

MRS. J. G. GEBHARDT, 511 North Fourth street, East Grand Forks, writes:

"On reading your item in this morning's paper 'That Remind Me' column, on the subject of the currant, I wondered if you would not be interested in getting this bit of information, providing, of course you do not already have it:

"DID YOU know that the dried currant which we get in this country is not a real currant, but an imported substitute — just a poison berry? This, along with the candied lemon, orange and citron peels used especially in our plum puddings and fruit cakes things which positively cannot be digested by anyone, should somewhat point the mystery of so many digestive fatalities following the holiday season. Why do we not invest in six to twelve or more 'Crandal' currant bushes and raise our own, especially when they may so nicely be used as ornamental shrubs, being known as one of the jewelled shrubs?"

"THERE MAY BE MANY OF us who, in looking back to our childhood, recall times when our parents or grandparents placed a spoonful of currant jam in a cup or glass of hot water for bad colds or that slightly off feeling for some member of the family, and too, it was very pleasant to take. Then too, what is nicer than a home-grown currant jam filled cookie?"

IT IS QUITE TRUE THAT THE dried fruit which is known commercially as a currant is a very different fruit from the red, white or black currant with which we are familiar, but I never heard of it being poisonous. Neither can it be considered a substitute, for it has been an important product of Grecian agriculture, I suppose, since the days of Pericles, and during most of that period it has been an important article of commerce.

THE DRIED CURRANT IS A small raisin, the product of a grape vine grown extensively in the vicinity of Corinth, whence large quantities of the fruit are shipped abroad. To distinguish the fruit from the larger raisins produced elsewhere those raisins were known as "raisins of Corinth," and presently the word "currant" emerged. Thus the Grecian product is the original currant. The small fruit growing on bushes in English gardens were popularly called currants because of a general resemblance to the product of the Grecian vines. Thus the recognized name of an important foreign product was given to a domestic fruit, although the two have little in common except size and shape.

I AM AFRAID MRS. Gebhardt will have some of the dietitians after her for calling candied lemon, orange and citron peels indigestible. I suppose no one would recommend making a meal of those things, but if they are used in moderation most stomachs seem able to take care of them quite easily. I suggest that most of the digestive troubles following holidays are due to the fact that people eat too much of all sorts, or that they indulge immoderately in rich foods.

MRS. GEBHARDT REFERS to plum pudding, a familiar term though the pudding contains none of the fruit which we call plums, The name "plumb" is applied in this country to the fruit of one species of widely-distributed tree, but in England it was applied originally to almost any small dried fruit, raisins especially. So a pudding containing raisins or currants became a "plum" pudding, and the name has stuck.

I SHARE MRS. GEBHARDT'S liking for the currants that grow on bushes. The red ones make the finest sort of jelly and are excellent in pie, and the black ones make good jam. Many older persons will remember the use of black currant tea as a remedy for colds, and one of our refreshing harvest drinks was made of a decoction of black currant jam in cold water. Some years ago many local gardens produced considerable quantities of red currants, but some sort of blight attacked the bushes and many currant patches were abandoned. Black currants are often found growing wild in the woods.

THE SNOW HAVING Disappeared from the south side of the louse, several tulip shoots were visible on Saturday, February 26. They have a long struggle ahead of them, but in former years they have demonstrated their ability to stand any sort of weather.

IN MY REVIEW OF QUINCY Howe's book, "England expects every American to do his duty," I yielded to a fit of absentmindedness and gave the title in the terms of Nelson's famous message to the fleet. The correct title of the book is as above. Suspicious persons may perhaps interpret the error as another piece of British propaganda.

A FAMOUS biologist, as the result of an extended study of facts bearing on longevity, reaches the conclusion that the use of tobacco, in no matter how small quantities, shortens life. But he finds no evidence that alcohol, used moderately, has any effect on longevity. Does that mean that at my age it would be better for me to quit smoking and take a little likker for my stomach's sake whenever I feel like having a smoke?

HOWEVER, THE BIOLOGIST, Dr. Pearl, of Johns Hopkins, also concludes that barring accident, longevity is largely a matter of heredity. And he finds that the chances of a man of 70 living to be 90 are not appreciably better than they were 50 years ago. Mortality tables show that the average span of life has increased definitely, but this is said to be due to the fact that more children than formerly live to maturity.

IF ONE WERE TO FOLLOW the rather familiar practice of reaching general conclusions from isolated examples, there would be material for a fine argument in the records of my two grandfathers. One was a pronounced teetotaler and despised tobacco. He was killed by a kick from a frolicsome colt when he was a little over 80. The other grandfather had smoked during most of his life, kept a jug of brandy in the cellar and used it occasionally, and died peacefully, also at 80.

GEORGE AASE, WHO Reported the arrival of a flock of goldfinches at his home across the river from Riverside park, says that the birds are still there. The birds sing, he says, just about as in summer and their song is heard before the birds themselves can be seen. On Sunday he reported the arrival of a robin. He writes Tveberg's tribute to his dog was good. I raised the pup and delivered it to him on Christmas eve."

OTHER REPORTS OF Goldfinches are received. A few days ago a large flock of them appeared at the Country club. Golfers were surprised to hear their song, so unlike the twittering of most of our winter birds, and presently a flock of finches estimated as several hundred were seen flitting among the trees, apparently enjoying themselves as much as in midsummer. Several robins have also been reported, but it is not certain whether they came from the south or are some that remained over winter and were stimulated to activity by the mild weather.

I HAVE NEVER SEEN A large flock of goldfinches in the spring. Back east they were often seen in flocks of a dozen or so, especially toward fall when they were preparing to migrate. They were often called thistle birds, as they seemed to be fond of thistle seed and could always be found where thistles were in bloom.

THE SATURDAY EVENING Post did what was for it an unusual thing last week in publishing in the usual magazine form the entire series of articles entitled "Life of an American Workman," which ran in the magazine some weeks ago. The story is of the life of Walter P. Chrysler, written in autobiographical style with the aid of Boyden Sparks. It tells of the experiences of Chrysler through the school of hard knocks to his present position as one of the country's great industrial leaders.

JOHN CHIRLES THOMAS brought to a triumphant close the concert series given during the winter at the high school auditorium under the auspices of the Community Music association. The course throughout, including vocal, instrumental and ballet numbers by artists of worldwide fame, was appealing for its variety as well as for the artistic quality of the several numbers. It remained for Mr. Thomas to weave into one grand finale the elements of drama, simple beauty and rollicking humor, touched with the magic of his own delightful human personality.

IT IS NOT NECESSARY HERE to enlarge on the artistic qualities which Mr. Thomas brings to his programs. Only superlatives would be appropriate were such a task undertaken. Nor is it necessary to make more than passing mention of one feature which added immeasurably to the satisfaction which the audience found in the program—the manifest enjoyment of the artist in his work and his obvious feeling that he and the audience were making a delightful journey together into the realm of song. The reviewer has taken care of all those matters.

IT SEEMS PROPER, AT THE close of this series, to indulge in a little felicitation on the ability of Grand Forks now to house such a series of entertainments in a manner which leaves no need for apologies either to audience or to artists. We have had some fine musical entertainment here in the past. When the Metropolitan was new the city was proud of it, as it had a right to be, and large audiences there enjoyed in comfort and amid tasteful surroundings some of the finest music then given the public.

BUT THE METROPOLITAN IS gone, probably beyond renovation, and aside from its decrepitude, it is too small to house such audiences as are needed to attract first class concert talent. We have had some fine music in the old city auditorium, and there large audiences have been able to forget the discomfort of hard seats, the inconvenience of a flat floor and the crudeness of bare walls in listening to the music of Melba, Schumann-Heink and Paderewski.

BUT IN THE NEW Auditorium all the accessories are such as to contribute to enjoyment of the program and not to detract from it. Comfortable seats, soft lights and harmonious coloring predispose the audience to an evening of enjoyment, and those features must have their effect also on the artist on the stage.

COMMENT HAS OFTEN BEEN made on the acoustic properties of, the new auditorium. Notwithstanding the size of the room, voices from the stage are heard distinctly in any part of the house. We had an impressive demonstration of this on Monday night. The number "Lord Randall" closed dramatically in a series of whispers. Yet every whisper was heard distinctly in the most remote seats of the balcony.

LOCALLY THIS SERIES OF entertainments was made possible for Grand Forks by the vision and enterprise of the management of the Community Music association in availing itself of a rare opportunity. That opportunity was created by an organization interested in popularizing good music and good entertainment generally by placing such entertainment within the reach of the people of many of the smaller cities. The entire series for a large group of cities was underwritten by that organization, whose cash investment in this season's enterprise will run into large figures. The response in Grand Forks has been excellent. It is to be hoped that throughout the circuit it has been such as to warrant the sponsors in continuing. In that case we may look forward to an equally good series next season, and I predict that for another such course every seat will be sold for the season long in advance of the opening.

A GLANCE AT THE DEATH announcements in one of the big metropolitan papers yields an occasional surprise and revives long dormant memories. Monday's New York Times, for instance, records the death of Elijah Halford. The name, appearing in the headline, had a vaguely familiar appearance, but the Elijah Halford whose name appeared frequently in the papers long ago must have died long since. But he didn't. This was the same Elijah Halford who was private secretary to President Benjamin Harrison, and who was about as well known once as any of his successors in the White House have been.

HALFORD LIVED TO BE 95. Not many men who were prominent 50 years ago are still with us. Before becoming associated with President Harrison Halford had achieved distinction as a newspaper man. After his service in the White House he became paymaster of the army. In the army service he became a close friend of General Pershing, who is now making a gallant struggle for his life in Arizona.

ANOTHER DEATH Announced in the same paper is that of Frederick Powell, dean of magicians, who lived to the age of 82. Powell was the rival, and friend, of such magicians as Kellar and Hermann the Great. He invented several of the spiritualist tricks which were used by Houdini. He began his professional life as an engineer and mathematician. Magic and mathematics are more closely related than many persons realize.

TULIPS AND HOLLYHOCKS are coming to life in Grand Forks. Also, down in Vermont, there are signs of spring. There the first maple syrup of the season has just been marketed. One Vermonter set out 575 buckets, and from the sap collected he had marketed 15 gallons of syrup. The trouble with much of the maple syrup of commerce is that it is too watery. I recall maple syrup that was syrup. A gob of it administered to a hot pancake just spread itself in a leisurely way as it slowly absorbed the heat from the pancake and the lubricating qualities of the butter. Much of what we get acts too suddenly to suit me.

MRS. J. G. GEBHARDT OF Grand Forks would like to find a poem containing lines running something like this: "Whatever you do and whatever you say Is a reflection of yourself."

She thinks it may have appeared in something written by Albert Payson Terhune.

The lines are not familiar to me. Can any reader help?

MRS. ELMER LINDQUIST OF East Grand Forks asks where she can find Longfellow's poem "My Lost Youth," containing the lines: "A boy's will is the wind's will And the thoughts of youth are long."

The poem is published in my volume of Longfellow, and should be in almost any edition of his works. The public library should have it. The first stanza reads:

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of the dear
old town,

And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song

Is haunting my memory still.

"A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts".

A CARD FROM DR. R. D. Campbell dated at Tulsa, Okla., records the arrival there of the doctor and Mrs. Campbell on their way to Mexico. The doctor writes that they lost snow and found their first summer weather as they were approaching Tulsa on February 28.

IN A PICTURE IN THE RADIO Guide the actress Beverly Roberts is shown administering a kick in the rear to Gertrud Wettergren the opera contralto who appeared in Grand Forks at the beginning of the season. The text says that Miss Wettergren insists on this rite at the beginning of an engagement, as it is a good old Swedish custom. Before appearing before her Grand Forks audience the famous contralto demanded that the ceremony be performed, and it was. If you don' believe it ask John Howard.

I SUPPOSE THERE ARE NOT many copies of The Weekly Herald now in existence. I know of none other than those in the office files except one just brought to the office by T. C. Stewart. Recently Mr. Stewart bought a farm about five miles south of the Great Northern roundhouse, and in tearing down an old house on the property and salvaging the lumber he found nailed under the floor a copy of The Weekly Herald of November 27, 1896. The paper, of eight pages is complete, and, except for about a dozen rusted nail holes, is in good condition.

MOST PROMINENTLY Featured in the paper are references to the candidacy for the United States senate of John M. Cochrane, one of the most prominent lawyers in the city and state. Senator Hansbrough's first term in the senate was to expire the following March and he was a candidate for re-election by the state legislature which was to meet in January. The fall election was over; McKinley was safely elected; members of the state legislature had been chosen; and arguments in the senatorial campaign were now addressed to them.

THE CAMPAIGN IN NORTH Dakota had been a peculiar one. Hansbrough had espoused the cause of free silver, and it had been the purpose of his organization to control the state convention and send a free silver delegation to the Republican convention at St. Louis. Hansbrough himself was to head the delegation. If the plan had succeeded Hansbrough would have joined Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota in the free silver walk-out, an act which retired Pettigrew from public life.

INSTEAD, THE SOUND-MONEY group controlled the convention and Hansbrough was left at home. He took no active part in the presidential campaign, but through his paper, the Devils Lake Free Press, he continued to advocate "bimetallism." The general impression was that he was out of the senatorial race.

MANY TENTATIVE Candidacies were advanced, among them that of Cochrane of Grand Forks, who was warmly supported by The Herald. In the paper just recovered there are several columns of news and editorial comment relating to the Cochrane candidacy. A call for a mass meeting in his support appears in one column, signed by some 200 prominent citizens, headed by John Dinnie, mayor. Two long editorials are given to the subject and on the front page is an article from Grafton containing endorsements by citizens there.

HOWEVER, HANSBROUGH and his friends worked quietly among legislative members, and one after another was signed up. By the time the legislature met other candidacies had subsided, and in January Hansbrough was re-elected on the first ballot.

OF THE SIGNERS TO THE call for a Cochrane mass meeting about 200 in number, and all well known residents of the city, only the following are now living in Grand Forks:

E. J. Lander, W. F. Perry, C. A. Hale, N. G. Benner, P. McLoughlin, F. V. Kent, J. E. Nuss, O. Barnes (this might be O. J. or O. W.) T. C. Griffith, B. O. Paulsness Geo. H. Wilder, R. D. Campbell J. B. Wineman. Several others are living in other parts of the country, but most have gone the way of all flesh.

THAT ISSUE OF THE PAPER was published the day after the famous Thanksgiving storm, before here had been time to check up on the details. But it was recognized as a real storm, notwithstanding the restraint and moderation with which The Herald referred to "temperature going down rapidly and the wind increasing to gale of lively proportions which with the atmospheric accompaniment might in some sections be called blizzardy."

THE HEADLINES Introducing the story of the storm read: "Weather to spare. A Manitoba Zephyr cut loose and cavorting around this section. 'The wind she blow.' And the snow it snow—storm one of the worst ever known here."

IN THE NOVEMBER 27, 1896, copy of the weekly Herald recovered by T. C. Stewart from an old farm house which he was demolishing there is a parody on "Beautiful Snow," which had just appeared in the Bathgate Pink Paper. Frank Willson, owner and editor of the Bathgate paper, had been a candidate for the state legislature, and, being a Democrat, and also running against Jud LaMoure's candidate, he was given a sound beating. In characteristic manner he celebrated his defeat with the following little poem which some candidates for political honors may find it convenient to have on file —just in case:

"OH, THE CROW, THE Beautiful crow! You are poor and tough, but we love you so! We'll pluck your plumage, glossy and black, And we'll singe the hair from your skinny old back. We'll take out your entrails, empty and small, And save your gizzard, liver and all; And we'll boil and stew your old, tough frame, Then, dang you, we'll eat you, all the same! We'll gnaw your legs and your meatless wings; We'll chew your giblets and your other things; We'll nibble your breast and your withered old back; We'll gorge and feast, and your bones we'll crack.
Oh, you crow, you skinny black crow! We'll eat you along with our cake that's dough; We'll swallow you down while our enemy mocks; We'll eat you all if we puke up our socks!"

FRANK WILLSON WAS ONE of the state's outstanding newspaper men. He was shrewd, observant and witty, and one was always sure to find something interesting in his Pink Paper. During its existence his paper adhered to the color scheme indicated in its title, always appearing printed on pink stock. It was the only paper that I ever knew that carried four separate titles. Page one carried the official title, "Pink Paper." Page two was headed "Neché Oak Leaf." On pages three and four the titles were similarly complimentary to Hamilton and St. Thomas. I have forgotten the exact titles, but "Oak Leaf" was one of them. In Frank Willson, Grant Hager and F. A. Wardwell Pembina county had a trio of newspaper men of whom no locality need have been ashamed.

DISCUSSION OF THE Literary work of President Roosevelt and of what he will do with the money that he received from his writings, recalls a story that has been told of President Lincoln was meticulous in keeping his personal affairs separate from his official position. It is said that when he first took office as president he turned all his financial affairs over to a trusted friend with instructions to invest whatever surplus there was according to his best judgment. But he was to avoid investment in anything whose value was likely to be affected by pending legislation, and on no account was to let Lincoln know in what form investments had been made. That policy was followed strictly until Lincoln's death.

PRESIDENTS USUALLY HAVE been careful to avoid even the appearance of using their official position for the promotion of their private fortunes. It has been necessary, also, for them to be very careful about endorsing commercial products or private enterprises. In this connection there is recalled an incident in the office of Secretary Slemp, which adjoined that of President Coolidge.

A LADY FROM A SOUTHERN state, possibly Virginia, wished to see the president to obtain from him an endorsement of a project in support of some worthy cause with which she was associated and for which she was soliciting funds. An assistant secretary explained that the president made it a rule to endorse no project sponsored by a private agency which involved solicitation of funds. The lady agreed that that was an excellent rule, but her project was so patriotic and so worthy that she knew the president would endorse it if she could only see him. The secretary agreed that the project was an excellent one, and he had no doubt that the president would approve of it, but again he explained that the rule had been made because it was impossible to investigate all the applications which might be made, and in the absence of such a rule the president's endorsement would be used by some persons for their own personal benefit. Again the lady insisted on the worthiness of her project, and again the explanation was repeated. This continued for fully fifteen minutes, at the end of which the caller left without seeing the president, and quite unable to understand why a project so worthy as hers should not be given the presidential endorsement. One noteworthy feature of the interview was the unflinching patience and courtesy of the secretary.

MRS. H. A. KING WRITES from Jacksonville, Florida, of the interesting features of that old city, which dates back to the time when the trail from St. Augustine, Florida, to San Diego, Florida, crossed the St. John's river at that point. I wonder if she participated in a fish fry under a big tree away up the river. If not, I can recommend it heartily.

MRS. KING gives an interesting description of a Jacksonville tree which was taken south from Illinois, reversing the usual process. She writes:

"Among the many floral wonders of Jacksonville is a camelia tree on the property of J. A. Banks, 2508 Riverside drive. The tree is about 25 feet high, and has been described as 'standing in a blaze of pink glory,' for it is covered so densely with its lovely pink blossoms that you can scarcely see the tree itself. The history of it is this:

"WHEN MR. BANKS WAS IN Quincy, Illinois, he noticed this tree and wanted it for his beautiful yard. He negotiated with the owner and finally bought it for \$400 and had it transplanted to this place. His friends all told him it would never grow, but he insisted it would, had it dug up very carefully, boxed with as much of the earth as possible around the roots, and it flourished in its new environment and is at present a bower of beauty, admired by crowds of people. The tree was said to be over 100 years old. We saw it last Sunday and could not believe that it could be transplanted at that age and keep on blooming. They assured us it would bloom steadily for another month. The blossoms resemble a small rose more than anything else, shade from pink to a much deeper red, and look and feel like velvet."

A FADED CLIPPING, Evidently from an issue of the Herald of sometime in August, 1908, was left at the office by Robert Thompson. It deals with some of the political controversies 30 years ago and mentions particularly the removal of Colonel Creel of Devils Lake from the office of government grain inspector for Minnesota and North and South Dakota on the ground of political activity. Senator Hansbrough is credited with securing Creel's scalp, and he is said to be after that of L. D. McGahan of the Minot land office, while Marshal Jim Shea is also reported on the anxious seat. Modern politicians who think they are inventing something might be enlightened by reading some of the old newspapers. In a paragraph credited to the Devils Lake Journal Col. Creel thus expressed himself on politics in general:

"DON'T YOU DARE MENTION politics to me, sir. I am out of politics, and, while I haven't been out more than 15 minutes, I propose to stay out from now on, or until some ungrateful whelp calls upon me to help him, when, sucker that I am, I suppose I will get out and help him into a soft job for the pleasure it will afford him to give me the worst of it after he is elected. I tell you, sir, I am getting tired of politics. All my life I have been carrying a hod for some ambitious statesman—did I say statesman? — save the mark. Anything goes for a statesman in this state—sometimes—but there's one thing I tell you right now, and that is, it wouldn't surprise me a durned bit if Bryan — but what's the use? As I said before, I am out of politics."

GOVERNOR EARLE OF Pennsylvania recently issued a ruling that all drivers guilty of accidents involving personal injury must be re-examined and that persons convicted of driving in excess of fifty miles an hour will be exposed to suspension for ninety days. Total accidents during the first ten days this ruling was in effect numbered 563 against 1,333 in the corresponding period of 1937.

IN CONNECTICUT, Automobile drivers who have a record free of traffic violations are given "personalized" license plates as a reward. A driver with such a rating gets a plate carrying his initials and a number.

MY CONTACT WITH LATIN has been confined to the study of a few roots in my school days and what I have since read in the papers. What little attention was given at school to the pronunciation of Latin words was based on English custom, the letters in a Latin word being given the same sounds that would be given to English words of similar form. That, I understand, was the practice in schools is spoken. But the scholars decided that this was all wrong, and that the old Latins didn't talk that way.

A NEW SYSTEM OF Pronunciation came into use. "Cicero" became "Kikero," and Caesar's famous message became something like: "Wany, weedy, weechey." Now comes The Minneapolis Journal, telling us of a trend toward the older Anglicized pronunciation. The Journal comments that nobody knows how Caesar and his contemporaries pronounced their words, the implication being that one guess is about as good as another. We are told, also, that in Germany the name of the famous Latin author is pronounced "Tsitsero," while the French call it "Sisayro," with no accented syllable, and modern Italians make it "Chichero."

FROM THIS SHOWING IT seems that the Anglicized version is as good as any, and I shall probably stick to it when among my uncultured equals. In a group of highbrows I shall discreetly dodge the Latin words. It may be thought that phonograph records, if there had been any in the days of the Caesars, would be helpful, but I am afraid they would merely have added to the confusion. We might listen to the voice of the orator in Rome, but was his the true Latin pronunciation, or should we go to Florence for that, or Naples? Is the American pronunciation that of Maine, Georgia, Texas or Idaho? They're all different.

THAT DIFFERENCE IN Pronunciation is not confined to countries as large as the United States. Leaving out of account the dialects which make the speech of the uneducated of one county in little England almost unintelligible to those 100 miles away, the pronunciation of educated Englishmen is as diverse as if they were not speaking the same language. One notices this diversity in any short-wave broadcast from London in addresses and comments by speakers who are obviously educated and informed. We have no assurance that Cicero and Seneca spoke alike, any more than two broadcasters from New York or London.

CHARLES N. LEWIS, GRAND Forks, writes that he is interested in the comment that appears from time to time in this column on birds, trees and flowers, and also in the fact that I had a Yorkshire grandfather, for his mother came from Yorkshire, "a place called Garton, near Fember, about 20 miles from Hull."

MR. LEWIS' GRANDFATHER'S name was Brown. He came to Illinois in 1854, settled on a farm and prospered there. Mr. Lewis refers to the tribute paid the Brown family by Hughes in "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

MR. LEWIS WRITES THAT his father was born in Calcutta, India, where his father was a Baptist missionary. He was a printer and bookbinder from Bristol, England, and was sent to Calcutta to head the Baptist mission press there. He spent 30 years in that service.

MR. LEWIS LIVES BETWEEN Ojata and Kelly's. He writes: "I have been here for nearly 30 years, but not as a missionary. But I have some very fine neighbors, and we have always had enough to eat and we are not kicking at all."

I SEE NO EVIDENCE OF flow of sap in the box elders yet, but they are making syrup in Vermont, a fact which doubtless inspired Charles Malam to write this little poem for The New York Times:

DUSK IN THE SUGAR WOODS. The sap was liquid light from
spout to pail, His cask stood loaded for the day's
last run, But now, though man might tire
and sunlight fail, The maples had awakened. Where
the sun Sent cold red lances through the
thinning wood He saw the morrow's buckets in
his mind And took the season's measure.
Earth, the blind Dark earth was singing, and the song was good.

He tallied his tomorrow, and his thought
Recalled a fern's thin feather where the noon
Had warmed a maple's roots. The light bit colder.
Good night, he told the wood. Be strong, but not
For maples: for the fern one day too soon
Looking for Spring upon a mountain shoulder.

THE FOLLOWING CRITICAL and reminiscent letter comes from P. A. McClernan:

"I have before me your editorial of Sunday the 6, March, and beg to say that either your newspaper story is all wrong, or my memory of that event is playing me a mean trick. "In the first place the date November 27, 1896 is all wrong. That event took place in the territorial days, and in the middle eighties, and without the trouble of securing the correct data I would say 1884.

"THERE WAS AN INTENSE rivalry between Grafton, on the east and Park River on the west. LaMoure captured the Grafton vote and Wilson the Park River vote, and when it was all paid Wilson was in the lead. Now the rest of the contest I have on information from Donald Stewart, who was elected representative to Bismarck, from the vicinity of Minto, and he was a Grafton man.

"DONALD TOLD ME THAT when the contest was coming to close it was a certainty Wilson was elected. Jud was checking out and didn't want to be on hand at "the kill", but he and Donald were fast friends and he came to Stewart's room to say goodbye. Now the two had many things in common and before those common interests were finally settled Stewart told Lamoure he knew of a loop hole and that it was not all lost; that the election had been held in fall of the year when the railway was graded into Park River. The work had been done by team and scraper and by shovelers on station work. There were hundreds of laborers in the immediate vicinity and they were each and all voted in Park River. On the face of the returns it was not possible for a small inland village to cast the vote and it was finally thrown out, and that left Lamoure in the lead. Wilson ate the crow, but that was the way he took the sound beating.

"I NEVER SAW WILSON After he left the old home town of Plainview, Minn., but in my minds eye I can see him walking the street, arm in arm with his college chum—the notorious Charlie Butts. He wrote me during the campaign, and for the honor of the old home town I took my crew of men to the polls and gave him what I had to give.

"He was a son of Hugh P. Wilson, lawyer of note, and had a long line of worth while ancestors. His life story would fill a good sized book with interesting reading."

IT IS ALWAYS A PLEASURE to me to set my friends right when they are wrong, and this affords a grand opportunity.

In the first place, the article about Frank Willson was not an editorial. I put the editorials over in the other column. In the second place, and of more importance, is the fact that the election contest to which reference was made in this column, was, as stated, that of November, 1896, and was not at all related to the contest of territorial days to which Mr. McClernan refers and which it is interesting to have recalled.

IN 1896 FRANK WILLSON OF Bathgate ran on the Democratic ticket for state senator and was defeated by Jud LaMoure of Pembina, whereupon he published in his Pink Paper the "crow" doggerel which I reproduced in this column, copying it from a Weekly Herald of November 27, 1896. In that paper it was introduced with the following comment:

"Frank Willson, the defeated candidate for legislative honors up in Pembina county, seems to have eaten a pretty tough dose of crow, judging from his latest effusion in the Pink Paper."

The county seat fight was something else again.

REFERENCE HAS BEEN made in this column to the unusually early appearance of goldfinches in this vicinity and to the incredible number of snowbirds seen in flocks on the prairie at about the same time. The snowbirds are gone, presumably to the far north, for they nest in the wilderness of northern Canada, within or near the Arctic circle.

THE FLIGHT OF MIGRATORY birds is one of the mysteries of nature which has never been completely explained.

In making these marvelous journeys, we are told, some species move by daylight, but the majority cleave through the air under cover of darkness. Probably there are more hazards in night migration, but the all important question of food bears upon the situation; thus if a bird has a wide traverse to make over water, such as the Gulf of Mexico, by leaving at nightfall the darkness can be spent in travel while daylight hours are available for feeding.

MIGRANTS BY NIGHT Include all the numerous fly-catchers, vireos, warblers, thrushes, orioles, tanagers, shore-birds and most of the sparrows. Some species of waterfowl under certain circumstances also migrate by night. Usually the birds launch into flight shortly after dark and quit before dawn; it is said that they go farther before than after midnight. An interesting way of observing these nocturnal flights is to focus a low-power telescope on a full moon during the height of the spring and fall movement. Its glowing surface forms a background against which the birds, in passing, are clearly outlined. Though a migrant may be flying very rapidly, at a great height it appears to float across the face of the brightly illuminated disk.

AMONG THE DAY MIGRANTS are the swallows, nighthawks, chimney swift, various hawks, and the ducks and geese. The insect-eating birds often combine business with pleasure by feeding erratically on the wing as they gradually move across the country in the desired direction. The others lift at once to habitual altitude of flight and on a more or less level course drive forward with unswerving determination to the end of the day's flight. In this case feeding is done in late afternoon and in the early morning.

AN ARTICLE IN THE Minneapolis Journal published some time ago tells of the sources of the names of towns along the Crookston - St. Vincent branch of the Great Northern. Most of the names were given in honor of men associated with the building of the railroad, or of their personal friends.

WITH THIS year marking the sixtieth anniversary of the construction of the Great Northern Railroad through here local historians have made a study of the sources of the names of the towns along the route.

Stephen was named in honor of George Stephen, a financial associate of James J. Hill in the road building project. He was born in Dufftown, Banffshire, Scotland June 5, 1829 and went to Canada in 1850, settling at Montreal.

In 1891 he received the title of Baron Mount Stephen, the title referring to a peak in the Canadian Rockies named for Stephen when the Canadian Pacific was being built through the west.

WARREN WAS CHRISTENED in honor of Charles H. Warren, general passenger agent of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad, afterward the Great Northern.

Argyle received its name in memory of a county in Scotland. The name has a firm place in Scottish history, song and story. The name was suggested by S. G. Comstock, Moorhead, Minn., one of the owners of the townsite.

Angus bears the name of Richard Bladworth Angus, a banker of Montreal, who financially aided in the construction of the line. He was successively a director, general manager and president of the Bank of Montreal.

IT IS RECORDED SIMPLY that Euclid was christened by Springer Harbaugh, manager of the Lockhart, Bonanza farm in Norman county, "for the beautiful Euclid avenue in Cleveland, where he formerly lived."

Donaldson honors the memory of Captain Hugh W. Donaldson, Civil war officer, who was manager of a farm of several thousand acres adjoining the townsite.

KENNEDY WAS NAMED FOR John Stewart Kennedy, a native of Scotland, born in 1830. He came to America in 1856 and entered business in New York City. He was an iron merchant, banker and railroad director. He died in 1909.

Northcote bears the name of Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, eminent English statesman and financier. He was a commissioner at the treaty of Washington in 1871 which referred the Alabama claims to the United States against England to an international tribunal.

HALLOCK RECEIVED ITS name from Charles Hallock, noted author of articles on hunting, fishing and travel and for years editor of Forest and Stream. He was one of the founders of the Kittson county seat.

Humboldt bears the name of Baron Alexander von Humboldt, German scientist and author.

St. Vincent was given its title in the fur trade says for the renowned St. Vincent de Paul, founder of missions and hospitals in Paris.

Crookston bears the name of Colonel William Crooks, who surveyed the line and for whom the Great Northern's first engine, the William Crook's also was christened.

THERE WAS ONCE A Stopping point about seven miles north of Crookston, where a branch line ran off to St. Hilaire. It was listed as Shirley and had an elevator, and trains stopped there on signal. The original name of the place was Fanny, and it was reported—I do not know on what authority—that it and Ada, south of Crookston, were named for the two daughters of Bladworth Angus, for whom the town farther north was named. Why the name Fanny was abandoned and Shirley substituted I never knew.

DOWN IN THE WINDWARD islands, where they grow sugarcane, they have been pestered by a bug which destroys the cane, and it looked as if the cane industry was doomed until it was found that another bug native to the Amazon valley, would destroy the cane borer if it could get at it. As this enemy of the borer could not cross the wide expanse of water, specimens were transported by ship. Within the limit of their number they did the job perfectly, but they were difficult to transport, most of them dying en route. They are now being carried by plane, and on some of the islands the cane borer has been practically eradicated.

WE ARE NOT TOLD whether or not the new bug thrives in its new environment. If it does the islanders may find that in order to rid themselves of one pest they have acquired another. Originally Australia had no rabbits. A few were imported because they reminded the people of "back home." And Australia has spent millions in efforts to control the rabbit pest.

DANELIONS DID NOT GROW in the northwest originally, but seed was brought from the east by persons who remembered the pretty yellow flowers with affection. And now look! Probably the dandelion would have followed settlement anyway, just as the potato bug followed the potato without conscious human assistance.

IN THE THIRTY-YEARS-AGO section of the paper a few days ago mention was made of the city campaign of 1908 in which Mayor Duis was a candidate for re-election. In that same campaign the city park commission was organized in 1905 and reorganized in 1907 in order to comply with a Supreme Court decision. Its promoters had hoped to keep it free from entanglement in other campaigns, and for the first few years they were successful.

IN 1908, HOWEVER, A HOT city campaign was on, with Dui seeking a third term and Dr. J. D. Taylor opposing him. Stephen Collins was the retiring member of the park commission, and he had told friends that he would not be a candidate for re-election, although that fact had not yet been publicly announced. Several persons interested in the Park commission invited Dr. H. H. Healy to be a candidate, and he consented as he was greatly interested in that type of work.

IN ORDER TO PREVENT THE Healy candidacy from being mixed up with controverted city issues someone suggested that it would be a smart thing to get both candidates for mayor to sign the doctor's nominating petition. It was taken for granted that Taylor would sign it, as he and Healy were personal friends. The first approach, therefore, was made to Duis. Then it was learned that the Duis faction, supposing that Collins would be a candidate for re-election, and knowing him to be a supporter of Taylor, had picked out a man to run against him, not that they had any objection to Collins, but just to keep the opposition busy.

THE SITUATION WAS Explained to Duis, and he was urged to persuade his man to withdraw, and himself to sign the Healy petition. It required some earnest conversation to bring this about, but it was done. The name of Duis headed Dr. Healy's petition and that of Taylor followed. That eliminated the political feature and Dr. Healy had the field all to himself. In the city election Dr. Taylor was elected by an almost microscopic majority.

WE HAVE JUST BEEN Celebrating—or some of us have—Mother-in-Law's day. The thing started with Mother's day, which; took so well that somebody thought it might be a good idea to give father a break, and he was given a day of his own. Then young Howe, down in Texas, saw no reason why mother-in-law should be left out of the picture, and he proposed a day for her, and the world applauded.

OF THE THREE PROPOSALS that of Howe seemed the most equitable. Motherhood has always been held up as something admirable and sacred, and father has been given his share of praise, though he has sometimes loafed on the job. But until Howe thought of it, nobody ever had a kind word to say, in public, for mother-in-law. Instead, she had been made the butt of cheap witticisms, and the mother-in-law joke had become as standard as applesauce. The old lady had something coming, and Howe had the right idea.

NOW, HAVING PROGRESSED thus far and taken care of father, mother and mother-in-law, why not continue the good work. There are still grandfather and grandmother, both estimable persons, who surely are entitled to a day apiece. And we should by no means forget good old Aunt Mary, who has humored and coddled a lot of us when we didn't deserve it, and who, having no children of her own, has been more than mother to an innumerable company. That would give us six days, which we could bunch and make a week of it, leaving Sunday for a grand family celebration.

JIM LYONS JUST REMINDED me that this is near the anniversary of the big spring storm of 1892. I haven't looked up the date, but my recollection is that the storm was on March 9, beginning with a pouring rain the day before. The weather had been balmy snow was all gone, and coulees were alive with ducks and geese. Rain poured down. Before morning the coulees had overflowed their banks and the prairie resembled an ocean. Then the temperature dropped, snow took the place of rain and a blinding blizzard raged. A Manvel man named Nugent started from Grand Forks for home that evening and his frozen body was found huddled in his wagon box after the storm. On the farm of a Bohemian settler near Tabor water flooded the table in which eleven head of cattle were housed. The farmer had gone to town and had been unable to get home because of rising water. His wife let the animals out into the adjoining pasture, not realizing that the entire enclosure was also flooded. Ice froze around the legs of the animals, pinning them fast, and there they remained frozen stiff, some of them still standing erect, until warm weather released them.

ANGUS M'MILLAN FRASER, the best-known bagpiper in New York, died suddenly on a bus the other day as he was returning from an out-of-town engagement. He had been a prominent piper for many years, had filled numerous stage and concert engagements, and had won both national and international championships. In 1911 he was awarded first place at Inverness, Scotland, in two contests, playing the fling and the reel. Naturally one would suppose a piper so eminent must be a native Scott, but Mr. Fraser was born in the French-Canadian province of Quebec, somewhere in Montreal, and he made only two short visits to Scotland. And he didn't take up piping until after he was 20. He once said of Harry Lauder, with whom he had worked: "Harry tootles in public, but if he had to make his livin' at it he'd starve to death."

MY FRIEND P. A. M'CLERNAN explains that he was out of the state in 1896 when Jud LaMoure defeated Frank Willson for the state senate. He writes:

"IT WAS SAID OF JOHN Bunyan, that he had been arrested many times for drunkenness; that when he reformed and began street preaching he was arrested for creating a disturbance on the street, and was haled into court. The judge asked the prisoner to give a sample of what he was saying to the people, and after a time stopped him and ordered the bailiff to take him into an adjoining room; then he dismissed the action and said to the mailiff: 'Take him out the back way, he might begin giving thanks if you brought him back into court.'

"BETWEEN NOVEMBER 1890 and July 1917, I was out of Dakota, and in 96 was fighting the free silver in Minnesota. I wouldn't know about the second battle between LaMoure and Wilson; but I could imagine what would happen to a Democrat that fall, after Mark Hanna got through with him. Your notice was the first I heard of the second contest; and as far as the editorial is concerned: Everything is fish to me that I find in that net.

"It is pretty generally true of old people that they soon forget the recent events, but that ancient history is indellibly impressed on the tablet of their memory."

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER Mark Hanna figured in that Pembina county campaign or not. Jud had ways of his own of attending to those little matters without outside assistance. The fellow whose family Jud had helped quietly through a hard winter wasn't likely to forget it when election time came, and Jud helped a lot of them in just that way.

I FOUND ON MY DESK A ring puzzle left by Cole Odden, 17 Euclid avenue. The puzzle consists of 10 metal rings through which a long metal loop is interlaced. The trick is to separate the loop from the rings. Mr. Odden says that the puzzle is called the prisoner's ring puzzle, and that it is 200 years old. This particular sample he made himself.

WE HAD ONE OF THOSE IN the village store where I worked some 60 years ago, and it provided entertainment by the hour for the village loafers. The thing is simple enough, when one gets the hang of it, but it is slow, as one must go through the same motions over and over again, hundreds of times. I can imagine a prisoner, 200 years ago, immured in a dungeon, inventing that puzzle and amusing himself with it.

HARRY O'BRIEN, WHO writes that excellent diary for Better Homes and Gardens, makes a suggestion which may be useful to growers of roses in this territory. He had followed the standard practice of cutting back tender roses in the fall to about a foot in length, hilling up with six inches of earth, and covering with litter to catch the snow. Heretofore, he writes, it had been his practice in the spring to remove the litter as soon as the weather moderated, but to leave the earth covering until shoots were well started. He has been advised by an authority to remove the earth as soon as it is well thawed and let the shoots start in the open air. In that way, he is told, they will be more hardy and more likely to withstand late spring frosts.

THAT SOUNDS REASONABLE, and I shall try it this spring. I have never attempted much with roses, but last spring I set out a dozen plants, all of which lived and bloomed. I hope they will have come through the winter in good shape, but even if not, the satisfaction that we had from them in one season was worth much more than their cost.

THE NORTHLAND TIMES, OF Bemidji, published a sincere tribute to his wife written by F. T. Roat, a former resident of Grand Forks. For several years the Roats had maintained a home at Lake Plantaganet. Mrs. Roat died recently at a Bemidji hospital. For several years she had conducted a column of news and comment in the Northland Times.

Mrs. Roat was a daughter of J. B. Mosette, who, following service in the Civil War, moved to Minnesota and then to Grand Forks, where he participated in the early building of the city. He built, and for some years operated the Central hotel, at the corner of Bruce and Fourth street. In front of the hotel he built the first sidewalk ever built in Grand Forks and installed the first street lamp. On the first night that the lamp was used three or four fishermen who had come to Grand Forks with a load of fish became lost in a bad storm and wandered around aimlessly until they caught sight of the light and made their way to the hotel.

SOMEBODY RECENTLY thought it would be a smart thing to jazz "Annie Laurie," and the result was given over the radio. It was an advertising program of some sort, but I failed to catch the name of the sponsor or the product advertised. I am sorry, for it would have given me great pleasure to boycott that product, whatever it may be, no matter where or by whom sold. If it happened to be soap, and there were no other available, I'd use sand or ashes— or go unwashed.

GLENN CUNNINGHAM RAN A mile in 4 minutes, 4 and 2-5 seconds, which is the fastest mile ever run by man, so far as the official records go. One writer comments on the gain in speed this way: Cunningham's mile was run in approximately 244 seconds. Forty years ago the record was 253 seconds. Thus in forty years man has gained only 4 per cent in speed under his own power. He has done a lot better than that with machinery.

THERE MAY BE A QUESTION, too, as to how much man has actually gained in running speed. The conditions under which men run have been changed greatly. Tracks are better, training is more systematic, and all the conditions are so ordered as to result in the highest possible scores. Something must be credited to those facts.

SOME YEARS AGO A Devotee of the races, who had owned several fast trotters, expressed the opinion that in spite of what the records show, there had been little real improvement, if any, in the trotting speed of horses from the days of Dexter, St. Julien and Maud S. The difference in records he attributed chiefly to pneumatic, ball-bearing sulkies better harness adjustment, better tracks, and a number of other things which were unknown to the earlier racers.

HOW MANY AIRPORTS ARE there which are suitable for the landing of the big fast planes? W. B. Courtney, aviation editor of Collier's, says there are only five, those of Cleveland, Wichita, New Orleans, Oakland and Memphis.

EACH YEAR WE ADMIRE the beauty of the northern woods in autumn, the masses of scarlet and crimson of the maples and oaks, the yellows of the poplars and the brilliant hues of climbing plants whose foliage has just been touched by frost. Those are the gorgeous days of the year. Usually we do not regard spring as a colorful season in quite the same sense. It has its own attractiveness, in the burgeoning of the pussy willows, the blooming of the anemones, and the charm of wild violets. But these are beauties to be observed individually rather in the mass. But spring has mass beauties of its own which are worth seeing.

A FRIEND WHO DROVE IN from Bemidji on Sunday tells of the fairy-like beauty of the Minnesota woods, especially in the section extending 100 miles or so this side of Duluth, where the season is even farther advanced than here. Except on the evergreens there is no foliage yet, and even the buds have scarcely begun to swell, but on many of the trees the twigs and branches have responded to the call of spring and have changed the drab dress of winter for warmer colors. While this would scarcely be noticeable on separate trees, when seen in the mass the poplars and birches present colors of delicate beauty, and the willows which line the meandering watercourses have a brilliance not seen at any other season.

BANKS OF SNOW, Brilliantly white, still remain in partially shaded places, but the streams are full of water which, taking its color from the soil, just now is almost black. Indians in the vicinity of Cass lake are preparing for their annual sugar harvest, as the sap in the maples is just beginning to run.

WRITERS WHO HAVE Occasion to deal with figures representing sums of money would welcome the adoption of some symbol other than the dollar sign which would relieve them of the necessity for striking out a lot of cyphers. Astronomers long since have given up the job of representing interstellar spaces in terms of mundane miles. Instead, they tell us that a given star is so many I light years away, each light year representing a billion miles, more or less. Now if we had a symbol representing a billion dollars, we should save a lot of wear and tear on typewriter ribbons, and the thing would be more intelligible, for the dollar has become a negligible quantity, a lot worse than the millimeter or the gram.

NOTICING STATEMENTS about the appearance of tulip and hollyhock shoots above ground, Mrs. R.D. Healy, of Larimore, writes that in her garden a few days ago she found a pansy in bloom, with two more buds ready to open. The warm sunshine had just melted away the snow covering which had sheltered the bed through the winter.

I THINK IT PROBABLE THAT those pansies were in bloom last fall when the snow came, and that the blossoms have just remained dormant through the winter. That is a way that pansies have, and it is a very pleasant way, for it insures a supply of those beautiful blossoms very early in the spring.

HOWEVER, IN MY SLIGHT experience with pansies, I have always obtained the finest blossoms from new seedlings. The old plants bloom early and are desirable for that reason, but I have found their blossoms inferior to those from seedlings planted during the current spring.

PAUL GARSKE, OF GARSKE N.D., writes thus of some experiences in the memorable blizzard of March, 1892:

“YOU MENTION THE anniversary of the big blizzard of the spring of 1892. I believe you are right as to the date being on March 9. I remember my father, the late Herman Garske of Garske, who homesteaded two miles from Garske where I am located, was out in this storm. Accompanied by his two brothers Louis and Charley, he decided to take a couple of loads of grain (wheat) to Devils Lake as the weather was beautiful. Devils Lake being 15 miles distant this was a hard trip with a team and a load for one day. Before they could reach home, though only two miles from home and only about 100 rods from a relatives home, they had to spend the night out in this raging blizzard, the worst that he had ever experienced. The horses simply refused to go a step further. They tipped the grain box and built a shelter. Walking around the horses and the grain box to keep from freezing to death, they were all badly frozen. The doctor thought it necessary to amputate my father’s leg up to the knee, but father not being willing to submit to this, it was decided to take off some of the toes so this was successful there by saving his leg. As a small boy I remember my mother who was on the farm with us small children at that time was very much worried about my father and how to get to the barn to see that the cattle were fed. A rope was tied to the house and then fastened to the barn to use as a guide to return, though in doing this her feet and hands were badly frozen.”

WHOEVER HAS READ Barrie's essay on tobacco must have drawn for himself a mental picture of the famous author, seated before an open fire, with a book in his hand and a pipe in' his mouth, enjoying to the full the satisfaction that one gets from a pipe, filled with good tobacco. The thing that is wrong with that picture is that Barrie didn't smoke. We have that on the authority of Peter Munro Jack, reviewer of two recently published biographies.

BARRIE, ACCORDING TO the reviewer, while he didn't use tobacco in any form, was interested in a tobacco company, which was making him a lot of money. In the essay, therefore, we have an example of the combination of that whimsicality which prompted him to write entertainingly about something of which he had no personal experience and the canniness of the Scot who in such a charming manner advertised his own wares. The reviewer says that years later, on a visit to America, Barrie had his servant buy the biggest pipe that he could find and blacken it for him. It made a useful stage property.

THE REVIEWER SAYS THAT Barrie carried the practice of writing on the basis of secondhand information into his journalistic work. From a few newspaper headlines or a few minutes conversation with a friend he could produce a column of profound observations on the state of the world in general, and readers got the idea that they were reading the comment of an authority who was right in the middle of things.

A STORY NOW RUNNING IN one of the magazines describes the experiences of a young couple who moved from southern Minnesota in the early days to homestead in South Dakota. The writer displays such familiarity with the details of western farm life of that period that one might suppose she was reared on such a farm herself. But she slips on the subject of breaking prairie sod. The young man undertook to break 15 acres of prairie sod on his claim with a team of Morgan horses, good for the road, but too light for heavy farm work. The story tells of the struggle that he had with that job of plowing and of the punishment which he took in arms, back and shoulders, in guiding the plow through the tough virgin sod.

ONE CAN REALIZE THAT breaking sod would be strenuous work for two light horses, but I think old-timers will recall that breaking was not considered particularly hard work for the men. With the sod sufficiently moist—and the story tells of the abundance of water on the plains—three stout horses would break three acres in a day, and if the plow were sharp and properly balanced it would guide itself with scarcely a touch from the plowman's hand. With a lighter team it was necessary to cut a narrower furrow and plow fewer acres in a day.

BREAKING NEW LAND IN timber country or on stony ground was a different story. When the plow point struck a snag or a rock it was quite possible for the plowman to be thrown into a somersault. There were aching joints and sometimes broken ribs, but ordinarily not on prairie sod.

EVERYONE WHO HAS Experimented with seeding a lawn knows what a difficult task it is to get the seed distributed evenly. The stuff is light and cannot be thrown accurately, and the slightest breath of wind sends it all the wrong way. Over in England someone has invented a new method of doing this work. By means of a mechanical device he attaches lawn grass seed to soluble tissue paper, the seeds spaced $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch apart each way. All that is necessary is to cover the ground to be seeded with sheets of this paper, give a light covering of soil, wet it down, and nature does the rest.

THE PLAN SEEMS TO BE AN extension of one which has been in use in this country to some extent for several years in which garden seeds are imbedded in narrow strips of paper just the right distance apart. The paper is sold in rolls and in planting a strip is laid at the bottom of a shallow trench and covered with earth. I do not think the plan has proven very popular.

As a lad I had an important function to perform in the occasional seeding of our fields with clover and timothy. Clover seed is small and timothy seed is light, and for accurate seeding it was necessary to do the sowing in still air. That meant immediately after day-light on a spring morning, and how I wanted to sleep a little longer!

ALINE WAS MARKED across the field by means of tall willow sticks set a few rods apart. My grandfather would sow across the field, being guided by the stakes, and it was my job to follow and shift the stakes so many paces in the desired direction. And woe was me if those stakes were out of line! Between us we always made a good job of it.

RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN Mesopotamia reveal that a game similar to chess was played in that country 6,000 years ago. Perhaps chess is one thing that was not invented by the Chinese. The date given would be a little before the time of Adam, according to Archbishop Usher's chronology, the figures of which appear at the tops of the pages of many editions of the familiar King James version of the Bible.

The Usher chronology is an example of a lot of industry gone to waste. The archbishop wrote voluminously on religious subjects during the first half of the seventeenth century and for a few years later. The Bible had been translated by eminent scholars appointed by King James, and the version which they presented was accepted as standard by the established church. Usher devoted several years of his life to the task of untangling the Chronology of the Bible from its narrative, which was often complex and confusing. Digging through the record he compared the ages of patriarchs, the times given for important events, and reached the conclusion that Adam was created in the year 4004 B. C., and assigned every important event recorded to what he considered its proper date. Modern scholarship has rejected the entire chronology.

THE KING JAMES VERSION was published by authority of King James I in 1611. Usher's chronology was not completed until 40 years later. How it came to be incorporated in the official texts nobody knows. But there it has remained for nearly three centuries, a monument to well-meant, but fruitless industry.

OFTEN HAVE BEEN QUOTED what are said to be the last words of Mark Twain: "There isn't anyone for me to play with any more." Those touching words of the tired and lonely old man have been interpreted and made the basis of the following poem by James Terry White:

"NO ONE TO PLAY WITH ME."

By James Terry White. The glow is fading from the western sky. And, one by one, my comrades,
as of yore, Have given up their play and said
good-bye.

There isn't any one for me to play with any more.

Don't cry, dear heart! for I am
worn and old. No longer have I largess in my
store. E'en love's best gifts to me I
could not hold. There isn't any one for me to play with any more.

I miss the tender hand-clasp of
old friends, The kisses of the loved one
gone before. 'Tis lonely, when the heart first
comprehends, There isn't any one for me to play with any more.
need these loving hearts, so fond and leal;
want them in my arms, as heretofore:
When they are reached, I shall no longer feel, There isn't any one for me to play
with any more.

THERE ARE OFTEN Published pictures of maple sugar-making showing sleds loaded with barrels of sap being hauled through the woods on snow roads, and sometimes the question is asked: How is it possible for the sap to flow when the ground is still frozen? That brings up matters of physics and biology with which I am not conversant. The fact is that the sap does often flow freely while the ground is covered with snow.

IN SOUTHERN ONTARIO, where in my boyhood sugar-making was one of the standard occupations, there is not the deep freezing that we have here. Often the frost extends only a few inches and sometimes the ground is not frozen at all, especially in the woods, where the snow serves as a protective blanket.

ANOTHER FACT IS THAT THE roots of the trees extend away below the frost line, and the life processes may generate sufficient heat to permit the sap to flow through partly frozen portions. But the sap does flow—now is a question the scientists.

COURTNEY QUOTES Colonel J. Munroe Johnson, assistant secretary of commerce as stating that there are 2,200 non-military airports in the country and that of these not more than five can be used satisfactorily in their present condition by the latest planes.

"THERE HAVE BEEN Nearly \$400,000,000 invested in commercial airports in the United States," Courtney writes, "and the majority are in the same relation to 1938 passenger airliners that dirt roads and tank y'maams hold to the 1938 streamlined automobiles. Some communities find themselves with elegant and pretentious fields that will never be justified by the importance they can occupy in the national schedules. In other cities taxpayers find their airports bottomless wells. Many towns have abandoned their fields altogether."

POINTING OUT THAT ALL OF the major airlines have gone ahead in the past year with plans to construct superplanes, some capable of carrying as many as 60 passengers, he says that the operators now find that they can have little use for the planes due to the

fact that they cannot find more than a few landing fields large enough to accommodate them.

Courtney attributes a large share of the unsatisfactory airport situation in the country to waste and lack of foresight on the part of the federal government as well as the municipalities themselves. He says that neither was armed with sufficient technical information regarding the construction of the ports and the demands that they might be called upon to meet. Thus a condition has arisen whereby thousands of landing fields have become obsolete and in many cases completely useless.

PRESS DISPATCHES DURING the past few days have told of floods along the Missouri and Heart rivers. Portions of Mandan are flooded; low-lying sections of Bismarck are threatened; bottomlands all along the Missouri clear to Williston are under water; settlers have been obliged to vacate their homes; and some 200 head of stock have been swept away.

IF ONLY A few of the millions that have been spent on less constructive projects had been used for controlling and distributing the flood waters of the Missouri, the water which is now creating havoc could have been headed this way, to replenish, as needed, Devils Lake, the James, Sheyenne and Red rivers, and to restore innumerable little bodies of water that have disappeared. Down in Washington they are asking what all this would be worth in dollars and cents. As well ask what it is worth to feed starving thousands; or in other ways to bring comfort into their lives.

THE PICTON (ONTARIO) Gazette, published in Dr. G. M. Williamson's old home town, gives biographical sketches of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Maybee, who have just celebrated their 75th wedding anniversary, and who are said to be the oldest married couple in North America. Mr. Maybee is 95 and his wife 93.

MR. MAYBEE'S HAS BEEN an eventful life. Born not far from his present home, he was educated at Bellville seminary, and at the age of 19 he taught school for a few months. Returns from that occupation being scant, he took a job as candy seller with a traveling circus, traveling with the show through Ontario, the eastern states, and finally to New York City, where he found employment in a packing house. After a year, being temporarily disabled by an accident, he returned to his Canadian home, where he married Elizabeth Huyck, a friend of his childhood, who has been his companion all through the years.

THE YOUNG MAN Returned to New York City with his bride, and there they lived for three years, until the draft riots during the Civil war made life uncomfortable and somewhat hazardous. Twice Mrs. Maybee narrowly escaped being struck by stray bullets during the riots, and the couple decided to return home.

NEAR HIS BIRTHPLACE MR. Maybee established himself as a merchant and grist mill owner. He closed out his store long ago, but continued to operate his mill until some years later. He never became wealthy, but had accumulated enough to lose \$6,000 in the crash of 1929. The aged couple live comfortably in a cottage of their own where Mr. Maybee cultivates a little garden and does all his other work. "Why shouldn't I?" he asks. "I can do it better than anybody else could do it for me."

QUESTIONED AS TO HIS LIFE habits Mr. Maybee said: "I've just behaved myself. I've lived a temperate life, minded my own business, helped others when I could have paid strict attention to business affairs, and made the church and church work a real part of my life." Mr. Maybee has never knowingly taken a drink of liquor in his life, though he suspects that once, when he was ill with pneumonia he may have been given small doses of it. While he was a boy he tried a cigar, because the other boys were smoking. That was his first and last smoke. Dr. Williamson remembers the Maybees as substantial people of his vicinity when he was a boy.

SOMEONE REPORTED THAT the buds on some of the trees were swelling, but on looking over available trees I have found no evidence of it. I hope the foliage will not start too early, as when it does it is almost certain to be injured by late frosts. Usually we have the finest display of lilacs in years when the buds get started late.

I SUPPOSE I AM AS Ignorant as it is possible for one to be of all that pertains to styles in women's dress. A woman on the street to me is a person, not a clothes-horse, and if I should be asked what my friend was wearing when I met her, about the best I could do would be to reply, "Clothes, I suppose." Her hat, her coat, her skirt, even her stockings, wouldn't have registered with me at all unless there had been about them something bizarre and screamingly extravagant.

BECAUSE OF MY Obtuseness in these matters it has interested me to discover the cause for the sensation of familiarity with which, of late, I have observed occasionally pictures of women in the papers, actresses, radio stars, social celebrities, and so forth. For some time such pictures have seemed to me strangely familiar, as if I might have known the originals in some former state of existence.,

I HAVE DISCOVERED THE reason. It's the style that does it! Many of the women's pictures that we see today might have been copied from other pictures published a long time ago, in the days of Lily Langtry, Lillian Russell, the Gibson girl and the Florodora sextet. I'm not going to get into any argument over how closely today's styles resemble in detail those of the former period, for I don't know a thing about it, but there's enough similarity in general effect for the one to recall the other.

SPEAKING OF THE GIBSON girl, still mentioned occasionally, how many of the younger generation know anything about her? For many years she was an exceedingly popular figure, drawn from life by the artist Charles Dana Gibson, with his wife, I think, as a model. She was tall, rather statuesque, with her hair done in a distinctive fashion which I can't describe, conveying the impression of wholesomeness, good humor and just enough dignity.

THE FLORODORA SEXTET IS another almost forgotten number. The six girls, picked for size and form as well as voice, constituted one of the chief features of the musical comedy Florodora. One of the songs in which they participated with as many male opposites, "Tell me pretty maiden," was sung and whistled all over the country for years. Even now there are living a number of elderly ladies who are described as members of the original Florodora sextet. If all those statements are true there must have been several thousand girls in that "original" sextet.

DR. WHEELER'S SNOW BOAT, a picture of which appears in today's Herald, was an interesting contrivance, capable of making good speed under favorable conditions, but irregularities in the surface over which it had to travel made its behavior uncertain. In a general way it was patterned after the ice boats which had long been favorite means of sport in this country and in Europe. Ice boats on the Hudson often raced with the fast trains which ran alongside the river, and often beat them. Sixty miles an hour was no uncommon speed for an ice boat.

ICE-BOATING WAS ONCE A popular sport on Lake Bemidji, but I have heard nothing of it in recent years. That lake, it seems, should be an ideal place for the sport, as there is room both for straightaway sailing and for tacking.

PERSONS WHO NOW SEE what's left of Maple Lake for the first time will be incredulous if told that the lake was once a scene of busy life every summer, with row boats by the score and enough sail boats to make snappy races. Among the sailing craft were those owned by E. R. Phinney, Bert Wells, Frank Kent and the Smiths. It was in one of the smaller boats that I had a thrilling adventure. I had borrowed the boat, and, alone, had gone fishing. Out in the middle of the lake I hooked a fish, a sudden squall almost capsized the boat, and the rudder became unshipped, and for a few minutes I was about the busiest person in those waters.

AN ARTICLE BY PAUL SOUTH-worth Bliss in The Kansas City Times discusses the development of mechanized farming, particularly the growing use of the tractor in the large grain farms of the west. Bliss was for some time engaged in social security work in North Dakota, and he is now stationed at Kansas City, engaged in similar work for the government. He owns a 480-acre farm in western North Dakota, is an advocate of rammed earth for prairie building purposes, and has published several books of poems which have been reviewed from time to time in this column.

MR. BLISS INTRODUCES HIS dissertation on the tractor as follows:

"In the new, downtown postoffice building in Washington, D. C., there is a 10-foot mural which never fails to attract the attention of visitors. It's a farm scene, and since clouds of dust are rising ominously in the distance, the region represented must be the dry-land farming area—anywhere from the Dakotas to Texas.

"THE FARMER STANDS, hands on the plow handles, reins over sharp shoulders — calamity written on his countenance from forehead to protruding Adam's apple. A stout, golden-haired young farmwife, without shoes or stockings, stands ready to do battle beside her husband against such disasters as dust and drouth.

"Whether the farmwife would or would not be barelegged might be argued—but there is something decidedly wrong about the farmer and the one-bottom plow. There are relatively none of those oldtime farm implements left in the wheat states. If you find any at all you'll have to look over there by the fence in the graveyard of abandoned farm tools.

"ARTISTS HAVE THEIR OWN pet ideas. The artist insists on horse and 2-handled plow as a part of the farm scene and there's nothing the farmer can do about it. Actually, the farmer has kicked old Dobbin in the ribs and mounted a tractor. The artist should have put him up on a high, iron seat hunched over between two big wheels, dragging four plows behind him, with maybe a drill and a packer behind the plows."

THEN FOLLOWS A Description of the manner in which the tractor has lessened the drudgery of the farm, speeded up its operations and with its predecessor, the automobile, has made it possible 'or both the farmer and his family to enjoy advantages to which they were strangers in former years. Certainly the tractor has achieved wonders for the farmer.

A FAMILIAR SONG HAS IT that "There's something about a soldier." And, while all that Friend Bliss has to say about the tractor is true, the fact remains that there is something about a team of horses. I admired that picture of a team of horses in Mahowald's ad the other day. It wasn't an advertisement of horses, but of harness, and the horses were used to demonstrate the harness. It was good harness, heavy and sturdy, just the fit for the kind of horses shown in the picture. They, too, were heavy and sturdy, every line about them indicating power.

THERE IS A THRILL IN Seeing a fine, well-kept team at work. The animals seem to have a consciousness of dignity which gives them personality of their own. They know their job and seem proud of doing it well. And they inspire feelings of friendship and companionship which it is impossible to associate with an implement of cold metal.

THE MURAL TO WHICH MR. Bliss refers is doubtless an artist's idealization of a form of agriculture in rather primitive times. The walking plow, though still used on small fields and in odd corners had been practically superseded by the sulky plow for general and large-scale use long before the tractor came in, and with the sulky came the wider bottom and the use of three horses instead of two, or four horses for a two-bottom gang. Comparatively few of North Dakota's acres have been turned over with a walking plow.

THERE IS SOMETHING TO be said for the plan which is being rather widely discussed of giving substantial discounts on insurance premiums to automobile drivers who have not been involved during the preceding year in accidents resulting in claims for damages. The plan should be so arranged, if possible, that the driver should not be charged with accidents for which he is not responsible. While the skillful, careful driver is often able to avoid accidents due to the acts of others, there are times when this is impossible. The driver, for instance, is properly parked at the curb is smashed by another, has a valid claim for damages which his insurance company must meet, but he may have been a mile away when the crash occurred.

SOME ONE INQUIRES WHEN the first robin of the season was reported, and I can't give the answer. Robins were reported occasionally during the cold weather when the presumption was that the birds seen were holdovers from last fall. Almost always there are a few migratory birds which stay with us through the winter, perhaps because temporary injuries have prevented them from joining the fall migration, perhaps because they have become partly domesticated, and possibly for other reasons.

DURING COLD AND STORMY weather such birds are seldom seen, as they stick close to such 'shelter as they have been ready to find. When the weather moderates they appear, and then they are sometimes mistaken for early arrivals from the south. However, several robins have been reported through the valley, and undoubtedly some of them belong to migrating flocks from the south.

RECENT WEATHER HAS NOT only enabled many farmers to start seeding much earlier than usual, but it has invited flights of birds from the south away ahead of their normal time. I hope later weather justified their faith. It isn't always so. Often premature bird migrations have been turned back by cold weather, and it is an old story that ducks and geese, tempted north by a too early spring, have been frozen fast in the ice of ponds on which they had settled.

SPARROWS ARE ALWAYS with us, summer and winter, and the first appearance of spring-like weather starts them making preparations for housekeeping. Several English sparrows have been investigating our wren houses, which remained out all winter, but they, are too bulky to get through the small openings left for the wrens.

I HAD A SURPRISE MONDAY when I found several new peony shoots visible above the ground. The plants are in an exposed part of the garden where they had no shelter other than that provided by a snowdrift. They are some that were divided and moved last year, and that disturbance may have caused them to become active out of season. Anyway, it's too early for peonies to be exposed, as a hard freeze will do them no good. Therefore I covered the young shoots with fresh earth, which should give them some protection.

THERE IS NO RADIO Commentator whom I enjoy more than Howard Marshall, British journalist who speaks on Sunday at 4:45. His analysis of significant events of the week is illuminating and his sanity and balance are refreshing. He does an unusual thing in speaking just a little about something that he and his family have done—picnicked on the white cliffs of Dover and watched the sun shining on the channel, for once as quite as a mill pond; making a little journey to see about sending a boy to school; visiting the old college at Oxford, hearing the bells ring and watching the young people on a London holiday.

THE EFFECT IS TO LEAVE the impression that while empires are being shaken, while statesmen are puzzled and anxious, and while there is much on every hand that is disturbing, still, the business of living goes on, and those who, seen from a distance of thousands of miles, may seem to us to be merely parts of great political and military machines, are just people, with characteristics, and problems, and hopes and ambitions very like our own. The speaker is able to discuss great questions in terms of human nature.

I HAVE REFERRED Several times to circulars sent out by concerns professing to be engaged in genealogical research, offering genealogies, crests, coats of arms, and so forth, of the recipient's family. The recipient is led to believe—if he falls for it—that he is to be furnished documentary proof of his descent from titled and land-holding aristocracy. The terms of many of such offers brand them as fakes. One concern—and it may be a legitimate one—strikes a new note. It offers to furnish for a small price, an armorial bookplate,* with the arms, crest and motto, of the Blank family. But the card contains the reservation: "Not guaranteed to relate to your branch of the family."

THEY ARE TO HAVE, AN election in greater Germany on April 10. At first there was proposed an election in Austria, which, until two or three weeks ago, was nation. Herr Hitler had had his eye on the country for some time, and he suggested to the Austrian chancellor some changes in the government set-up. In making the suggestions Hitler gritted his teeth and made ugly faces, and Herr Schuschnigg promised compliance. Then, after thinking it over, Herr Schuschnigg thought it would be a good idea to have an election and let the people say what they thought about it.

THAT BROUGHT IMMEDIATE action from Hitler, who did not approve of the Austrians having an unsupervised election of their own. A lot of them might be perverse enough to vote the wrong way. Therefore Hitler marched his troops into Austria, upset the government, annexed the country, called off the election and proclaimed another one, to be held April 10. While he was about it he decreed that the election be made general throughout Germany as well as Austria.

WHEN THE ELECTION IN Austria was called it was announced that Jews would not be permitted to vote. No such announcement for Germany was necessary, as Jews have been excluded from the polls there right along. Other persons throughout Germany-Austria will not merely be permitted to vote—they will be required to vote. Moreover, they are told in no uncertain terms how they are expected to vote, and they will vote j that way—or else.

BEGINNING ON MARCH 31 the people of Grand Forks will participate in several elections before snow flies in the fall. They will vote on a form of government for the city, on the selection of members of the city's governing body, on the compensation to be paid those officials, and on the question of employing a city manager. A little later they will select candidates for numerous offices to be voted for at the November election, when they will help to choose a United States senator, two representatives in congress, a governor and other state officials, and a number of local officials to carry' on the business of their county.

IN THOSE ELECTIONS JEWS and Christians will vote, also, if there are any, atheists, Mohammedans, and Hindus. The Smiths and the Joneses and the Levinskis will go to the polls with the Mulcahys and the Olsons and the MacPhersons, and nobody can tell which is which. Nobody will care. And nobody will tell them how to vote.

IN THOSE ELECTIONS SOME of us, no doubt, will vote ignorantly, some foolishly, some, perhaps, selfishly. But we shall all vote as we please, with no one to stand guard over us or seek to intimidate us. And when it's all over, we shall go right on living together as usual, pretty much as if nothing had happened, with no fear in our minds of the prison cell, the ax or the firing squad. We may not have everything quite to our liking, but within certain broad limits we can do and say and think pretty much as we please, and that helps a lot.

MANY OF THE OLDER Readers of the magazine will have noted with regret the suspension of the Literary Digest and the filing of a petition in bankruptcy involving its affairs. For many years the weekly visits of The Digest were welcomed by an army of readers who wished to keep posted on current events and on the variety of opinion expressed with reference to those events. In its palmy days The Digest gave utterance to no opinions of its own, but presented without comment the varied opinions of others on outstanding events of the day. Readers were thus enabled to keep in touch, not only with what was happening, but with what people were thinking.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO attribute the downfall of The Digest to its glaringly inaccurate poll preceding the last presidential election. Probably its failure in that instance will always remain a mystery, deepened by the contrast with the remarkable accuracy of the other polls which it had conducted. But The Digest was slipping before that election. Abandoning its traditional conservatism it has yielded to the passion for jazz, and in that field it found itself in a competition which it could not maintain. Perhaps it could not have survived long in any case, but its passing causes a pang of regret.

THE OLD QUESTION OF THE origin of the word "Berm" as applied to the space between the pavement curb and the sidewalk has arisen again. I think the subject was discussed in this column some years ago, but it will do no harm to repeat.

SO FAR AS I ever knew. Grand Forks was the first town in which the word "berm" was used generally in just that way. The first pavement in Grand Forks was laid in 1896. It was also the first in North Dakota. At first only a few streets in the business section were paved, and there the pavement ran from sidewalk to sidewalk. But presently the work was extended into the residence sections. There a narrower pavement answered the purpose, and there was left a considerable space between pavement and walk.

VARIOUS NAMES WERE Applied to that strip of sod. Often it was called a boulevard, but that name was inappropriate because a boulevard is really a street, and not a particular part of a street. Someone began to call it a berm, and the name caught on. It became the regular thing here, and to some extent it is used elsewhere. It is still far from general, however, and visitors in Grand Forks are often mystified when they hear local people talking about "berms."

THE WORD IS A PERFECTLY good dictionary word. Webster describes it as of German origin, meaning originally "a narrow shelf or path between the bottom of a parapet and the ditch," and, in engineering, "a ledge at the bottom of a bank or cutting, to catch earth that may roll down the slope, or to strengthen the bank." Its use to describe the ledge or shelf of sod that separates the pavement from the sidewalk is therefore natural and appropriate.

IT IS AN OLD STORY THAT new uses are given to words in process of time. Thus the word "boulevard" was practically identical with "bulwark," and meant a rampart or similar structure around a fortified town. Ramparts were demolished, and on their ruins sometimes streets were built. Such a street, constructed on the ruins of an old protective wall, came to be known as a boulevard. Often such streets became ornamental drives. Presently any ornamental drive around a city became a boulevard, and then the name was applied to any ornamental street. So we have in Chicago, for instance, Jackson boulevard and Michigan boulevard, constructed over the ruins of no demolished wall, and surrounding nothing, but being known as boulevards because they are more dressed up than some of the other streets.

QUITE OFTEN THE TERM "boulevard" is applied to the parked space which is sometimes left down the center of a street, but that use of the word does violence to its history.

JUST NOW MANY OF THE older box elders are being removed from the city streets. Most of them are badly decayed in their centers, and a heavy wind would send them crashing to the ground. They have served their purpose, and it is time for them to go. The box elder is far from being an ideal tree. It is messy, harbors more insects than some others do, and is relatively short-lived.

NEVERTHELESS, THE BOX elder has had its place in the general scheme. In the early days thousands of those trees were planted by home owners who couldn't afford the price of nursery trees, but who could go to the woods and get box elder saplings for nothing. The young trees were almost sure to live, and they grew rapidly and soon furnished welcome shade.

OF ALL THE TREES THAT have been tried out, none compares with the American elm for general desirability as a street tree for this territory. It is perfectly hardy, grows with fair rapidity, and is unsurpassed in dignity and beauty. I think the hard maple equals it in beauty, but the maple does not seem to thrive with us. We shall be fortunate if we escape the ravages of the elm tree disease, which for a time seemed likely to destroy every elm on the continent, but which, apparently, is being brought under control.

A LETTER FROM DR. ALDEN W. Squires, of Boston, a well-known U. N. D. alumnae, brings a column clipping from a Panama paper telling of an incident in which Dr. John Howell, a former North Dakota boy, cruising on a yacht in the Caribbean, was able to give medical aid to a seaman who had been injured in an explosion of gasoline on a launch belonging to the fishing vessel on which he was employed.

THE STORY OF THE Incident illustrates the manner in which, in emergency, radio can be instrumental not only in bringing aid to the distressed, but in directing, at long range, treatment for illness or injury where no physician is present. The accident to Joe Mitchell, a sailor on the fishing craft Liberty, which had no physician on board, was reported immediately by radio by the ship's captain and an appeal for assistance was sent out. The naval district station at Balboa sent out an appeal to all ships in the vicinity having physicians on board to speed to the harbor in the Galapagos islands where the Liberty was anchored and preparations were made to send planes from Balboa to take aid to the injured man.

MEANWHILE, THE LIBERTY had found anchorage in the harbor to which she had been directed, the Ahto, a pleasure yacht having on board a party of guests, including Dr. Howell, who at once boarded the Liberty, treated the injured man and reported his condition satisfactory. The naval station then cancelled the order for planes and instead sent a destroyer to take the patient to Balboa. Dr. Howell remained on board in charge of the patient until the destroyer met them, when he was returned to the Ahto, to resume the yacht's long cruise.

IT MIGHT EASILY HAVE been Dr. Squires rather than Dr. Howell, who participated in that episode and in what is likely to be a long and interesting cruise. Through acquaintances Dr. Squires was named for the position of physician on the yacht, but as the rules of his clinic do not permit temporary absences of such a character, he was compelled to forego the experience. He knew that Dr. Howell was at liberty at that time, and recommended him for the position. For additional facts relating to Dr. Howell and his wife I am quoting Dr. Squires, who writes as follows:

"I AM SENDING THE enclosed clipping from a Panama paper because I think that its contents may prove to be of interest to many readers of the Herald. The 'hero' of this story, John Howell, is a former Sheldon, N. Dak., boy and his parents still reside there. Although he did not attend U. N. D., his wife who was Ruby Shaw, and who accompanies him on this trip, was a conspicuously prominent U. N. D. student, Class of '28.

"WHILE SHE WAS AT THE U., she was well-known because of her dramatics, beauty, R. O. T. C. sponsorship, and also because she was secretary to my father and later to Dean Bek. Her romance with John began in the Sheldon high school, and after she finished at U. N. D. and John graduated from Minnesota U. Medical school, they were married. She had several sisters at U. N. D. also, and I am sure that both she and John are known to hundreds of North Dakota people.

"JOHN AND RUBY Embarked upon a cruise in the 'Ahto' on January 1 for a 4-month cruise through the Caribbean and to the Galapagos. At the last minute, he and Ruby set out on this voyage, which is proving to be, for them, an experience of a lifetime, and surely an adventure as few people have even enjoyed. Between hunting, fishing, and exploring in unknown parts of the globe, they have been provided with innumerable thrills—one of the unexpected and incidental of which is described in this clipping."

DALE HARRISON IN HIS column on this page remarked the other day that he has yet to find in nature a tomato half as tempting as those they paint for the color pages of periodicals. Harrison has evidently been looking at tomatoes in the New York markets, and out of season, at that. While I have practically retired from tomato culture myself—lack of room—crowded out—if Harrison will come out here along next August I'll guarantee to show him tomatoes which are not surpassed in size, form or richness of color by anything that appears on the pages of the seed catalogues or home and garden magazines.

THIS IS REALLY A Wonderful tomato country. Sometimes the weather makes tomato growing on a commercial scale somewhat tricky, but the long sunlit days of summer help to make up for the shortness of the season as measured by the almanac. Compared with the local product, picked ripe off the vine, the southern grown tomato is a weak, insipid and colorless substitute. Not only are the colors of our local tomatoes as brilliant as anything that the painter can put on canvas, but its flavor is something to write home about.

MOVING FROM OHIO TO Ontario my grandfather took the tomato habit with him, and on the farm we reveled in tomatoes, stewed, sliced, pickled and preserved. The neighbors expected us all to die of cancer, but we didn't, and soon they decided that if tomatoes didn't poison us they might be worth trying. Presently everybody was growing tomatoes.

THIRTY-ODD YEARS AGO MY father, then living in Ontario, visited me here in Grand Forks. That year I had an unusually fine crop of tomatoes, which my father admired greatly. He said he had never seen any as good. He had to leave before many of them ripened, but he asked me to save and send him some seed, which I did. Next year he reported progress. He had fertilized the ground well and taken good care of the plants. They yielded quite well, and the fruit was good, but after all, he had concluded that what they needed was the soil and sunshine of the Red river valley.

ANOTHER PRODUCT IN which this territory excels is sweet corn. In favorable years we can grow as fine field corn as is grown in such corn states as Iowa or Illinois, but probably ours is no better than theirs. But when it comes to sweet corn, that's right down our alley. Some years ago members of my family spent part of the summer in the east and ate sweet corn at many places which they visited. But they declared that the first good corn that they had tasted was that which was served for dinner, right out of our own garden, on their return home. I have sent Golden Bantam corn to a friend in Chicago, who says that she can't find anything there that compares with it.

I HAVE NEVER LEARNED when sweet corn first came into general use. In my boyhood I never heard of it. When we wanted corn for the table we just went out to the field and picked some—plain field corn—and we thought it was good. I was pretty well grown before I tasted sweet corn.

SO IT WAS WITH PEAS. OUR green peas were the ordinary field peas, and it wasn't until a good many years later that I knew anything about garden peas grown for table use.

METHODS OF TRANSPORTATION, packing and refrigeration give us access almost all the time to fruits and vegetables which once could be had only at particular seasons. The grocer can supply us now with fresh fruits, tomatoes, green peas, lettuce, and so forth, practically all the year around. Generally the imported stuff is inferior to the home grown, but it answers a certain purpose. But the ease with which those things can be obtained at almost any time has robbed life of some of its thrills.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN the progress of the garden was watched anxiously to see what the prospects were of having new potatoes and green peas for the Fourth of July. And when those things came along according to schedule, what a treat they were! And what could compare with the first strawberry shortcake of the season? With those things the pleasure of realization was intensified by the joy of anticipation. Now, we can have our green peas, new potatoes and strawberry shortcake any old time—so who cares?

THAT PICTURE OP THE Indian saw mill and yard at Red Lake seems to bring to me a whiff of the fragrance of fresh pine lumber, which, for me, is a never-to-be-forgotten perfume. My early childhood was spent in an atmosphere of it, for, while I was barely able to toddle my father managed a country sawmill, and my playground was the mill yard, with its mountains of fresh, fragrant sawdust and its acres of pine logs waiting to be cut into lumber. The lumber piles were arranged in streets and alleys, resembling a great city, and some of them seemed taller to me than a skyscraper does now.

I KNEW NOTHING OF LAKES and sandy beaches, but the sawdust was as good play material as any sand. With a bit of board for a shovel I could build mountains and tunnels and rivers, and a ride on the little hand car loaded with lumber on its way to the yard was a real adventure. And in the more remote corners of the yard squirrels and chipmunks were sources of perpetual interest.

THE MILL WAS NOT NEAR any body of water, so there was no such thing as floating logs to the mill. They were hauled by teams from the nearby farms and stored, tier after tier, until it was time to cut them. The yard sloped toward the mill, and as the logs were hauled in they were blocked to keep them from rolling down prematurely. It was a tricky job to release part of the logs to roll down and hold the others back. To this day when I hear rolling thunder I think of the rumble and concussion of sawlogs rolling down hill.

THERE WERE MANY SUCH small mills in the Ontario pine; country. In one of them, near where I lived later was a head sawyer named Brown, a tall, lank fellow, an untiring worker who knew every detail of his job. The mill was owned by a man who lived in town, and who had installed as yard man and a sort of straw boss an old chap who knew nothing of the business, but who was continually tattling and interfering, and who, naturally, was cordially disliked by everyone on the job. Once, in releasing a lot of logs to roll down, he failed to block the upper logs properly, and scores of them followed. Foolishly, he ran ahead of them instead of on either end, and at the bottom of the incline he was caught between a stationary log and a rolling one. Fortunately for him the logs were not parallel, striking at one end first and leaving a space which widened toward the other end. He was pinned fast, but not hurt. At the top of his voice he shouted for help. Some of the crew, seeing his predicament, started to go to his assistance, but Brown, seeing that the man was in no danger, said: "Let the old fool stay there for a while and holler. It's all he's good for." And he wouldn't let a man budge until he was through sawing the next log.

MOST OF OUR MILL TIMBER was pine, though there were spruce and tamarack, from whose pitch chewing gum was made. But we also had pine gum. Great gobs of clear pitch oozed from the logs, and quantities of this were scraped off, boiled with lard, and perhaps given other treatment, making what we thought was excellent gum.

IF YOU SHOULD FIND THE girls at the University wearing mismatched shoes at their evening parties, you may credit the inauguration of the new style to one of the house mothers. Having an engagement for dinner, she dressed up in a new gown, had her hair frizzed—or whatever it is that they do to hair, attended the dinner, chaperoned a dance, and altogether had a wonderful evening. When she came to undress she found that all evening she had been wearing one alligator shoe and one stitched kid, as unlike as two shoes could be. Next day one of her charges appeared wearing one shoe and one bedroom slipper, and it seems possible that the idea will spread.

WHEAT SEEDING IN GRAND Forks county will be practically completed by the end of March, and that is true of the greater part of the Red river valley. Conditions in the rest of the state are spotted, as late snow or early rain has delayed seeding work in some localities.

NOT WITHIN the recollection of the oldest inhabitant has seeding been as early as this year. Often wheat has been sown in March, seldom before the last week of the month, and usually a few days of March seeding have been followed by a cold snap which has frozen the ground and delayed work for a week or two. Ordinarily seeding has not become general until the first week in April, and, of course, there have been years when it was impossible to get into the fields until about the end of April.

EARLY SEEDING DOES NOT necessarily mean early harvest. Grain must have warmth to germinate, and although the soil may be in good condition to work it may lack sufficient warmth to start the young plants. It is quite possible for early-sown seed to lie in the ground for weeks before sprouting. In exceptional cases sprouted seed has been known to rot in the ground because of un-favorable weather after germination.

GENERALLY, HOWEVER, early seeding is advantageous. Every day in the fields in March may be regarded as a day gained in time, with that much work out of the way, and there is less likelihood of excessive heat, which is trying, to both men and horses.

While there is no certainty about it, the presumption is that early seeding will be followed by early growth, maturity and harvest. That means that the grain will have a much better chance of escaping the ravages of rust and insects. Therefore, taking it all together, we may consider that we are starting the season with excellent prospects.

UP—OR DOWN—IN Manitoba, they are having the same kind of weather that we have been having here. Judge H. A. Bronson received a letter the other day from a Manitoba friend who wrote that all his neighbors were busy seeding. "However," he wrote, "I am waiting for April." Regardless of weather and soil conditions, he sticks to the almanac.

IN SOUTHERN Saskatchewan, which has been parched to a crisp, they are having so much water that the rivers are running backward. At Gravelbourg, about 100 miles southwest of Regina, water from the Flushed Wood river is running upstream in Notokeu creek, one of its tributaries. That would be like water from the Red river backing up in the Red Lake river and flooding Crookston. It has been said—though I don't believe it—that in some sections of Saskatchewan there are children old enough to go to school who have never seen rain. Of course there was that frog in the Arizona desert which, at the age of seven years, had never learned to swim.

A NEW YORK STATE MAN has just won a verdict in a municipal court awarding him \$45 damages against a railroad company because he had to stand up in a train all the way from Albany to New York. Having failed to obtain a suit on a ride two years ago he started suit immediately. The case was thrown out of the municipal court in which he brought it, appealed to higher courts and sent back for new trial. It will now be the defendant's turn to appeal. It will be some time before the man gets his 45 dollars, but it's the principle of the thing.

BECAUSE OF SOME Peculiar mental quirk I confuse the names of P. G. Wodehouse and Clarence Buddington Kelland. If I remember one name I am pretty sure to forget the other. I have similar trouble with the names of Lowell Thomas and Floyd Gibbons. Then there are other names that I always forget, and I have to go through an elaborate process to recall them.

A CARD FROM DR. R. D. Campbell from Mexico City says that the weather is beautiful and the city full of tourists, many of them Americans. The card contains the picture of a snow-capped mountain known in English as the "sleeping lady," in which, with the aid of a little imagination, one can see outlined in the snow crest the form of a gigantic woman lying- asleep. The fall in the value of the peso should work to the advantage of American tourists who wish to bring home Mexican treasures. Normally stable at about 128 cents the peso dropped recently to 22, and the stoppage of American purchases of Mexican silver is likely to send it down still further. Twenty-five or thirty per cent is a stable discount, and the American dollar will buy just that much more goods.

A FEW WEEKS AGO THIS column contained a review of the book "Checkered Years," a diary of early farm life in North Dakota, by Mrs. Woodward. A little later I received a letter from H. G. Middaugh, a Duluth lawyer and U. N. D. graduate, who wrote from San Antonio, Texas, that he had seen the review and wished to know where he could obtain the book. I had a copy forwarded to him, and he writes:

"I AM DELIGHTED WITH IT. I was not only born and brought up on a farm, but came to beloved North Dakota in 1896. I know the farm problems as they existed then with the virgin productive soil—soil that those who tilled it honestly believed would continue as fertile indefinitely as it was then. It was common belief that Rer river valley land would yield 'No. 1 hard' wheat as long as planted. But it is the intimate side of farm life that Mrs. Woodward has portrayed with delightful charm that so intrigues me. It is in a class with Samuel Pepys' classic."

REFERRING TO THE Statement in this column that some of the robins seen very early in the season may have been leftovers from last year which remained over winter, Ann Kaufmann of Crystal writes:

"The first robin came to Crystal on March 15. I saw him before breakfast. He was tired and rested on a tree, I know he wasn't the one that wintered in St. Thomas because the rest came along the next day. This is a queer spring."

Then follows a list of bird arrivals this year, with the dates on which similar birds arrived in 1937. The list will be interesting as a comparison between the two years, and as affording other bird observers an opportunity to check with their localities. The date immediately following the name of the bird is the date of its arrival at Crystal in 1938. If two dates are given the second is that of arrival in 1937.

HORNED LARKS, FEB. 27, Mar. 16; goldfinches, Mar 7; crows, Mar. 14, Mar. 14; robine, Mar. 15, Mar. 20; junco, Mar. 15, Mar. 22; meadowlarks, Mar 18, Mar 22; killdeer, Mar 21, April 9; song sparrow, Mar 21, Mar 20; pussy willow Mar 21, Mar 22; red-winged blackbird, Mar 22, April 6; sap running, Mar. 22, April 4; flies outside, Mar. 24, April 11; geese flying at night, Mar 25, April 11; out on the sidewalk a mourning cloak butterfly, Mar. 26.

IT WILL BE OBSERVED that Mrs. Kaufmann's observations are not confined to birds. She promises a further list when the migration is over. Concerning the arrival of goldfinches she writes that she couldn't believe her own eyes until she saw a statement about goldfinches in this column. She writes further:

"I HAVE NOTICED THAT IN the fall migration the goldfinches go south by about September 20, and then, later on, a group of females will come along as late as October 27, in 1935 on November 1, according to my lists. I wonder where they summer. Or they may have had a late brood to raise. The males usually came when the dandelions bloom."