

IT SEEMS THAT SEVERAL sentences, or parts of sentences, have been used as aids in the proper placing of the names of presidents. Thus Fred Ormiston of Park River writes of a formula with which he can now recall only a few words in the middle: "Van Buren had trouble, plenty to find," the initials of which, of course, after Van Buren, stand for Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor and Fillmore. Another correspondent who wishes to be anonymous, sends in which is partly in verse, as follows: "When a joke makes me a joker, Van has a poke the fiery poker, but let jokes go, hurry, George, and come home." That takes one through Harrison, and an addition would be necessary to provide for the rest of the presidents.

PERSONALLY I NEVER CAME across one of those aids while I was learning the names of the presidents. I got at it by grouping them. The first five were easy, as being directly associated with either the revolution or the constitutional convention, and it was easy to remember that the Monroe doctrine was proclaimed just a little before 1820, which made Monroe the last of that group. Then it was not difficult to remember that John Quincy Adams became president by the skin of his teeth, and to associate Jackson and Van Buren with him. "Tippecanoe and Taylor too," fixed the places of Harrison and Tyler, and Polk was the Mexican war president. Taylor became president because of his services in the Mexican war, died during his term of office and was succeeded by the vice president, Fillmore. That left only Pierce and Buchanan to bring the thing up to the Civil War period, and after that it became a matter of current history.

MRS. ALLEN PINKERTON, whose funeral was held at Langdon on Monday, was one of the outstanding pioneer women of Cavalier county. A native of Quebec, she came to North Dakota a girl of 18 to join a married sister at Fargo and soon moved with the family to Cooperstown, where she was married. In 1885 she and her husband went to Langdon, traveling on a construction train, and for nearly forty years Langdon was her home. During those years she was an earnest worker in every movement for social and intellectual betterment and a helpful friend to many in distress. It was entirely appropriate that among those who carried her remains to the grave should have been several who, as young men had been members of her Sunday school class who had felt the influence of her fine character. Mr. and Mrs. Pinkerton lived in Grand Forks for about a year, moving last year to a farm near Petersburg, where Mrs. Pinkerton died.

SEVERAL FRIENDS HAVE asked me how the tulips have been getting on during these recent days of alternating warmth and bitter cold. They're doing nicely, thank you. For weeks the earth around them has been bare, except for an occasional quarter-inch of snow that has covered them one day, to disappear next day. And during those weeks of changeable weather the little spikes of pale green that show up all along the row have been holding their own, and doing just a little better. On cold day; they are at a standstill. Then on a warm day they gain a small fraction of an inch. Naturally all that shows above ground freezes solid, but they don't seem to mind it a bit. Their ways are thoroughly mysteriously to me, but intensely interesting.

AS SPRING APPROACHES flower gardeners are often in doubt whether to plant seeds of tender annuals in boxes indoors and then transplant the little plants into the garden, or wait until warm weather and sow the seed out of doors. Many of the plants which are commonly started indoors will bloom freely if the seed is planted outside after danger from frost is over. But they will not bloom quite so early as if started inside and properly handled. The time that is gained by early starting is often lost in the later treatment of the plants. If young plants are allowed to crowd each other they will be weak and spindly. If moved to individual pots and allowed to become root-bound their growth will be checked. If they are transplanted carelessly it may take them weeks to recover from the shock. But if suitable treatment is given there is a gain of from two weeks to a month from starting many varieties inside, and time is important in our short summers.

IT IS SELDOM THAT ONE heard from a former resident of Grand Forks who has been so completely out of touch with the city for so many years as Charles H. Shephard seems to have done. Writing from Westfield, Mass., to the Chamber of Commerce asking for a road map of North Dakota, Mr. Shephard, who left Grand Forks before I arrived, recalls the city as he knew it in the following letter: "As a boy I lived in your city, leaving there in November, 1888. I remember the city a lot, and would like to see it again sometime. My father proved up a claim at the lower end of the Narrows of Devils Lake, where we children went in 1884.

"Is the Herald or Plaindealer still published? If so will you please send me a copy? I used to deliver them both, and, too, was the boy who sold the Chicago News, St. Paul Dispatch and Minneapolis Journal. 'Those were the happy days.'

"WHO IN TOWN REMEMBERS the setter dog King that used to be out in front of the band's drum major barking his heart out? He was my dog, and Mr. Hunter, who, I believed, published the Herald, gave him to me. I with my high bicycle and the dog were familiar figures. I'm not 'nutty, as you may suppose, but just refuse to grow up. I'll drop in on you some day and tell you about the Grand Forks of fifty years ago. At that time you had no governor troubles. Don't let that bother you in these times much."

THE "MR. HUNTER" TO whom Mr. Shephard refers was C. R. Hunter, a brother of A. I. Hunter, who was business manager of the Herald until his death in 1892. The drum major was undoubtedly Col. W. H. Brown, who, once seen in his resplendent uniform, would never be forgotten. Few youngsters of today have ever seen a "high bicycle" in action, unless, perhaps, on a vaudeville program. But back in 1888 every bike had the big front wheel and little rear wheel. The "safety" or low-wheeled type, made its appearance perhaps two or three years later and was regarded with disdain by most riders as a sissy sort of contraption, suitable only for old people and invalids. Bicycle riding was by no means unalloyed pleasure. There wasn't a foot of pavement in town. The streets were rough in dry weather and muddy when it rained, and mud from them was tracked onto the few plank sidewalks, which made them a greasy mess in wet weather. Still, as Mr. Shephard says, "those were the happy days," although there were elderly persons then who were sure that the country had already gone to the dogs and who deplored the frivolity of youth and the departure from ancient standards.

FROM A GROUP OF LETTERS relating to "The New Church Organ," recently published in this column the following from Mrs. G. W. Mowris is selected as it was the first to arrive:

"THE NEW CHURCH Organ" is by Will Carleton and was published in an illustrated volume called "Farm Ballads," a collection of poems by the same author. I remember it contained beside the one mentioned "Betsey and I Are Out," "Betsey and I Made Up," "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," and the laughable poem of the shock-headed, dumb and worthless country boy whose father brought him to the newspaper office as he was proven a failure in everything else, to "make an editor outen him."

"I have not seen a copy for twenty-five years, but imagine many are in existence."

OTHER LETTERS RELATING to "The New Church Organ" and its author are held for later mention. While I have no recollection of that poem, the others mentioned by Mrs. Mowris were very familiar years ago, as they were standard selections for recitation. A sequel to "Over the Hills to the Poor-house" under some such title as "Back from the Poorhouse," was written, but whether or not by Carleton I do not know. Writing in a somewhat different vein, Carleton was as popular in his own way as was James Whitcomb Riley.

PUBLICATION OF "THE NEW Church Organ" by Will Carleton has recalled to Mrs. Leslie Ryan Grand Forks reminiscences of the author, who although a Michigan man, is often grouped with the "Hoosier writers who have made Indiana famous. Summarizing published facts about him Mrs. Ryan writes "Will Carleton was born at Hudson, Michigan, in October, 1845 and graduated from Hillsdale college in 1869. Shortly after graduating he took to journalism and to the writing of 'ballads' of farm and domestic life which won him wide popularity. His published work included 'Farm Legends,' 'Farm Festivals,' 'Rhymes of Our Planet,' and 'Young Folks' 'Centennial Rhymes.'

THE TWO VOLUMES 'FARM Balads' from which 'The New Church Organ' is taken, and 'Farm Legends were perhaps the best known. They were particular favorites in our home, and my father often read aloud from them. They may not have been 'great' poems, yet they had a swing and rhythm which made them liked by everyone Carleton had a homely sense of humor. Some of the verses were filled with pathos, such as 'Over the Hill to the Poorhouse' and 'Bob, the Pauper.' On the bookshelves at home they shared honors with the words of standard American poets, Longfellow, Whittier and the rest, as well as Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' and the novels of Wilkie Collins, even though they did not come in the same classification.

"TO ME WILL CARLETON was a person of a great deal of importance because he chanced to be the first 'author' I ever heard read his own verses. Although his home was only a short distance across the state line, when he came to deliver a 'lecture'—and incidentally read — (or recite, as it was then called) from his books, it was a real occasion for the little Indiana college town. I sat as close to the front row as possible, so that not a word or gesture would escape me! I was just a very small girl, but the thrill experienced that night is still fresh in my memory. And besides, Carleton seemed all the more wonderful because the mother of one of my closest friends had been a classmate of his at Hillsdale. Even in the days when life was simpler than it is today the students of the college were impressed by something that took place every Saturday night. The mother of Will Carleton, dressed in calico, and wearing a sunbonnet, drove in from her farm home to take her son to spend 'the Sabbath' in the country, bringing him back to the campus for classes early on Monday morning. They made the trip by wagon."

SEVERAL OTHER Correspondents have supplied information as to the authorship of "The New Church Organ," and Rev. H. P. Cooper, of Enderlin, and old Grand Forks man, forwards a printed copy of the poem, which contains three stanzas which were omitted from the copy published here some days ago. For the convenience of those who may wish to preserve the poem and may not have access to it the missing stanzas are given as follows:

AND SISTER BROWN — I

could but look— She sits right in front of me; She never was no singin'-book,
And never meant to be; But then she alway tried to do The best she could, she said; She understood the time
right
through,
An' kep' it with her head; But when she tried this mornin'
oh, I had to laugh or cough!

And Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,

As one might well suppose; He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose. He looked his hymn-book through and through
And laid it on the seat, And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat. An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise; But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister good an' true.

For five-an'-thirty year; I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayer my duty clear; But Death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track; And some day I to church will go,
And never more come back; And when the folks gets up to sing,
Whene'er that time shall be— I do not want no patent thing
A squealin' over me.

BEATRICE LILLIE WAS TO give over the radio last Friday night what the announcement said what was to be a cockeyed version of "David Copperfield" under the title "David Copperhead," and it was said that the thing was to be done "with apologies to Charles Dickens." Dickens has been dead some time, and apologies will do him no good. It, might not be a bad idea to apologize to some of those of us who are living and don't relish having "Copperfield" burlesqued. I didn't hear the presentation, one reason being that I was listening to the basketball game. I haven't a thing in the world against Beatrice, who is a clever and capable actress, but I hope most devoutly that her burlesque was a flop.

OF COURSE THE NEW YORK Times would not be so impolite as to criticize even indirectly anything said or done by the First Lady of the Land. We must attribute to coincidence, therefore, the fact that immediately after the publication of the interview in which the First Lady declared herself "perturbed" by the Hauptmann verdict because it was based on circumstantial evidence, the Times came out with an editorial patiently explaining the meaning and effect of circumstantial evidence, and showing how such evidence may be more trustworthy than what is known as direct evidence. The editorial quotes a sentence from Thoreau, who wrote: "Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk."

The editorial makes no reference to Mrs. Roosevelt. Of course not. The editor just happened to be moved to write it at that particular time. Ain't coincidence wonderful?

THEY TURNED BACK THE clock over at Bismarck for a few minutes the other day to give the senate a chance to catch up with the house on the disposal of bills originated. Two years ago the last I have wondered often how and where that interesting practice originated. Two years ago the last legislative day of the session lasted several days by the almanac, but I suppose somebody kept the record straight by turning back the clock hour after hour, and the fiction was maintained that the session closed as provided by law on the 60th day. Presumably the courts are not inclined to be severely critical if the last day of the session is lengthened somewhat in order to dispose of unfinished business, but just what the clock has to do with it has never been quite clear. Suppose they didn't have a clock, or suppose it wouldn't go.

A WEEK OR SO AGO I Mentioned a memory expert who performed some remarkable feats before service clubs and other bodies, and who conducted classes in memory methods. After the publication of the paragraph a man who knows all about it told me that during the few days of his stay in Grand Forks that expert gathered up over \$1,000 in fees, which he took away with him. "Was the memory of the community improved?" the local man was asked. "Not so that anyone could notice it," was the reply.

IN THAT CONNECTION IT IS recalled that some time after the visit of the expert to Grand Forks a bankers' publication contained an article warning the public to beware of an escaped convict who was traveling about the country posing as a memory expert. The methods used by this person, which were described, tallied closely with those of the man who had visited Grand Forks, and his picture which was published in the magazine, bore a striking resemblance to the man who had operated so thriftily here.

IN AN ARTICLE IN "Liberty" Ed. W. Smith, veteran sports writer, tells how John L. Sullivan was beaten by Hermann Oelrichs, prominent New York society man, while he was still heavyweight champion of the world. The fight is said to have been held 'secretly' in the carriage house of a Long Island estate in September, 1887, some five years before Sullivan lost the title to Corbett. The bout was witnessed by 100 spectators, fifty of whom were invited by each of the contestants and paid \$100 each for the privilege. The winner took, in all, \$22,500 for the job. Sullivan had boasted that he could whip the amateur in three rounds, but at the end of the tenth he confessed himself beaten.

WHAT DOES A BOY CARRY in his pockets? A small boy's mother expressed curiosity on that subject. Noticing the lad's pockets weighted down and bulging, she asked "What in the world have you in your pockets, Jimmy?" "Junk," responded Jimmy, making the answer all-inclusive in one syllable. A boy carried junk in his pockets, and to him junk is necessary and precious. Why does he carry it? Nobody knows. What does he do with it? He carries it. Perhaps he trades it off for other junk owned by some other boy, but regardless of the hows and whys, it is an important feature in his scheme of living.

MARK TWAIN HAD THE right idea when he described the assortment of useless and precious treasures which Tom Sawyer collected from the other boys in exchange for whitewashing privileges. Harry Lauder gives evidence that he has not forgotten what it is to be a boy when he produced from his pockets that amazing collection which includes "a thing for makin' noises with" and "a thing for lookin' through," but through which nothing can be seen when one does look through it.

A BOYS' CLUB IN NEW YORK has undertaken a serious study of the contents of pockets. It has frisked all its members and listed the contents of their pockets. The result indicates that the New York 'boy does not differ greatly in the variety and catholicity of his tastes from the boy of Hannibal, Missouri, or the boy of Grand Forks. Objects of almost every conceivable kind were found—bits of string, broken penholders, knives without blades, glass stoppers, and in actual cash an average of 1.9 cents per boy, and another average of eight-tenths of a handkerchief. The object of the survey is not stated, but whatever it is, it will be as useful and enlightening as are many of the surveys conducted by older persons.

YEARS AGO A WRITER evolved the theory that the state of civilization which a people has attained is measured by the number of its pockets. *He undertook to prove the soundness of his theory by citing particular cases. The African savage, he said, has no pockets—not even one. Through Egypt, Turkey and the Balkans, the writer traced the evolution of pockets, until he came to western Europe and America, with fourteen pockets per man. Women are not greatly addicted to pockets, and I don't remember whether or not the writer drew from this fact the conclusion that women are uncivilized beings. Most distinctly I decline to subscribe to any such belief. I'm taking no chances.

THE WORDS "JUST GO" seem to have been omitted from the published text of the sentences supplied by Mrs. L. A. Evanson as aids in placing the names of the presidents in their proper order. They stand respectively for Johnson and Grant.

K. P. NAPPEN OF LANKIN sends in another list of sentences used for the same purpose which he memorized while at school. His contribution runs:

"Washington and Jefferson made many a joke; Van Buren had trouble plenty to find poor banknote. Let Johnson go home grieving and crying, 'Hard cash money rules the world. How can Hoover return?'"

The last few words have been added by Mr. Nappen himself to bring the series up to date.

THE POEM ABOUT THE OLD man who built a bridge for the youth who might pass that way is often quoted. Another, carrying the same sentiment, has been treasured for many years by Dr. Charles MacLacklan, of San Haven. Its authorship is unknown to him, and it came to him without title. With the title which he has given it the little poem is as follows:

ROYALTY IN BAGS.

Ragged, uncomely, old and gray A woman walked in a crowded town
And through the throng as she
wound her way One saw her loiter and then stoop
 down Putting something away in her old
 torn gown.

"You're hiding a jewel," a watcher cried
Ah! that was her heart had the truth been known
"What have you stolen?" he asked again.
Then the dim eyes filled with sudden pain,

And under the flickering light of
 the gas She shewed him her gleanings, "It's
 broken glass." She said, "I hae lifted up frae the
 street To be pot o' the way o' the bairnies'
 feet."

Under the fluttering rags astir 'Twas a loyal heart that lovingly
beat. Would that the world had more
like her
Smoothing the road for its bairnies' feet. —(Anonymous.)

IN EVIDENCE OF THE FACT that it is possible to tell an important story in a few words we are often reminded that the whole story of creation was told, and told quite well, in just a few dozen words. Persons interested in the exact number are referred to the first chapter of old book called Genesis, which is really quite worth reading. While the biblical story of creation is a marvel of conciseness, probably more words have since been devoted to that subject than to any other, and the end is not yet. The history of the Dionne quintuplets is another example of conciseness extending itself into prolixity. Although those infants are only a few months old, hundreds of columns have appeared everywhere, medical journals have teemed with discussions of their case, a hospital has been built for their personal use and a government has assumed guardianship of them. Yet the first written chapter in their history consists of just four words, written in the notebook of an obscure country doctor, thus:

"Oliva Dionne—5 F."

THAT WAS THE ENTRY—NOT quite one word per baby—which Dr. Dafoe made that morning last May after assisting in an event which was to startle the world. He had recorded merely in cryptic form the fact that he had made a call at the home of one Oliva Dionne and that there had been born five female infants. That casual entry is described by Ernest Lynn, a newspaper correspondent who had been musing around in the north country and enjoyed a visit with the doctor.

THE CORRESPONDENT ALSO reveals the shocking fact that those five helpless infants were actually dosed with rum for some time after their birth. Time after time it seemed certain that one or other of the little hearts would stop beating, but when one of the frail little bodies became tinged with blue, rum would be administered, half a drop or a drop at a time, and the life stream would again flow freely. "Why rum?" asked the correspondent. Because, it was explained, rum was the only alcoholic stimulant at hand. Brandy or whisky would have answered the purpose just as well.

PRESS DISPATCHES HAVE told that legal proceedings were contemplated by the parents of the quintuplets to have the guardianship of the Ontario government cancelled and themselves reinstated in control of the children and the considerable sum—said to be more than \$100,000, which had been donated for their 'benefit. The mother is quoted as complaining that the little ones are being kept apart from their five brothers and sisters, and that it is not fair that half of the family should be reared in luxury and the other half in comparative poverty.

THAT IS A RATHER Appealing note, and back of it, it may be suspected, is the guidance of a skillful lawyer who knows how to find the tender spot in public sentiment. There is an element of pathos in the situation, the kind of pathos that always exists when one member of a family is set apart from the rest.

IN THIS CASE NATURE Itself took the affair out of the hands of the parents. Without the assistance given by others, chief among whom is the quiet, modest, devoted, and supremely well-balanced Dr. Dafoe, not only would all five of the babes have died within a few hours of their birth, but the mother herself would have joined them and the other five would have been left motherless. It was because of the doctor's firmness that an agreement made by the unsophisticated parents to have the children made a public spectacle for the entertainment of gaping crowds was not carried out.

IT IS ALSO TRUE THAT Because of the interest which others have shown in this unique event both the other children and their parents have enjoyed privileges which they could not have had otherwise. Considerable money has been donated for the use of the quintuplets. It is easy to see what would happen to that fund if it were entrusted to the care of parents who have no experience in the handling of such sums and who, if they had control of the money would be surrounded by greedy bloodsuckers. Because of that rare multiple birth all the members of the family are better off than they were, and it is a wise arrangement that the affairs of the little ones who came into the world so strangely are to be wisely and competently supervised.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, late justice of the federal supreme court, whose ninety-four joyous and fruitful years upon this earth came to a close last Wednesday, was the famous son of a famous father. The father, who gave his full name to the son, was a skilled physician, poet and philosopher, whose genial humor shined through his prose, and whose verse has power to inspire or to entertain, according to the author's mood. His was the hand that penned those classics, "Old Ironsides," and "The Wonderful Lay of the One-horse Shay," and which gave to us "The Chambered Nautilus." He was the "Autocrat" who guided the breakfast-table conversation along pleasant byways and gathered fragrant flowers along the journey.

THE SON VOLUNTEERED for service in the Union army in the Civil war, fought valiantly, was commissioned captain, and was dangerously wounded several times. At his home in Boston Dr. Holmes received word that his son had been badly wounded at Antietam, and he set out immediately to reach the lad, not knowing whether he would find him living or dead. He told the story of that journey in an article which was published in the Atlantic Monthly in December, 1862, under the title "My Hunt I After the Captain." So full of human interest was that story, so admirable its form, so kindly the humor with which its incidents were treated, and so genuine and unaffected the passages revealing deeper feeling that it was selected for republication in the Atlantic's diamond jubilee number November, 1932, in which were given several of what the editors believed to be among the finest articles published during the magazine's 75 years.

THE MESSAGE RECEIVED BY Dr. Holmes said only:

"Capt. H——— wounded shot through the neck thought not mortal at Keedysville."

The father became the physician and sought to estimate the gravity of such a wound. The article reads:

"THROUGH THE NECK — NO bullet left in wound. Wind pipe, food pipe, carotid, jugular, half a dozen smaller, but still important vessels, a great braid of nerves, each as big as a lamp wick, spinal cord—ought to kill at once if at all. Thought not mortal, or not thought mortal—which was it? The first; that is better than the second would be."

IN THAT COMBINATION OF fear and hope the journey began, and though his heart was full of anxiety, the traveler's agile and discriminative mind took note of passing scenes and casual people, later to record his impressions in his own inimitable style. Of the frame of mind in which he traveled he writes:

"THOUGH I SET OUT WITH a full and heavy heart, though many times my blood chilled with what were perhaps needless and unwise fears, though I broke through all my habits without thinking about them, which is almost as hard in certain circumstances as for one of our young fellows to leave his sweetheart and go into a Peninsular campaign, though I did not always know when I was hungry nor discover that I was thirsting, though I had a worrying ache and inward tremor underlying all the outward play of the senses and the mind, yet it is the simple truth that I did look out of the car windows with an eye for all that passed, that I did take cognizance of strange sights and singular people, that I did act much as ordinary persons act from the ordinary promptings of curiosity, and from time to time laugh very nearly as those do who are attacked with a convulsive sense of the ridiculous, the epilepsy of the diaphragm."

DR. HOLMES RECORDS WITH satisfaction the fact that he and his fellow travelers talked little on the train. He declares his motto to be "a fast train and a 'slow' neighbor," and writes: "A communicative friend is the greatest nuisance to have at one's sides during a railroad journey, especially if his conversation is stimulating and in itself agreeable." Describing the manner in which he liked to sit and daydream, and permit his thoughts to be shaken up into all sorts of new and pleasing patterns, he continues:

"MANY TIMES, JUST AS MY brain was beginning to creep and hum with this delicious locomotive intoxication, some dear detestable friend, cordial, intelligent, social, radiant, has come up and sat down by me and opened up a conversation which has broken up my daydream, unharnessed the flying horses that were whirling along my fancies, and hitched on the old weary omnibus team of everyday associations, fatigued my hearing and attention, exhausted my voice, and milked the breasts of my thought dry during the hour when they should have been filling themselves with fresh juices."

THE STORY OF THE SEARCH is too long to repeat here, but it is recommended for reading. The doctor tells of one of his traveling companions, whom he dubs the Philanthropist, a New Englander "with a hard, honest, hay-beared face," who was on his way, full of zeal, to succor the sick and wounded, and who generously bestowed upon a needy soldier relief from the doctor's own bottle of strong waters which the doctor had brought along "as medicine in case of inward grief.

AFTER A LONG AND DEVIIOUS journey, full of misdirections and minor mishaps, the father found his son in a railway carriage bound north. Thus runs the story:

"In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my Captain; there I saw him, even my first-born, whom I had sought through many cities.

"How are you, Boy?"

"How are you, Dad?"

"Such are the properties of life, as they are observed among us Anglo-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those natural impulses that made Joseph, the Prime Minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard—nay, which had overcome his shaggy old uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his brother's neck and cried like a baby in the presence of all the women. But the hidden cisterns of the soul may be filling fast with sweet tears, while the windows

through which it looks are undimmed by a drop or a film of moisture."

THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN was brought home, and the story closes with a song of joy:

"Fling open the window blinds of the chamber that looks out on the waters and towards the western sun! Let the joyous light shine in upon the pictures that hang upon its walls and the shelves thick-set with the names of poets and philosophers and sacred teachers, in whose pages our boys learn that life is noble only when it is held cheap by the side of honor and duty. Lay him in his own bed, and let him sleep off his aches and weariness. So comes down another night over this household, unbroken by any messenger of evil tidings—a night of peaceful rest and grateful thoughts; for this our son and brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found."

IN ADDITION TO OUR OTHER troubles most of us have witnessed, with anxiety the dying of trees in our public parks and groves. This has been variously ascribed to drouth, disease and insect pests, a n d various methods of treatment have been recommended and undertaken. The city of Drayton has shared an experience from which few cities I h a v e escaped, and in an effort to remedy a situation wh i c h threatened to get out of control, the Drayton park board engaged an experienced forester, M. T. Cummings, to diagnose the trouble and apply such remedies as his experience might suggest. In response to a request Mr. Cummings has prepared an article which is replete with information and suggestion. Because I am sure it will appeal strongly to many who are deeply interested in the preservation of trees I am using it in two installments, of which the first is as follows:

"I CAME TO DRAYTON LAST October, too late to see and identify the insects that afflict the timber. Talking with the park board and corresponding with Prof. Yeager at Fargo, I am convinced that the major infestation is of the fall canker worm and my campaign is shaped by this understanding.

"I FIND A LARGE Percentage of the trees are already dead and many of those that survive are in a weakened and dying condition. It is the common opinion that this condition results from repeated defoliation by these canker worms. While defoliation is injurious and oft repeated will finally kill a tree, yet I find much to convince me that, in the case of Drayton park, and probably many others, there is much of inverse philosophy in this prevalent opinion and that it is not so much that the trees are dying from defoliation as it is that they are infested by insects because they are in a dying condition from other causes.

THIS OPINION IS Supported by the fact that on the margins of the forest, or in locations where ravines and roadways afford an easement from over crowding, the trees are all alive and vigorous; also by the fact that the large trees all survive in healthy condition while large numbers of the small trees are dead or dying. There is no evidence and no reason to suppose that the large trees and the marginal trees suffer IQSS defoliation by insects than do the smaller trees in the more congested areas of the woodland. We may therefore look further for an explanation. Nor is it hard to find. Over crowding is the chief trouble. People, not as alert and thoughtful as they should be, are often reluctant to reduce the trees in number as rapidly as they increase in size. This forces the trees to eliminate one another, and in this process all are robbed and often the better plants perish while the runts may survive. My first care as forester, therefore, is to reduce and distribute the stand of trees. In this park there were single acres that were carrying 500 trees or more while 50 of the larger and stronger trees left standing are more than enough.

"NOW WHY IS IT Measurably true that the large trees are vigorous and the small trees dead or dying? Let us take for instance an elm 24 inches in diameter, 80 ft. tall. Adjacent are a score of trees 6 inches in diameter and 80 ft. tall. To get a breath of air and a ray of sun light they were forced I to grow as tall as the elm. The trunk is the conduit through which the sap must rise from the earth to be digested by the leaves at the top. Therefore the sap carrying capacity of a tree is measured by the area of a cross section of the trunk. Now call up year mathematics: 'Like areas are to each other as the squares of their like dimensions.' The sap carrying capacity of the elm would be as 24 time 24 or 576. The sap carrying capacity of one of the smaller trees would be as 6 times 6 or 36. Hence the large tree has 16 times as much sap carrying capacity as the smaller tree and no farther for it to travel. In addition to this the roots of the large tree ramify a much deeper soil, less affected by drouth, than do the roots of the smaller tree.

"IN A SEASON DEFICIENT IN rain fall this comparison should make it plain why the small trees die and the large trees are vigorous. If they died from defoliation only the large tree would be dead too. And just here another element enters into the equation. Red River Valley soil is over charged with potash. In seasons of abundant rain-fall this excess potassium is diluted and carried down into the lower subsoil by percolation and its excess does not bother so much. But in seasons of drouth, like those of recent years, the subsoil moisture is carried to the surface by capillarity .and diffusion, bringing the potassium with it in solution. On reaching the surface the water evaporates but the potash being non-volatile, is left behind, impounded in the top soil investing the roots of the trees, making a toxic condition inimical to plant growth. And here, again, you see why the shallow rooted young tree is more affected than the deeper rooted older tree.

"THERE IS NO WAY TO force the sap to reach the top of a tree when the weather is too dry or the sun too hot. The only alternative is to bring the top of the tree down to the sap. Topping, then, is the second step in reconstructing a neglected park."

THE CLOSING SECTION OF Mr. Cummings' article will appear tomorrow.

YESTERDAY'S COLUMN gave the first section of an article by M. T. Cummings, forester employed by the Drayton park board to save the park trees from destruction. In that part of the article Mr. Cummings discussed the causes which have led to the death of many fine trees, and to the means which may be employed to save and strengthen the trees. One of the methods employed is that of topping, and from this point the article continues:

"TOPPING GIVES A VAST LOT of brush to get rid of. Turn it to account. Pile it in snug piles where it will not harm the trees when burned. Then when the moths begin to crawl out of the ground in May or early June, burn these brush piles at night during eight nights, burning one eighth of the piles each night, all night, in distributed sectors throughout the park.

"THE FEMALE MOTH HAS NO wings. She can not fly to the flame. But the male has wings and a strong affinity for bright lights just like some two legged moths you have known. He will fly to the burning brush pile and be cremated. Now a male moth mates but once then dies. So if you kill him before he has mated, his fiancée is destined to be a childless old maid all her days. Now, to preclude the possibility that not all the male moths will be trapped by the brush fires, a truck or auto will be equipped with 32 candle power flare lights and be driven all night through the park lanes and by-ways with a kerosene emulsion spray playing upon them.

"BURNING THESE BRUSH piles will give us a vast lot of wood ash. Turn them to account. Take them up, put them in an old fashioned ash-hopper, lixiviate them, and spray the standing trees to a height of 20 feet. This lye will saturate the cork bark and remain there, it is not volatile.

"NOW TAKE CHIPS FROM one of these potash poisoned trees. Soak them 24 hours and drop litmus paper into ooze. The blue litmus is not affected; the pink paper turns blue showing a strong alkaline reaction. In a normal tree the sap is neutral. And again, the sap rising in a small tree is much more affected by evaporation from the surface than is the sap in the large tree and for reasons too obvious to state. Hence the sap reaches the leaves of the large tree limpid and bounding. In the smaller tree the sap is being more effectively thickened by the evaporation of its water content and in a season of drouth and much hot sun it becomes so inspissated before it reaches the top of the tree that it can not flow and the top of the tree dies.

"NOW, ALL THE BULLELINS by all the experts down in Washington and elsewhere give the "dying at the top" as the first and best evidence of bugs. This is plainly inverse philosophy. The bugs are there to be sure, but in this case they are there by invitation. They come to prey on the dead and dying fibre of the tree killed by drouth and nothing else.

"NOW, YOU MAY ASK, IF I make such a strong case for the defense of these insects, why is it I am making it my life work to eradicate them. The answer is simple. People believe the insects are killing their trees and are willing to pay me to destroy them. And, as I say in the out set, they are a damage. But more than this they are a filthy and insufferable nuisance in a park, destroying the leaves, and with them the shade, mussing up the landscape and putting many a picnic appetite out of business.

"NOW WHY THE POTASH spraying? Any insect that sticks his mandibles or beak or claws or ovipositor into that potash saturated bark the same will turn to soap. You know what potash will do to any fatty or sebaceous animal matter. Try it on your finger nails! but be careful to have some vinegare handy.

"NOW BLAZE ANY ASH TREE in your park on the south side. You will find hundreds of little brown spots. Some kind of an insect did it, probably the moth of the elm-tree borer or some variety of aphid, I have not yet determined which, but whether made by the beak of a sap-sucker or the ovipositor of a moth, had that bark been first saturated with potash the temper would have been taken out of those weapons before ten punctures had been made.

"SOME PRESCRIBE BANDING. This may be made effective in the case of only a few trees but; the cost and labor are prohibitive in wood-lands many acres in extent. At best I regard it as a temporary expedient. It saves the life of the banded tree for one season or as long as the saturating material remains fluid but it destroys no insects. If effectively done the brush fires and kerosene emulsion have already killed 95% of the insects and made banding practically superfluous.

"THE FOREGOING APPLIES to the early spring generation of these insects. But I am told there is a second flight of moths in August a hundred times more numerous than the spring flight. I understand this is a second generation of the same pest. However, it may be another species entirely. I will not know until I have seen them. In either case they should be killed. The brush piles are now burned and we must invent a different attack. The plan will be to have the street lights turned off for six or eight nights and all private lights extinguished or darkly shaded. A six hundred candle power light will be erected near the center of the 40 acre park. An in-take will be placed near the light with a down spout extending to the ground and connected with a blast fan with motor attached. A gunny sack at the discharge end of the fan will receive the moths.

"SINCE DEVISING THIS Method I have read of a man in California who employed a similar device in his peach orchard and caught more than a ton of moths in a single night. If I bag two or three bushels I will think I am doing business.

MISS N. M. KING, OF LAKOTA, writes that she has copies of several poems which have not the author's name attached, but some which she thinks may have been written by Will Carleton. Among them are "Driving Home the Cows," "He Didn't Sell the Farm," "Foreclosure of the Mortgage," "Guilty or Not Guilty," "Bill Mason's Ride," and "Drafted." She would be glad to learn of the authorship of any of these from those who have such information. She has also "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," and "Betsey and I Are Out," both known to be by Will Carleton, and to be found in any collection of his works. Miss King volunteers to send copies of any of the above to those who will write her for them. She also has several copies of McGuffey's readers, which are now becoming quite rare.

A PARAGRAPH IN THE Drayton Echo says that Dr. R. W. Kibbee, of Drayton, presented the Drayton Fire company with a picture that is ancient and interesting to old timers of Drayton. It was photographed back in the early nineties in front of the fire hall and the picture is of twenty or more of the Drayton volunteers, the old fire engine and the spirited team of horses driven by Tom Gilroy. The other members of the party were John Wallace, D. R. Buchanan, O. C. Olson, Jack Junkin, T. W. Kibbee, Charles Edwards, Bruce Kerfoot, Tom Elliott, H. Ludlum, R. I. Olson, Tom Richardson, Tom McDonald, David Graham, Fred Wallace, George Ion, West Patmore, J. H. Jameson, Art Johnson, and J. R. Vestre.

The fire hall at that time was equipped with a very unique contraption for an alarm which was the handy work of the young Jack Junkin, veteran engineer. This bell alarm was used until 1922 when it was replaced with an electric siren. Today the local department is a member in good standing with the North Dakota Firemen's association, and has a first class rating for small cities with the insurance underwriters. Adequate equipment and a well organized department has been a paying investment for Drayton for over forty years.

THERE ARE MANY OLD Photographs lying around loose which should be resurrected, dusted off and placed where they will do some good. Newspapers usually have files of old pictures which are held in reserve for reproduction on anniversaries and similar occasions, but there are many interesting pictures which, because they are faded or for some other reason cannot be used for this purpose, but which would nevertheless be sources of great interest if placed where they could be seen.

THE LEGISLATURE FAILED to approve the bill providing for a single-chamber legislative body. Quite often we overlook the fact that in actual practice legislative power of vast importance is now vested, not in a legislative chamber, but in one man, the governor of the state. And from the exercise of that power there is no appeal.

ALL BILLS MUST RECEIVE the approval of the governor to become law unless, failing such approval, they are repassed by a two-thirds vote in each house, provided that if a bill is not returned within three days it shall become a law without further action. That applies to procedure while the assembly is in session. But the governor has fifteen days after the close of the session within which to act upon bills sent to him within three days preceding adjournment. Such a bill becomes a law unless before the expiration of the fifteen days the governor files it, with his objections, with the secretary of state.

ALWAYS DURING THE Closing days of the session numerous bills are given final disposition in the legislature and sent to the governor. Among them are some of the larger appropriation bills. In this state the governor may veto any item in any appropriation bill. It is within his power, therefore, to cut and trim any appropriation bill, or to veto them all entire, and if such an act should be performed within fifteen days after the close of the session, there would be no recourse.

OF COURSE NO GOVERNOR is going to cripple the state and all its institutions by vetoing all the appropriation bills, but it is an interesting fact that such enormous power is actually vested in him.

WHILE IT IS A LITTLE Early in the season for butterflies and moths, these insects may make their appearance even thus early under favorable conditions C. G. Coulter, 1516 University avenue, left at the office a beautiful specimen which must measure f o u r i n c h e s from wing-tip to wing-tip, w h i c h was found fluttering inside the basement window of his home. The insect is beautifully colored and strikingly mark-it was hatched from a cocoon which may have lain dormant in the basement for a long time.

AN AUTHORITY CONSULTED by the family classifies this¹ insect as a moth, but in size and appearance it bears a striking resemblance to the Aphrodite butterfly illustrated under the word "Aphrodite" in Webster's unabridged dictionary. The distinction made in the dictionary between moths and butterflies is that the former are active by night and the latter by day,

MANY YEARS AGO AN Insect similar in size and color emerged from a large cocoon which I chanced to find, and which, for no particular reason, was deposited in a drawer used as a receptacle for odds and ends. Months later there were heard in that corner of the house sounds as of nibbling, which were attributed, of course, to a mouse. Careful search failed to reveal traces of mice, and traps were neglected, but still the nibbling went on. At length someone discovered that the cocoon was moving slightly, and it was found that the sounds came from it. The cocoon was placed in a jar, and presently a beautiful butterfly appeared.

THE FRENCH CHAMBER HAS under consideration a measure granting the franchise to women, with certain reservations affecting both men and women. It is proposed that voting shall be by families rather than by individuals. Under the measure the head of a family would be entitled to cast one vote, but there is no indication how the family is to reach agreement on which way the vote is to be cast. Widows would thus be entitled to vote, as well as unmarried persons of both sexes. That arrangement seems to penalize marriage. A man and a woman, unmarried, would have two votes, but married they would have but one. And what a lot of rows there would be over which way to vote!

EVERY LITTLE WHILE SOME financial writer mentions the "flight from the dollar" as something which is going on or is among the possibilities. Within the experience of most of us the flight is in the opposite direction, consisting of a frantic chase after the dollar, with only remote prospects of catching up.

AN ADVERTISEMENT IN A directory of more than half a century ago lists buggy whips among the articles in which bargains were offered. Millions of Americans never saw a buggy whip, although the whip was once in a way a badge of social distinction. There were old fogies who were content to get along with a cheap whip which could be bought for a quarter, and which soon became limp and bent by exposure to the elements. But a real classy whip, made of whalebone, with cover carefully braided and waterproofed, carried with it the implications of aristocracy and modernity.

SUCH A WHIP, COSTING from \$3.00 to \$5.00, was no mere instrument with which to flog a horse. It was the apex of a structure which included spirited horse, shiny harness and glistening buggy. Without it the up-and-coming driver would not have felt completely dressed. At rest it was not leaned up against the wall, to become distorted and unsightly, but was hung carefully by its tip so that it would remain perfectly straight. The young sport whose team was stabled while he transacted business in town, carried his whip as he might carry a cane, and more than one horse trade has been completed after long wrangling by the offer to throw in the whip with the horse.

MR. AND MRS. G. J. Anderson, 525 Belmont Road, have returned from a trip to the west coast, where they met many old friends and enjoyed the winter warmth of southern California. At Seattle Mr. Anderson met old schoolmates whom he had not seen for forty years, and at Salem the couple visited with a sister of Mrs. Anderson. In Los Angeles they visited Mr. Anderson's brother, the youngest of seven boys, whom Mr. Anderson had not seen since the brother returned to the old home at Hillsboro seventeen years ago. Many of the southern California points were visited, including Long Beach, where bathers were enjoying the beach and the salt water, Catalina island, with its views of marine wonders through glass-bottomed boats; and the famous bird park and flower garden on the island. Not least among the pleasant experiences were the journeys back and forth on the Great Northern's Empire Builder, which Mr. Anderson maintains is the finest train on the finest road in the country. He ought to know something about it for he has been an employee of the Great Northern for years.

THINGS ARE HAPPENING right along which are so improbable that no writer of fiction would dare put similar occurrences into book because they would be dismissed as outlandish and impossible. Thus the other day in New York a live alligator three feet long was found in a sewer, and on the same day the dead body of a six-foot female alligator was found near a reservoir not far away. It is supposed that the smaller reptile is the offspring of the larger and that it had wandered off into the sewers on its mother's death from chill, though when the item was published it had not been learned from what enclosure the two had escaped.

ON THE SAME DAY IN NEW Rochelle harbor a seal bobbed up out of the water, climbed into an unoccupied row boat, rested a moment, dived into the water and swam off. Let some story writer work two alligators and a seal into his story of New York, and all on the same day, and see what a razzing he would get!

SEVERAL YEARS AGO A Bronz policeman, quietly walking his beat shortly after midnight was hailed by an excited pedestrian who exclaimed: "Say! There's a big sea lion coming right down the street, just around that corner!" "Oh, yeah!" said the cop, wearily. "And you just keep goin' an' just around the next corner you'll see a whole herd of pink elephants. But you just keep movin', an' they won't bother you. An' turn in an' get a good sleep an' you'll feel different in the morning!"

THE FUNNY PART OF IT WAS that there was a sea lion in the street, flipping itself along, as sea lions do, I am told. It had escaped from a zoo and was headed for the river. It swam pretty well around the island, and I think it was recaptured later. So when people who return from New York and tell of the wonders they have seen, perhaps it isn't altogether the effect of the bright lights. Perhaps the things they saw were actually there.

MRS. EMMA K. ROTH, A Former Grand Forks resident, now of Los Angeles, sends greetings to her Grand Forks friends, and encloses some verses written in a reminiscent mood by her brother, Len Ketchum, who formerly lived at Larimore, but who has been a resident of Portland, Oregon, for the past 25 years. His verses may recall to some old timers "the way them fellers played" many years ago.

BACK IN NORTH DAKOTA.

I hearn bands and bands, but gee, They don't sound the same to me
As the band Joe Kennedy led, (Twenty years now Joe's been dead)
Back in North Dakota.

I hearn Sousa and his band, 'Course their music shore was grand,
But it, honest don't compare With the band that Joe led there—
Back in North Dakota.

I hearn Creatore one time, Folks said his band was sublime,
'Course, 'twas great, but let me say, I ruther hear Joe any day,
Back in North Dakota.

Joe, he only had eight boys, But they shore could make the noise,
And he had 'em trained just right, Used to play most every
night, Back in North Dakota.

I can hear them old tunes still, And presume I allus will,
Tunes you don't hear nowadays, But them times was all the
craze, Back in North Dakota.

'Spose it's true that when you'r young All the sweetest songs are sung—
And that's why I can't be fair To any band but that one there,
Back in North Dakota.

But, gee, the way them fellers played— That was music that they made
People crowdin' all around And a-settin' on the ground
Back in North Dakota.

Allus thought some day I'd go Back again, to just hear Joe
And his band. It seems somehow I don't know the folks
there now, Back in North Dakota.

The years go flyin' by so fast, (It's thirty, since I was there last),
Wonder if I'll ever see again, The town where Joe and me
lived then—Back in North Dakota.

—Len Ketchum.

IN ORDER THAT GERMANY may be independent of foreign sources of oil the government has reduced the taxes on motor fuels produced from substitutes for oil. At a recent automobile show there were exhibited several such substitute fuels in use. One big truck used for cross-country deliveries is driven by gas derived from wood. The truck resembles an ordinary truck in appearance except that it has a large compartment in the rear to contain wood. Slight changes have been made in ordinary automobile engines to enable them to operate on illuminating gas instead of gasoline. Already in operation is one of what is to be a complete chain of service stations where gas containers can be filled in three or four minutes.

A STATIONARY ENGINE FOR farm use operates on coal dust, using not the heat but the explosive properties of the dust. It can use also dust from pulverized farm waste, as corncobs, leaves, etc.

THAT INFLAMMABLE GAS can be produced from almost any of the familiar combustible substances has long been known. A roll of paper thrown into a fireplace will send out a jet of gas from one end when it becomes sufficiently heated, and the gas will burn at a considerable distance from its source. From a burning straw stack there are thrown with great force jets of gas which shoot their flame into the air for many feet. All coal generates gas when burning, as many have occasion to know who have seen furnace doors blown open when a large quantity of gas instead of just a little accumulates before ignition.

A FEW YEARS AGO AT A Grand Forks fair there was shown an engine operating on gas derived from straw right on the spot. An effort was being made to market the device for commercial use, but nothing more was heard from it. While the raw material cost practically nothing, the labor involved in handling made the scheme impractical. With gasoline at the prices charged in Europe there might be a future for something of the kind.

MANY PERSONS LOOK TO alcohol as the fuel of the future when our oil has been exhausted. That would create a market for an immense corn acreage. Already efforts have been made to promote the use of alcohol for this purpose by discriminating in taxation in favor of motor fuels which contain a certain percentage of alcohol.

IN HER BILLIONS OF TONS OF lignite North Dakota has a source of motor fuel which has not been tapped. Gasoline can be produced from lignite, and some day, when the price of gasoline becomes high enough, this source of supply may be tapped to some purpose.

LAST TUESDAY A Paragraph in this column referred to "Miss" Nan M. King, of Lakota having copies of several old poems which she would be glad to send to persons interested. The lady is Mrs. Henry A. King, who had signed her name without prefix. Mrs. King, who is herself the author of several poems, celebrated her 70th birthday on January 1.

ALTHOUGH THE Government has called in all national bank notes issued against some \$675,000,000 worth of low-interest bonds, there is one national bank note which is not affected by the order, and which, in any case, is not likely to be surrendered unless the government gets after it with a search warrant. It is owned by Major I. A. Berg, it is one clipped from the first sheet of five-dollar bills issued by the First National Bank of Grand Forks. The notes were printed in sheets of four, and the number shows this one to be the fourth bill on the first sheet. Major Berg has had it ever since it was issued.

THOSE WHO TRY TO Follow the tortuous course of events in the Far East will find much to interest them in a book just published by the D. Appleton — Century company "The Case for Manchukuo," by George Bronson Rea. As the title indicates, the book is a presentation of the Manchukuoan and necessarily the Japanese— side of an exceedingly controversial question, and the author makes no attempt to disguise the argumentative character of his work. While this method has the disadvantage of leaving with the reader the impression that only a part of the truth has been told, and that perhaps that part has been somewhat colored, it is greatly to be preferred to the practice, not at all uncommon, of disguising partisan argument in the garments' of impartial and dispassionate history.

GEORGE BRONSON REA IS counsellor to the ministry of foreign affairs of the government of Manchukuo. He is an American engineer who, as a newspaper correspondent, lived with the Cuban armies for two years before the United States entered the war against Spain. He was the first newspaper man to reach the Maine after she was sunk, and, following the testimony in the subsequent investigation with the knowledge of an engineer, he was unable to find evidence of Spanish responsibility for the disaster, because of his expression of opinion on that, subject. "I passed through a four-year baptism of fire," he writes, "and brought the heritage of it to the Far East."

MR. REA HAS LIVED IN THE Orient for thirty years. He served as technical adviser in China to Sun Yat Sen and Yuan Shih-kai, and assisted in planning and financing important railway enterprises. Out of his experience in China he writes in his preface these paragraphs:

"THE HARVEST OF ALL these experiences has been an overwhelming conviction of the futility of the program that the West, led by the United States, has for the East, the fiction that China is a republic, the theory that its vast multitudes can be bound together in a single nation. Yet all of this is written into treaties devised by the West for the advancement of its own selfish interests and saddled on a floundering Orient which knew not what it did or was impotent to resist .

"NOW ONE GROUP OF THESE I Chinese who constitute a race but' not a nation has broken away completely from its fellows. Manchukuo has cut loose from the chaos, the carnage, the anarchy that is China and set up an independent government for itself. It has called upon Japan to help it maintain that government. It has been asserted that Japan inspired its action and that it is merely a puppet state."

THIS CHARGE MR. REA Denies, and, speaking avowedly as a partisan, he presents the case for the government which he serves and for its Japanese sponsor and assistant. Much of the ground covered by Mr. Rea has been traversed before. Upon some facts which are of common knowledge he turns light from other than the customary direction. One chapter is devoted to the report of the League of Nations commission. In that case he maintains that Manchukuo was condemned without a hearing.

THE FAMOUS, OR NOTORIOUS Tanaka memorial is dismissed as a forgery, a verdict which is now generally accepted. But whatever the origin of that document, the plan of provocation and conquest set forth in it is a strikingly accurate description of the policy which Japan has actually pursued on the continent.

THE AUTHOR DENIES THAT Manchukuo is a Japanese creation. Instead, he maintains that Japan's operations, in necessary self-defense, created the opportunity which had galled them, and establishing an independent government of their own. Mr. Rea presents his case plausibly, if not always convincingly, and he has produced a readable and provocative book

IN NEW YORK CITY THEY are still celebrating the blizzard of March 12, 1888, and with every year pride in the historic storm increases. To read of the enthusiasm with which that event is treated one would suppose that no other place ever had a blizzard. Out here in North Dakota if it were proposed to organize for the celebration of a big blizzard, the question would immediately be asked: "Which blizzard?" We have had them by the score, many of them as wild and furious as anything that New York ever dreamed of, and until the recent suspicion of precipitation, whether in the form of rain or of snow, they came along pretty regularly every winter. New York has to go back forty-seven years to find one that is worth commemorating.

OF COURSE ANY STORM IN New York is a bad storm. If it is hot, the heat is insufferable, and if it is cold the chill gets right into one's marrow. A storm which in North Dakota wouldn't the children from walking a couple of miles to school, blocks traffic in New York and just about suspends animation. Still, as storms go, that which the New Yorkers have just been celebrating was really a performance of some distinction. It caused several deaths, among them that of Roscoe Conklin, and the survivors are entitled to all the satisfaction they find in their recollection of it.

IN A BOOKLET JUST ISSUED by the American Sugar Refining company there is given an interesting description of an achievement in reforestation on the denuded hillsides of the Adirondacks. The methods employed and the success attending them have special interest just now when public attention has been directed so pointedly to the subject of reforestation.

ONE PICTURE SHOWS A mountain side, stripped almost bare. Other views are of the same mountain side with trees in various stages of growth, until there are shown finally the mountain completely covered with forest growth, and close-ups of splendid trees resembling those of the original forest. This work was begun by a cooperation subsidiary of the sugar concern for the purpose of creating a new supply of material for barrels and other containers. The first work was done in 1910, hence the present forest is the result of 25 years' growth. Over 2,500,000 trees have thus been set out. The seedlings are grown in nurseries and are set out when four years old, when they have reached a height

FLOODS ALONG THE Mississippi and tributary streams are devastating southern Illinois, Missouri and adjacent territory. A great deal has been written about controlling Mississippi floods by the creation of reservoirs at the headwaters of its tributaries. The Missouri has figured quite largely in many of the plans for flood control. The fact is that most of the lower Mississippi floods are caused by rains which fall within the flood area. Whatever spring flood water from the upper Missouri finds its way into the lower river will not reach its destination until weeks hence, when the present floods have subsided.

IN ANY IMPROVEMENT TO be made along the upper Missouri, flood control is of negligible importance. If flood control were a major project, the Fort Peck dam is poorly placed. Below that dam the Yellowstone and the Little Missouri enter the Missouri, and their combined flow is equal to that of the upper Missouri itself. At maximum efficiency, therefore, the Fort Peck dam can retard only half the water that normally would flow past Bismarck. A dam at Garrison would hold back all that water, and the lake created would take care of the entire flow for the whole year.

IN THE CONGRESSIONAL Record for February 5 there is published the text of an address delivered on February 4 by Congressman Lee of Oklahoma at the presentation of a painting of General Robert E. Lee to Robert E. Lee chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, in Washington, D. C. The facts relating to the presentation will be of interest to many Grand Forks people because the artist who painted the portrait, Albert F. Duggan, is a native of Grand Forks, son of the pioneer physician, Dr. Frederick J. Duggan.

DR. DUGGAN SPENT HIS early years in Grand Forks, attended school here, and is now employed as an accountant in the treasury department in Washington. In his address Congressman Lee, whose ancestors were Virginia people, and the believed to have been of the same family to which the famous Confederate general belonged, not only paid an eloquent tribute to General Lee, but expressed high appreciation of the artist, whose work has been given the place of honor in the Confederate Memorial hall.

THE MAYOR OF Atlantic City has invited Messrs. Johnson, Long and Coughlin to stage a joint debate in his city on April 13. He specifies that date because it will be the day before Palm Sunday and the city will then be filled with visitors in anticipation of the Easter holiday. The mayor does not mention the possibility that the appearance of the three speakers may tend to make the crowds bigger.

THERE IS RECALLED IN this connection a remark made by President Taft sometime during his first year as president. He had been invited to appear at fairs and other large gatherings in various parts of the country and had accepted many such invitations. It was a strenuous experience, and he was not built for that kind of work. In a welcome moment of relaxation he said he had discovered that one important function of the president of the United States is to increase the gate receipts.

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS are cutting teeth. Two of them have a tooth apiece, and the others are being watched with anxious expectancy. I wonder if anyone remembers an old vaudeville song about cutting teeth. Out of the mists of the past comes this much of the chorus:

Do get up and light the fire; Turn the gas a little higher; Go and tell your Aunt Mariar, Baby's got a tooth!

GUARDIANSHIP OF THOSE five infants by the Ontario provincial government is not such an un heard-of thing in principle as it may appear. Governments are continually stepping in and taking charge of the persons and property of small children, often to the exclusion of parents. Thus the government of the state of New York exercised this right in the case of the Vanderbilt child, awarding principal custody to the girl's aunt rather than her mother. That right was exercised through the machinery of the courts, but it was a governmental act, nevertheless. In the Ontario case the procedure is by act of parliament. A cabinet officer is appointed guardian, and under him there will be competent guardians to assume immediate charge. This does not mean that parental rights are to be ignored, but that the best possible provision is to be made for the future of the children who came so strangely into the world, and for the safeguarding of the funds which have been contributed by private persons for their use. Similar action would be taken on behalf of a single child to whom a great fortune had been left, and; whose parents were not fitted by training and experience to administer such an estate.

WHILE IDEALS HAVE BEEN shattered and traditions have gone by the board, we have clung with some tenacity to certain conceptions of the Puritans. With some reluctance we have relegated to the land of myth the alleged Connecticut blue laws which made it a criminal offense for a man to kiss his wife, to say nothing of any other man's wife, on Sunday, but with a few such trifling elisions and amendments the Puritans have remained to us a sour, dour, gloomy people, refusing to permit joy to enter their own lives, and determined that it should not enter the lives of others, especially have we been taught that the Puritans hated music and abominated dancing. Now comes a competent and scholarly historian, Percy A. Scholes, who in a book, "The Puritans and Music in England and New England," disputes all such statements and quotes chapter and verse in support of his contentions.

THE ONLY BASIS FOR THE statement that the Puritans were averse to music which Mr. Scholes has been able to find is the fact that they would not permit the worship of God by means of organs and trained choirs, an attitude which has been shared by many others who had no objection to music as such. Cromwell, we are told, had fine music in his court, and the guests danced at his daughter's wedding. It was during the Puritan rule that opera began in England. The so-called blue laws, which have been misquoted and distorted, do not even mention music. Apparently the Puritan must pass out of the picture as the representative of incurable gloom

WHAT CONSTITUTES A Person's vocabulary? Is it the number of words whose meaning he understands, the number which he is able to use correctly, or the number which he uses habitually? In the King James Bible there are something over 14,000 separate words. Shakespeare used a few more than 23,000. Dr. Vizatelly, eminent lexicographer, says that the average vocabulary is between 3,000 and 10,000 words. It may be assumed that among primitive peoples the vocabulary of the individual consists of the number of words which he is able to use intelligently. The negroes in Haiti, who speak a jargon of mixed French and African, are said to use only about 300 words. On the other hand, Stefansson says that certain of the Eskimo tribes which he visited, have a vocabulary of many thousand words, one so extensive and complicated that the language can be mastered only in part by a white man in years of familiarity.

ANY PERSON FAIRLY Familiar with English will have no difficulty in understanding all the words in the Bible, or the more extensive list used by Shakespeare. That does not mean that either vocabulary is his own. It means merely that he can understand the vocabulary of some other person. So one may read an essay filled with words which he would never think of using himself, may understand every word, may grasp the thought and admire the construction, but the words used are not his. He could use them, perhaps, but he does not.

IT SEEMS THAT ONE'S Vocabulary consists really of the words which he uses easily and naturally in speech and in writing. And the two are likely to be quite different. Few persons write exactly as they speak. It is not likely that Shakespeare ever used such a phrase as "the multitudinous seas incarnadine" in ordinary conversation. For the person who wishes to know something about his own vocabulary, the following exercise is suggested:

ON THROUGH 100 PAGES, OR less—the more the better—of an unabridged dictionary, choosing the pages at random, and check (1) the words regularly and habitually used in conversation, (2) the words ordinarily used in writing, and (3) those which are never used, but whose meaning is understood. On the basis of the number of pages in the dictionary, compute the total number of words in each class. The person making such a test will probably be surprised to see how greatly the three classes vary. I never made such a test myself, but it is one of the things that I always intended to do.

IN 1932 THOMAS MILTON, OF Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, traded a radio for a Jersey cow. Since then the cow has supplied milk for a family of five, and in addition her owner has sold fresh milk at 7 cents a quart, cottage cheese at 20 cents a pound, butter at 30 cents a pound, and buttermilk at 20 cents a gallon. Receipts from these sources have been, for 1932, \$112.55; for 1933, \$168.30; for 1934, \$176.70. Total, \$456.08. The radio was valued at \$25.

I DO NOT VOUCH FOR THE above statements. They were contained in a news dispatch, and are given for what they are worth. The story reminds me, however, of the one told of a farmer who many years ago was importuned by a bicycle salesman to buy a bike. The advantages of the machine were glowingly set forth, but the farmer was reluctant. "Why," he said, "that thing costs as much as a cow's worth." "Suppose it does," said the salesman. "You'd look funny riding a cow round the neighborhood, wouldn't you?" "Not a durned bit more funny," said the farmer, "than I would trying to milk a bicycle."

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL drove his automobile at the rate of 276.816 miles an hour down at Daytona beach, Florida, the other day. He will not be satisfied until he has made a record of better than 300. The following are given as the maximum records in swift locomotion in other fields:

Seaplane—440.68 m. p. h.
Airplane—312.21 m. p. h.
Train—143 m. p. h.
Motorboat—124.86 m. p. h.
Pin-tail Duck—65 m. p. h.
Warship—30.66 nautical m. p. h.
Running Horse (Straightaway)— 1 mile in 1:32:8.
Running Horse (Circular) — 1 mile in 1:34:5.
Man—Mile run, 4:06.7; 100-yard dash, 9.4.

AS ONE MEANS OF Lessening the cost of government it is often proposed that the township organization be abolished, the idea being that with improvement of means of transport and communication the township has outlived its usefulness and that the few functions which the township board now performs could be performed as well, or better, by the county board. Rather curiously, a proposal emanating from the Ontario provincial government looks in exactly the opposite direction. There it is proposed to abandon the county organization and enlarge the powers of the township to the extent necessary.

THE TWO PROPOSALS ARE not as inconsistent as they may seem, for the conditions to be affected are wholly unlike. The Ontario township board now performs many of the duties which in North Dakota are performed by the county commission. Here the county commission consists of five members, elected for that purpose and no other. The Ontario county board, or council, consists of the reeves, or chairmen, and deputy reeves, of the several townships within the county. County councils of forty or fifty members have not been unknown, though I think their size has been limited by law in recent years.

THERE THE COUNTY Councils are composed of men who are primarily township officials, whose interest and responsibility are first in township affairs. County councils are, therefore, loosely organized and unwieldy bodies. Their duties are relatively few, and they meet only a few times each year.

WHILE MANY OF THE Duties performed by our county commissions, such as those relating to roads, bridges, poor relief, etc., are performed by the Ontario township boards, the functions of the Ontario county boards are restricted in the other direction by the fact that sheriffs and their subordinates, probate officers, registers of deeds and some other officials who, with us, are either elected by the people of the counties or appointed by the county boards, are appointed in Ontario by the provincial government, the major appointments being for life or during good behavior. As our system is organized I the township government seems to have become an unnecessary fifth wheel. Under the Ontario system that position is occupied by the county government.

A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER, urging its correspondents to send in the news of the neighborhood, continues :
"But what is news? Well, it's news if an accident happens, if somebody is seriously ill, a birth, a marriage, a death, a visitor from another community, or a visit to another community, an unusual occurrence of any kind, a public entertainment — all that is news. But if Bill Jones calls on Sally Smith that is his own business and has no news value, at present at least. If you have an item of local interest in your community do not be backward about sending it in to The Chronicle."

Recognition of the fact that the individual is entitled to a certain privacy with reference to his personal affairs marks an advance in journalism with which some metropolitan dailies have not yet caught up.

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE flower seeds to sprout and send their young shoots above ground? Depends on the kind of seed, of course. Four days ago I planted zinnia seed in a flat for indoors starting. This morning several of the little plants had made their appearance, and there are cracks in the earth all over the box where other plants are breaking through. Other seeds are hard-shelled and the germs are sluggish. Petunia seed, almost as fine as dust, may require as much as three weeks under favorable conditions before a sprout appears. Little tomato plants will make their appearance on the fourth or fifth day, if the conditions are just right. Radishes have been known to show themselves three days after planting, and to be of good eating size within twelve days. And doesn't this weather make one just hanker to get out and dig?

SAID ONE KIWANIAN TO another, after hearing the University Madrigal club at the meeting Wednesday noon: "When a fellow hears those young people sing those fine choruses, and watches them as they do it, it makes him feel perhaps the world isn't completely gone to the devil, after all." So my good friend Rowland and his singers that the joy which they feel in interpreting simple melodies and grand harmonies is communicated to those who hear, but are not trained in song, and that they are doing their part toward the lifting of clouds which sometimes look dark and threatening.

IT MY BE POSSIBLE TO gain the impression that college activities are limited to football and basketball, and that "Rig-a-jig-jig" and "The Bull-dog on the Bank" represent the entire field of college music. I suppose no one will question the value of athletics or of that spirit of fun which expresses itself in noisy jingles. But to hear an organization like the Madrigal club sing a colorful folk song or a Handel chorus is to have shown just a little of another side of college life, in which young people are moving, earnestly, joyously and hopefully, toward the realization of a high purpose.

FORMER NORTH DAKOTANS are becoming so numerous in high places that eastern papers have taken to grouping them in pictures. A recent issue of the Washington Herald has a picture in which two of the important figures are J.F.T. O'Connor, comptroller of the currency, and L.E. Birdzell, who resigned a position on the North Dakota supreme court to become legal adviser of the Federal Deposit Insurance corporation. The former, of course, is a graduate of the University of North Dakota, and the latter was for several years head of the University law school.

AGAIN THE DROUTH SEEMS to have been broken. For a time it seems as if this drouth might be permanent. Not that it has not rained, or snowed. It has done both. But there has been no enthusiasm in it. There has been no trouble with the forecasts. They have reflected accurately the existing conditions. And when all the conditions were such that it ought to rain or snow, the weather man said so. And his predictions were made good after a fashion. But what a measly, niggardly fashion it was! That wasn't the fault of the forecaster.

THE WEATHER, AS IT HAS expressed itself in precipitation, has reminded one strongly of the rich and niggardly old curmudgeon who goes through the motions of making a contribution when the plate is passed on Sunday, but who drops in a penny when he is perfectly able to contribute a ten-dollar bill and ought to do so. With all the abundance of moisture that is afloat in the air, we have been dealt out an occasional mist or a few almost invisible flakes of snow.

AT LAST THERE HAS BEEN a loosening up, and the snow that fell in the recent storm came heartily, abundantly and without reservation. I think the snowflakes that fell shortly after noon on Wednesday must have been the largest ever fell anywhere, at any time. I am not prepared to say that they were as large as dinner plates, because dinner plates vary in size, and I hadn't one with which to measure anyway, but they were immense, and how they did come down! Soft, moist and feathery, they filled the air with a fleece of white, and in a few minutes all the ugliness and untidiness that had been revealed by the spring thaw had vanished. We breathed a pure air and looked out upon a pure and beautiful landscape.

TIMES THERE HAVE BEEN when such a snowfall at this season would have been unwelcome, presenting the prospect of wet fields and delayed seeding. Now it is different, and anything in the nature of moisture is hailed with joy. Most of the water will be absorbed by the soil, vegetation will be assured of a good start, and wells that have gone dry will again yield water in abundance.

AT THE NEW YORK FLOWER show the other day there was presented to Gladys Swarthout, of the Metropolitan Opera company, a bouquet representing an expenditure of \$15,000. And it was only a bouquet of nasturtiums. The fifteen thousand had not been spent on that particular bouquet, but on developing from a very modest nasturtium a wonderfully large, brilliant and fragrant flower. Nasturtiums remind me of certain mountain sides in Porto Rico. Seen at a little distance those slopes were just masses of brilliant color. The color was of nasturtium bloom from plants growing wild where the surface was too steep for cultivation. Never at any other place have I seen wild nasturtiums, which is probably because I have not been where they grow.

A PROBLEM FOR Psychologists and criminologists is presented in the case of Abe Buzzard, who died the other day in the Philadelphia penitentiary at the age of 85 years, fifty of which had been spent in prison. Buzzard was not swept into crime on the crest of any modern wave, nor did he stray from the path of rectitude because of the demoralizing influence of the war. As a youth he and three brothers were members of a gang which terrorized several counties, stealing horses and looting safes, stores, barns and chicken houses.

TIME AFTER TIME THE brothers were jailed. When they didn't like the accommodations they just left. One of them, John, is now in prison. Although his term was up two years ago he was permitted to remain, at his own request. He said that he had no place to go, and that of all the jails and penitentiaries that he had tried, he liked "Cherry Hill" best.

ABE, WHO HAS JUST DIED, was freed in 1924 after serving end of his many terms. He declared his intention to go straight, and started out as an evangelist. Unfortunately he was caught stealing chickens, and was detained for a time. After another release he started preaching again and lecturing on "Ruin or Reform." But it was found that in his satchel, together with his Bible and hymnal, he carried a revolver and a set of burglar's tools. Perhaps he was one of those against whom society has sinned, but just society can do about such a case is a little difficult to figure out.

THERE ARE EXTANT AT least two versions of the origin of the term "bock" as applied to beer. The one which seems to be most generally accepted by conservative persons is that the word is derived from the name of the German town of Einbeck, where years ago a strong brew made from October malt was served free to the populace each spring by the town brewer.

ANOTHER VERSION, Somewhat more picturesque, is that a Worthy citizen, overburdened with beer of unusual potency, fell into a vat of the beverage. Unwilling to have it known that he had partaken of enough beer to impair his balance, he blamed his mishap on a bucking goat which happened to be near, which is why the goat has been used as the symbol of spring beer.

CURRER & IVES PRINTS have been accorded recognition after being in disrepute for many years among the elite, and now there is in progress a revival of interest in Rogers statuary. The Rogers groups, specimens of which were once to be found in most well-appointed parlors, were condemned as inartistic by those who were, supposed to know what was what, and the possession of one of them became a sort of badge of inferiority. Now collectors are gathering them up, if not for their artistic excellence, for the faithfulness with which they reproduced the costumes and the settings of the period which they represented.

JOHN ROGERS, WHO HAS not inaptly been called "sculptor to the American people," got a good start in school in New England, tried mercantile work and did not like it, experimented with a machinist's job, and found that he preferred to make figures with clay. He devoted himself to that work, and produced an amazing number of pieces, mostly small groups, in which were exhibited great skill in design, faithfulness in little matters of detail, and, in many cases, a rich humor.

THE ROGERS GROUPS, LIKE the McGuffey readers, have been regarded with a sort of patronizing amusement. Both gave pleasure and uplift to millions of people while the sophisticates were trying to find their way about—and many of them haven't found it yet.

IN "TOWARD Understanding Japan," a Macmillan publication, by Sidney L. Gulick, the week adds another to the already large number of books dealing with Oriental problems. The author lived for many years in J a p a n , and from 1914 to 1933 he was secretary of the d e p a r t m e n t of internal justice and good will of the Federal Council of Churches. He has also served with other societies devoted to the clarification of the relations of Japan with the rest of the world.

DR. GULICK REASONS WITH much force that nothing is to be accomplished by assuming that the present situation is right and unchangeable. "To expect nations to remain stationary," he writes, "is as fantastic and unreasonable as to expect individuals to do the same." It is the program of good neighbors, he holds, to see that changes are made by the peaceful methods of good understanding rather than by revolution or war.

DR. GULICK GIVES IN OUT-line facts concerning the contact of western powers with Japan, indicating that Japan has reason to fear and distrust her western neighbors, and explains much of her activity on the continent on the basis of her need for room for her growing population, her need for natural resources which are not to be found in her own territory, and her need for freedom from the menace involved in western domination of China.

ONE CHAPTER IS DEVOTED to the American policy of exclusion on racial grounds, which was strongly opposed by President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes as insulting and humiliating to Japan, and which has done much to embitter Japanese feeling toward the United States.

THE AUTHOR SEES HOPE for amicable settlement of pending questions and the establishment of permanently friendly relations in the existence in Japan of a peace- loving element which, now overshadowed by the militaristic group, may yet become powerful enough to determine the policies of the empire. Illustrating the friendly spirit of this element there is quoted a paragraph from the message of its leader, Toyohiko Kagawa to the people of China.

DR. GULICK PROPOSES Several steps for the establishment of a permanent basis of peace and friendship. He would have the United States recede from the policy of non-recognition of Manchukuo declared by Secretary Stimson, and, while not recommending hasty recognition, he would have it known that recognition awaits evidence of stability and willingness to fulfill international obligations. Definite steps toward Philippine independence, with that independence internationally guaranteed, he believes would be a great help. He would have naval strength limited to actual defense needs, the Japanese requirements in that case being less than those of Great Britain and the United States for geographical reasons. In addition he urges a general munitions policy which would take munitions makers out of the business of fomenting war.

NORTH DAKOTA TAX Authorities who are charged with the duty of formulating plans for the collection of the sales tax may do well to have in mind an experience in tax collection in New York. The city has a local sales tax, and when the first collection was made one small dealer delivered his tax in the form of pennies in a tin can. He had taken an olive oil can and punched a slot in its top, and through this slot pennies were dropped as taxes were made on small purchases from day to day. The collector to whom the can was delivered had to get a can-opener to remove the top of the can, and then he found that before using the can had not been completely drained, and every penny had its coating of olive oil. In view of that experience our collectors might rule that all coins used in payment of taxes be scrubbed clean before delivery.

THE FIRST ROBIN OF THE season to be reported to this column was seen early in the week on the University campus by Mrs. J. C. West. The bird made its appearance on a warm, sunny day, and seemed cheerful and contented. Some one also reported having seen geese flying north in the central part of the state a few days' before the snow. Probably the robin has since gone into retirement, and it is quite likely that the geese have flown back. Geese know what the weather is where they are, and this often gives them false notions as to what it will be where they are going, when they get there.

ONE OF THE BITS OF Equipment used for the entertainment of guests in the days when the parlor was hermetically sealed was the stereoscope with its assortment of views of Niagara Falls, the Grand Canal in Venice and other points of interest. Somewhere, perhaps the stereoscope is still in use, and it is quite likely that thousands of them are stored away in attics together with other forgotten junk. But the guest no longer expects to be invited to spend an hour looking over stereoscopic pictures, any more than he expects to go through the family album and listen to a genealogical discourse. Instead, he may have a chance to listen to a radio, the exact duplicate of the one he just left at home.

THE STEREOSCOPE, USING two pictures taken at about the distance apart of the eyes, merged them into one and gave them the appearance of relief and solidity which natural objects have when viewed in a natural way. The device is almost as old as photography. A French inventor who has devoted most of his life to the development and perfection of motion pictures, hopes to revive interest in three-dimension screen pictures, to which considerable attention was given some years ago. He projects two pictures on the screen, slightly different, in rapid alternation, and the spectator views them through spectacles, each lens of which is scientifically given a different color. The result is that the objects portrayed appear solid and life-like rather than as shadows.

THIS PRINCIPLE WAS USED years ago, but in crude form. At least one picture employing this method is recalled as having been shown at the Metropolitan in Grand Forks. Spectators were given little sheets of celluloid, in two colors, and when the picture was viewed through them the figures stood out in relief. One New York theater had each seat equipped with something resembling opera glasses, which gave the same effect. All such devices caused severe eye strain, and for some time nothing has been heard of the idea outside of the laboratory, where research has still been in progress the stereoscopic effect would add greatly to the realism of pictures, but it is scarcely likely that any method will prove popular which calls for the continuous use of eye-pieces by spectators.

HOW MANY, IF ANY, OF THE Grand Forks members of the A. E. F. went across or returned on the Leviathan. That ship, originally the German Vaterland, which carried more than 90,000 American soldiers, and brought back almost as many, has probably made her last voyage, as she is being taken out of commission.

THAT LARGEST OF ALL ships, at the time she was built, had made only three trips when the outbreak of the World War caused her to be tied up at New York, and when the United States entered the war she was commandeered and rechristened the Leviathan. She was awarded to the United States in the peace treaty. She served as a transport during the war, and then became the crack ship of the United States lines. She has been operated at a loss for some time, and is said to have lost \$500,000 in the five transatlantic trips which she made last year. The ship is still the property of the government through its agency the United States shipping board, and the private corporation which leased her pays a substantial sum to the government for its waiver of the requirement for continued service. The ship is to be kept in repair until the end of this year, pending decision as to her ultimate fate.

PITCAIRN ISLAND, A Lonely spot in the Pacific, has received considerable publicity of late through the publication of three popular books concerning the mutiny on the British ship Bounty and its sequel. The last of these told of the experiences of the mutineers and their native women companions, who established themselves on Pitcairn's island and remained isolated and unknown for many years during which the last survivor of the mutinous white crew, seeing the error of his ways, became the patriarch of the little tribe, and instructed its younger members in reading, writing, the Christian religion and the arts of peace.

SCIENCE IS PLACING THE Pitcairn islanders under the microscope, and is seeking to learn from its observation of them some facts about biology. Those people the progeny of whites and South Sea islanders, have remained there, alone, untouched and unmixed, for generations, and the conditions under which they exist lend themselves to scientific examination as do those nowhere else on earth.

THE ISLANDERS ARE Healthy and happy. Their wants are few, and those they are able easily to supply. They are peaceful and industrious, and they know nothing and care nothing about the world and its problems. It is pleasant to think that there is one such spot on earth. Why should not those people be guarded against the contact with what we call civilization which would be sure to unsettle them and subject them to dangers from which they are now free?

CERTAINLY NEW WAYS should not be forced upon them. But on the other hand, who shall deny them the right to reach out into the great world, if they wish to do so, and become acquainted with and participate in its activities, its aspirations, its emotions, its triumphs and its tragedies? What one of us would exchange the world as we know it, with all its griefs, for the quiet stagnation of a South Sea island?

SCIENTIFIC SHARPS HAVE been worrying about all the good top soil of North Dakota being blown away, leaving nothing on which to grow crops except barren clay. Undoubtedly some soil left the state in the high winds of last year, but a good deal of it came back whenever the wind changed, so that the net loss is a little difficult to compute. Recently North Dakota has been getting quite a lot of soil which is believed to have come from Kansas. Kansas storms lifted a lot of earth into the air recently, and carried some of it as far east as the Atlantic Ocean. For a day or two the dust made New York as dark and gloomy as its own fog and smoke ever makes it, and dust deposits were left on floors, furniture and stocks of goods all over the city.

THE DUST WHICH Discolored our new fallen snow, and which left its traces on our auto tops, came with a northeast wind, and there was no dust north or east of us that could be lifted. Everywhere, in both of those directions, there was heavy snow. The presumption is that the Kansas storm carried the dust high into the air, and that the upper currents brought it back and redistributed it. The continued haze probably means that the upper air is still, carrying quantities of that dust. Our automobiles, unless they have been washed, are carrying around parts of somebody's Kansas wheat fields.

EVERYWHERE THERE ARE expressions of regret at the passing of Russell B. Harrison, who achieved fame in his portrayal of "de Lawd" in "The Green Pastures." I hadn't the good fortune to see that play, but it was an experience to which I looked forward hopefully. I can't imagine how playwright, producer and players could have conceived it possible to present a play built on those lines without having it accepted as either blasphemy or burlesque, but friends who have seen the play tell me that even scenes which, taken out of their setting, would have been howling farce were received reverently and sympathetically. It was a case of creating an agency by means of which people separated by color, tradition and generations of education, color and social standards, were able to approach each other on the fundamental basis of common human experience.

HARRISON, WHOSE ACTING and personality gave dignity and character to the play, was the son of one of those thousands of slave families who made their way to Canada by way of the underground railway in the years preceding the Civil war. There were many points at which that famous secret route crossed the border, but the shortest and most accessible ran north through Ohio and across the Detroit river. That gave to the section of southern Ontario between Detroit and the Niagara peninsula the only large negro population to be found anywhere in Canada. It used to be said that the little city of Chatham, not far from Detroit, had more blacks than whites.

WHILE, QUITE NATURALLY, all classes were included in that migration, many of the escaped slaves were industrious, progressive, and of fine character. I can recall a number of such families among the farmers of my neighborhood. Harrison's parents seem to have been of this type, and he, himself, won his way against great difficulties.

MRS. C. E. BRAWNER, OF Chestnut street, reports a robin in her vicinity. A few warm days should bring these birds in great numbers, as there is little snow on the ground to cause them to hesitate in their flight.

A DANISH TRADE Publication of which I receive occasional copies has a long article devoted to Danish fisheries. One picture shows acres of codfish spread on the rocks and drying in the sun. We are told that in Denmark cod are popularly known as "klipfik," not because they are clipped, but because of the ancient practice of drying them on the rocks (klipper.) The fish are cleaned, split and salted as they are caught at sea, and are then dried when the boat returns with its catch. Artificial methods of drying are now used quite largely.

THERE IS A GIRL IN NEW YORK who, if she were asked to tell of her most thrilling experience, would probably describe what happened on a dark night on a lonely road in northeastern Minnesota some ten or twelve years ago. And the incident was not without its thrill for me, for I was one of the participants. We were driving from Duluth Grand Forks-ward in a somewhat weather-beaten Overland touring car, the occupants being three women—two of them quite young, the other less young—and myself. The girls had come up the lakes to Duluth, and we other members of the party had met them to bring them home for a vacation. One of the girls was a New Yorker who had never spent more than a few hours at a time outside New York City, and her knowledge of the wild west, such as Minnesota and North Dakota, had been derived from books, newspapers, and the stories—some of them real thrillers,—which she had heard from others.

OUR PLAN WAS TO Meander around through the range and lake country, stopping over night at Walker. We had spent too much time in the range towns, inspecting the palatial buildings on which the people of Chisholm, Hibbing and the others had invented ways to spend the tax money which they had collected from the mining companies, and it was evident that we should be late getting to Walker. However, the evening was warm and the roads good, so lateness did not matter. At Remer, a little town on the Soo, I had the gas tank filled, checked the tires, and found from a late road map that because of construction work we should have to take a detour on which the next settlement of any kind was Longville, 19 miles ahead.

OFF WE WENT, HUMMING along through woods, over and around hills and through valleys, and skirting innumerable lakes, on as crooked a road as I ever traveled, but which was perfectly hard and smooth. Ten miles out the road took us through a swamp, where the old courduroy had been given surfacing of fine gravel, and through which ran a little stream which I learned afterward is the Boy river. Tall trees almost met overhead, shutting out what little light remained, and a light rain was falling.

SUDDENLY THE CAR BEGAN to slow down. I pressed on the accelerator, and the engine spun, but the car did not respond. I kicked the clutch, thinking it might have slipped, but got no result. All the while we were slowing, and just before we reached the river bridge we came to a full stop. After fiddling with this and that gadget and accomplishing nothing I got out to see if I could locate the trouble. I did. My left rear wheel had pulled the axle part way out and stood about two feet from the car.

THERE I WAS, WITH A Helplessly disabled car ten, miles from Remer, nine miles to Longville, in a strange and uninhabited country, at night, with the rain more than a mere sprinkle, and with three women passengers. We had passed no houses for miles, and I didn't dare leave my party to go forward looking for help. It seemed likely that we should have to camp all night. However, after prying up the corner of the car, slipping the wheel partly into place and rolling the car to the roadside to avoid a possible collision, we all went forward as one man, to see what we could see, and presently we heard a dog bark. The dog belonged to a settler who lived near the road and who had a telephone, which put us in touch with civilization. A car came and took us back to Remer, where we spent the night, and the old settler, who proved to be an ingenious mechanic, made the necessary repair next morning.

PERHAPS THE EMOTIONS OF that New York girl during that experience can be imagined. There she was, far, far from home, in a wilderness of whose terrors she had often heard and read. The outlines of the trees took on fearsome forms. Frogs croaked in the swamps, and for all she knew they might be crocodiles. Minnesota was famous for its bears, and each sound might be that of a bear approaching. There was the possibility of panthers and wildcats, to say nothing of lions and elephants, and who knew at what moment bloodthirsty Indians might pounce down upon us? Not a word of this did the girl utter, and by not a quiver did she betray the slightest nervousness. But after it was all over she confessed that she had been shaking in her shoes and had scarcely expected to come through the night alive. I have always admired the bravery with which she kept her fears to herself.

PRESENTATION OF Entertainment like that given by the Shrine Minstrels at their three performances at the temple this week performs a wonderful service to the community in loosening up its muscles, smoothing out its wrinkles and warming the cockles of its heart. That is one of the great merits of the amateur, home - talent show, into which there enters a human element which is almost entirely absent from the professional performance. We view the professional performance as a work of art. The art may be very good or very bad, but it is upon what we consider its artistic quality that we base our acceptance of it. Usually we know nothing and care nothing about the performers as persons. The amateur performance also must have artistic merit, but it has the added quality of personal interest which attaches to the performers. They are our own people. We meet and rub elbows with them continually, and as we view them as inhabitants for the moment of a world of fantasy we welcome the occasional and unintentional evidences of their true identity by which we are still able to recognize them.

AMONG THE STAID CITIZENS of Grand Forks, grandfathers- and grandmothers, now, are still those who in their day performed in the black face of minstrelsy, the colorful pageantry of musical comedy or the emotional passages of high tragedy. And in doing so they not only enjoyed themselves but contributed to the enjoyment of multitudes of others who still remain their debtors. This week's minstrel show was part of an honorable program which reach back fifty years, and which, let us hope, will be extended indefinitely.

LAST YEAR THE PEOPLE OF New York City drank 135,479,000 gallons of beer, which seems like quite a quantity of beer. But during the same time they drank 380,000,000 gallons of milk and 131,250,000 gallons of coffee. There ought to be a moral in those figures, but I don't know just what it is.

THE PRINCESS MDVIANI, who bought a prince for several million dollars and then concluded that she had made a bad bargain, has been instructed by her attorney to make no more statements for publication. She obeyed the instructions, but let her maid do the talking for her. Now will the lawyer please tell the maid to shut up? And is there any way to keep the rest of the outfit from talking?

O V E R IN MESOPOTAMIA archaeologists have discovered the ruins of a city which they believe to be 6,000 years old. That would place it about the period of Adam according to the chronology of Archbishop Usher. One building, supposed to have been the palace of a nobleman has the rooms carefully oriented to the cardinal points of the compass, which is considered evidence that the builder had the services of an able astronomer.

IT IS TRUE THAT MANY OF the ancients developed a knowledge of astronomy which seems remarkable when he consider that their knowledge of the form and movements of the earth and the heavenly bodies was of the most primitive character, much of it altogether wrong, and that they were without instruments such as telescopes. But I have never been able to see that any considerable knowledge of astronomy was required to set a building north and south instead of askew. Any person of reasonable intelligence could note the position of the sun in the middle of the day, and only a little observation would lead to the discovery that in the north there is a star which never changes its position.

ONE DAY LAST FEBRUARY the town of Port Colborne, Ontario, situated right on Lake Erie, ran out of water. The lake level then reached the lowest point ever recorded, 567.25 feet above mean sea level. The lake still contained plenty of water for all the needs of the municipality, but the suction pipes from the city plant could not reach it. A switch was made to the pipes of an industrial plant. Last week another "low" was established, two inches below that of February, but in the meantime suction pipes had been extended to a lower point. Average lake levels are low, due to deficiency in precipitation in the upper lake basin. The unusual low levels, however, were due to strong north winds, which force water from one side of the lake to pile it up on the other. During the recent extreme low water flowed out of the Welland canal into Lake Erie instead of in the other direction, which is its normal course.

OUT OF THE DISTANT spaces comes the voice of Don Moore, for Don writes very much as he used to talk, and a letter from him to a Grand Forks friend recalls both his voice and manner. For the information of recent arrivals, Don assisted in the organization of the Commercial Club thirty - odd years ago and was its first secretary. He was also secretary of the Fair association and a general all around booster for Grand Forks. For several years Don has been operating a Texas ranch of which the principal crop is spinach. Think of Don Moore raising spinach! If I had known it I should have withheld some of the unkind things which I have made about spinach, which, after all, is a wholesome food, chuck full of vitamins, and strongly recommended by physicians and parents who think they themselves have outgrown the need for it. Rather apologetically Don writes that last season he planted only 265 acres on account of freezing weather, and he lost a considerable part of that.

PRICES FOR THE SPINACH crop have fluctuated greatly, ranging from 30 cents a bushel last year to \$1.10 a bushel at the corresponding season, with production cost running from about 30 cents up. Labor in that section is performed by Mexicans, not imported, but of American birth. Of these Moore writes:

"THEY ARE GOOD WORKERS, and are paid from 75 cents to \$1.50 a day, the latter for tractor hands and the lower price for field work, with \$1.00 per day during the busy season. The Mexican lives and enjoys himself on an income of \$6.00 per week and they are very fine and reliable."

SPINACH IN TEXAS IS A winter crop. The work of plowing and preparing the land begins about April 1 and continues generally through the summer until about September 1, when the first sowing is made. The business has its ups and downs, like wheat raising, and during Moore's three years' experience with it he has had two bad river floods, two bad freezes which ruined much of the crop, two of the driest seasons in the history of the country and a bank holiday, which seems to be plenty in that length of time.

MR. AND MRS. MOORE have with them their son Lewis, his wife and their five children, three girls and two boys, ranging from 2 to 10 years. Lewis is his father's right-hand man in the management of the ranch, which gives grandpa time to attend Rotary meetings and help out on Commercial club work. Mary, the daughter, and her husband, live in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WHILE TEXAS WEATHER, compared with northern temperatures, is mild, the figures do not tell the whole story. The houses are not built for temperatures lower than 50 or 60 above zero, and when it gets down to around the freezing point, which it does quite often, the cold weather takes hold. On the other hand, high temperatures, which are sometimes 105, are not felt as severely as might be supposed.

DON SENDS HIS REGARDS to old Grand Forks friends. During his residence here he was an important factor in the life of Grand Forks, and it is always pleasant to hear from or about him. And I urge him to do his best to keep the sand out of the spinach. That would help a lot.

THE OTHER DAY, WHEN the streets were slippery with new snow, within fifteen minutes I witnessed the escape of three pedestrians from being run down by automobiles. In each case the pedestrian was saved from what might easily have been his death by the care and promptness of the driver in controlling his car. In each case the pedestrian had walked squarely in front of the car without looking either way, and the car was brought to a sliding stop just in time. In one case the startled pedestrian shook his fist at the driver, not realizing that he, himself, was the only one to blame.

FRED L. GOODMAN READ MY story of the automobile adventure in which I lost a wheel one night over in the wilds of northern Minnesota, and then he told of a trip of his own which he had adventure after adventure, each packed full of thrills. I still maintain that I got the biggest kick out of mine but some of his were good. Here is the story of one of them: In those early days Goodman drove a Cadillac car weighing several tons. With Mrs. Goodman and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Ireland as passengers he started out one day on a vacation tour of northern Minnesota. Over in the Dugdale country he ran into a cloudburst, or, rather into where a cloudburst had been. The water must have come down in a solid mass, for the ditches were full and the fields were afloat. The party had traveled some distance on a road which was new, and narrow and soft, and it became evident that further progress in that direction was impossible. To turn that big car on a muddy road which was scarcely wider than the car itself seemed like getting a hippopotamus on a pocket handkerchief, and the passengers would have none of it. They dismounted and stood in the mud while Goodman backed and filled and gradually got the thing pointed the other way.

IT WAS DECIDED TO TRY the road by way of Brooks and Clearwater. Everything went well until a great lake was struck on the long flat across which the road ran. The rain had covered not only the meadows, but the road, which was completely out of sight for a mile or more. A native appeared, and of him Goodman demanded: "Where's the road around this lake?" to which the native replied: "There ain't none." "Then how do you get around?" "You don't," was the reply. "You get across. That's what they been doin'. See them tracks on the fur side? That's the road. You aim straight fer that and keep goin' and you'll come out all right. But take it easy or you'll kick up too much water, and hold 'er straight or you'll be in the ditch. Road's solid, all right."

WITH THOSE EXFLICTS Instructions and that comforting assurance Goodman and his passengers embarked on their voyage. Aiming carefully for the distant spot on the landscape Goodman laid his course and started in. The water was not quite deep enough to drown the engine, but there was not much to spare. The car plowed along valiantly, and about the middle of the ocean, forgetting the warning about speed and being eager to reach the other side, Goodman speeded up a little. The acceleration caused a swell and the car shipped a great wave which drowned the ignition and stopped the engine.

THERE THE PARTY WAS, marooned, or whatever the nautical term is, in the middle of a vast expanse of water, with a water-soaked power plant and no way to get out save wading or swimming. Neither of these latter methods making popular appeal it was decided to wait until the soaked equipment could be dried out and try starting the engine. Handkerchiefs and stray rags were used to mop up all the loose water, and after some patient waiting the engine consented to turn. In a few minutes of cautious driving land was made and the terrifying experience was over.

TO CELEBRATE THE SILVER anniversary of the accession of King George V to the throne the Canadian government will start 100,000 newly minted silver dollars in circulation. These will be Canada's first silver dollars, the country's largest silver coin thus far being the 50-cent piece. If the new dollar proves popular more of them will be coined. A safe prediction is that the first issue will be gobbled up quickly because of the novelty of the coin. Later the coins will be found feavy and awkward and may go out of circulation.

THE USE OF SILVER Dollars has fluctuated greatly in this country. A few years ago silver dollars were used in the northwest almost exclusively for sums less than five dollars. At that same time the "cartwheel" was regarded with suspicion in many other places. Quite often in the east a silver dollar would not be accepted by minor clerks in small stores and at filling stations without assurance from the boss that it was "all right." Today, in this territory, the liver dollar is almost a rarity, its place being taken by the dollar Jill. Two considerations may operate in favor of the new Canadian dollar. Canadian currency is still of the old blanket size, making a dollar bill almost as bulky as a silver dollar. Further, the two-dollar bill is in general use in Canada, and this limits to some extent the need for carrying either silver or smaller bills.