early as March 22 and as late as April 25. These are the extreme dates. This year's Easter, March 27, falls on a date which was last observed in 1921, and which will not occur again during the present century. So many variable factors are involved that there is no regular sequence in the occurrence of Easter except over such long periods that they do not come within the range of the ordinary lifetime. Thus, while there is an interval of only 11 years between the occurrence of the holiday twice on March 27, that date will not be observed again for several generations.

THERE IS CONSIDERABLE sentiment for a fixed date for Easter, and the desirability of such a plan seems to be generally recognized by religious bodies. Thus far there has been little progress toward united action, and it is recognized that united action will be necessary to prevent confusion.

IT APPEARS THAT MENTION of the Benwell murder case has recalled a number of things to several correspondents. William Stevenson, deputy county treasurer of Cavalier county, writes:

"SITTING READING YOUR 'That Reminds Me' column last night, I was much interested in your reminiscences with James Robinson and reading on until I came to the murder case of Benwell near Woodstock and the statement you made that both you and Robinson had forgotten the name of the murderer. If my memory serves me correctly his name was Birchell. I was living back in that part of the country at the time, and there are two murder cases that I can never forget and they are the Benwell and Birchell and the Donnelly family. I worked for a short time just a few miles from where the Donnelly murder took place. In fact I was but a lad, and when I found that I had located in that neighborhood it so troubled me that I could not sleep nights and had to leave. I am a Paris boy, and of course was naturally interested in events that happened so near home. I have seen our Hon. Judge Kneeshaw then plain Billy Kneeshaw lead his lacrosse team, the Brants of Paris against their old time rivals the Brantfords of Brantford and they sure were keen rivals."

ALSO A NOTE COMES FROM J. A. McCartney, of Larimore, to this effect:

"IN TODAY'S HERALD YOU mention the Benwell murder case of Woodstock, Ont. I remember this case very well, and the name of the murderer was J. R. Burchel, you gentlemen no doubt will recall this name.

"After Burchel was sentenced to be hanged he wrote a song about the crime he had committed. I remember lines of this:

"My name is J. R. Burchel
This name I will never deny; For the murder of F—Benwell
On the scaffold I must die."

"My father was born near Woodstock, Ont., and went west with the first C. P. R. colony to the Edmonton, Alta, country in 1892."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THEJ spelling of the murderer's name vary, but one form answers the purpose as well as another I didn't know that the fellow was addicted to versification. Judging from the above sample he ought to have been hanged, anyway.

—W. P. DAVIES.

THAT THERE IS NOTHING new under the sun is often alleged and as often denied. To the statement there may perhaps be applied the remark of the old philosopher with a taste for intellectual subtleties that "all generalizations, including this one, are false." At any rate, a great many things which seem to us now are quite similar to many of the things that have gone before, among them, depression, unemployment, drouth and need for relief.

North Dakota is not having its first experience with drouth. Like every other part of the country it has no more than one occasion suffered in spots from lack of rain. In the very year when North Dakota entered upon statehood crops in several counties failed because of drouth and the succeeding winter was one of great hardship for the residents of those counties.

ROLETTE, PIERCE, BENSON, Bottineau and Cavalier counties were the., worst sufferers, and many of the farmers in those counties were left short of food for themselves and feed for their stock, and they had no money with which to buy. Help had to be obtained from outside, and, as on all similar occasions, those who had goods to spare shared generously with those who were in need.

H. T. HELGESEN OF MILTON, afterward representative in congress, was at that time state commissioner of agriculture, and upon him fell the responsibility of organizing the relief work that was urgently needed. Local relief agencies were not then organized as they have since become, but voluntary groups were formed in all the districts where crops had been good, and the work of these was arranged and coordinated by Mr. Helgesen so that the work of relief might be carried forward in the most effective way. Gifts of food, clothing and feed for stock were collected and forwarded to the stricken counties, and money was provided for the purchase of necessaries.

RELIEF WORK WAS carried on effectively during the winter, but still there were the spring and summer to be faced before another crop could be reaped. The facts were reported to the Red Cross with a view to obtaining aid from that organization if further assistance should be needed, and a survey was made by agents of the society. In a letter to Mr. Helgesen Clara Barton, revered founder of the American Red Cross, and at that time the responsible head of the society, expressed her views of the situation. The unfortunate plight of the residents of the drouth area was fully recognized, as was the need for continued aid. The Red Cross, said Miss Barton, stood ready to assist, whenever the situation could not be handled locally. She gave high praise to the manner in which the work had been conducted thus far, and said that she did not believe that at any time it would be necessary for the Red Cross to place its own agents in the field, as local organizations were conducting the work as well as it could be done

IISF CLOSING HER LETTER Miss Barton has a bit of counsel in these words:

"IT IS WISER TO SEND money, that can be used on the ground under the direction of the state officials assigned to that duty, than to spend it in purchasing goods or other articles of supplies that may be better and more properly obtained with cash in the hands of those who know where it is most needed."

THUS, MORE THAN FORTY years ago North Dakota was passing through an experience quite similar to that of the present. Drouth had ruined the crops of the settlers in a large area and rendered the people there temporarily dependent on the generosity of those who had not been so afflicted. Goods and money were liberally contributed for the assistance of those in trouble. State and local machinery was organized to take care of the work.

IT IS TRUE THAT Settlement in the affected counties was sparse, so that fewer families were affected than now. But it is also true that there were fewer and smaller resources elsewhere in the state upon which to draw. The people of the state stood by each other then as they are doing now.

A FRIEND HAS BEEN Telling me about the remarkable achievement of a friend of his in a job about which he knew nothing whatever. The young man's first name was John, and his other name does not matter. He held a minor military position which I shall not attempt to describe, because military titles and things of that sort get me all tangled up.

John was enjoying a furlough, and, as he suspected that he was about to be recalled, he moved from place to place, taking care to send his address to headquarters just before leaving, and not to send a forwarding address. Thus he kept ahead of the recall order for some time, and when at last he did report he found his commanding officer ready to burst with indignation. After a few appropriate remarks the C. O. asked "What do you know about concrete?" John replied that in a general way he understood that concrete was made of a mixture of sand, gravel, cement and water, but in what proportions he did not know. "That makes no difference," said the C. O. "I'm sending you down to a re-vestment job on the Arkansas river. Maybe you'll learn something. Report immediately to So-and-so."

JOHN REPORTED TO SO-AND-so, a bluff, grumpy individual, who also demanded "What do you know about concrete?" "Not a damned thing," was the answer. "Fine," said So-and-so. "You're just the man I want. They've been sending me a lot of men who think they know all about concrete, and I can't tell 'em anything. If your head's empty to start with maybe I can get something into it. Take these blue prints and study them."

JOHN STUDIED THE BLUE prints, but beyond the fact that they were principally blue he could not find much meaning in them. However, after his superior thought that he had made some progress he was ordered to take charge of a section of construction work along the river. John went to look over his job, and there he found a big fellow who looked like a boss of some sort. John approached him and found that he was the superintendent. After sizing his man up John said: "I'm the officer in charge. I don't know the first thing about this kind of stuff. If you want to put over anything on me can tell you right now that you can do it without any trouble at all.

Now what are we going to do about it?"

"IT'S UP TO YOU," SAID THE superintendent. "I know concrete and how to handle it. The trouble is that they've been sending us a lot of greenhorns who don't know anything and who haven't sense enough to let things alone. They change plans and specifications on us and get us all mixed up, and what they do to the jobs is a crime now if you want to let me alone and have me go ahead and do a real job, I'll do it." "Go to it," said John.

THE WORK PROGRESSED finely. The superintendent had things all his own way. John looked things over occasionally, approved everything that was done, and presently turned in his report on the completed work. Then the rains descended and the floods came and things began to break loose. When it was over John's section of the revetment stood staunch and true, while all the neighboring sections had crumbled and gone down stream. John got a letter from the secretary of war warmly commending his work and the ability which he had shown in getting it done.

I SUPPOSE THE MORAL OF all this is that if you don't know anything yourself it's a pretty good plan to let somebody who does know go ahead and do the job.

MINSTREL SHOWS WERE popular entertainments in the old days, and every little while a local talent company would attempt to improve on the work of Haverly, Primrose and Dockstader and the other top-notchers. On March 9, 1890, there was given a minstrel performance by the Knights of Pythias, and in the cast were a number of men whose names were once familiar.

HEADING THE CAST AS Interlocutor was W. L. Wilder, Will Lycan and Hill rattled the bones and Bob Slaughter and Bobby Boyd manipulated the tambourines. Other members were Fred Griffin, Frank Kent, George Knight, E. C. Cooper, O. B. Lundy, I. Steen, R. A. Sprague, Fred Victoria, and a person who appeared on the bills as Sig. Geo. Augustus, which may or may not have been his real name.

AMONG THE NUMBERS which were said to be especially pleasing were cornet solos by Julius Levy, character sketches by Bobby Boyd, zylophone numbers by F. Edwin Ripley, song and dance numbers by Slaughter and Boyd, and songs by the quartet consisting of Hill, Lycan, Boyd and Dow. Few of that group are now living, and of the number I think only Frank Kent now lives in Grand Forks. W. P. DAVIES,

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF this column I am finding a lot of old Canadian neighbors, most of whom I have never seen. When James Robinson, of the Great Northern, recalled the Benwell murder near Woodstock he got a lot of those Canadians started, and I have had several more letters from former Ontario men who recall that murder because of its unusual features. One of these letters is from Neil McDougall, of Omeme, who recalls details of the case which I and many others had forgotten. It appears from Mr. McDougall's account that F. D. Benwell, the man who was murdered, was not strictly a remittance man, but a young man whom Reginald Birchell had induced to accompany him from England on the pretext of arranging for him a profitable investment in a livery stable property. A friend of Benwell accompanied him to Canada, but Birchell started a quarrel between the two which resulted in their separation. The friend went to Manitoba, and Benwell was left at the mercy of the man who was plotting his murder.

DURING THE WEEKS WHILE the two were in company Birchell learned to imitate Benwell's writing. The man was clever with a pen, and when he had made an imitation which suited him he forged a letter to Benwell's father in England, describing the valuable property which he was purchasing and asking that money be forwarded at once for payment.

WITH THIS PART OF THE plot carried out Birchell induced Benwell to accompany him into the Drumbo swamp near Woodstock and there shot him. Carefully removing from the dead man's clothing all marks of identification he covered the body with brush and left it to await the arrival of the money which he expected.

TWO ACCIDENTS UPSET THE plan to the preparation and working out many weeks of time had been given. First, the dead body was discovered shortly after the murder by a local man who happened to pass through the swamp. of, itself might not have been fatal to Birchell, but there was found near by a cigar case bearing the name of F. C. Benwell, with his English address. The cigar case had dropped from Benwell's pocket when he fell, and the murderer had overlooked it. Thus there was provided a trail which led direct to Birchell, who was soon made to pay the penalty of his crime on the gallows.

J. E. MULHOLLAND, WHO WAS born near Hamilton, Ont., writes that he lived in Ontario at the time of this murder and he remembers it well. His recollection is that Osier and Blackstock, two famous Toronto lawyers took part in the trial. Mr. Mulholland also mentions the Donnelly murder near London, in which seven members of one family were murdered at one time. The Donnelly case was one of wholesale brutality, but it has not in it the elements of refined melodrama which characterized the Benwell case.

OF SOME OTHER MATTERS that have appeared here Mr. McDougall writes:

"THOSE POEMS THAT WERE asked for, 'Bingen on the Rhine,' 'Edinburgh After Flodden,' 'Lucy Gray,' 'Wreck of the Hesperus,' and many others—we were required to commit them all to memory, and the youngster who fell down on the job, it was just too bad for him. We got what education we could at the end of a rod, and sometimes the rod got so close that we were made to feel very uncomfortable.

"THOSE TRIMMINGS WE Received made us tough, if nothing else. We did but very little quarreling, but a lot of fighting. If you couldn't fight you were unworthy of your ancestors. I took part in a fight that lasted one round and wasted through the noon hour less the time it took to eat. When it was over our faces were skinned and bruised. No two roosters ever looked worse after a fight. The remarkable thing was that we were good friends before the fight and afterward, as long as I was in that country."

IT MUST NOT BE INFERRED from Mr. McDougall's letter or others statements that have been published that school life in the east was all flogging and fighting. Those were the rather spectacular features, upon which it is interesting to dwell—at long range. There were some good teachers, and sometimes the pupils buckled right down and studied, because they liked it. —W. P. DAVIES.