

QUITE NATURALLY, THE first industrial enterprises in Grand Forks were those which transformed the native raw material of the locality into finished products, ready for the use of the local inhabitants. Hence, in the early industries of the city, the lumber industry came first. Lumber was needed immediately for shelter and for the building of the boats that made possible river transportation, and local forests provided raw material in abundance.

IT WAS SOME YEARS AFTER the first settlement at Grand Forks before any demand was made upon the seemingly inexhaustible supplies of pine in northern Minnesota as a source of lumber for the prairie settlements. The pine was there, plenty of it but it was a long way off, and the task of getting out the logs, haul them to the nearest stream and floating them down on the spring freshets was not an easy one, and required more capital than was at first available for that purpose.

THE GRIGGS AND WALSH sawmill built in 1871, and the sawmill which later formed part of the Viets establishment, were devoted chiefly to the manufacture of lumber from timber found growing along the Red and Red Lake rivers. The present appearance of the country gives little indication of the wealth of timber that was available at the time of settlement. On Minnesota Point, between the two rivers, on land now occupied by grain and truck farms, there were miles of solid timber, and all along the two streams the timber belt was wider and denser than at present. Oak and ash grew in abundance, and of the soft woods there were elm and basswood, both of which were used extensively for lumber.

EARLY LOCAL MILLS did custom work on a large scale. Their product entered into most of the building that was done, and occasionally up to this time when an old building is wrecked its inner structure, overlaid now with modern lumber, is found to be of sturdy oak of local growth, sawn in one of the little local mills some 60 years ago. The Walker mill, just off North Third street, a mammoth plant for its time, used the products of the Minnesota pine forests, for by that time logging in the north woods has become an organized industry. The big mill in East Grand Forks was still larger, and it burned at a time when the available supply of timber was just about exhausted.

THE FIRST ELECTIC PLANT in Grand Forks was a 30-light Brush arc dynamo operated by a small engine in the planting mill of Turner and Chisholm a block or two north of the present Northern Pacific station.

THE EARLY FLOUR MILLS, which took local wheat and ground it into flour, are described elsewhere in the HERALD. In the operation of those little mills the "gristing" practice was common. The farmer, if he wished, could have his own wheat ground into flour for his own use, the mill retaining a share, usually one-eighth, for its services, and delivering to the farmer his proper proportion of bran and shorts as well as of flour.

SOMETIME IN THE NINETIES —I think before the Russell Miller company bought the property— bran was burned regularly at the Diamond mill for the purpose of generating steam. Flour was in great demand, and all the mills were running full time. The country was glutted with bran and at the prices then prevailing bran was a much cheaper fuel in Grand Forks than coal.

IN THOSE EARLY DAYS OF Grand Forks there was a spirit of enterprise which led men to test the possibilities of various lines of enterprise and to determine by actual experience whether or not this line of industry could be made to succeed. Naturally some of the results were negative. That was the case with the woolen mill, which seemed to have promise, but which, it was found, was unable to meet the competitive conditions which existed at that time.

WHILE WAGONS AND OTHER vehicles were not made in Grand Forks under factory conditions, several of the early artisans engaged in this type of work. Among them, working in wood or iron, were Charles Freeman, P. H. Haggerty, Josh Burr, Halleck Bros., and Shetin & Robinson. In their shops were built finished wagons, sleighs and cutters, and many of those vehicles gave good service for years.

MUCH OF THE HARNESS Originally used in the valley was of domestic manufacture. Thos. Hill and R. Stewart seem to have been the original harness makers of the town. Later came T.J. McCallum, whose business was taken over by J. Mahowald after the owners' death. Material for this work was imported, as Grand Forks never had a tannery.

WHILE THE MAJOR ACTIVITY of Grand Forks has been in the line of distribution, the industrial side has not been overlooked. Some of the original industries have more than held their own, and have grown and developed with the times. Others have been succeeded by newer ones in similar lines, and valuable additions in entirely new directions have been made.

WORD HAS BEEN RECEIVED in Grand Forks of the death in Seattle on February 11, of Mrs. E. R. Phinney, for many years a resident of Grand Forks. Since October, 1933, Mrs. Phinney had made her home in Seattle with a sister, Miss Leone Davis. Among the early residents of Grand Forks, Mr. and Mrs. Phinney operated a cigar store on DeMers avenue until some years ago, they moved to Mentor, Minn., where they owned property on Maple Lake. There Mrs. Phinney remained for some time following the death of her husband, later going west to make her home with her sister.

HALVOR G. HELLE, PIONEER settler of Bygland, Minnesota, has been a patient in a Crookston hospital for the past month or more. In 1915 Mr. Helle sold the farm which he had homesteaded and on which he had reared a family of five sons and three daughters, and retired. Five years later he went to Norway to spend the remainder of his days in the place where he was born, but after a year he found himself drawn again to the Red river valley, where his active years had been spent, and he returned to Bygland, bought a little tract of 20 acres of land, and settled down for good.

MR. HELLE'S FIVE SONS volunteered for service on the entrance of the United States into the World war. Three of them are now living in Detroit, one serving in the city fire department and two employed in the Ford motor works. One son, James, lives at Thompson, N. D., and another Knut, who enlisted in the regular army at the close of his overseas service, is stationed at Kansas City. All these sons have visited their father during his illness. A daughter, Mrs. Knut H. Knutson of Thompson, has been with her father constantly.

ACCORDING TO THE American Automobile association there is an average of one filling station or garage for every mile and a half of surfaced highway in the country. But notwithstanding this fact, more than a million cars ran out of gas last year. While there must be many such cases that do not get into the official records, checks which have actually been made serve as the basis for the association's estimate.

THERE ARE FEW DRIVERS who have not had the experience of running out of gas. Sometimes premature exhaustion of supply has been due to leakage or some similar trouble against which provision could not well be made. But the majority of cases have been due to negligence. In the old days when the quantity of gas in the tank was measured with a stick, one was quite apt to overrun. Now the thing is simplified by the use of gauges, but gauges will sometimes get out of order and mislead one. Anyway, the proportion of a million cars running out of gas once in a year out of a total of more than 20 times that number on the road is not high.

THE AUTOMOBILE Association reports interesting tourist developments as a result of inclement winter weather. In the northern resorts which feature winter sports trade has been unusually heavy. In the middle south there has been some falling off because in that section chilly weather, with snow or rain, have not proven attractive. Of those who have gone south a larger proportion than usual have gone all the way, and southern California, Florida and the Gulf Coast report the best tourist season in years.

THE ASSOCIATION REPORTS numerous complaints of high prices in many sections and advised prospective tourists to make reservations in advance. An A. A. A. circular also contains a warning to those who cater to the public in the statement that "Experience in many resort areas has proven that the practice of charging exorbitant prices to tourists eventually results in killing the goose that lays the golden eggs."

SOMEONE WHO HUNG UP before I could inquire his name called up with reference to the announcement in Sunday morning's Herald of the address by King Edward VIII to be broadcast from London. The announcement was quite correct. Under a London date line the article said "The broadcast will be at 4 P. M." Then, in parentheses (10 A. M. Grand Forks time.) My caller was mistaken in supposing this statement to be wrong. As London time is six hours ahead of Grand Forks time, when it is 10 o'clock in the forenoon in Grand Forks the people in London are just about at their afternoon tea.

THE YOUNG KING SPOKE IN measured tones, quite similar to those of his late father, and he has just about his father's English accent. In his brief address, also, there was much of the personal quality and intimacy which made the addresses of King George so appealing.

DIFFERENCES IN TIME ARE apt to be confusing. The reason for such differences is quite well understood, but the expert geographer, astronomer and mathematician is just as apt as the next man to get himself all tangled up in checking the time as between two zones only an hour apart. When the international date line is introduced, confusion becomes worse confounded. Thus, our time is ahead of everything west of us until the middle of the Pacific is reached, and then we jump forward a whole day. The sun rises in Japan about eight hours after it rises in Grand Forks, but when it is Wednesday noon in Grand Forks it is 4 o'clock Thursday morning in Japan.

AN ORDINANCE ADOPTED by the Chicago city council putting Chicago's clocks on Eastern standard time went into effect on Sunday. Chicago's attempt to invade the eastern time zone may call for a decision by the federal supreme court to determine, among other things, whether or not the federal government has any rights that states and local communities are bound to respect. In view of the fact that the court has been kept busy of late with cases involving allegations that the federal government is trying to assume functions that belong to the states, this feature of the case gives it some novelty.

THE FEDERAL Government is brought into the situation through its control of interstate commerce. Chicago, having gone Eastern in the matter of local time, demands that railroads entering the city also use Eastern time. Railroad time is regulated by the federal Commerce commission. The question that is being raised is whether the city, in changing its own time, can force the government to follow suit.

CHICAGO'S ADOPTION OF Eastern time, if allowed to stand, will destroy, for a considerable part of this continent, the uniformity which the time zoning system was intended to make possible. To end confusion which was everywhere inconvenient and in some cases intolerable, the continent was divided into time zones 15 degrees wide in which the time changed from one to the next by an even hour. That plan proved so simple and generally satisfactory that it was adopted throughout the world. Our supreme court has said that a state has the right to set its own time, but if a state, or one of its subdivisions exercises that right without reference to the effect of its action on other communities, the whole scheme of time zoning becomes futile.

THE CHICAGO ORDINANCE has been opposed by the Chicago Daily News, whose attorney says he is convinced that it cannot stand. Joining with Chicago in the demand that the Commerce commission apply the Chicago ordinance are a number of cities in Michigan. On the other hand, Milwaukee and many Wisconsin interests are opposing it vigorously.

EVERYONE ADMITS THAT this has been a severe winter, and taking the country over there is more snow on the ground than usual at the beginning of March. One reason for this is especially true of North Dakota, nearly all the snow that has fallen during the winter is still on the ground. There have been no thaws of any consequence. Most of North Dakota's roads are blocked, and even the railways have difficulty in maintaining their schedules. But, in comparison with some other localities, we scarcely know what snowfall is. At Paradise Inn, Washington, there has been 170 inches of snow since last fall, and 144 inches at Soda Springs, California. Fourteen feet of snow is something to write about. Of course both those places are in the mountains.

ON MOUNT RANIER, IN Washington, 60 feet of snow has felled in one winter, and Ruby, Colorado, has reported 39 feet. In the winter of 1892-93 New York City reported 67 inches. In the matter of temperature there are all sorts of low records. Years ago a self-registering thermometer capable of recording 100 below zero was left near the top of Mount McKinley in Alaska, and when it was recovered years later it had registered minus 100, and nobody knows how much lower it would have gone if it had been built for lower records.

HERE AND THERE ARE Persons who remember the building of the Great Northern road through from Grand Forks to Devils Lake and on west. A. M. O'Connor, who has recently moved from St. Thomas to Grand Forks has supplied me with a few paragraphs from an issue of the Grand Forks Plaindealer of December 9, 1882, telling of the cessation of construction work on the line that winter. Mr. O'Connor's brother John was paymaster on that section. The Plaindealer story reads:

"MR. JOHN O'CONNOR, Recently employed as paymaster on the western extension, is in the city today. Mr. O'Connor states that the last track-laying was done on Saturday night last, and 120 men were paid off on Sunday and left for St. Paul on Monday.

"The work was completed just as the blizzard started in, and as the provisions had run low and the last fuel was on the engines, the men rustled around lively to collect their tools and head the train for Larimore, where the boarding cars, teams, and track tools were left. A side track has been put in at the end of the track, and two saloons are already on the ground, awaiting the location of the town of Bartlett.

"THE END OF THE TRACK IS 12 miles from the Lake, but no grading contracts have as yet been let beyond the present terminus and probably will not be before Spring. Mr. O'Connor reports several heavy cuts on the extension which are now filled in with snow to the depth of two or three feet. If the road is not kept open and operated this winter it will entail great suffering and probably loss of life among the settlers who have depended upon the railroad for fuel and provisions.

"F. W. Sherman, clerk of the construction train, and E. J. Brennan, son of the contractor, Pat Brennan, left for Minneapolis yesterday."

IT IS TO BE HOPED THAT care will be taken to preserve for all time the reports of relief investigators on the conditions which they find in families in their districts. Some of those reports will make interesting, if somewhat mystifying reading for students of our social conditions a century or so hence.

WORKERS IN NEW YORK City have turned in some fearful and wonderful reports. One report tells of a contortionist who "does not know which way to turn." Another mentions "children who need thorough cooking," and another tells of a man who is "of a very high white collar type. One woman on relief is reported to have "a very simple interior." Among other interesting statements are the following:

"APPLICANT AND WIFE ARE not at home. Grandfather was at home, but illiterate."

"The only food in the house was a loaf of bread and a pot of caviar."

"The woman is troubled with obsessed ears."

"The man was hit by an automobile and speaks broken English."

"Although applicant's wife looked worried and despondent, her canary was singing cheerfully."

"The man has had two operations and is now rid of his money entirely."

"Today even their food is supplied by ERB, who has given four bags of coal."

"The mother is very intellectual, speaks three languages, and has even written a poem that nobody will buy."

"The mother has very little idea of home making, probably due to cigar making."

"The applicant is a typical real American and is the father of eight children."

"Applicant supports one minor and two majors."

"Sophie's married to a sailor and her whereabouts are unknown."

"There is a genial atmosphere in spite of odors."

"Woman thinks she owes five months' rent, but will know definitely when the landlord calls."

"This young couple with two bare rooms and recently dead dependent uncle, need assistance of some sort."

"The man is an interesting type, resembling Einstein and Lloyd George."

"Man supports wife, mother, mother-in-law, and grandmother-in-law."

"Woman still owes \$25 for funeral she had recently." "

"They endeavor to live nicely, laving a little flower pot in the kitchen."

"This is a cheerful colored family. There is no food in the house and the children are fading."

A CORRESPONDENT OF AN eastern paper in discussing the merits of the Fort Peck dam refers to its influence on flood control. Floods on the lower Mississippi, says the writer, occur when three elements combine, namely, the melting of snow on the upper Missouri, heavy rains in the upper Ohio valley, and heavy rains along the lower Mississippi. When the Missouri flood waters meet those of the Ohio at the mouth of the latter river, and are augmented by lower Missouri rains, the lower valley of the great river is bound to have disastrous floods. This condition, thinks the writer, will be prevented by holding back the Missouri flow by the Fort Peck dam.

THE WORST OF THE LOWER Mississippi floods have occurred without assistance from the Missouri, and have been caused entirely by heavy rains in the lower river valley. Conceding the desirability of holding back the flow of the upper Missouri, the correspondent overlooks the fact that a dam at Garrison in North Dakota would capture twice as much river flow as can be checked by the dam at Fort Peck. The North Dakota dam would hold back the flow of both the Yellowstone and the Little Missouri, which equals that of the Missouri above Fort Peck.

THE GUARDIANSHIP OF A dog over a child presented problems to the New York police department the other day. A motorist noticed a small boy crossing the street, evidently in confusion, and accompanied by a big dog. He stopped and asked the boy who he was and where he lived. The boy replied "I'm Johnny and this is Prince. I don't know where I live. I'm losted."

THE DRIVER INVITED THE boy to get into his car, intending to drive him to the nearest police station. The youngster climbed in, but the dog disapproved and dragged him out. Not caring to mix things with Prince, the driver started to walk down the street and invited Johnny to follow. In that fashion man, boy and dog walked the half mile to the police station. The officers wished to make Johnny comfortable, and asked him to take off his coat, as the room was warm. Johnny preferred to retain his coat, and when a policeman started to remove it Prince interfered. When the story was told Johnny was eating bread and milk, and Prince was gnawing a bone and keeping guard while the cops were awaiting returns from a broadcast advertising a lost boy.

A GREAT DEAL HAS BEEN written about the loss of fertility on western lands from wind erosion. Without question the wind has lifted and moved many tons of surface material during recent dry periods, and the process is still going on in certain sections of Colorado and vicinity. But just how much fertility has been lost by any given acre is still an open question. Soil has been blown from certain areas, but it has settled somewhere else, and a good deal of it has been replaced by soil blown from some other place. On a few fields, under peculiar conditions, real damage has been done, but the average acre of prairie soil is just about as fertile as it was before the series of dust blizzards. North Dakota was supposed to have suffered tremendously from dust storms, and their immediate effect was highly injurious. But as to loss of fertility, last year the state would have harvested 117,000,000 bushels of wheat, with other crops in proportion, had it not been for conditions not even remotely related to dust storms.

MR. LANGER SAYS HE feels as Napoleon did after his return from Elba. Mr. Langer's friends doubtless hope that he will have no occasion to feel as Napoleon did after Waterloo, which was just about 100 days after his return from Elba. Those historical parallels must be used with a certain measure of discretion.

THE TWO NONPARTISAN gatherings at Bismarck followed closely the form established by the old-time convention. And the resemblance is so close that few persons are likely to remember that under the primary election law we have abolished the convention.

FRED REDICK, OIL STATION man at Tarzana, California, just outside of Los Angeles, and a former Grand Forks resident, has been remembering things about Grand Forks recently, and in submitting a series of recollections of early days, he wonders how many Grand Forks people remember the same things.

First on Fred's list is recalled the time when Grand Forks was the district headquarters of the Hudson's Bay company, doing business in a building located across the street from the old Viets hotel, which later became the Hall hotel. Mr. Clarke, who was local manager, and who later became manager of the Winnipeg headquarters, told of a gun fight in front of the store, and it was customary for him to hang heavy Indian blankets over the windows at night so that no one would take a pot shot at him and rob the post of valuable furs and supplies.

ACCORDING TO FRED'S recollection the election in which Phil McLoughlin defeated Martin Walsh for justice of the peace was a spirited contest. At 9 P. M. it appeared that Martin had won by a small majority, but on a recheck of the votes it was found that Phil was elected. In honor of the event several hundred citizens, headed by the band, put on a parade, starting at the mayor's residence and stopping here and there en route. At 11:30 the parade reached Phil's home, located back of the old Herald building. Phil was asleep, and on hearing the disturbance he arose, and hastily donned his trousers, supported by only one suspender. He was boosted onto the roof of the kitchen, and from that elevation he delivered an eloquent address of thanks. When the address was over he found that he had put on his trousers wrong side first.

THERE WERE PRIZE FIGHTS in those days, and one of them had a tragic ending. The fight was held in a livery stable at the corner of Kittson and Fourth, and in some way during the melee Fitzgerald, one of the contestants, was killed. The crowd melted away like snow before a summer sun, and next day several prominent citizens were absent on pressing business elsewhere, and they did not return until the excitement had quieted down.

A TRANSIENT UNDERTOOK to hold up Policeman John Sullivan, afterward captain of police, but John unlimbered his artillery and let drive. The would-be bandit was shot in the hip, and like many others he came to the conclusion that Sullivan was a mean man to hold up.

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST nights of one of those early winters an old building occupied by the Herald burned. Dr. Wheeler had his office on the second floor, and the skeleton of the Northfield bank robber whom Dr. Wheeler had shot was burned. When fragments of bones were found in the ruins it was at first supposed that someone had been burned to death. When the truth became known those fragments of bone were in demand as souvenirs.

AMONG THE NAMES OF those attending the North Dakota picnic at Long Beach California I noticed that of Frank Goss, city editor of the Long Beach Press-Telegram. For a year or so, about 30 years ago, Goss was telegraph editor of the Herald. At that time he was in his early twenties, a small, slight, fair-complexioned chap, a swift worker, and exceedingly methodical in all his movements. When he came to the Herald he brought with him a dilapidated Rem - Sho typewriter, which looked as if it might have been through a major and several minor wars. All its bearings were worn, and everything about it was loose, but Goss could make his fingers fly over the keyboard and pound out excellent copy with it. When he left for Seattle he sold the machine to another member of the force who took it with him when he moved away. I saw the old machine several years later, looser than ever, with several of its parts bound together with wire, but still delivering copy which, though its lines were irregular, was decipherable. In those days the newspaper did not furnish typewriters. If any of us wanted a typewriter we furnished it ourselves.

THE OTHEK DAY IN NEW York there was discovered a hoard of gold coin amounting to \$388,000. That gold was not hidden under the bed or in any of the other places usually associated with miserly hoarding. It was merely locked up in a safety-deposit box. The owner may be subjected to heavy penalties for failure to surrender the gold to the government in exchange for currency as provided by law. Hoards of money are discovered in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, sometimes in considerable quantities which have been hidden away because of distrust in banks or for some other freakish reason, and sometimes in small sums which have been laid aside temporarily and then forgotten. Everyone is familiar with the story of the careful housewife who kept the family funds stored for safety one summer in the parlor stove, and of the tragedy which followed when her husband unexpectedly lit a fire in the stove on a chilly fall evening. Probably something similar to that has occurred thousands of times.

STRAY PAPER CURRENCY and old coins have been recovered from old clocks, family Bibles, attics, wall spaces—almost everywhere. And occasionally the finder is richly rewarded when he finds that the coin or bill which he has found is worth many times its face value because of some peculiarity which gives it the quality of rarity. There is a not uncommon, but mistaken impression that the value of a piece of money is governed by its age. Really age has little to do with it. The Lexington half dollar, coined in 1925 is valued by collectors at \$5. Half-dollars coined 50 years earlier are worth just 50 cents. There are catalogues issued by reliable dealers which give the values of rare coins and bills, and without such a catalogue the average person has no means of knowing whether a piece of money is worth more than its face or not.

THE CHANGED PRACTICE which is regarded at the moment as revolutionary may quickly become commonplace, a fact which we have evidence in our attitude toward political methods decidedly different from those once in vogue. We have an illustration of this in the method of electing United States senators. For more than a century senators were elected by the legislatures of the several states, and adoption of the popular method was often regarded as establishing our whole government on a new basis. Yet the new method is accepted as if it had always been, and the old is practically forgotten.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO deplore the new practice, believing that it has resulted in marked deterioration in the quality of senatorial personnel. Points which still remain debatable are, first, that there has been any deterioration, and second, that the popular election method is responsible for it if it exists. There have been some great men in the senate, but even under the earlier method of election, the senate was not in any period composed exclusively of great men. It is probably true that in no period did the majority rise above mediocrity.

THOSE WHO RECALL THE early history of North Dakota will remember that whenever there was to be chosen a legislature whose duty it would be to elect a United States senator, there was but one issue in that election campaign, namely, the attitude of the legislative candidate toward the senatorial contest. Every active candidate for the senate had his agents at work in every district seeking the election of legislators who would be favorable to his candidacy. State issues were subordinated or forgotten entirely.

POPULAR ELECTION OF Senators has not accomplished all that some of its enthusiastic advocates expected. Neither has it wrought the demoralization attributed to it by those who look back on the "good old days" as days of perfection.

ONE FEATURE OF "THE First Legion," the play which is to be given at the Dakota theater Thursday evening, recalls a story which may or may not be true, but which, true or not, illustrates a phase in human experience which writers of plays and novels often disregard. The story is that at the close of the presentation of a gripping drama in a Paris theater, a man rose from his seat and addressed the audience somewhat as follows: "My friends, we have just witnessed two acts of one of the most thrilling dramas ever given on the stage. Not only is the play a powerful one, but the company is one of extraordinary ability. The drama is unfinished, and we await eagerly the third act, which is to solve all the problems presented in the other two and to round out completely what we have just witnessed.

"THUS FAR THE PLAY HAS been true to human life. But the many problems of life are not all solved at one time. Their solution is partial and progressive, and some are never solved. Let us not spoil the effect that has already been produced by waiting for the closing act. Let us rather pay playwright and players the high compliment of leaving this place now and carrying with us, deep in our hearts, the problems they have given us."

THAT APPEAL, ACCORDING to the story, was so well made, and seemed so reasonable, that the emotional audience, as one person, rose and quietly left the theater, leaving the final act to be played to empty seats. The story has rather strong elements of improbability, but it has a nugget of truth in the fact that in real life all the problems are never neatly solved and rounded out at a given moment.

"THE FIRST LEGION" IS Described as a drama of faith. To the inquiring mind it presents questions as to the nature of faith, its manner of operation, its possibilities, and the nature of its impact on the tragedies and the comedies of life. These questions are presented, but they are not categorically answered. Possible answers are suggested, but the final act and complete answers are left for the audience itself to make, according to the outlook and experience of its several members. It is this element of fidelity to truth, which is carried right down to the final curtain, which is one of the strongest features of the play, and which accounts very largely for its success.

PETTICOATS, PARASOLS AND fans are coming back, if the Paris designers are to have anything to say about it. At a recent costume show in Paris there were shown petticoats to be worn with about two inches of the bottom showing below the outer skirt, parasols in polka dotted silk to accompany summer costumes, and folding fans with flower designs for evening wear. Nothing is said about hoop-skirts and bustles.

EXPERIMENTS IN WIND tunnels indicate that 575 miles an hour is about the maximum speed of airplanes as now designed. Above that speed currents are set up which increase resistance rapidly. Clearly there is work here for the designers. Who wants to go loafing along at 575 miles an hour?

PROBABLY NOT MANY People are aware of the fact that row boats in the British navy are propelled by oars made in the United States. A member of the British parliament inquired of the government the other day why oars for the navy were not obtained within the British dominions. He was told that nowhere else in the world is ash grown as suitable for oars as in the United States, and that inasmuch as the wood must be obtained from this country, it is cheaper to have the oars manufactured here than to ship the wood and have the manufacturing done at home. Last year the British navy bought American ash oars to the value of \$65,000. The munitions committee might look into that.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON News is probably the most famous illustrated periodical in the world. In its 98 years of existence it has covered pictorially the leading events of the world, and, as means of communication and of picture making have been improved, the publication has extended its field and the publication has illustrated with remarkable thoroughness the events of the world at large. The Illustrated London News was the first illustrated paper with which I became acquainted. I recall that fully 65 years ago one of our buildings was lined with copies of that paper, which was then published in ordinary newspaper nearly a century ago must recollection of a spirited hunting scene, which was the principal picture on one of the pages.

AT THAT TIME PHOTO Engraving was unknown, as were the numerous mechanical devices now used to speed up the reproduction of pictures. I assume that the pictures in those old numbers were wood engravings, worked out by hand, and the publication of such a uauer nearly a century ago must have required much time and much labor. My recollection of the old paper has increased the interest with which I have examined recent copies, loaned by a friend, which illustrate in the finest manner of the pictorial art the ceremonies attending the death of King George V of Great Britain and the accession of his son, Edward VIII.

THE PUBLICATION IS NOW printed in magazine form on heavy calendared paper, and the illustrations are therefore brought out with remarkable clearness and fidelity to detail. Excellent portraits of the deceased monarch and members of his family are given, and many of the pictures date back to the days of Queen Victoria. One interesting feature brought out is the striking resemblance between King George and his son in their boyhood. In late years that resemblance has been concealed by King George's beard, but the portraits of King George as a lad might easily be taken for those of King Edward at a similar age.

IN PHOTOGRAPHS AND drawings by eminent artists there are illustrated the solemn ceremonials following the late king's death, the procession in which the royal casket was followed by the new king and his Brothers on foot and by kings, princes and diplomatic representatives from abroad, the massed bands of hundreds of pieces, the great bells, one of which is tolled for two hours only upon the death of a king, the stately military pageantry, the vast crowds standing with bowed heads as the cortege passed and the noble interiors of historic churches in which memorial exercises were held.

THE KING'S BODY LAY IN state in the great hall of William Rufus in St. George's church at Windsor, the roof of which is a beautiful Gothic arch supported by great oak beams installed by Richard II. In the vaults below are the remains of Henry VI, of Edward IV, who dethroned him, and of Henry VIII. Centuries of history are represented in the old edifice.

THE GUN CARRIAGE ON which the casket containing the remains of King George was drawn by a company of enlisted naval men. That practice, which seems now to be established, like many other customs had its origin in accident. When the funeral procession of Queen Victoria was on its way the harness of one of the horses drawing the funeral carriage became disconnected and the horse began to plunge. Sailors marching in the procession unhitched the horses and hauled the carriage themselves. That method was employed at the funeral of King Edward VII, and now at that of George V.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING features of this series of pictures is the opportunity afforded for comparison of costumes. While only about half a century is covered, many striking changes are shown in women's dress during that period. In the earlier period little boys wore dresses identical in appearance with those of little girls. In one rather famous picture are shown four generations of royalty, Queen Victoria seated, her son the prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII, and standing beside him his son the duke of York, who succeeded him as George V, and in the center the present king as a child of four or five, wearing a white dress, tendering his great-grandmother a bouquet of flowers. That collection of pictures will be a treasure for someone some generations hence.

MISS ALICE BOYD HAS JUST received notice of her appointment as assistant regional director, survey of federal archives, for North and South Dakota. Dr. Philip J. Green, associate professor of European history, is to direct this work. Both appointments were made by Dr. P. M. Hamer, national director, survey of federal archives, Washington, D. C. The headquarters of the regional office will be on the University campus and from this office a staff of archivists, under the direction of Mr. Green and Miss Boyd, will comb the Dakotas for manuscripts and rare books.

SO GREAT ARE THE Demands of life upon a people inhabiting a new country that there is great danger of the loss, through neglect, of valuable documents which tell the story of the struggles of a people for freedom. It has been said that modern civilization stands upon the shoulders of the past, and that no phase of modern life could have come into existence if it had not been for the labor of our ancestors. The only way we have of discovering the roots of modern civilization is by studying the written documents which our ancestors have left to us. If these documents are lost history is unable to reconstruct our past. The knowledge of certain periods of our development is scant because there has been no consistent effort to preserve records until recent times or because records were difficult to make.

EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS have long appreciated the importance of preserving for posterity its valuable documents. And our own government has now undertaken the task of searching out, classifying and preserving all unpublished records of the legislative, executive and judicial departments. Any suggestions as to where such archives may be found will be highly appreciated by the national director and his regional staff.

A. L. FAILOR WRITES THAT Fred Redick was mistaken in his statement about the fire printed in this column a few years ago. Mr. Failor says that the fire was not in The Herald, but in The Plain-dealer building, and he ought to know, for he was there, and it was in that fire that he lost his long beard.

IN A CONVERSATION ABOUT fires one old resident recalled incidents of the fire which destroyed the old Hotel Dacotah in 1897. Several occupants of the hotel made their escape from the burning building by climbing down the fire escape. One of the roomers, a rather portly young woman member of a theatrical troupe, awakened by the alarm, had discarded her nightdress in order to dress suitably for the street in 30-below-zero weather. Then, deciding that there was no time to dress, she had hurriedly donned a loose cloak and fastened it at the throat, and, thus attired, had climbed down the icy fire-escape, with the cold wind blowing a gale and the assembled multitude cheering heartily.

THE NEXT PERSON TO Descend the fire-escape was Mrs. C. H. Jenks, wife of Superintendent Jenks of the Great Northern. She, like the other hotel guests, had been awakened suddenly by the alarm and understood the urgency of the case. But Mrs. Jenks, while she could move swiftly, was also thorough and methodical, and when she appeared at the fire-escape she was fully dressed, as for an afternoon call, even to gloves, and, thus completely attired, she calmly made her descent.

THE DEATH OF MR. AND Mrs. A. C. Howe, who lost their lives in that fire, was undoubtedly due to a misunderstanding. Mr. Howe was an invalid, and confined to his bed, and friends, realizing that fact, were prepared to enter the building and carry him down to safety, which could have been done before the fire had gained great headway. In some manner the impression had become current that this had been done, and that was accepted by those who would have rescued him. Mrs. Howe remained with her husband and shared his fate.

MENTION OF GEORGE DOUGLAS as probably the first white child born in Pembina county has brought a series of reminiscences from Mrs. Noah L. Johnson, now 82 years of age, who, with other members of her family settled on the Tongue river, at the site of the present city of Cavalier, in July, 1875, and who is still a resident of Cavalier. Mrs. Johnson writes that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bechtel, herself and her husband, and John Wells Sr. and his two boys were the first settlers on the Tongue river at that point. On January 2, 1877, a son was born to the Johnsons, and in honor of his being the first white child born in that vicinity his grandfather, Mr. Bechtel, suggested that the child be named Tongue River Johnson. The parents, however, convinced that the name would prove unsatisfactory in later years named the child John, after his grandfather. The boy lived but two years and five months, and his was the first grave in the Union cemetery just east of Cavalier. On September 2, 1877, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Tom McDonald, the latter being Mrs. Johnson's sister. George Douglas, according to Mrs. Johnson, was born July 4, 1878.

WHILE THESE WERE THE first births along the Tongue river, Mrs. Johnson says that before their arrival several other children had been born along the Pembina river between Pembina and Walhalla. Of those very early settlers on the Tongue river there are now left only Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Sol Wells Sr., and Cyrus Bechtel, all living in Cavalier, and Sam Heller, living one mile east.

THE WINTER OF 1875-76 IS recalled by Mrs. Johnson as unusually long and cold. Winter set in on October 24 and continued until April 10. Snow was deep, and travel in any direction was next to impossible.

ANYONE WHO EXPECTS TO take one of those widely advertised ocean cruises in the near future may be interested in learning something about his legal statute if he should fall off the steamer gang-plank to the dock. That question puzzled the lawyers for some time. If a passenger should be injured in such a fall would his recourse be against the steamship company which owned the gangplank, or against the dock people? Did the accident occur at sea or on land? A court ruling says that the accident occurred at sea, as the gang-plank is part of the ship, and suit, if any, should be brought in the admiralty court.

ADDITIONAL, SHELF ROOM sufficient to accommodate 20,000 volumes has just been provided in the League of Nations library at Geneva. Presumably they are getting ready to file for reference the next batch of remarks by Senator Borah on why the United States should have nothing to do with League.

TWO METHODS, THE Italian and the German, are in use to prevent the premature swarming of bees, but in spite of sanctions and political embroilment, the Italian method is supplanting the German wherever honey is produced commercially. Herr Hitler will see in this fresh evidence of determination on the part of foreigners to isolate and humiliate Germany, and we may look for an appeal to the German people to take steps to uphold the honor of the Aryan race as represented exclusively in Germany. The German anti-swarming method has in its favor at least what appears to be an appropriate name. It is called "Gerstung."

THERE IS ONE FEDERAL activity to which, so far as noted, no objection has been raised. That is in the work of preventing the spread of the Dutch elm tree disease, which has wrought havoc in the eastern states, and which, is unchecked, would presently have menaced all the splendid elms in every part of the United States. The infected area thus far charted covers over 5,000 square miles in the states of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Within that area 1,470,680 trees have been marked for destruction, and more than a million have already been removed.

AFTER A SEASON MARKED by difficulties and embarrassments the schedule of plays planned under the auspices of the Playgoers league of Grand Forks closed last week on a high note with the presentation of "The First Legion," which would have been considered an acceptable offering even in the days when the legitimate theater was in all its glory. The play is an impressive one in which bits of comedy, presented with discrimination and restraint, throw into still stronger relief the profound thought which is the essential feature of the play.

THE FACT THAT THE Company of 10 men and a boy could hold the attention and grip the emotions of the audience with improvised scenery and makeshift properties in substitution for the regular stage equipment which was stalled in the snow many miles away is a demonstration both of the power of the play and of the ability of the actors. All of the older men in the cast had played in Grand Forks before, some of them in big companies which toured the country 30-odd years ago, and even the younger men have had years of experience in dramatic work. The curtain went down on the two most impressive scenes of the play without a sound of applause from the audience or a perceptible movement in the entire house. One of the members of the company said "when we heard that intense silence we knew that the play had taken hold. Applause at those points would have told us that we had failed."

IT IS TOO EARLY TO MAKE definite plans for another year, but from many expressions which I have heard I am convinced that league members in general will be glad to continue their participation in the effort to make good plays available to the public at reasonable prices, and to share again in the hazards that inevitably attend such enterprises. The building of the new High School auditorium will solve one of the perplexing problems, and with the lessons that have been learned from the experience of this year the league should be able to go forward hopefully and with a reasonable measure of confidence.

MANY YEARS AGO, WHEN I was the recipient of various and sundry complaints concerning typographical and other errors which had appeared in The Herald, and the complaints had become irritating by their frequency and monotony, I took certain defensive measures. The mistakes were there beyond any question. They could neither be concealed nor explained out of existence. Each of them stuck out like a sore thumb. And not one of them should have been made. The fact that imperfections existed in other fields did not relieve us of the obligation to make the newspaper perfect, and there was no denying the fact that our paper wasn't perfect.

WHILE EVERYBODY IN THE office was urged to put forth supreme effort I took the front page of a copy of the New York Times, which I have always considered one of the best papers published, and scanned it microscopically for errors. I found them—plenty of them. There were switched head-lines, transpositions, omissions, substitutions, and almost the entire list of possible errors. Marking each of those errors heavily with a blue pencil I made that front page look like the map of a military campaign. Then I put it away in my desk. When some candid friend came in to complain of a comma being misplaced I admitted the error and said "It is too bad, isn't it?" Then I would spread before him my New York Times, and he would become so interested in checking the errors in a great metropolitan paper that he would forget all about the comma.

MY REASON FOR WRITING all this is to make it serve as the basis of a recommendation to Street Superintendent Kleven. John is undoubtedly receiving numerous complaints because the Grand Forks streets just now are not quite as we should like to have them. There is too much snow in places, the snow is becoming dirty, and presently we shall be having too much water. My thought is that Mr. Kleven might be able to interest complaining citizens in a complaint by a citizen of New York which he made in the following letter to the New York Times:

"I AM JUST IN FROM A walk, and I spent an idle 10 minutes in carefully surveying my own block—111th street between Broadway and Amsterdam avenue. The gutters from one end of the block to the other are piled to a depth of two to four feet with frozen snow on top of which is a layer of refuse and muck. In my brief survey I noted decaying meat, rotten vegetables, lemon and orange rinds, hundreds of empty tin cans, crushed wooden boxes and a quantity of soiled rags and clothing.

"What other civilized community in the world would stand for this sort of thing? It is five or six weeks since the last important snow storm, and if the sanitation department cannot do any better in that length of time it ought to publicly confess defeat and the heads should resign in a body."

AN INCIDENT IN THE EARLY history of Bottineau county, which is recalled by L. A. Fulwiler, now of Spokane, convinced members of his family that Indians were as much afraid of the whites as the whites were of the Indians. In the spring of 1888 Mr. Fulwiler, his mother, Mrs. Louisa Fulwiler, his brother Andrew and sister Emma, now living near Westhope, left Illinois to settle in North Dakota. Later in the year his father and others of the family followed.

LAND WAS OBTAINED, crops were grown, and prospects were pleasing, but in the fall of 1890 and through that winter there were persistent rumors of Indian uprisings in the vicinity of the Turtle mountains. The elder Fulwiler lived that winter in the Turtle mountains. One day an Indian appeared at the house and asked for food. His face was marked with scars which he said he had received in the Kiel rebellion of a few years earlier. While he was eating Mrs. Fulwiler continued her work of getting the churn ready for the regular churning. The churn was a tall one of bent wood, and was operated by a crank. When the crank was started the Indian gave a yell, dashed through the door and disappeared in the woods. He was never seen again, nor was any other Indian seen that winter. It was supposed that he had taken the churn for some new kind of gatling gun. His fright helped to set at rest the Indian scare in that vicinity.

THE SCARE, HOWEVER, Operated to the advantage of L. A. Fulwiler. A Michigan man, Napoleon Russell, had settled at Lorr's lake, and he was so greatly impressed by the talk of Indians that he offered his homestead relinquishment for sale cheap in order that he might get his family out of danger before they were massacred. Mr. Fulwiler bought the relinquishment for \$100 and the Russells went back to Michigan. They were surprised to learn that their successors were still living and prospering.

LIKE OTHER YOUNG MEN who came to the northwest at that time, Mr. Fulwiler worked for other farmers until he got together enough money to start a farm of his own. He mentions several years in which his wheat ran 44 bushels per acre. One of the memorable events of that period was a Fourth of July celebration held in a grove five miles east of the present town of Omamee. Practically everybody in the county was there, and most of them traveled by ox teams, for there were few horses in the county at that time. Mr. Fulwiler's first wagon, a Mitchell, cost him \$56, and he paid \$57 for a two-bottom gang plow. In 1908 the family moved to Spokane, where several North Dakota families have settled, and where they are always pleased to meet old neighbors who are passing through.

GEORGE M. COHAN, Famous showman and song writer, was quizzed the other day about the writing of "Over There," the song that everybody sang during war time. Cohan said there was nothing to it. The song, he said, was a bugle call that had to be written, and if he hadn't written it on Thursday somebody else would have written it on Friday. And when you think of the way the music runs there seems to be something to that. However, nobody but Cohan happened to think of writing it on Thursday.

OVER IN CALIFORNIA THEY used a lie detector to test the statements of a prisoner who declared himself innocent of a crime with which he was charged. The record made by the detector showed his statements to be flawless, and those who had faith in the machine declared themselves satisfied of the man's innocence. A few days later he made a complete confession. One fact which tends to shake confidence in mechanical lie detectors is that innocent persons accused of crime are often more nervous, confused and apt to make contradictory statements than those, who are actually guilty. How are their peculiar nervous reactions to be distinguished from the reactions of those who are actually guilty?

WHEN KING EDWARD Visited Glasgow the other day he took tea with a city official. During the hour of relaxation he showed his host the trick of balancing a penny. The precise manner in which the balancing was done is not described, but the feat is understood to be quite different from that of balancing the budget, concerning which there has been much conversation. Under the instruction of the monarch the host performed the trick successfully, whereupon the king said "Now give me back the penny. You know I am a Scotsman."

THE BLOOD OF MANY RACES is intermingled in that of every reigning house. King Edward is of Saxon and Norman lineage, with a strong dash of German from the house of Hanover, and he is a Scot by direct inheritance. He is descended from the Stuarts, of whom James I of England was James VI of Scotland. His great-grandmother, Margaret, wife of James IV, was the daughter of Henry VII of England and sister of Henry VIII. Her father, anxious to allay the turbulence in which he, himself, had come to the throne, sought to bring about a marriage between his daughter and the Scottish king, and exerted considerable pressure to effect that purpose. James and some of his nobles opposed the match vigorously for some time, but it was brought about at length after a minor war between the two countries. One Scottish nobleman remarked concerning the projected union that "he disliked not the match, but he favored not the manner of wooing."

AN EASTERN PAPER Clipped the following fashion notes from one of its issues of 59 years ago:

Link sleeve-buttons are revived,
Very long polonaises grow in favor.
New style fans are in the moonlight tints.
Large shawls are coming into fashion.
Album fans are a fashionable novelty.
Parisiennes line their corsets with eider down.
Fashionable belles now wear their rings over their gloves.
Cardinal red so long used is to be replaced by pale rose or pink coral.
The new Russian paletot for ladies is of a white shaggy cloth, trimmed with fur.
Beautiful ribbons of plush with satin linings, are among the latest imported novelties.
Gray will be more worn the coming season than it has been since brown replaced it two years ago.
The highest style for arranging hair for full dress is to have one side entirely unlike the other, or one side lower and the other with flowers or feathers set in.
Dresses for spring will be somewhat in the princesses shape, less draped and trimmed than formerly though preserving the combinations now in favor, that is, the front of the dress will be made of different material from the side and back, and will appear to be buttoned or merely fastened on the latter.

I OFTEN WONDER WHAT IT is that we find humorous in seeing the driver of a car unable to make his engine take hold or to get his car out of a rut. Invariably the spectacle is regarded with quiet amusement. There is no malice in it, for everyone is willing to lend a hand and help the driver out, but while he is struggling futilely with his problem, we look on with unmistakable evidences of pleasure.

I suppose it is because we have all been in the same fix ourselves and have experienced the same embarrassment that the person before us feels.

THE CONDITION OF THE streets brought to my mind a word that I have not heard used for almost a lifetime. Did you ever hear of a slippery surface being described as "glad?" The word was used habitually by my maternal grandfather, who brought it with him from Yorkshire. If he were here and saw our streets in their present slippery condition he would say that they were glad.

CURIOUS AS TO THIS USE OF the word I looked it up and found that the old gentleman was quite correct in so using it. It appears in several forms in several continental languages, with the meaning, smooth, bright, shining. It is from this association that our use of the word to denote happiness has evolved. Therefore, when your car skids, or refused to climb out of an icy rut, you may call the street glad without implying that there is anything happy about it.

CHIEF YELLOWTAIL IS IN Washington seeking assistance in his plan to have the Montana Indian reservations restocked with buffalo from the Yellowstone park herd. Maintenance of buffalo on lands suitable for them as a means of preserving the species is a laudable work, but we may as well forget buffalo as a major source of food for the Indians. The Indian is more secure in his food supply in raising cattle than in hunting buffalo.

AN AUTO DRIVER WAS Arrested for driving at the rate of 53 miles an hour through Atlantic City. When stopped by a traffic officer he looked up, dazed. His car radio was going full blast. He had been listening intently to a radio lecture on the dangers of fast driving. He had been so interested in the speaker's exhortations, of which he approved most heartily, that he had lost track of where he was and how fast he was going.

UNLESS I MISUNDERSTAND Bob Ripley in his "Believe It or Not" talk the other night he said that St. Patrick was born in France. That was a new one to me. According to anything that I have ever read on the subject St. Patrick was born in Britain, was captured by Irish invaders, and spent several years of his youth in Ireland, a virtual prisoner. Escaping from his captors he landed on the shore of France, and there, under the tuition of pious priests, he became an enthusiastic convert to Christianity, returning later to Ireland as a missionary.

MY FRIEND H. C. ROWLAND, who is Welsh, tells me that in his country a favorite way to get a rise from an Irishman is to tell him that St. Patrick was a Welshman, which is substantially true, as the original Britons were of the same race with the Welsh. Mr. Rowland also recalls that of the four patron saints respectively of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, St. David, patron saint of Wales, was the only one to be born, to live and to die in the country whose patron saint he was. St. George, patron' saint of England, and St. Andrew, of Scotland, were both of Asiatic birth.

NOW THEY ARE TAPPING wires at girls' boarding schools. Complaint being made by some of the girls at Highland Manor school and Junior college at Tarrytown, N. Y., that they believed someone had been listening in on their telephone conversations, it developed that the school officials had been eavesdropping on girls' telephone conversations when so requested by parents or when there was reason to suspect that the girls were up to something irregular. It was said, moreover, that the practice is quite general in girls' boarding schools. The girls at Tarrytown took a vote and gave the practice their approval. Is there to be no privacy anywhere?

WITH CERTAIN EXCEPTIONS a white person crossing the border to or from Canada must pay duty on property which he carries with him. An Indian is exempt from such charges except where goods are imported in large quantities. An Indian woman crossing the border into New York carrying black ash splint baskets for sale in the United States was charged 50 per cent duty on her merchandise. On her appeal to the courts it was ruled that the provisions of the Jay treaty, made shortly after the Revolutionary war, still govern, and that Indians may forever "pass and repass with their own proper goods and effects of whatever nature, and that this applies on small quantities of goods produced by Indians."

THE MAN IN ENGLAND WHO wrote to Countess Barbara Hutton demanding money to reveal a plot to kidnap her baby confessed that he knew of no such plot, and that he had faked it because he needed the money. He expressed regret for his action and hoped that it had caused the mother no anxiety or worry. Just what is his idea of something that would cause a mother anxiety and worry?

ONE THING THAT THE Hauptmann case has done is to give a lot of people publicity that they couldn't have achieved in any other way. Some of the pulp magazines are running stories giving the very inside facts by persons who have known all about it from the first. And the reader, after perusing one of those yarns, usually knows no more than he did when he started.

THE OTHER DAY IN UNION City, a suburb of New York, a man was dragged into court charged with violation of the state vice and immorality law. He had been caught in the very act of painting his store on Sunday. He is now out on bail, awaiting trial. It is pretty certain to go hard with him, for those people down there are going to have the Sabbath day remembered and kept holy, or they'll know the reason why. It isn't stated whether it was the inside or the outside of his store that the man was painting. It may be supposed that if it was the inside he might have done the job so quietly as to escape notice. But one never can tell. I had an experience years ago that taught me caution.

LIVING IN THE HOUSE which had been the family home for years I wished to enlarge the basement, and I undertook to do the job myself. For several weeks I pitched clay out of that basement mornings and evenings, whenever I could get an hour or so for the job. As a form of exercise pitching clay out of an eight-foot hole is away ahead of golf.

AT LENGTH I HAD THE Excavation finished. I had avoided wheeling clay out onto the street on Sunday. I didn't want to shock the neighbors. But when it came to laying the basement floor, that seemed to be an ideal job for Sunday. I could work away leveling, tamping and mixing away from the observation of the multitude, and I worked at that job all one Sunday.

AS A BASE FOR THE Concrete floor I spread a heavy coat of cinders and tamped them well down. I understand they don't do it that way now. The tamping was done with a heavy tamping tool, and through the greater part of the day I wielded that implement, thump, thump, happy in the belief that I was giving no offense to the neighbors, all of whom I respected highly.

THE GEORGE ROBBINS Family lived two doors away, and on Monday Mrs. Robbins came over and asked if we had noticed a peculiar sound and vibration all day Sunday. We hadn't, but they had. She said it wasn't exactly a sound, but a heavy thud, which came at regular intervals, and which had shook their house so as to jar dishes on the shelves. After some deliberation, and in consideration of her promise not to tell anyone, I confessed. It was my tamping that had shaken their house. I suppose if a cop had happened along he could have got out a search warrant and had me pinched for running a private earthquake on Sunday.

ONE OF THE ODD THINGS about the incident was that while the effect of my tamping was felt distinctly two doors away, the occupants of the intervening house had not noticed it. The foundations of my house and of George Rob-bins' rested in the clay which I was tamping. The house next door rested on the black surface soil. The vibration had passed under that house to the next.

I HAVE A PLEASANT Letter from J. D. Scanlan, publisher of the Miles City (Mont.) Star, and an important figure in Montana Republican politics. The Star is about to celebrate its silver anniversary. Scanlan worked in the business department of The Herald some 35 years ago. During one session he was chief clerk of the North Dakota house of representatives. He was and is a genial chap, and he had made good in Montana. He sends regards to such of his old Grand Forks friends as are left.

MY REFERENCE THE Other day to the difficulty experienced in keeping errors out of a newspaper reminds Rev. Lucien J. Arrell of the following jingle, which he supposed quite reasonably may have been written by a copy reader:

"THE TYPOGRAPHICAL Error is a slippery thing and sly.
You can hunt till you are dizzy, but it somehow will get by;
Till the forms are off the presses it is strange how still it keeps;
It shrinks down in a corner, and, it never stirs or peeps.
That typographical error, too small for human eyes,
Till the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size.
The boss he stares with horror, then he grabs his hair and moans,
The copy reader drops his head upon his hands and groans,
The remainder of the issue may be clean as clean can be,
But that typographical error is the only thing you see."

LIKE A FLASH OF Lightning out of a clear sky comes a letter from D. V. Moore, of Crystal City, Texas, from whom I have not heard, except in-directly, for years. To the younger generation in Grand Forks Don Moore is a stranger, but some years ago he was as much a part of the city as the high school or the city hall. He came here from Mitchell, S. D., was the first secretary of the Commercial club and later became secretary of the Grand Forks Fair. He was full of energy and resourcefulness, and during his residence here there was no movement for the betterment of the city in which he did not have a hand. At one time his office was just across the hall from mine in the old Herald building, and there and elsewhere we spent many hours together. Not to have known him is to have missed one of the joys of life.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS DON has been operating a ranch in Texas. The occasion for his writing at this time is to give his version of the "King Richard" banquet of many years ago. The story of that event was given in this column something like a year ago, and while Don finds no fault with the general outline of facts, he thinks the story gave him too much credit and M. C. Bacheller not enough. To set this matter right I shall let Don tell the story in his own way. He writes:

"TO START WITH, DICK Kingman had a wonderful corn crop the fall of 1913, I believe that corn "made" in the Red River Valley better that fall than in any previous year. He wanted to feed it and brought a carload of grade Shorthorn steers in from Montana. Dick was very proud of that bunch of steers, as were all of Traill county.

"I WAS SECRETARY OF THE fair organizations at that time and the North Dakota Corn and Clover convention and Mid-Winter fair, which was held for one week in February each year was a part of that work. This part of the fair work was started by M. C. Bacheller, whom I succeeded as secretary in February 1913. Mr. Bacheller always considered the winter fair of at least equal importance to the summer show. But after a few years personal experience, I think we both agreed that the winter fair was the one-that did the best all around work among the farmers of the territory.

"AT THIS TIME I WANT TO make a declaration that I believe can be proven. I am the only man, woman or child in the city of Grand Forks that never had a fight of any kind with "Bach," I am including his wife and entire family in this statement. It made no difference in what position we were, what the subject under consideration was, owing to our similar dispositions, previous experience in the business world, habits, both in action and in language, we were darn near twins. A friendship which has degenerated into occasional correspondence, which ordinarily is not fit for publication, and is only understood by ourselves has not ended my very high regard for the old pelican, and it is mainly on his account that I am correcting your article.

"BACH IS ENTITLED TO THE credit for originating the beginning and end of King Richard, I was only the man at the desk and out before the public that got the credit. The idea was his and together we worked out the details that finally ended the king in Hotel Dacotah on one memorable night. Fred Goodman was the president of the Grand Forks fair, A. I. Hunter, president of the State fair. J. D. Bacon, E. J. Lander, Tracy Bangs, George A. Bangs, were permanent members of both boards, supplemented by others from the city and the county. Tracy was on the state board, George on the county board and these six men were fixtures in my time, the Bangs boys saved us many a dollar in attorney fees by their presence on the two boards. Many more of the old standbys helped and did more than their share from 1905, the first year of the State fair on through the years up to 1920 when I left Grand Forks.

"AS A FOLLOW UP TO KING Richard and one that was stupendous, was the excursion, run in his name, to the international livestock show in Chicago the following November. Bach and I had attended this show in previous years and; knew that it was the greatest livestock show in the world. One day he dropped into the fair office, some time after the demise of King' Richard, and through the smoke of a Wheeling stogie, which was always Bachs' idea of a swell smoke land a rolled Durham cigarette, which then was and still is my inseparable companion, the Chicago trip was put on paper. We called on F. R. Crane, industrial agent and Lou LaRue, livestock agent for the Great Northern and made plans. We thought we might interest maybe two Pullman loads of farmers and business men of the territory. Through the papers we asked for reservations and before we had hardly started had 200 reservations with cash accompanying the applications. It commenced to grow, we finally convinced the Great Northern general offices that we would need 10 sleepers and the night we left Grand Forks for Chicago, with what we picked up at Fargo, we had over 500 men on board the train with sleeping accommodations for a little over half that number. We finally left St. Paul the next night in two trains over the Burlington, 10 sleepers and an observation car on each train. This started an annual event from North Dakota and I believe each year since a goodly number of farmers and business men "trek" to Chicago for this event.

"WHILE MRS. MOORE AND I have been in Texas for four years and have our son, his wife and their five children with us for three of the four, like the state and its people, we still call Grand Forks, "up Home." To the wife, our two children and myself Grand Forks will always be home. I have of course forgotten many of the people, retain dimly a picture of how the town looked 16 years ago, occasionally through a letter from an old friend hear of the departure for the other shore of some dear friend, but we all of us hope some time to get up and see those that are left and I hope some time to run in on you and between us live over the good old days of planning and doing things for the old town. Give my best regards to any left on The Herald from my time, the same to inquiring friends and lots of love for yourself."

WELL, THE TULIPS ARE UP, at last. It may seem rather odd to use the term "at last" with reference to the growth of anything when in places the snow still lies in piles many feet deep, but it's spring, according to the calendar, the sun has crossed the line on its way north, and quite often at this time of the year fields have been ready for seeding. Anyway, the tulips are up, dozens of them, about an inch high. How long they have been up I have no means of knowing. In other years they have made their appearance in February, and last year they were visible about the 5th of that month. This season they have been buried deep under the snow until within the past few days. Now the drift next the house has melted, and there are the green tulip shoots, ready for the season's business.

AS GARDENERS Generally know, tulips will stand an amazing amount of freezing, and even the blossoms will stand considerable frost without injury. I think, however, that last year mine got more frost than was good for them, as they had to weather alternate severe freezing and thawing from early February until normal spring time. The effect of this was shown in the quality of growth later on. The season is now so well advanced that frost from this time on should not injure them.

AT FRESNO, CALIFORNIA, friends gathered recently at the home of Mrs. Alida Montgomery, to assist her in celebrating her birthday. Mrs. Montgomery is a former resident of Ardoch, wife of the late Dr. John Montgomery, pioneer physician of that place. On behalf of the assembled company a birthday gift was presented to Mrs. Montgomery by Mrs. George Stevenson, also a pioneer resident of Ardoch, who gave a humorous congratulatory address in verse.

DR. A. B. FIELD, OF FOREST River, who has been spending the winter in California, has been reminded by the accounts of deep snow and blockaded roads of some of his early experiences. In a letter to a Forest River friend he writes:

"I DROVE A TEAM OF Horses in the winter of 1896-97 until getting them down in the snow, unhitching to get them out, and then hauling out the cutter and rehitching the horses occurred too often for much pleasure, and then I rode horseback. Some of the barns were so covered with snow that tunnels were dug through the snow to get to the stock. When I got to one of those the horses would not lead to it, so as I used blinders on them I used to turn them around and back them into the stable.

"FINALLY THERE CAME A thaw and then a freeze, which! formed a crust strong enough to bear a man, but not a horse. Then I had a patient this side of Ardoch, and in visiting that patient I would take a boy on another horse and rind on the Soo tracks to a point opposite my patient's home. The boy would hold the horses and I would walk on the crust of the snow about two miles to the patient's home. Ask some of the old timers about the floods we had! that spring. This is not the first: time we had snow in North Dakota, and I think if I had the endurance now that I had then I would enjoy sharing the snow and cold with you.

"ON ONE SIDE OF THE street here government workers, about 10 of them, are shoveling dirt by hand for the basement of a new building. One would think that they were trying to do as little as possible, yet they strike for shorter hours and higher pay. I don't know how long it takes them to fill a tank, as one gets tired watching them. Across the street they are digging another basement by contract, and a steam shovel fills the tank in three minutes. This latter is a perfect example of the machine taking the job from the man, and former of the ineptness and waste of the government in business. The problem is to reconcile them.

"LONG BEACH IS THE HOME of the Townsend plan, and one bumps against it over the radio, at the moving picture and at the lecture hall. Most of the speakers take it for granted that the plan will work and make their appeal to the humanitarian side of the audience. Occasionally a speaker will undertake to prove the economic soundness of the plan and will glibly take in billions which one can't comprehend or prove or disprove, but there is one thing which can be done that anyone can understand.

"MAKE A LIST OF ALL THE persons in Forest River over 60 years of age. Give them each \$200 a month for a year. Now make a list of the families in the village and place opposite the name of each the amount which you think they will spend in a year. Take 2 per cent of that and see how close you come to having enough to pay the village pensions.

"OUT HERE THEY FREELY admit that California cannot carry the load itself as on account of they have more old persons in proportion to population than any other state and would need outside aid. Could Forest River carry its load, or would it, too, have to have outside help? This presumably would come from the industrial east, but I suspect that they may have their own troubles. Incidentally, I understand that Dr. Townsend is only getting \$150 a week and expenses'."

NEWS DISPATCHES TELL OF disastrous floods in eastern states all the way from New England to the Carolinas. Western Pennsylvania has been hit hard, and in the city of Pittsburgh damage amounting to many millions has been done. A bundle of Toronto papers brings news of Ontario floods. The city of Bellville, near the east end of Lake Ontario, seems to have been the greatest sufferer. The Bellville flood is said to have been the worst in the history of the district. Port Hope and other towns in the vicinity have suffered severely. Dr. G.M. Williamson's boyhood home was in that district, near Picton, which is also in the flooded section. Residents in the western Peninsula, along the Grand River, my own stream; had made preparations for a real flood, but the ice went out quietly and the old river put on a very tame show.

REFERENCE IS OFTEN MADE to the record flood of 1897, which inundated the entire Red River valley and did incalculable damage. Following that flood steps were taken to institute one of the many curious suits against the United States government. A claim for many million dollars against the government was set up, not on the ground that the government was responsible for the flood, but that it was responsible of the presence in the valley of those who had suffered from the flood. The government, it was alleged, had induced settlers to make their homes in the valley on representations that lands in the valley were in every lands in the valley were in every way suitable for farming and for home-making. Relying on such representations families had left their homes in other states and settled here, to have their homes damaged, their livestock drowned and their other property swept away. Therefore a claim was made on behalf of those who participated in the appeal for money sufficient to recompense them for all the loss caused by the flood. Claims were listed by hundreds, perhaps thousands of residents of the valley. Ledru Guthrie, at that time practicing law in Grand Forks, represented the claimants. I have forgotten how far the case was carried and what disposition was made of it.

A CARD FROM DR. CAMPBELL, who, with Mrs. Campbell, left for the South some weeks ago, tells of the spring-like appearance of things around Hot Springs, Ark., where the card was mailed. Birds are singing, flowers blooming, and fruit trees out in blossom. The Campbells are driving leisurely, without any particular objective, going wherever and whenever the spirit moves them, which is the ideal way to travel.

NEXT WEEK'S HOBBY SHOW, to be held at the city auditorium will be a real event. The exhibits bid fair to crowd the available space, and listings have been filed, not only from the city, but from many outlying neighborhoods. There will be shown examples of everything imaginable in the construction or collection of which boys and girls and men and women have found it pleasant to spend their leisure time.

SOME OF THE EXHIBITS represent the patient work of years in making or collection, and in view of the precious quality of many of the collections arrangements have been made to display them in such a way that they cannot be handled by visitors. The more valuable collections will be shown under glass, and guards will be in attendance 24 hours a day during the three days of the show. In this way all the exhibits will be protected against damage and loss.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING exhibits will be the collection of posters advertising the show which have been made by pupils in the public schools. These have already been shown down town, but at the show they will be assembled in such a manner that visitors can judge of their comparative excellence. In the collection are some real works of art. Great cleverness has been show in design, and skill in working out the several ideas.

ONE OF THE MOST WELCOME sights to gladden the eye at the end of a long and cold winter is that of grass showing its green blades where sun and wind have removed the covering, still green after its long burial beneath the drifts, the triumph of hope and the symbol of immortality. No other writer has ever paid it such an eloquent tribute as John J. Ingals, of Kansas, and now, while winter is grudgingly giving way to spring, and little patches of green are becoming visible, I reproduce his famous essay:

GRASS.

“LYING IN THE SUNSHINE among the buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass, and when the fitful fever is ended and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

“GRASS IS THE FORGIVENESS of nature – her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, scarred with the ruts of the cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish but grass is immortal. Belegued by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring.

“SOWN BY THE WINDS, BY wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place and prevent its soluble components from washing into the sea. It invades the solitude of the deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character and destiny of nations. Unobstrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression.

“BANISHED FROM THE thoroughfare of the field, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes its throne, from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or slender, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.”

A LETTER FROM SCOTT Karns of Bellingham, Washington, acknowledges receipt of a copy of the industrial edition of the Herald of March 1, which revives many memories of his 25 years residence in Grand Forks. Mr. Karns left Grand Forks many years ago for western Canada and has since moved to Washington. Extending greetings to old friends here he offers corrections of some items in historical articles in the industrial sections. He writes:

“THE RED SAWMILL WAS not built or bought by T.B. Walker. It was owned by the Dakota Lumber company of Fargo and was moved from New York Mills, Minn., in the fall of 1884 by John Magins, president of that company, and erected as stated. Magins operated under a Red River Lumber company contract to furnish logs. He sold out to his partners in the fall of 1885. They afterwards sold the outfit to some Minnesota parties.

“IN THE SPRING OF 1886 THE Red River Lumber company (Walker interests) built the “mammoth” mill between Griggs and Hill avenues and between Second street and the river. This was a double circular and gang mill. I helped install the machinery in this mill and was working in it when it burned August 16, 1888. The lumber company rebuilt it in the spring of 1889 but did not run it long.

“ALSO, IN YOUR SUMMARY of the local history of the International Harvester company, you gave Lou Hazlett’s place as manager to C.H. McManus. Charlie was always in charge of collections.”

WHILE WE ARE THINKING about electric light and power stations and things like that, it is interesting to recall that the alternating current at least as developed and directed by man, is just 50 years old In New York the other day electrical engineers celebrated t h e first use made of alternating current. What ever o c c u r r e d on March 20, 1886 when e l e c t r i c lights, actuated by alternating current, was used to illuminate the streets of Great Barrington, Mass.

THE THING WHICH MADE that possible was the invention of the transformer, by means of which it is possible to raise or lower the voltage of electric current. By means of that device it is possible to change the voltage of electricity as transmitted with destructive force over high-tension wires to a form of energy which can be used with safety in homes and industrial plants. The inventor, William Stanley, had gone to the Massachusetts town because of poor health. His apparatus, constructed of scrap, which included a lot of old tintype plates, was housed in the basement of an old barn.

SOME 35 YEARS AGO A stranger visited Grand Forks and tried to interest the people of the city in the building of a municipal electric plant. He had plans and specifications and estimates of cost which he explained to a group of citizens, together with estimates of revenues to be derived from the sale of current. He was a good talker and his presentation was quite impressive.

SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE pointed out, however, that in his estimate of cost he had made no allowance for depreciation due to obsolescence. New methods were constantly being developed , and often it became necessary to scrap machinery after only a few years' use because other machinery had been invented to perform the same work in a more efficient manner. How about that? The salesman's reply was a gem. He said it was true that much good machinery had been scrapped in order that newer and better methods might be adopted, but in the field of electricity that need had been eliminated. It was the opinion of the best scientific authorities, he said, that every possible discovery pertaining to electricity had already been made, and .that no important changes in machinery or other equipment were to be anticipated. That statement was solemnly made before a group of business men a full generation ago!

IN ANSWER TO INQUIRY from Alton Nelson, of Reynolds, who assures me that he reads this column every day, some facts relating to local railway history are given.

The Great Northern road reached East Grand Forks from Crooks-ton in the fall of 1879 and to Grand Forks early in 1880. The Northern Pacific ran its first train into Grand Forks over a temporary bridge in 1887. The Great Northern line between Grand Forks and Fargo was completed in 1881.

WHEN YOU SEE A SHOOTING star coming your way, there may be no harm in it, but it will be well enough to dodge, just in case. A meteor soared over New Jersey one night not long ago and presumably fell into the Atlantic. From the noise which it made and j the trail of sparks which attended it, scientists have calculated that its size and velocity were such that it could have destroyed a whole city had it struck one.

WHAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE A fragment from this visitor is now in the collection of one of the New York scientific bodies and is being carefully studied. The fragment is about three inches long by half as wide, and weighs 13 ounces. It was found by a New Jersey farmer imbedded in the frozen earth floor of his shed. The day after the passage of the meteor, which was observed by thousands in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the farmer found in a tool-box in his shed a screw-driver badly bent as if by contact with some hard object and a jagged hole in the bottom of the chest. A hole which had not been there before appeared in the shed roof. Sighting a line from the hole in the roof to that in the tool box it was found that this led to a hole in the earth floor, and upon digging down 22 inches into the frozen earth the supposed meteoric fragment was found. Therefore, when you see one of those things coming, dodge. As to which way, use your own judgment.

THE ONLY BIT IN "ABIE'S Irish Rose" that I remember is that in which Abie's father explains why he calls Rosie's father an A. P. A. Most moderns don't know what the initials mean. They stand for "American Protective Association." Or it may have been "American Protestant Association." The organization, formed many years ago, was strongly antagonistic to Catholicism and the methods of some of its branches were often extreme and productive of violence. Therefore, when the old Jew in the play called his Irish Catholic neighbor an A. P. A. there was immediately an exhibition of temperament. A friend inquired why Isaac, or whatever his name was, persisted in using this inappropriate term, whereupon Isaac replied "I don't know what it is, but it makes him matt."

I FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT much of the alleged music that I hear, with its blaring, and yowling, and skreeching and rattling. It may be rag-time, or it may be jazz, or it may be something else. I don't know what it is, but it makes me mad.

ON MONDAY A NUMBER OF Grand Forks people welcomed the first spring birds that they had seen. The first robins usually come one or two at a time, and the cheerful chirping of a singing bird will fill a whole neighborhood. This time the robins came in force, and dozens of them made their appearance all at once. At least one flock of blackbirds appeared at the same time and they produced real music. Then came the snow, and the wind and the freeze. Whether the birds took shelter in the woods or returned south is not known, but they disappeared.

WILD GEESE ON THEIR WAY north in the spring are guided in part by the appearance of the earth. From the elevation at which they fly they have a picture of a vast area beneath, and observers tell us that they habitually avoid snow-clad areas in favor of those where the earth is bare. This, it is said, accounts in considerable measure for the variation in the course of their flight from year to year.

A HEALTH AUTHORITY advises people to relax in the evening and not to play bridge. But one devotee of the game says that she never relaxes so completely as when playing bridge. And those who have played with her believe it.

"AGE BEFORE BOOTY," BY Morgan J. Dorman, is an explanation and defense of the Townsend pension plan which must be accepted as authentic, for it carries an approving foreword by Dr. Townsend himself. Because of one feature of the book—if for no other reason—I feel quite chilly toward the Townsend plan. The plan, as originally proposed, contemplated the payment to each person over the age of 60 the sum of \$200 a month. That mean \$400 a month for husband and wife. That made it seem quite attractive. But now Mr. Dorman, apparently with the approval of Dr. Townsend, hedges. He proposes that the payment to an aged couple shall be limited to " what will keep them in reasonable comfort, and that the remainder of the \$400 be distributed to other and younger persons-. Nothing doing! We want our \$400 a couple. A fig for reasonable comfort! What we demand is luxury.

NOT LONG AGO EASTERN editors, economists and social planners were busy mapping out great areas of the middle west which, it had been demonstrated to their satisfaction, ought never to have been inhabited by white men, and which must presently be restored to the Indian and the buffalo. This territory had suffered severely from drouth. For several years crops had been below par, and in isolated localities there had been no crops at all for a season or two. The wind had blown, as the wind has a habit of doing, and it had raised great clouds of dust. The whole country was being blown away. Obviously it was not fit for habitation.

NOW COMES THE FLOODS IN the East. Millions of acres of land in the Atlantic coast states and back beyond the Alleghanies are inundated. Great cities are flooded, homes are swept away. Property valued at hundreds of millions of dollars is destroyed. Hundreds of lives have been lost. Millions of tons of fertile soil are being swept into the ocean. Was it a mistake to clear farms, build homes and establish cities in that territory? Are the people who remain there to be moved out and sent to seek some country more fit for them to live in? Dust storms are no more characteristic of the west than are floods of the east. Yet the east struggles along. Perhaps the west will survive.

THE AMATEUR GARDENER, who sees little prospect of gardening in the very near future, can at least study the seed catalogues. There is a good deal of joking about seed catalogues, and it is often charged that their colored illustrations are gross exaggerations of the colors of real flowers. In some instances the facts may be somewhat stretched, but I think the impression of exaggeration is due to the difference in effect between looking at a brilliant color in a garden and seeing the same color reproduced on the pages of a book. Quite often the flowers are more brilliant than we think they are. Years ago a schoolboy, looking at the intense green of the meadowland visible from the car window, said, "If I put exactly that color in a picture my teacher would mark me away down and say that there never was any color like that in nature."

ONE OF THE INTERESTING exhibits at the New York flower show is a collection of wild tulips from the shores of the Mediterranean. These are counterparts of the flowers whose seeds, smuggled from Constantinople in 1554, became the progenitors of the vast tulip family of today, with all its variety of form, color and habit. The smuggling of those seeds into Europe created an infant industry which was the cause of one of the most sensational stock speculation crazes on record.

THE SWEET PEA, WHICH IS believed to have originated in Sicily, is another featured flower. As recently as half a century ago, horticulturists had succeeded in creating only a dozen varieties from the original wild bloom. More than 1,500 species have been developed since then.

THE KING ALFRED Narcissus, one of the oldest known varieties of this favorite flower, and the Arabian Star-of-Bethlehem, an apple-scented, waxy-white flower, also may be seen. A curious, misnamed blossom, known as the Cuban lily or hyacinth of Peru, in spite of its origin in the Mediterranean, is another featured planting.

SOME OF THE OTHER Flowers, common in modern gardens, which had their origin in the Mediterranean and are exhibited, include snapdragons, mignonette, anchusa, chrysanthemums, sweet alyssum, stock and the bachelor-button. A contribution from Corsica, native land of Napoleon, is the little, fast-growing creeping nettle, which makes a pleasant green carpet in shady corners.

A FACT CONCERNING WHICH there has been considerable comment is that so much of the winter's snow has gone without filling up the rivers and smaller watercourses. On the mild days large pools of water formed on fairly level surfaces', but within a few days the water was gone, nobody could see where. There has been no warm weather yet sufficient to thaw the ground to any appreciable depth, and frozen soil does not absorb water. It has been suggested that where drifts formed early in the season, as they did in many places, the ground beneath them froze scarcely at all, despite the record cold of the winter. If this is true much of the water which ordinarily would have run off has soaked in, which is exactly what was needed.

NOT EVERYWHERE ARE they talking about the lateness of spring. Seeding has been done in South Dakota, and farmers have been reported at work in the Minnesota fields south of Breckenridge. We can afford to wait quite a bit longer.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, suffered more severely from the flood than did most other cities. In spite of the fact that Hartford is the headquarters of some of the country's largest insurance companies it is reported that scarcely any flood insurance was carried on property there. Another case of the shoemaker's children going barefooted.

SIDNEY HOWARD, PRESIDENT of the Dramatists Guild and an able and experienced dramatist, does not think that some of the famous screen celebrities can really act at all. Speaking to a class of students of drama the other day he said:

"You can't learn to act in pictures," he said. "You can't learn to act by standing in front of a camera for a minute and a half, two minutes or three minutes. Three minutes is a long time in pictures, 300 feet. You can't learn to act by doing that one or two or three times with no audience, no laugh coming, no applause, no communion with them (the audience) out

MY FRIEND, JOHN E. Johnson, the Seventh avenue grocer, has just shown me a photograph of a brother in Sweden, seated in a pleasant living room with his wife and sister-in-law, and another of their beautiful home. Years ago, when the brother was calling one evening on the lady who was to become his wife, the two were seated chatting in one room while other guests and members of the family were in the adjoining room. The sister, Glenna, arose and softly closed the communicating door. Later in the evening, when the guests had gone, the brother emerged, his face aglow with happiness. Patting Glenna affectionately on the shoulder, he said: "Glenna, you are a good girl. If it hadn't been for you I shouldn't have had a chance to ask her. I did ask her, and she said 'yes' at once." They were married shortly after.

IT WASN'T TO BE EXPECTED that the Hollywood crowd would let Sidney Howard's derogatory remarks concerning the training, or lack of it, received by movie actors go unchallenged. A director who has directed two of the famous screen actresses comes to the rescue of their group with a statement that those actresses and others known to the screen have been given better training than is usually given to stage performers. Having too many things on hand now, I shall keep out of this controversy in the hope that good may come of it.

THEY HAD A PARADE IN New York the other day celebrating the substitution of buses for the trolley cars which have run on Lexington avenue. The procession was led by a hansom cab, followed by an old horse car and then by one of the now outmoded trolley cars. The general tendency seems to be for the bus to take the place of the street car.

IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES I rode on horse cars in Chicago. There were no others except the cable cars which ran on State and a few of the other downtown streets. At that time Minneapolis was operating a few cars by steam power. Neither the steam car nor the cable car lasted long. St. Paul was using horses, with an extra horse at certain of the steep hills to assist the cars up. The overhead trolley came into almost universal use, though in some cities the electric connection was carried in a slot under the pavement. Washington uses that system, which renders unnecessary the use of poles and hanging wires.

THE ROBINS DIDN'T GO south during the storm, after all. They went into seclusion somewhere, and when the weather moderated a little they were out again in full force, welcoming the food that was scattered for them. Several juncos have been observed among them. None of them have got out my way yet. We are too far from the river. Somebody has been wondering if the same robins return to the same places year after year. I think it has been shown that they do, at least in some cases. I have a dim recollection of reading of robins banded for identification one season returning to the same spot next year.

THE PILOTS WHO TOOK THE Queen Mary from her dock at Glasgow and navigated her down the 14 miles of river channel had a task which should be appreciated by the driver who has to park parallel in close quarters. The immense ship, 1,000 feet long and 118 feet wide, had to be backed into a channel only 300 feet wide, and in that narrow space headed downstream. Once the bow of the ship was grounded in the mud on one side of the river and the stern on the other. The ship lay in that position for 20 minutes, while seven tugs labored frantically to release her. The danger was that she might be held in that position until the tide went out, when her enormous weight would rest chiefly on the two ends, with the grave danger that her back would be broken. She was released in time. With such a risk to be taken it might have been better to move the river.

NOT LONG AGO I Mentioned two fine copies of the Illustrated London News in which were given pictures and descriptions of the ceremonies attendant on the death of King George of Great Britain and the accession of King Edward. Another copy of the magazine just loaned me describes many features of the Queen Mary, the giant ship which recently floated down the Clyde to salt water from her berth at Glasgow. The Queen Mary will leave Southampton on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic on May 27, the birthday of her royal sponsor, and keen interest is taken in the forthcoming contest for speed honors between her and her great French rival, the Normandie.

THE OUTSTANDING Feature of this number of the magazine is the four-page diagram, in color, of this triumph of shipbuilding, whose upper deck is the height of a seven-story building above water, while her keel plows the waves at a depth of 45 feet. Her length is more than 1,000 feet and her breadth 118 feet. On one of our down-town streets she would occupy about three blocks, and the buildings would have to be moved back about 20 feet on each side to accommodate her.

THE QUEEN MARY HAS Accommodations for more than 2,000 passengers, with many hundred tons of baggage, mail and miscellaneous freight. An illustration of the advance which had been made in the carrying capacity of ships is found in the fact that the Queen Mary carried 24 lifeboats, each with a carrying capacity of 145 persons, while the Britannia, the first ship of the Cunard line, built in 1840, accommodated only 140 passengers.

THE SHIP, OF COURSE, HAS all the latest devices for the entertainment of passengers. The great dining room has a 30-foot ceiling. There are swimming pools around one¹ of which are planted palms on a sandy beach, while the palms are moved gently by a breeze from electric fans. Tennis and racquet courts are provided and there is a fully-equipped gymnasium. Lifeboats can be launched by one man, and each has a water-tight motor which will start the propeller going before the boat leaves the ship. With such equipment shipwreck might be a pleasing experience. The ship's schedule is so arranged that one may start from New York or Southampton, reach the other side, spend three days ashore and return on the same ship, reaching home after an absence of only two weeks.

I HAVE NO PRESENT Expectations of sailing on the Queen Mary, or any other ship. Naturally, I should enjoy the novelty of crossing the ocean on such a magnificent structure. But I am afraid that on the four-days voyage I should be busy looking the ship over that I should have no time to realize that I was at sea. It would take continuous traveling all summer to become acquainted with the ship, to say nothing of two thousands passengers. For a real vacation trip I think I should prefer a voyage, say, to Australia, on a slow steamer with not too many people on board.

A ROBIN SHOWED UP IN our neighborhood on Saturday morning, but he must have become discouraged when the weather turned out the way it did, and he vanished. What a flock of birds will swarm upon us when spring really does come! They must be waiting in crowds down in the lower latitudes.

MY FRIEND W. F. KRUEGER of Niagara, who exhibited interesting specimens of his wood carving at the Hobby show, has discovered that there is wisdom in the adage "everyone to his trade." Mr. Krueger is an expert whittler, but he has discovered that whittling is quite different from tying knots. One evening not long ago Mr. and Mrs. Krueger sat comfortably in the living room of their home, Mr. Krueger carving, as usual, and Mrs. Krueger knitting. Mr. Krueger had occasion to tie a string around a small bit of wood. He gave the string several turns around the stick and then started to tie a knot in it. The knot just wouldn't tie. Time after time the cord slipped. The fingers that are so skillful with a knife were baffled by a bit of string. For some time Mrs. Krueger watched her husband with amusement, and at last she said "Here, you'd better let me tie that knot for you. Your fingers are so awkward. She took the string, gave it a twist, and presto the knot was tied as if by magic. But Mr. Krueger insists that his wife would make a poor job of carving a chain.