

WASHINGTON IS ALL IN A dither over the forthcoming visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth. It will not be the first visit of royalty to Washington, for the capital has entertained several kings and queens. But it will be the first visit of a British reigning sovereign to the American capital, and the diplomats and social authorities are going over the rules with a fine-tooth comb, so that all the right things may be done, and none of the wrong ones. It is gratifying to learn that notwithstanding the centuries of precedent with which they are familiar, the British authorities also are anxious that no slips be made. They want their young king and queen to make a good impression, and they are studying the Washington atmosphere and the Washington customs in the hope that the royal guests will be able to acquit themselves creditably in an environment with which they are not familiar. It is quite possible that their majesties are now being quietly coached in the details of behavior in an American capital.

I HAVE READ, AND Probably have told the story of the manner in which a western mountain guide adjusted himself to his first contact with royalty. It was during the visit of the late King Albert of Belgium to the United States that a guide named Bill was assigned to escort the king through a picturesque mountain section. He had been carefully instructed in advance on the etiquette to be observed. He was told particularly that he must always address the king as "your Majesty." Bill sized up his charge during his first few hours of service and decided that the king was a real person. As they rested before their first camp fire he said:

"They've been telling me a lot about how I should act with you and what I should call you, but I can't make much of it. So, if it's all the same to you I'll just call you King and you can call me Bill. That struck Albert as a good idea, and the two got along splendidly on that basis.

E. V. KNOX, EDITOR OF London's great comic paper Punch, was asked some questions concerning his paper and the different standards of British and American humor. Basically he thinks that there is not a great deal of difference, and that essentially what makes people laugh on one side of the Atlantic will have a like effect on the other. He points out that joke on cricket in the United States would be about as unintelligible here as one on baseball in England. The situations might be alike, and equally funny, but the point would be missed because of unfamiliarity with the game.

HE POINTS OUT, ALSO, THAT the conditions under which Punch is published are quite different from those affecting the American humorous publication. Punch has been published for a century for the entertainment of the upper and middle classes, and it has behind it 100 years of tradition. Its constituency is distinctively a conservative one, suspicious of change, and rather inclined to be resentful toward it. That group is accustomed to be entertained in a particular way, and it is no part of the paper's business to shock its readers by innovations in matter or form. Therefore Punch changes slowly when it changes at all.

I AM NOT SURE THAT THERE is not among American entertainers a similar reverence for tradition which rather cramps their style. Several of the standard radio programs seem to support that belief. Some of the programs are full of jokes that were familiar on the vaudeville stage a generation ago. I understand that the radio vaudevillian has a difficult job as compared with that of his stage predecessor. The latter played each night before a few hundred people. Traveling from place to place he could make one bag of tricks last him an entire season. The radio man talks to the same people night after night, and is not expected to repeat himself. Some scientific students of the subject tell us that there are only about so many possible jokes. Perhaps they have all been used up and we must work them over again.

BEFORE WE PASS QUITE from the atmosphere that surrounds Washington's birthday it may be well enough to remember that while George Washington was the first president of the United States as now constituted there was another "president of the United States," John Hanson, the son of Swedish immigrants, who was elected "President of the United States in Congress assembled" in 1781. That, of course, was under the Articles of Confederation which were superseded by the present constitution. President Hanson, however, had no executive powers. His duty was merely to preside at sessions of the congress, and the congress itself had not much power.

IT WAS IN 1638 THAT THE first Swedish settlement in America was founded. The immigrants landed in what is now Delaware, and obtained land from the Indians, with whom they established friendly relations. It is said that they were the originators of the log cabin in America. My impression was that the settlers at Plymouth, who came 18 years earlier, built log cabins. And didn't some of the Indian tribes have log houses? However that may be, the log house is a familiar European institution, as for many centuries back the inhabitants of many of the European countries lived in houses built of logs, sometimes hewn, but often round and chinked with moss and clay. The building of such houses would come naturally to only moderately advanced peoples living in timbered districts and wishing to establish permanent homes.

THE PRESENT VISITATION of influenza seems to have come to us from farther south. Schools were being closed in Illinois some time before the malady had made its appearance here. Apparently the disease this year is of a comparatively mild type, severe enough at the onset, but usually lasting but a few days. There is no certain way of avoiding it. To keep away from crowds in closed rooms is good practice, but that doesn't always work. As for treatment, no specific remedy is known. Complete rest in bed, with attention given to directions given by a physician for the alleviation of pain and other associated symptoms—these will usually limit the duration of the disease to the minimum time. Patients often make the mistake of going out too soon after an attack of influenza. That is often a fatal mistake, for the ensuing relapse is likely to be more severe than the original trouble.

WHEN ONE LOOKS OUT Upon the piles of snow it is difficult to realize that in some years farmers have been at work in the fields only two weeks later than this. That, however, is much earlier than usual, as in this territory seeding seldom becomes general until well into April.

THE THOUSANDS OF BIG and little dams that have been built throughout the northwest should have an appreciable effect this spring in checking the run-off from the melting snow. Part of the water thus held back will evaporate, of course; some will soak into the earth, replenishing wells near by, and some will remain through the season, insuring water for stock, and in many cases encouraging wild ducks to remain over summer.

NOT LONG AGO THE HERALD published the picture of a wild duck afloat on the water of the Red river in midwinter. The bird, which came from no one knows where, had come from a place where the discharge from a steam pipe had kept a little spot from freezing over. I am told that a small flock of ducks have remained all winter at the little lake near Kellys, where a spring has kept a small area free from ice.

THE QUESTION OF WHAT shall be done with leisure time is one which interests educators, sociologists and other students of human welfare. Use of mechanical devices and shortening of the working day has given regular workers hours of leisure which their predecessors in the period of the 12-hour day did not enjoy. Also, there is the leisure, enforced and unwelcome, which comes from absence of employment. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and one of the problems of the day is to find wholesome occupation for the new leisure that has come upon us.

IN ADDITION TO THE Causes which have been mentioned, there is before us the prospect that another cause will create a new leisured class whose existence will create another complication. I refer to the aged group, those over 60. The Townsend plan proposes that all persons over 60 shall constitute a leisured class with incomes up to \$200 a month — Dr. Townsend thinks that this must soon be increased to \$300 — whose members not only will not be required to work, but who shall be prohibited from doing so. They must abstain from all remunerative employment and must spend their money as fast as they receive it,

TO TURN LOOSE 10 MILLION men and women with nothing to do but spend money is a dangerous experiment. Probably most of those persons have led fairly active lives. Many of them have been hard workers, too busy to develop leisurely tastes. And when they find themselves idle 12 months in the year, how are they to employ their time?

THE OBVIOUS ANSWER IS there should be established immediately schools of instruction for the aged so that when their period of leisure comes they will be able to engage in activities which will contribute to their happiness without getting in the way of the active workers who must support both themselves and the aged. This is a problem which should receive immediate attention.

THE DEPARTMENT OF Agriculture gives out the information, which is not at all startling, that families having low incomes buy more food that "sticks to the ribs," and that as income increases families are found using more milk, butter, eggs and vegetables. Probably most of us would have suspected something of the sort, but the department has investigated and found it to be a fact.

AN INTERESTING FACT, NOT brought out in the current investigation, is that malnutrition is not altogether an effect of restricted income. A survey conducted some years ago disclosed that malnutrition was proportionately about as prevalent among the children of wealthy families as among those of families of only moderate income. The conclusion reached from that survey was that much malnutrition is not the result of inability to buy suitable foods, but to carelessness in the use of foods. In many wealthy families, while all kinds of food was available, children were permitted to eat irregularly, to eat excessive quantities of sweets, and to follow other practices ruinous to digestion. The result was undernourishment as pronounced as that found in many poverty-stricken families.

I HAVE HAD NO REPORTS of robins this winter. Usually I hear of several which have failed for some unknown reason to join the fall migration south, and which in some cases have survived through the entire winter. Perhaps the greater quantity of snow this winter accounts for the fact that none have been seen. It may be that they have perished from lack of food. Each mild day I hear suggestions that "the robins will soon be here," but I do not expect to see any coming north until most of the snow blanket is gone. Migratory birds seldom come while there is much snow on the ground. If the ground farther south is bare they will wait their until the snow is gone farther north.

THE ENTHUSIASTIC Advertising solicitor will sometimes cite as a demonstration of the power of advertising the fact that even before the paper containing a given want ad was on the street, the stray cow had returned, the lost purse had been found or the "girl wanted" had appeared. I wrote something the other day about no robins having been reported, but before the paper was out Jim Kennedy found two robins hopping around the yard at his home in Riverside Park. Maybe there's something in telepathy. Be that as it may, those robins made their appearance on Thursday morning, March 2. I still think there's too much snow around for it to be good weather for robins.

"ROSE BERRIES IN AUTUMN" is the title of a book of verse just received from the author, Nina Farley Wishek, whose husband the late J. H. Wishek, was one of the pioneer settlers in McIntosh county, North Dakota. The book which is entirely a home product, was published last summer as one of the features of the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Ashley, the county seat. Mrs. Wishek gives this description of the mechanics of its production:

"I AT FIRST REFUSED TO publish, as the depression and drouth left us a bit shortened as to finances, but the girls insisted as 1938 was our golden jubilee at Ashley. Still I demurred, and at last the girls said 'We will bind it ourselves.' And that is what we did. It was printed here in our little home print shop, and you may judge somewhat of the work involved—the type, shade of paper, the brown ink, illustrations, the covering, etc. The book being hand bound, the girls thought it best to have the torn edges, so we ourselves folded and cut those reams and reams of paper, down to a two-page size. It was printed on a common hand press, two poems or pages at a time, dried, and printed on the other side. Then those piles of flat pages were brought to the house and folded together in high piles ready to be assembled.

THIS WORK WAS DONE ON the long dining room table—this room was called the assembly room, and the library the 'binding plant.' One daughter and my sister assisted me in assembling, while my two daughters-in-law created the covers in the library. All was hectic confusion and hurry to have everything ready for the jubilee. Then there was a recheck of every book, making backs for punching, and the sewing, a rather hard, laborious process. Then the setting in of the books to the waiting covers. The air was fairly quivering with thrill and excitement."

THE PHYSICAL RESULT OF all that absorbing labor is a book unique in appearance and of tasteful design, substantially and taste fully bound and tastefully decorated. The decorations throughout are the work of the author, who has produced some most attractive drawings. The contents of the book record the thoughts of a cultured woman as she surveys the scenes through which she has passed, recalling memories of the childhood home in Michigan, California impressions, historical bits, as that of the galloping pony express, and the quiet musings of a contemplative soul. One of the shorter poems that appealed to me especially is the following:

#### **FRIENDSHIP.**

By Nina Farley Wishek. Though you are far removed from  
me, Where your loved face I may not see,  
Nor feel the touch of kindly hand From that far distant, lovely land— I still feel rich to know I hold Your  
friendship, better far than  
gold. What matter if we do not meet?

My life is fuller, more complete— For distance may not cut the tie Nor sever friendship; you and I Still  
meet across the land or sea, Your spirit comes to meet with me, And tells me this, how richer far I am,—  
just knowing what you are. Distance means nothing in the end When I have known so dear a friend.

FOR SOME REASON I HAVE not been able to work myself into a state of excitement over that secret conference that the president held with members of the senate affairs committee. There have been dark intimations that if the people only knew the dread secrets that were divulged at that meeting they would be profoundly shocked. I have my doubts about the importance of the secret information which the president disclosed to the senators. Mr. Roosevelt is no spring chicken, and undoubtedly he discovered years ago that inability to keep a secret is a characteristic by no means confined to women, no matter what the joke-smiths say. Probably he knew that each of the seventeen senators would tell all about the meeting to his wife or his next friend, who would repeat it to somebody else, and so on, which is just about what happened. The air of mystery which was thrown around the meeting by the "secrecy" injunction has created some uncertainty as to the details of the conversation, but the chances are that the public now knows as much about that meeting as it is worth while to know.

WE ARE TO HAVE MORE discussion of the war referendum. Twelve senators are preparing to introduce in their chamber a resolution similar to the Ludlow resolution which was defeated in the house last year, providing for a popular referendum before the nation shall go to war. Proponents of the measure explain that they intend it to apply only to the sending of armed forces abroad, leaving congress free to take such steps as may be necessary to repel invasion of the nation's own territory. Military men are agreed that usually the best way to deal with invasion is to hit the prospective invader while he is a long way off, but under the referendum plan it would be necessary to have an election before that could be done. Meanwhile, the other fellow would suspend operations until the votes could be counted and the returns canvassed—perhaps.

IN ACTUAL PRACTICE, THE attitude of the people would not be in doubt if ever war became necessary. McKinley held back from going to war with Spain until popular sentiment could be resisted no longer. As David Lawrence has pointed out, if a popular vote had been taken shortly after the sinking of the Lusitania the United States would have entered the war in 1915 instead of in 1917. But the immediate effect even if the introduction of the referendum resolution will be to stiffen the necks of European dictators. While the Ludlow resolutions was pending the fact that it had been introduced that fact was used industriously in Germany and in Italy in support of the theory that the United States would not fight, no matter what the cause or what the provocation. To create that impression is to promote the cause of war rather than of peace.

I SUPPOSE THAT MANY of the hundreds who heard Marian Anderson in Grand Forks a few weeks ago have followed with interest the controversy that has arisen over the exclusion of the great contralto from auditoriums in Washington. Effort was first made to obtain use of the D. A. R. hall for her concert. That was refused on the ground that to admit a colored singer would violate the terms on which the society holds the building. Use of a school auditorium was refused on the grounds that the city provides separate accommodations for white and colored pupils and that the concert would be conducted on a commercial basis. One of the high lights of the discussion was the resignation of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt from the D. A. R., a resignation intended as a protest against the action of the management in refusing the use of the auditorium to the singer. While attempts are made to gloss over the reason for the stand taken, it is notorious that the real reason is that the singer is of the negro race. And among those who would exclude this young woman, one of the greatest singers whom the world has known, because of her color, are those who denounce fiercely the narrowness and bigotry of German Nazidom in driving from the ordinary activities of life and from the schools of learning estimable citizens and men and women of brilliant intellect because they are of Jewish blood. Herr Hitler may well say to some of his Washington critics "First remove the beam from your own eyes."

THE HOUSE OF Representatives has refused to appropriate money for the proposed fortification of Guam. The amount asked for this purpose was negligible, as federal appropriations go, as there were contemplated at this time merely the dredging of the harbor, improvement of the landing field and a few other details, none of great consequence. But it was clear that this would be merely preliminary to a more ambitious program, a sort of entering wedge to the plan of making of the island a veritable fortress. In the opinion of some who opposed the bill, such a plan may be wise, but there was a feeling that instead of building fortifications piecemeal we should have a comprehensive and consistent plan based on definite understanding of what our Pacific policy is, to be. At present there is no such plan.

IT IS TO BE NOTED THAT in its labor decisions of last Monday the supreme court did not decide the sit-down strike to be illegal. That has been decided before, and the two justices who dissented from the majority opinion conceded the illegality of any act by which one takes possession of another's property. On that point the court was unanimous. What the majority of the court did hold is that the employer whose property is seized by sit-down strikers cannot be required to retain such strikers in his employ. And the rule that applies to the sit-down strike applies equally to all other forms of force and violence.

WHILE SPRING IS NOT Exactly here, it must be on the way. I noted the other day that two robins had appeared at the home of James Kennedy. Since then I have learned that Elf Aarness of Niagara shot a gopher on March 2. And Marion Maiers, 1522 Fourth avenue north, reports that in her yard tulips are up two inches and hollyhocks are up three inches.

I HAVE NO idea in what condition my tulips may be, as they are still heavily covered with snow, and I am satisfied to leave them that way. The tulip is unbelievably hardy, and even when in full bloom it will stand a heavy frost. But I have observed that when the shoots show very early and are later subjected to severe freezing the plants are seldom as vigorous as those which do not show themselves until the weather becomes milder.

NATURE HAS PROVIDED some plants with special equipment for coping with severe cold. Some such plants, growing far up on mountain sides, will force their spring sprouts through hard frozen earth. Certain chemical action generated in the growth raises the temperature enough to thaw the earth immediately above the plant, so that the growth actually occurs in relatively warm soil while everything around is frozen solid. I don't think the tulip has this quality. My early growth is always in the row of tulips close to the house on the south side, where there is protection from the north winds and some heat escapes through the basement wall. Plants in the open garden do not show themselves until weeks later.

I NOTICE THAT HITLER, himself a total abstainer from liquor and tobacco, recommends like abstinence to all the German people. I haven't the slightest objection to anyone abstaining from whatever he doesn't wish to use, but if Hitler is a fair sample of what total abstinence will make of a man—me for the pipe and the bowl!

DR. C. ROSS FERGUSON, A member of the medical staff of the International Nickel company at Sudbury and Copper Cliff, Ontario, who has relatives in Grand Forks, is now taking postgraduate work in London and Edinburgh. In London on a recent afternoon he went to the zoo. Just ahead of him at the entrance was a youngish man with two small children, a boy and girl. The father and the little girl passed through the turnstile, but the boy, aged about 5, had trouble with the gate. Dr. Ferguson picked the lad up and lifted him over. The father turned and thanked him pleasantly and passed on. An attendant near by asked the doctor, "Do you know who that gentleman is?" "No." "That's the Duke of Kent," said the attendant. "He comes here often and brings the children."

THE NEXT DAY DR. Ferguson in passing a theater noticed policemen clearing cars from in front of the building. He asked why, and was told that Queen Mary was expected in five minutes. Dr. Ferguson stood aside and waited, and presently, along came the queen, right on time. Thus in two days the young physician had come in close contact with the brother and the mother of the reigning British sovereign. The thing that impressed him was the casualness with which members of British royalty move about, just like regular people.

SOME READERS MAY HAVE seen something like this before, but I am sure that most of those who read it will find in it some expression of their own sentiments. It is contributed by one who signs himself I. M. A. Taxpayer:

"IN REPLY TO YOUR Request to send a check, I wish to inform you that the present condition of my bank account makes it almost impossible. My shattered financial condition is due to federal laws, state laws, county laws, city laws, corporation laws, liquor laws, mother-in-laws, brother-in-laws, sister-in-laws and outlaws.

"THROUGH THESE LAWS I am compelled to pay a business tax, amusement tax, head tax, school tax, gas tax, light tax, water tax sales tax, liquor tax, food tax, income tax, furniture tax and excise tax. I am required to get a business license, car license, truck license, not to mention a marriage license and dog license.

I AM ALSO REQUIRED TO contribute to every society and organization which the genius of man is capable of bringing to life; to women's relief, the unemployment relief and the gold digger's relief. Also to every hospital and charitable institution in the city including the Salvation Army, Community Chest, Red Cross, Purple Cross, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

"FOR MY OWN SAFETY I AM required to carry health insurance, life insurance, fire insurance, property insurance, liability insurance, burglary insurance, accident insurance, earthquake insurance, tornado insurance, unemployment insurance and old age insurance.

"MY BUSINESS IS SO Governed that it is no easy matter to find out who owns it. I am inspected, expected, suspected, disrespected, rejected, dejected, examined and re-examined, informed, required, summoned, fined, commanded and compelled, until I provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race.

"SIMPLY BECAUSE I REFUSE to donate to something or other, I am boycotted, talked about, lied about, held up, held down, and robbed, until I am almost ruined.

"I CAN TELL YOU HONESTLY that except for a miracle that happened, I could not enclose this check. The wolf that comes to many doors nowadays just had pups in my kitchen. I sold them, and here is the money."

READING A CURRENT Article on the life and achievements of Moses, the great Hebrew prophet and lawgiver, I found the statement that the mother of Moses was "the wife of Levi." I knew that was wrong, and that Moses' father was named Amram. How did I know? Certainly not from any intensive study of Biblical genealogy, a subject which never interested me greatly. I knew because for some unknown reason my memory had retained the impress of an obscure and unimportant fact implanted in it some 65 years ago.

A BOOK CALLED "THE Pillar of Fire," by J. H. Ingraham, was a favorite in the home of my grandparents. It retold the story of the childhood and manhood of Moses and of the departure of the Israelites from Egypt in the form of letters from a fictional eyewitness who became the friend of Moses and who described the marvelous events preceding and accompanying the exodus. There the name of Moses' father was given, as it is in the book of Exodus, as Amram. In the years that have passed I have forgotten a thousand far more important things, but that bit of harmless, but useless information has stuck.

I SUPPOSE IT IS NOT QUITE correct to say that one has forgotten things, for it appears that when an impression is once made on the mind it is never quite erased. It may be compared to a record written in a great book whose millions of pages are neither numbered nor indexed. Bookmarks have been inserted here and there, and long usage has caused the book to open readily at certain pages. But all the rest is a hopeless jumble. Yet, every little while the book falls open at a page that has not been turned for years, and there stands the record of some trivial fact, as clear as when it was written.

JUST NOW I AM CONSUMED with envy of W.R. Vanderhoef, from whom I have received a card mailed at Curacao, one of the West Indies. The name is more familiar in this country as that of an orange-flavored cordial than in connection with the island itself, but Wick assures me that it is beautiful.

FROM TIME TO TIME Opposition to the practice of poisoning grasshoppers on the grounds that poisoning is of no value in controlling the grasshopper plague, and that thousands of valuable birds are killed by eating the poison. Experience seems to show that neither objection is well founded.

DISTRIBUTION OF POISON disposes effectively of grasshoppers hatched on the land treated, and it has been found effective in checking inroads of hoppers moving from adjacent fields. Of course local poisoning cannot prevent visitations of migratory insects, which arrive late in the season, full-fledged and voracious. Often those insects are hatched in great swarms in remote and uninhabited localities and travel great distances at a single flight. For control of them interstate, and probably international measures are necessary.

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID about the poisoning of birds by grasshopper bait, but I have never read of an instance in which a wild bird is known to have died from this cause. There have been cases of cattle, and probably of domestic fowl being poisoned by eating bait which was left carelessly exposed, but there is no need for such carelessness. Scientists have examined and analyzed the contents of the stomachs of innumerable wild birds and I have seen no record of a case in which death was attributed to poisoning.

READERS OF DALE Harrison's column on this page learned from him that dogs are not allowed in the Grand Canyon except on leash, a bit of harmless information which Harrison was not permitted to include in a broadcast which he made from the park studio. It was feared that to broadcast such information would tend to make the park unpopular. Harrison complied with the ruling and blue-penciled that part of his speech. But it had not occurred to the management that Harrison had another string to his bow, and the world is told the truth through Harrison's column. My only object in repeating this is to spread the news. We columnists must present a united front to the enemy.

WHEN GRAND FORKS WAS only a hamlet and the Hudson's Bay company was operating its store here, the company maintained a large herd of cattle upon which it drew to provide fresh beef for its customers. A shady character who made his head-quarters here for a time often had meat to sell, though he never was known to buy any live animals. Occasionally, also, he had hides, which he took to the company's store and sold. The company's cattle were grazed out where the University now is, and the general understanding was that the transient went out by night, helped himself to a steer, killed the animal and sold the meat and then sold the company its own hide. There was a certain element of humor in the practice which amused the local people, and anyway, the company was rich, and wouldn't miss an occasional steer. It is quite probable, too, that the company's employees had a shrewd suspicion as to what was going on but preferred to take no notice of it so long as the thing wasn't pushed too far.

ACCORDING TO A SURVEY made by the Institute of Public Opinion about 50 per cent of the inhabitants of the United States gamble occasionally. That is the proportion of those who have told the institute that they wagered money on at least one game of chance during the past year. According to the figures assembled, the most common form of gaming is not betting on the horses, or buying a sweepstake ticket, or playing a slot machine, but buying tickets in church-conducted lotteries and raffles.

IN THE MATTER OF Popularity the percentages are as follows: Church lotteries, 29; punch boards, 26; slot machines, 23; playing cards for money, 21; betting on elections, 19; sweepstakes tickets, 13; betting on horse races, 10; numbers games, 9.

THE INSTITUTE'S SURVEY covered a cross-section of the adult population in all parts of the United States, and interesting differences were revealed as to the gaming habits of different sections.

Men and women in the East, for instance, are the most consistent chance takers in the country, according to the survey. They do more betting on horse races and elections and buy more sweepstakes tickets than the people of any other sections. Almost two persons in every three in this area have done some wagering or gaming in 1938.

THE SOUTH AND THE Middle West, on the other hand, are the sections which abstained most, the Institute found. One reason for this is the fact that farmers in general are the least addicted to the various forms of chance taking. They bet or gamble seldom and, when they do indulge, they choose slot-machines or punch boards oftenest. The bulk of the nation's farmers, of course, live in these two sections.

Men do more betting and gaming than women, especially on horse racing, election betting and playing slot machines and number games, the Institute adds. Women, however, are just as likely to buy a church lottery ticket as men, the survey shows.

THE SURVEY ALSO SHOWS, that the habit of betting and playing games for chance is more common among persons with a higher income than with persons at the bottom of the income scale.

Upper income group people list their favorite games of chance as church lotteries, playing cards for money and betting on elections.

PEOPLE IN THE LOWER Income group do less betting in general and their commonest diversions are playing punch-boards, buying church lottery tickets and putting money in slot machines. It is interesting to note that a larger percentage of persons in this group believe they have "come out on the losing end" for the year than in any other group.

A NEW YORK PAPER IS wondering when the first spring robin will arrive. From that one would suppose that the New York season is less advanced than that at Grand Forks, for robins have already been seen in this city. But probably New Yorkers would be horrified to see the piles of snow that still remain with us. Snow in New York is different from that in North Dakota. There it usually falls laden with soot and presently degenerates into black slush. Of course they do have regular winter in New York once in a while, as in March, 1888, when the worst blizzard on record buried the city feet deep.

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY descriptions, greatly exaggerated, as a rule, of the way in which the wind has stripped the fertile soil in the drouth belt. Erosion of a different kind has affected those sections of New England which were struck by the hurricane last year. Large areas which served as feeding ground for large flocks of wild ducks have been rendered useless for that purpose for some years to come. Enormous waves which swept the coast tore loose the soil at the bottom of many of the shallow feeding grounds, and in receding the water carried with it everything that could maintain plant life and many thousands of acres of marsh lands which produced great quantities of food for the ducks have been rendered barren. The prospect is that because of the shortage of food the duck population of that section will be greatly diminished for some years. It is estimated that at least five years will be required to restore enough of the fertility that has been removed to render the grounds even moderately productive.

OFFICIALLY THE LIST Legislative day of the North Dakota legislative session was Friday. A session several years ago also ended officially on a Friday, but the session was prolonged for several days by the brilliant device of turning back the clock. One member, who scrupulously eats fish every Friday, complained that the dilatoriness of the legislature kept him eating fish for a week.

IT'S A WONDER THAT SOME of those quiz people haven't dug up some questions about the American state of Franklin. Not many, I suppose, know that there ever was such a state—but there was. It was established shortly after the Revolutionary war, and occupied a part of what is now Tennessee. Researches made recently disclose some interesting facts concerning it.

THE STATE OF FRANKLIN, being on the wrong side of the mountains, had scarcely any contact with any of the original 13 members of the union. It was a hunter's paradise, and not much else. It had no money, but it got along after a fashion by substituting animal pelts for currency. It was in hides that taxes and salaries were paid.

A GOOD CLEAN BEAVER skin was valued at six shillings. The assembly fixed the salary of each county clerk at 300 beaver skins. The clerk of the House of Commons received 200 and members of the assembly 3 each. The governor received 1,000 deer skins and the chief justice 500.

DEER SKINS WERE VALUED at 6 shillings each and were used for making vests, pants, fringed hunting shirts and leggings. An otter skin was valued at 6 shillings, and the state treasurer's salary was 450 such pelts. A gray fox pelt was valued at only 1 shilling and 3 pence.

THE STATE OF FRANKLIN was not wholly free from official corruption. Taxes were paid chiefly in raccoon and opossum skins. The latter were plentiful and were of little value. It is recorded that some tax collectors, having accumulated quantities of both kinds of skins, would cut the tails from the raccoon skins, sew them to the opossum pelts and turn these in as raccoon skins. The real coonskins would then be sold at a good price to traders or cap makers.

INHABITANTS OF THE United States usually call themselves Americans, to the exclusion of others who live in the western hemisphere. That monopoly of the term is not conceded by residents of South America, who more usually refer to the people of the United States as North Americans. But Mexicans and Canadians are equally entitled to use that term, for all belong to the northern continent.

Occasionally one runs across an expression of resentment that the people of one country should arrogate to themselves a designation which belongs equally to those of the entire hemisphere, and some of our neighbors have commented on the practice as an offensive expression of a sense of superiority on the part of our people and a desire by them to dominate their neighbors. Of course the fact is that our people call themselves Americans because there is no other term by which they can conveniently describe themselves.

A VERY SLIGHT AND Natural verbal change makes a native of Mexico a Mexican, of Brazil a Brazilian, and of Canada a Canadian. But one can't very well call an inhabitant of this country a United Stateser. Colloquially those of this country are sometimes called Yankees, and during the World war the designation "Yank" was often accepted without protest even by soldiers from the late Confederate states, to whom the term would once have been anathema. But the word "Yankee" is really a local term, partaking slightly of slang, and it can never be used formally as a national name.

I HAVE HEARD IT CALLED discourteous for residents of this country to call themselves Americans when in company with their Canadian neighbors, the latter being equally entitled to the name. I am sure there need be no embarrassment on that score, for Canadians themselves do not refer to themselves as Americans, but apply that term regularly and habitually to those south of the border. When they wish to speak of Canadians and Americans they use those words without thought of their implications, and never by any chance do they beat around the bush with such unmanageable phrases as "Canadians and residents of the United States."

AMERICAN LISTENERS—THE term is used advisedly—often hear over the radio the strains of "O Canada," the Canadian national song, but few are familiar with its words. There are different versions of the song, which is national in the sense that it applies distinctively to Canada, whereas "God Save the King" belongs to the empire. During the coming visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth school children all over the country will be singing "O Canada," and they are being asked to use what is known as the Weir version, the first stanza and chorus of which follow:

O Canada! Our home and native  
land! True patriot-love in all thy sons  
command. With glowing hearts we see thee  
rise,

The true north, strong and free. We stand on guard, O Canada— We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada, glorious and free,  
O Canada, we stand on guard for  
thee! O Canada, we stand on guard for  
thee!

The tune was written by Calixa Lavallee and the first lyrics, in French, by Judge Adolphe Routhier of Quebec, in 1888. Robert Stanley Weir, Montreal judge and poet, wrote the English version in 1908.

AT THE ANNIVERSARY Exercises commemorating the establishment of the American congress. John Charles Thomas sang "America." Someone reported that as the last line he sang "God Save the King," instead of "To Thee We Sing." Thomas laughingly denied the statement, but as he was hurrying to catch a train he offered no comment. It appears now that the words used were not those of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," at all, but of another hymn which is sung to the same tune, the first stanza of which is:

God bless our native land! Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night:  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do Thou our country save  
By Thy great might.

ONE OF THE RECENTLY published books which I have read is "Days of Our Years," by Pierre Van Paassen. I found it depressing, but interesting in a peculiar way. The author is a Hollander, born in a little village near the sea, where his boyhood was spent amid scenes which have witnessed little change through the years. The boy was intended for the ministry, and his studies were toward that service. The family migrated to Canada, where the young man continued his studies in Toronto. He was assigned to missionary work in Alberta. Then came the war and he went over seas. From the war he emerged a newspaper correspondent, and in that capacity he has traveled widely, has seen much, and has met many important men. The book gives his own record of his experiences and sets forth his own impressions of life.

I FOUND THE BOOK Depressing because of its gloomy outlook. Written with manifest sincerity, it presents a picture of life wholly dark, dreary and forbidding. In it tragedy succeeds tragedy, and wherever men's motives are analyzed they are found to be base and sordid. For the writer life has no bright side and the future presents no hope. As I read I wondered how it was possible for a man to go through life without seeing any of the brighter colors that I know exist, for I can see them. Then the explanation occurred to me: The man is color blind.

PHYSICAL, COLOR Blindness is sometimes congenital and incurable. Sometimes it is induced by the introduction of into the system, in which cases it may yield to treatment. Spiritual color blindness, I think, is rarely inherited. Almost always it is acquired. Almost all of us have the capacity to see both the brighter and the darker colors of life, to distinguish good from evil. But, if the mind is fixed on only one color, and search is made diligently for that, there is created a condition in which there is no response to others, and presently we are unable to see them. He who looks only for the base and sordid things in life will find them for they exist, but he will become unable to see the fine and noble things, though they, too, exist. And how sad the fate that he brings upon himself. For him there is no red in the rose or purple in the violet; he sees no beauty in the rainbow or glory in the setting sun; but all is gray, drab and forbidding.

I HAVE NOT QUITE Finished another book, "The Patriot," which is Pearl Buck's latest. The books by Pearl Buck which I have read—all of them with Chinese setting—have appealed to me strongly because of the author's complete familiarity with Chinese life and character and her ability to translate her knowledge into a form which I can understand. This book is the story of a young Chinese, son of a wealthy Shanghai banker, who became a revolutionist. He was warm-hearted and sympathetic. Around him he saw poverty and degradation whose victims were helpless in the working of forces beyond their control.

THE GENEROUS SPIRIT OF the youth I-wan rebelled against such conditions, and he was easily persuaded that they could be remedied only by the overthrow of the capitalistic system under which they existed. He became a leader in a secret group whose objectives were the abolition of wealth and poverty and the establishment of a completely Communistic system.

THE FIRST PART OF THE book sheds an interesting light on some of the ways in which Communists are made. Often, as in the case of I-wan, there is no selfish motive, but rather, honest indignation over wrong conditions whose causes are obscure and of ten misunderstood. I-wan was a youth, warm and impulsive, and he had youth's lack of understanding and immaturity of judgment. His heart was with the poor and oppressed. But he was puzzled and shocked to find, when their movement seemed to be approaching success, that the poor are no better than the rich, and that many of those who had been the oppressed were equally ready to become the oppressors.

I-WAN IS SENT BY HIS father to Japan, and there he lives with the family of a wealthy merchant and marries the daughter of the house. In this part of the book, which I have not completed, one is given an insight into some of the differences between Chinese and Japanese culture, tradition and customs. The invasion of China begins, and vague rumors come from Manchuria, from Peking and from Shanghai, to the Japanese people at home, who have no wish for war, who are not told that there is a real war, and who wonder dumbly what it is all about. The book, I think, is a valuable contribution to our understanding of what is going on in the Orient.

ONE POINT THAT I HAVE not seen covered in any of the discussions of the proposed referendum on war is this: If the amendment is adopted and the people at any time find it necessary to authorize American participation in a war on foreign soil, who is to determine when the war is over? Will it take another election to stop the war, or will it be permissible to quit fighting when we have had enough of it?

AS WE APPROACH THE birthday anniversary of Ireland's patron saint bits of Irish legendary lore begin to circulate. When I am in the Welsh mood justified by my name and at least a part of my ancestry, I like to remind my friends from the Emerald isle that Patrick was not an Irishman at all, but a Welshman. However, he adopted Ireland and was adopted by it, and the combination has worked out beautifully.

THE SHAMROCK HAS BEEN the accepted symbol of Ireland ever since St. Patrick, according to tradition, used it to illustrate to his followers the doctrine of the Trinity. Picking up a sprig of shamrock from the ground he pointed to its three leaves, each separate but united in forming parts of the same stem. There are four-leaved shamrocks, just as there are four-leaved clovers. I suppose the tradition of good luck attaches to them because of their comparative rarity. There are persons for whom four-leaved clovers seem to spring up spontaneously. Years ago I had a neighbor who could step over onto my back lawn and pick up four-leaved clovers right and left I could seldom find one; they didn't seem to grow for me.

AMERICANS HAVE GONE TO Europe and despoiled the country of castles, monuments and treasures of all kinds, which they have moved to this side of the ocean and set up in surroundings from which quite often, they stick out like sore thumbs. Several attempts have been made to buy Blarney castle, in whose wall is imbedded the famous stone whose touch upon one's lips is said to confer the gift of eloquence. But neither the castle no the stone is for sale. The revenues from the stone where it is are quit satisfactory.

ONE RICH AMERICAN, Failing to buy the castle, announce his intention of buying the quarry from which the rock came an transporting it to the United States, The people laughed at him an thought him crazy. But there was method in his madness. He didn't buy the quarry, but he did buy a lot of rock from it, brought it home and had it carved into all sorts of trinkets which he sold as souvenirs of Blarney castle, made from the very rock of which the Blarney stone is composed.

THERE IS AN ANCIENT story about a little school girl to whom was assigned the task of writing a composition on Ireland. She organized her material carefully and presented each subject under its appropriate chapter heading. One chapter she headed "The Snakes of Ireland." The chapter read: "There are no snakes in Ireland." I have always admired the precision and finality with which the young miss disposed of the subject. There was no beating about the bush, no introduction of controversial material, no speculative analysis. She went right to the heart of her subject, disposed of it with a stroke of her pencil, and that was that.

ONE OF THE TRADITIONS about St. Patrick's day, which had been preserved in verse, is that the saint was not born on the 17th of March, but either on the 8th or 9th, but so close to midnight that there was disagreement as to the exact date. In one community a fierce dispute arose. Each day had its fiery advocates and each group supported its position with typical Irish enthusiasm. Just as shillelaghs were about to be brought into play the local parish priest remonstrated not to be always dividing, but to combine. Nine plus eight would be seventeen. Why not everybody combine on 17 as the good saint's birthday? The idea took hold and it was so ordered, and March 17 has been St. Patrick's birthday ever since.

I HAVE BEEN INTERESTED in reading the news dispatches about the prospect of having the Dionne children go to Toronto to see the king and queen. Papa Dionne is not sure that it will be wise to take the children on such a trip. His caution does him credit, and, it shows, also what experience and prosperity can do toward stabilizing a man. Five years ago Oliva was ready to have the helpless new born infants exhibited at the Chicago fair in a glass cage. The prospect of sudden wealth had intoxicated him. Now he is a man of property, with a sense of his own importance and an appreciation of his responsibilities. What a change in one's outlook a little prosperity makes.

IF YOU LOSE YOUR Baggage while traveling in England, don't worry. It will turn up all right. That, at least, is the conclusion reached by Kathleen Robertson, a former U. N. D. student and sister of Mrs. C. J. O'Keefe, of Hamline Avenue. A year or two ago Miss Robertson and a girlfriend from New York spent some time in Great Britain, part of the time driving their own car and at other times going by bus. While traveling by bus one day they discovered that one of their bags was missing, evidently having shaken loose from the baggage carrier on the roof where it had been placed.

THE DRIVER, TO WHOM they reported the loss, was not at all disturbed. "I'll telephone back at the next stop," he said, "and it will be forwarded immediately."

"But how do you know who may pick it up or what they will do with it?" he was asked. "Oh" he said, "it doesn't make any difference who picks it up. They'll turn it in at the first stop and it will be held there for instructions."

"But suppose somebody picks it up and keeps it."

"But why should they?" asked the puzzled driver. "It wouldn't be theirs, and they'd have no business keeping it. Of course they'll turn it in. They always do."

And they did. At the next stop the driver's call was relayed to the several stations which had been passed, and the piece of baggage arrived at the terminus just about as soon as its owners did.

ANOTHER INTERESTING Experience of the two tourists was with a highway patrolman. They had been advised to join one of the great British auto clubs, as this would assure them excellent service of many kinds. They did so, and the 'club insignia was attached to the front of their car. The roads there are patrolled by uniformed employees of the club, who render assistance, when needed, to club members. The girls were told that it was the duty of these men to salute all care bearing the club insignia, and that if one of them failed to do so the driver should stop and inquire the reason. Considerable driving was done, and every guard saluted respectfully until one was met who glanced intently at the car but failed to salute. Curious to learn why, the driver stopped and waited while the guard, turning his motorcycle, came chugging up.

I WONDER WHAT impression would be made on the mind of a foreigner who understood no English by listening to the advertising spiels as delivered by some of our most talented radio announcers. Those orations are full of sound and fury, exclamatory, declamatory, rhetorical, inspirational, fiery and intensely dramatic. Listening to one of them our foreign friend might suppose the orator to be Demosthenes delivering one of his philippics, when, in fact, the subject matter is the excellence of somebody's shoe polish. Another speaker might be mistaken for Horatius at the bridge, defying false Sextus and all his tribe, when the announcer is merely defying the world to show anything equal to Whoseit's Soap chips. What sounds Cato's declaration that Carthage must be destroyed is an injunction to chew more Rubber Gum. Another number is not The Charge of the Light Brigade, but the plea for the use of more Vitamin Q, and another number is not Hitler defying the world, but a little dissertation on somebody's eye-wash. When all the superlatives in language and manner have been used up and all the passions torn to tatters, what will come next?

ON SUNDAY I NOTICED THAT my tulips were up. They had been up for some time, but had been well covered with snow. The snow near the house had melted and on a narrow strip of bare ground the young stalks stood two inches tall. I thought of covering them again to protect them from too much freezing and thawing, and there was plenty of snow only two feet away. But shoveling snow is laborious work, and I didn't do it. Nature rewarded em for my negligence and supplied a fine snow drift without any effort on my part. That's what a fellow gets by exercising a little patience.

THIS STORM MAY HAVE been tough on the birds. In the timber belts there are many birds which remain here over winter, and while they are quite hardy and are usually able to find shelter in shrubbery and underbrush, in such a storm as that which began on Monday night they would be unable to leave their shelter in search of food.

A FEW ROBINS HAVE BEEN reported, but I think those that have been seen are hold-overs which, for some reason, failed to join the southbound migration last fall. Birds are chary about coming north so long as the earth is covered with snow.

NATURALISTS, AND MANY others, are familiar with the fact that the bird which we call a robin is not the robin of English song and story, but a thrush. The English robin, I am told, is larger. When the colonists settled in New England they found there a bird with a red breast, smaller than the robin which they had known, but similar in general appearance, and, quite naturally, they called it a robin. And a robin it remains, to all intents and purposes.

WHITTIER WROTE A POEM on the robin in which this stanza occurs:

He brings cool dew in his little bill, And lets in fall on the souls of sin: You can see the mark on his red breast still  
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

THE MEANING OF THAT stanza is obscure without knowledge of the Welsh legend of the manner in which the robin got his red breast. Here is one version of that legend:

"Far, far away, is a land of woe and darkness, spirits of evil and fire. Day after day a little bird flies there, bearing in his bill a drop of water to quench the flame. So near the burning stream does he fly that his feathers are scorched by it, and hence he is named "Bronrhuddyn"—breast-burned.

THE DEATH OF HOWARD Carter, famous Egyptologist, has revived some interest in the curse invoked against whoever should disturb the tomb of King Tutankhamen. Carter was the leader of the expedition which discovered the tomb. Lord Carnarvon financed the expedition. Not many months after the opening of the tomb Lord Carnarvon died of blood poisoning, and immediately the superstitious saw in his death the working of the curse. Some forty persons were associated in one way or another, with the opening of the tomb, and of that number about 16 have since died. Surely the curse is at work.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE story is that all the members of the group who have died had reached quite mature years, some of them being about 70. The mortality in the group is no greater than actuarial tables show to be normal for persons of similar age against whom no curse has been pronounced. And among the living members of the group are several who may presently be expected to die of old age. All of which makes it appear that the power of the curse, if it ever had any, is pretty nearly exhausted.

SNOW IN SPRING MEANS different things in different places. They had snow in New York the other day, so near the anniversary of the historic blizzard of 1888 as to remind people of what had really been a catastrophe, but the snow turned to rain and the streets immediately became muck. Voicing the sentiment, undoubtedly, of the millions of New Yorkers, the Times commented on the weather freak after this fashion:

"Snow beginning to sneak down on March 11 is always a dangerous symptom. It comes when a group of old-timers, not content to let well enough alone, insist on staging a fond celebration of the Blizzard of 1888, when "snowflakes as big as dollar bills" piled up to turn the whole city into a beleaguered fortress. It has never happened again, but everybody knows that it could, and this year the signs and portents looked ominous. Since '88 New York has burrowed underground like a forehanded mole, and even another blizzard would scarcely freeze us into complete immobility. But it would be no more welcome on that account.

"BY THE MIDDLE OF MARCH people are sick of Winter and all its works. Snow, even of the best quality, isn't fun any more and slush is just slush. It is incongruous to think of the First Robin wading around in muffler and overshoes. Exhibitions of temperament on the part of the weather are coldly received. The sap is already rising in us, and the human heart is opening to blue skies, green meadows and balmy breezes. To have to bang it shut again is just a little too much."

ABOUT THE SAME TIME WE had snow in North Dakota, slathers of it, but the downfall prompted few disparaging remarks about the weather man. Roads were blocked for a day or so, but only a few of us needed to use the roads. In the city cars were stalled in the drifts right and left, but what of it? In extreme cases wreckers "were available. Shoveling, too, is good exercise if not overdone, and usually a boost from three or four friendly passers-by served to get everything going again. Here and there it became necessary to close a school, but the youngsters did little mourning on that account.

AND IT WAS A REAL Pleasure, if one were inside, to watch the flakes come down, hour after hour, driven almost horizontally by the wind, a reminder that in spite of all appearances to the contrary, nature still has in reserve vast stores of moisture with which to refresh a thirsty world. And what a change it made in the appearance of things! The accumulated snow of winter had shrunk and settled, and in the process there had been left on the surface a coating of dust and soot, and all the while landscape had been given a dreary, grimy appearance. But the fresh snow changes all that and we can look out not on a spectacle of glistening white, immaculate, and softly undulating in contour. And we know that tomorrow, or next week, this mantle of whiteness will be resolved all at once into oceans of water, to restore our rivers, replenish our wells and bring renewed life to the parched earth.

J. C. M'KINNON, 407 SOUTH Fourth street, sends in a few familiar lines from Cowper with the following introductory statement:

"I HAVE BEEN BEDFAST FOR some months, and in the fall and early winter I found the news so distressing that in order to get to sleep I had to stop listening to the evening broadcasts of news. So I can appreciate Cowper's anguish in the light of present conditions, but from this distance 1790 seems rather tranquil. Probably one week of modern life would have brought insanity to that sensitive man. The quotation is from the opening lines of THE TIMEPIECE, Part II, THE TASK:

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumor of 'oppression and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or success war,  
Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd  
My soul is sick with every day's report  
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.  
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—  
It does not feel for man; the natural bond  
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax  
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.  
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
Not colour'd like his own, and having power  
To enforce the wrong, for such a  
    worthy cause  
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.  
Lands intersected by a narrow frith  
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed,  
Make enemies of nations, who had else  
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.

SNOWSTORMS IN THE Middle of March are no rarity in this part of the world, and some of them have been quite severe. In his memoirs George B. Winship tells of a stormy period in mid-March away back in 1880. Among the early residents of Grand Forks were several who had taken preliminary work in Masonry, and it was desired to establish a Grand Forks a Masonic lodge. The moving spirit in the plan was D. M. Holmes, who earned and was given the title "Dean of Grand Forks Masonry." Holmes had taken his degree at Pembina, and had infected some of the Grand Forks men with his enthusiasm.

IT WAS DECIDED TO SEND representatives to visit the Fargo lodge and there exemplify the first three degrees preparatory to the issuance of a charter for a Grand Forks lodge. Winship, M. T. Caswell and James Elton were the men selected for this duty, and Holmes organized them as a class, and at suitable times he escorted them out on the prairie, away from the hurry and bustle of the village, and there, secure from curious spectators and eavesdroppers, he put them through their paces until he had them letter-perfect.

ACCOMPANIED BY CAPTAIN Timmins, a steamboat man, the three left for Fargo by stage on March 11. This is the story of the trip as told by Winship:

"THERE WERE FOUR Relays of stage teams, driven respectively by C. H. Kemp, John Nenon (Bugler John), Billy Cooke and Frank Powell. During the entire day when we were not hustling to keep warm, we were digging ourselves out of snowbanks. The coach was blown over three or four times. On one occasion Elton was thrown head first into a snowbank, and the way he kicked and squirmed to regain his equilibrium stirs my risibilities, even to this day. The most sudden and unexpected spill, however, occurred at the Walle postoffice. We had just got comfortably seated and tucked in when somebody lurched to leeward, and over went the stage, dumping us in dire confusion into the beautiful white snow."

THERE WERE NO Fatalities, however, and the trip was a decided success, for the visitors to the Fargo lodge, who were to be examined as to their fitness, proved so superior to their inquisitors that examiners and examined exchanged places. The desired dispensation was granted, and Masonry in Grand Forks got its start. The local lodge was formally chartered sometime during the following summer.

IN 1863 YOUNG WINSHIP, then 16 years of age, by a slight prevarication about his age, got himself enlisted in a Minnesota volunteer regiment. His outfit was sent across the plains in pursuit of Indians. With many others he has testified to the fact that there were drouths in those days, although some writers would have us believe that drouth is a modern visitation caused by the wickedness and stupidity of man in plowing up the prairie. Winship's brigade began its march in June, 1863, crossing what is now South Dakota near the site of the present city of Watertown. Of the drouth conditions Winship writes:

"THE MERCURY RANGED from 90 to 105. But little rain had fallen since the melting of the snow, and consequently the lakes and streams were either dry or very low and the grass poor. The shores of the beautiful Lake Kampeska were covered with dead fish, creating a sickening stench and defying close inspection. As I remember that country, it was practically a desert, treeless, grassless and rainless. For days and days we marched in clouds of dust, and it was only by the most skillful maneuvering that we could find grass enough for our horses, and we rarely found good water. Most of the lake, not completely dried up, were strongly impregnated with alkali, and great crusts of concentrated alkali fringed the shores of nearly every lake. We were forced to use some of the water to make coffee, and after it was boiled it was most appetizing to look at, for as soon as it got hot it turned white, and from all appearances we had a pot of our favorite beverage containing about 50 percent rich Jersey cream. While it was good to look at, it was abominable to taste, being bitter and nauseating. No good water was found until we reached the Missouri, where it was good, but very muddy."

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS 65th anniversary last week Dr. Albert Einstein was the recipient of many congratulatory messages. He also received several inquiries asking his opinion concerning prospective developments in science and in the field of human relations. One of these inquiries related to a proposal made at the Harvard Tercentenary conference in 1936 that there be created a "Supreme Council of Wisdom," composed of the world's leading scientists, philosophers, artists, poets, industrial leaders and others, which should serve as a great moral force, representing the "conscience of the world," whose judgment no ruler or ruling caste would dare to oppose.

IN HIS REPLY DR. Einstein indicated rather guardedly his approval in principle of such a plan, but expressed doubt as to its feasibility. If such a council were to be created, he thought, it must be initiated by the voluntary association of properly qualified persons acting from a sense of social responsibility. As vacancies occurred, he thought, it would be necessary for these to be filled by the remaining members themselves in order to avoid deterioration in quality due to outside influences. He saw no prospect for the practical application of the idea, but believed that its underlying principle merited the careful consideration of mankind.

THAT, OF COURSE, DOES not get us very far. Nor does it seem probable that any council, no matter how created, will ever be accorded recognition as the "conscience" of the race. Many societies have been formed, and many still exist, having for their purpose and advancement of knowledge and coordination of thought in various fields, scientific, literary or social. Some these societies have assumed, and in a measure have been conceded a species of authority in their respective fields. But acceptance of such authority has been severely restricted, and there have been times, as in the history of the French academy, when the workings of jealousy and internal dissension brought the society into public contempt. Freshness and vigor have been preserved, as a rule, largely by the rebellious attitude of non-members.

I SUPPOSE THERE IS SUCH a thing as the "conscience" of mankind, but for its development and expression we must look, not to a select group of wise and high-minded men, however valuable such leadership may be, but

to the moral and spiritual reactions of men and women everywhere, the political leader, the religious teacher, the industrialists trying to meet his payroll, the laborer seeking to improve his lot; and as the hopes and ambitions of all these, with their conflicting interests and their varying conceptions of right and wrong act and react upon each other, there emerges something that may be called the universal conscience, a composite of all that goes to the building of human nature. For this the select group can never be an effective substitute.

IT IS CONCEDED THAT A little war anywhere in the world contains within itself the possibility of a big war. And when a big war occurs no nation can safely consider itself immune. Ordinary prudence requires us to abstain from war when we can, but it is obvious that the most effective way to insure our non-participation in war is to bring to bear every possible effort to prevent war wherever it may be threatened.

WE HAVE A NEUTRALITY law which prohibits the sale of munitions to any belligerent power and which permits the sale of other goods to belligerents only on the cash and carry plan. Since the enactment of that law three major wars have been in progress, in Ethiopia, in Spain and in China. The administration in Washington has taken advantages of certain technicalities under which it has evaded more than partial application of the neutrality law. But to the extent to which the law has been enforced it has neither prevented nor mitigated the severity of those wars. If the law had been applied with all possible rigor it could have had no influence toward preventing the conquest of Ethiopia, the civil war in Spain or the Japanese invasion of China. Yet each of those cases presented the menace of a world war from those consequences, had it occurred, the United States could not have escaped.

LAST SEPTEMBER THE world was brought face to face with the probability of a great, war which threatened the existence of civilization on this planet. That crisis was passed, but from time to time other crises have developed, less immediately menacing, but each containing the threat of war. Our neutrality law is on the statute books, and all the world is aware of the fact, but the existence of that law and the possibility of its rigorous enforcement, did not contribute a feather's weight toward even the temporary solution of the problems presented. Instead of serving as a deterrent our law serves as an encouragement to whatever power may choose to assume the role of aggressor.

MY THANKS TO DR. Richard Beck for a copy of "The History of Scandinavian Literature," of which Dr. Beck is co-author. The book is in part a translation of material assembled by Dr. Giovanni Bach, the translation by Frederika Blankner, of Western Reserve university, with sections on several special phases of the subject by scholars in American universities. Dr. Beck is author of the sections on Norwegian - American literature, Icelandic - American literature and Finnish literature, together with many passages in other parts of the work.

THE BOOK PRESENTS THE most comprehensive study yet published of the development of literature among the Scandinavian peoples in their home lands and in America. Valuable as the book will be to the student because of its abundance of carefully digested material, it will be found interesting also to the general reader because of the vein of human interest that runs through its pages. We are told of the beginnings of literature in the northern countries, of the transition from oral to written forms of expression, and of the circumstances which led to the development in each of the Scandinavian countries of a literature akin to, but independent of each of the others.

POLITICAL CHANGES Consequent upon the wars of many centuries, the Reformation, extension of commercial relations, all the activities in which the peoples of a strong and virile race took part, left their impress on the speech, the written forms of expression, the ideals and emotions and artistic sensibilities of each group, and the progress and development thus induced is clearly and readably set forth, "the story is not alone one of the developments of literature, but of the development of human society.

DR. BECK'S CONTRIBUTION to this work is an important one. Of Icelandic birth, and a graduate of the University of Iceland, he has specialized in Icelandic literature, in which he is accepted as an authority. The publishers of the present work say that "the surveys of modern Icelandic and modern Finnish literature by Professor Richard Beck are the most complete yet to appear in English."

I WAS INTERESTED TO FIND that one of the contributors to this work is George Strandvold, for several years an associate of mine on the Herald staff, and for some years past associate editor of the Posten, of Decorah, Iowa. Mr. Strandvold is a native of Copenhagen, who writes and speaks fluently both Danish and English. In addition to his newspaper work he has long been a contributor to periodicals both in this country and in Denmark. His chapter on Danish-American literature lists a great number of Danish-American writers, with careful analysis of their work. He observes accurately that most of the writing in this group is descriptive and historical rather than imaginative, but much of it is of a high order in dealing with the experiences of immigrants in their effort to adjust themselves to new environment.

ANOTHER WRITER ONCE well known in Grand Forks is Peer Stromme, who for several years was editor of the Normanden and who was until his death a frequent contributor to American and Norwegian periodicals. As a representative of the Normanden Stromme he made a trip around the world, from which he returned with a vast quantity of material for lectures and papers.

IN THE ICELANDIC-AMERICAN section mention is made, of course, of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, whose name will always be associated with the early history of the University, and whose exploits as an explorer have won him a place among the distinguished men of his time.

ACCOMPANYING A NOTE written as he and Mrs. Bangs were completing an enjoyable three weeks at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., George A. Bangs, now of Indianapolis, sends a clipping from a Miami paper containing a pleasant reference to W. L. Straub, editor of the St. Petersburg, Florida Times. In the Miami Herald Ellis Hollums, editor and columnist of that paper, writes:

"City council of St. Petersburg a few nights ago passed a resolution naming a waterfront park in honor of W. L. Straub, editor of the St. Petersburg Times, one of the town's patriarchs. On top of that they ordered that a bust of Mr. Straub be cast and erected in the park. Whereupon Paul Poynter, owner of the Times, and his son, Nelson, prepared and signed a little editorial which they placed at the top of the first column on Mr. Straub's editorial page, without his knowledge. Among other things they said to the council: It is seldom that a bronze bust is erected to the living, especially by gentlemen who have disagreed at times with the man so honored. The whole community and especially those who have always helped in the activity to make St. Petersburg more beautiful will appreciate your bigness."

ALL OF WHICH IS MERITED, appropriate and pleasing. But just think what Straub will have to live up to for the rest of his days.

IN THE FOLLOWING LETTER my good friend Andrew Robbie of Cavalier corrects an error which I made in a recent paragraph about robins:

"I notice in your column in referring to robins, you mention the fact that you were advised that the English robin was larger than ours. I think this information is wrong, the robin of the British Isles is smaller, has a definitely red breast and dark gray back. It is not of the thrush family. The thrush or mavis is there also, builds a nest identically the same as our \_\_\_ and acts very much the same \_\_\_ as different markings, is \_\_\_\_\_ a light gray color, if I re- \_\_\_\_\_ correctly and the same \_\_\_\_\_ as our robin.

I noticed last fall that some of my tulips were showing through the ground, close to my basement wall, and I expect they are up two or three inches now and have good snow covering.

"Your column is part of the "Herald" I always read."

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I got the idea that the English robin is a larger bird than ours, but I gather from such authorities as are accessible that this is not true. Our robin and the bluebird belong to different branches of the thrush family, the young of both species bearing the spots which mark so many of the young thrushes.

A PARAGRAPH IN SUNDAY'S "Just Looking Around" column told of a facetious motion to adjourn offered by City Commissioner Werstlein before the commission has actually got into its session, and of the summary disposal of that motion by Mayor McFadden. I was reminded of an incident in the history of the city council of long ago.

JOHN DINNIE WAS MAYOR, and J. B. Wineman, who passed away last week, was an alderman from the First ward. Some contemplated action had the support of the mayor and a considerable majority of the council, but for some reason it was opposed by Alderman Wineman and one or two others. The council was in session at the meeting at which final action was to be taken. Immediately after the reading of the minutes and one or two bits of routine business, Wineman moved to adjourn and his motion was seconded by one of the other dissenters.

JOHN DINNIE WAS A Capable business man and a public-spirited citizen, but parliamentary procedure was not his strong point. The motion to adjourn struck him as absurd, and he said so. "Well, I guess not!" he exclaimed. "We have some important business to transact here tonight."

"Mr. Mayor," said Wineman, "I moved that we do now adjourn, and my motion was duly seconded. That motion takes precedence over all other business."

The mayor began to argue and to explain that the action which had been contemplated must be taken at that meeting. Wineman was adamant.

"Mr. Mayor," he said, "my motion was made and seconded. It is privileged and is not debatable. Moreover, I wish to remind you that you are not a member of the council, but merely its presiding officer, and you have no right to debate any motion that comes before the body."

The mayor was flabbergasted and floundered helplessly. At length someone suggested to him that the simple way out, and, in fact, the only way, would be' to vote on Wineman's motion. This was done, and the motion was rejected, as everyone knew it would be. But, during the few minutes, Wineman had been having a perfectly lovely time.