

WHEN THE NORTH Dakota voter goes to the polls in November he will cast his vote for certain personnel of his federal, state and county governments. In respect to the federal government his task will be relatively simple. This year he will vote for four presidential electors, but the chances are that he will know and care nothing about him. In purpose and effect he will be voting for a president and vice president of the United States. The electors are harmless persons selected for the specific purpose of voting, if they are elected, for the nominated candidates of the party which they represent. So far as its practical utility goes the office might just as well be abolished and the state's vote sent to Washington by mail.

IN ADDITION TO THE president and vice president, the North Dakota voter will this year vote for one United States senatorial candidate and two congressmen. That will complete the job as far as he is concerned with the federal government. By placing four crosses on a piece of paper he will have done his share toward the organization for the next period of a government which is to carry on the public work of a nation of 130,000,000 people in executive, legislative and judicial departments, with the hundreds of thousands of persons who are employed in their several capacities.

IN STRIKING CONTRAST is the duty of the voter in respect to his state and county governments. He will be confronted with a long list of names of candidates for executives, legislative and judicial positions and positions wholly administrative. The federal organization is relatively simple, while that of state and county governments is unbelievably complex.

THE PLAN OF THE CANADIAN federal organization is even more simple than that for the, federal system of the United States. A month from now a general election will be held in the dominion of Canada. On election day the Canadian voter will go to the polls and mark his ballot for just one person, the candidate whom he prefers for member of the dominion parliament for his district. Whatever is to be done in the way of government will be done or directed by the members of parliament.

UNLIKE THE SYSTEM IN the United States, the methods employed in the provinces correspond closely to that followed in the dominion and the provincial elections are equally simple. A provincial election is to be held in Alberta. It will be on a different day from the dominion election and will be entirely separate from it. In that election the voter will vote his choice for one member of the provincial parliament from his district, and that is all. All the rest of the machinery is handled by appointment, as it is in the dominion, and as it is also in our own federal government.

MARYLAND FARMER has been having trouble with deer which browse on the branches of his fruit trees. He mustn't shoot the deer, and he can't stand guard over his trees to drive the animals off. When he appealed to the game warden he was advised to hang bells in the trees. The wind, it was said, would cause the bells to ring and the deer would be frightened away.

I'M WONDERING JUST HOW well that would work. For one thing, the wind may not blow at the right time. And I have had experience with bells as a means of scaring off marauders. Near our house we had two big cherry trees, and in cherry time birds came in flocks to feast on the fruit. A bell was hung in each tree, with strings leading into the kitchen window, and as often as possible those strings were jerked and the bells were rung. After about the first day the birds paid no attention to the bells, nor to the dog Spot, who barked furiously and futilely wherever he heard birds chirp. From that experience I have my doubts about the efficacy of the Maryland game warden's plan.

A RECENT COPY OF A Helena, Montana, paper announces the appointment of W. C. Husband, of Harlowton, as district judge of the 14th Montana judicial district. Mr. Husband was appointed to fill a vacancy created by the death of the former incumbent, and it is assumed that he will be a candidate for election for the fall term this fall. Judge Husband is a former North Dakotan, having spent his youth with his parents in Pembina county. Graduated from the law department of the University of North Dakota, he moved to Montana in 1908 and has since been actively engaged in the practice of law at Harlowton, where he has served the community as city attorney, state's attorney, bank president and state senator.

IN AN OLD COPY OF THE Pembina Pioneer-Express sent me by Mrs. J. B. Hughes, of Backoo, N. D., casual mention is made of Rev. Oliver Goldie, which recalls to Mrs. Hughes some facts relating to an interesting figure, well known in Pembina county many years ago. Of him Mrs. Hughes writes:

"REV. OLIVER GOLDIE WAS a missionary and a very picturesque figure in the early days of this county. He was known to every one in the north half of Pembina county, and lived from house to house for about 20 years. He was a strange but wonderfully good old man who wore his hair dyed a canary yellow at all times. He was Scotch and a cousin of Robert Burns. He belonged to no religious denomination but had been a missionary among the Indians in the Canadian northwest before coming to Dakota territory.

"HE RODE AN INDIAN pony named 'Billy Button' and had many Indian characteristics which made my parents think that he had lived a long time with the Indians. However, he never told his life history, which I am sure would have been an interesting story. His visits were of varying length, sometimes only long enough to read and pray with the family, and again he might stay for days, weeks or months. My father, H. L. C. Neilson, was what was then called a local preacher, and Mr. Goldie remained at our house for several months on more than one occasion.

"IN MY CHILDHOOD HE would often take me on his knee and tell me Indian stories, all of which I have forgotten except those which my parents remembered and told to me later in my life. One story particularly they suspected was of his own experiences, because as he warmed up in the telling of it he would shove me off his knee and start to pace the floor, and by the time the story was finished he had a wild look on his face and was dripping perspiration. Some day I will tell you this story if you care to hear it.

(I shall be waiting for the story, Mrs. Hughes, and the sooner you tell it the better.)

"MR. GOLDIE EXPRESSED the wish that his pony be buried with him, but this was not granted, as Billy Button died about five years before his master, and believe it or not—his bereaved owner had him buried in the cemetery—however, in an unwanted lot. Rev. Oliver Goldie now lies at rest with the martyrs in Walhalla cemetery."

THE MAN SO Interestingly sketched by Mrs. Hughes was one of a great number who have appeared from time to time in various communities, and who, with antecedents and personal history unknown, remained familiar figures for many years. Many of them, fired with missionary zeal, maintained by no religious organization and subject to no ecclesiastical control, traveled from place to place as the spirit moved them, intent only on spreading the gospel message. Among them were both men of culture who had been driven by trying experiences to separate themselves from all that reminded them of former life, and simple souls, living in a mystical world of their own which no one else could enter.

JUST IN ADVANCE OF THE visit of Sumner Welles to Berlin the German press with one voice—the voice of Hitler—declared that Germany will make no peace unless she is guaranteed Lebensraum—living room.” The living room which is demanded is in southern Europe, Germany has undertaken to absorb sections of More land is needed for the surplus population, and more people are needed to occupy and defend the land. Thus the thing runs in a circle.

ANOTHER THING ON which the Nazi authorities insist is access to raw materials, which she cannot have, it is said, so long as Britain controls the seas. There are no conditions in which any nation is denied free Europe as densely inhabited as her own territory. She is bringing into her own territory hundreds of thousands of Germans from non-German territory. Yet she demands more room. At the same time the government is putting forth every effort to increase the population by financing the birth rate in order that the fatherland may have more men to fight her battles, access to raw materials except in war. With the world at peace, untroubled by the menace of future wars, no one need care who "controls" the seas or what flag flies over the world's oil fields, mines, wheat fields, cotton plantations, forests or other sources of raw materials.

Always those materials will be available on equal terms to all comers. The surest guarantee of access to raw materials for Germany or any other nation is the maintenance of peace throughout the world, that peace of which the present Nazi regime is the chief disturber.

THE SUPREME COURT Denied the application of Federal Judge Manton for reopening of his case in which he was convicted of conspiracy to sell judicial favors. Judge Manton was sentenced to serve two years in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$10,000, the most severe penalty that could be imposed under the law. In the application for a writ Manton's counsel set forth that "it serves no public policy for a high judicial officer to be convicted of a judicial crime. It tends to destroy the confidence of the people in the courts."

ON THAT SUBJECT IT MAY be observed that the commission of judicial crime by a judicial officer does tend to impair confidence in the courts, but that such impairment is immediately increased by evidence of a disposition to gloss over the crime. The fact that society deals sternly with such crime when it is detected is one of the best evidences of abiding respect for the courts.

TO ME ONE OF THE Mysteries of finance has been that a nation can enrich itself by marking down the value of its money. Our government did that some years ago when it cut the value of the dollar 40 per cent and chalked up a profit of a couple of billion dollars.

The process didn't seem to make either me or my neighbors any better off, but the government seemed to think it was a clever move. Just now France has made another of several cuts in the value of the franc, reducing it from about 2.8 cents to 2.5 cents. This operation yields a profit of \$1,250,000,000, which will help out in the prosecution of the war. Finance is as mysterious as war itself.

GRAND FORKS IS ABOUT to restore the aldermanic form of government for which the commission form was substituted twenty years ago. In its general plan the new plan will be similar to the old. The city's executive officer will be a mayor chosen at large, and its legislative body will be a council of 14 members, two from each ward. But there will be one quite important difference. Under the old plan the mayor, provided he had the support of two-thirds of the council, had unlimited power of appointment, and it was quite possible for an incoming administration to fill every position on the payroll with a new appointee. That control of patronage was a powerful influence in a city campaign. It no longer exists. All the regular employees of the city are now protected by civil service rules. They can be discharged only for cause, and they have certain rights of promotion which must be recognized. New employees can be appointed only after they have satisfied the civil service commission of their fitness. Those changes will make our city campaigns hereafter quite different from those of the old days when promises of jobs could be used to influence votes.

THE COPY OF THE Pembina Pioneer Express of April 23, 1897, for which I am indebted to Mrs. J. B. Hughes, of Backoo, contains an extended description of the havoc wrought in Pembina and vicinity by the flood of that year, during which the Red river reached the highest level ever recorded. Up to that time the flood of 1882 held the record. There were stories of greater floods many years earlier, but those were not well authenticated, and no trustworthy records of them had been kept. As the Pembina paper went to press the water had begun to recede, and it was hoped that the level that had been reached would prove to be the highest. That level was 42 feet 4 ½ inches, which the paper says was 13 to 14 inches higher than the flood of 1882.

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN about the flood of 1897, and reference has often been made to it in this column, but the possibility of such an inundation can scarcely be realized now by one who did not see it, and who sees the present river winding lazily along at the bottom of a deep gorge, bordered by miles of dry prairie apparently far above the possibility of flood. The old newspaper gives a realistic picture of the actual facts.

THE NEWSPAPER ARTICLE describes the overflowed river as averaging ten miles in width all the way from Grand Forks to Winnipeg. In the city of Pembina only about a dozen residences escaped with dry lower floors. Hundreds of farmers who had thought themselves secure found their buildings surrounded before they could move their livestock to safety and a great number of animals were drowned. A furious wind which blew all day Easter Sunday, and that changed what might have been only an inconvenience to many into real disaster. The water was whipped into great waves which tore buildings from their foundations and completely wrecked many of them. Families that had taken refuge in the upper stories of their buildings shivered with cold, while the waves battered at the walls and no one could tell at what moment a building would collapse. Two men in an open boat were caught in the rough water, and, their craft being unmanageable, climbed on top of a building of which nothing but the roof was left. There they spent an entire day and night with icy spray blowing over them.

THE STEAMER GRAND Forks was sent out from this city with supplies of clothing and provisions. On the first trip down the steamer struck a great cake of ice, stove in her planking and sank. Fortunately she had been cruising over the prairie in shallow water and the boat was got afloat after a delay of some days. She made several trips down the river and carried help to many distressed families. The boat was furnished for that service by the Great Northern railway. Captain Bruce Griggs was in command with Captain Perrault as pilot. Messrs, James Elton and DeWolf were in charge of the relief supplies which had been donated by Grand Forks and East Grand Forks merchants.

DURING THE FLOOD THERE were reports of several drownings, but the Pioneer Express had no confirmation of those reports when the paper of April 23 was issued. At one farm on the Minnesota side west of Hallock the Grand Forks picked up a widow Johnson and her three daughters and fifteen head of cattle. About 30 horses were collected from farms near Bowesmont.

THE RED RIVER AT GRAND Forks in that flood reached its maximum level of 47 feet six inches, corresponding to about 50 feet on the present scale. On Third street at DeMers avenue the water partly filled the gutters, but did not reach quite to the top of the curb.

Following an early freeze in the fall of 1896 there had been heavy snows and strong winds all through the winter until in many places the river goard was drifted full from bank to bank. The spring thaw began at the south and the moving water was backed up by snow and ice all the way to the Lake Winnipeg outlet, and every town along the way experienced the worst flood in its history.

A FEW DAYS AGO THERE was announced the death of Solomon Levitan, for many years a leader in the Progressive group in Wisconsin, and treasurer of the state for six terms. Son of a Jewish family in East Prussia, Mr. Levitan came to the United States as a youth and started his business career as a peddler. With his pack on his back he peddled his way through the Amish settlements in Pennsylvania and worked his way to Wisconsin, where he remained. For years he was a familiar figure in the country side which he traversed, and a welcome visitor at the farm home at which he called. On some of the farm gateways there were posted signs reading "No Peddlers Allowed—Except Sol.

IT WAS WHILE THE YOUNG peddler was making himself solid with his customers that Robert M. LaFollette Sr., began to run for office. He was a candidate for district attorney, and at the home of a farmer friend he met Sol. LaFollette thought that he could make good use of Sol's services in his campaign, and he arranged with the young peddler to distribute his literature and promote his candidacy. The plan for campaign was settled, and at the close of the interview, as reported by Sol, "because of a certain natural inheritance I have, and because 'business is business' I right away sold him a pair of suspenders."

THE ASSOCIATION THUS begun continued until LaFollette's death. Levitan continued to be a warm supporter of LaFollette and a member of the political organization which he built up. He prospered in business, became president of a bank, a respected state official, and died at the age of 77, full of years and honors. When invited to be a candidate for lieutenant governor on one occasion he expressed preference for a position of state treasurer, explaining his qualifications thus in a letter to the party committee: "I can count money in the middle of the night, and I wouldn't give a nickel too much change."

A CANADIAN LAWYER now living in New York finds an error in the statement that it will soon be the task of the Canadian and British governments to decide on a governor general for Canada to succeed the late Lord Tweedsmuir. He says that the British government has nothing to do with it, but that the appointment will be made by the king solely on the advice of his Canadian ministers. In effect that means that the governor general will be chosen by the Canadian government without reference to the British cabinet or parliament.

IT APPEARS THAT AS A matter of law the gentleman is right. No one in Great Britain has any legal control over any of the dominions except the king, who is their titular monarch, and whose duty it is to approve the acts of his dominion ministers. Therefore the Canadian government can choose the country's governor general without even saying "by your leave" to London. It is pointed out that the governor general need not even come from Great Britain, and that an Australian was appointed governor general of Australia. It is assumed, however, that in making the selection the Canadian authorities will consult the wishes of the existing British administration. It has been suggested that the Duke of Kent, younger brother of King George, may be Canada's next governor general.

IN ADDITION TO HIS Public duties Lord Tweedsmuir was a writer of history, biography and fiction. He was also a poet of no mean order, and among his poems is this beautiful tribute to his father, whose life was spent in pulpit and pastoral work in Scotland:

TO MY FATHER

By John Buchan.

He was the Interpreter of trustful souls;
The wearied feet he led into the cool,
Calm plain called Ease; he gave the faint to drink;
Dull hearts he brought to the House Beautiful;
The timorous knew his heartening on the brink
Where the Dark River rolls;
He drew men from the town of Vanity,
Past Demas mine and Castle Doubting's towers.
To the green hills where the wise Shepherds be,
And Zion's songs are crooned among the flowers.

LOVERS OF GILBERT AND Sullivan have been reminded by numerous newspaper articles that if young Frederic, hero of "The Pirates of Penzance," had lived he would have come of age on February 29 of this year. Frederic, it is recalled, had been apprenticed to the Penzance pirates to serve until his twenty-first birthday. Expecting to regain his freedom upon what he supposed was the expiration of the period, he was dismayed to learn that because he was born in leap year on February 29, he would not have his twenty-first birthday until he became an octogenarian. But Mr. Gilbert fixed it so that all ended happily. The pirates loved their queen, the policemen found that after all their lot was a fairly happy one, and Frederic won his freedom and got the girl.

WITH LEAP YEAR COMING every four years Frederic's twenty-first birthday would have occurred this year. But most of the calculators missed the fact that we skipped one leap year. While most of the years whose numbers are exactly divisible by four are leap years, the year 1900 was not. It was just a plain, ordinary year, in which February had only 28 days. One day is added to the calendar ordinarily every fourth year to make up for the quarter-day in the year's length. But the excess is a few minutes short of an exact quarter-day, an excess which amounts to about three days in each 400 years. The calendar makers decided, therefore, to omit leap year in all century years except those divisible by 400. Thus the year 1600 was a leap year, and 2000 will be another, but not the intervening years. That makes it check up right within a day every thousand years.

A CONSIDERABLE PART OF the city of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, is ruined by the sinking of the earth into coal mine excavations underneath. A preliminary estimate places the damage at \$1,000,000, and there is no way of telling how much more sinking there will be or how much more damage will result. Some interesting questions may arise as to who pays for that damage.

AN ANCIENT THEORY OF land ownership is that the owner of unconditional titles to a piece of land owns everything beneath the surface to the center of the earth and everything above it clear to the utter-most limits of space. Theoretically the property would be in the form of an inverted pyramid whose apex is the center of the earth and whose base is infinity.

ACTUALLY OWNERSHIP may be limited. A government in conveying a grant of land may reserve to itself mineral or other rights under the surface. Or a private owner whose title is absolute may convey to another title to the surface, reserving mineral rights to himself. That is the condition under which thousands of property owners in northern Minnesota hold title to their real estate. Large tracts of land were acquired by lumber companies which stripped the land of timber and then offered it for sale. But ore discoveries had aroused interest in the possibility of valuable mineral deposits all through the northern district, and the lumber companies in transferring title to purchasers reserved to themselves all mineral rights. That is true also of land sales made in the iron range country.

IT WAS PRESUMABLY through the exercise of this right that years ago the entire village of Hibbing was moved to another site in order that mining operations might be carried on where the moving, I do not know.

DEVELOPMENT OF aviation cause revision of the theory, that ownership of the surface carried with it ownership of all the air above the surface. If that theory had held good it would have been necessary for a pilot to obtain a special permit to fly over each farm and city lot above which he passed, no matter at what elevation. That would have made flying impossible. While rules on the subject are still somewhat vague it seems now to be fairly well established that ownership above a piece of ground extends as far as the owner is able to use it and no farther. The owner may build an Empire State Building on his lot if he wishes, but until he does, he cannot prevent others from passing through.

LAST WEEK MRS. J. B. Hughes of Backoo, N. D. sent me for readers of this column an interesting sketch of Rev. Oliver Goldie, a Scottish missionary, reputed to be a cousin of Robert Burns, who had lived among the Indians of the Canadian northwest, and who served for many years in territorial days in the northern part of what is now North Dakota. He traveled from settlement to settlement, stopping at farm homes, sometimes for days and sometimes for weeks at a time, and was a familiar visitor at the home of Mrs. Hughes' parents. Describing him further in a recent letter Mrs. Hughes writes:

"HE HAD MASTERED THE art of giving a kind and polite, but evasive answer to impertinent questions, so his life history was a mystery which enhanced his charm to our young minds. He was truly 'as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove.' However, he did tell my parents why he chose to leave Scotland, never to return. He told his story as that of a young man in a far country,' and ended by saying 'That man is so near you could spit on him.' My parents respected his reticence and I do not think they ever repeated the story outside our family circle."

IN HER FORMER LETTER Mrs. Hughes described the old missionary's practice of entertaining the children, of whom she was one, with stories of life among the Indians. One story impressed her especially because of the manner in which the narrator became absorbed in its telling, and because of his excitement when he told it her family believed it to be a story of his own personal experience, although he never admitted it. That story, as recalled by herself, and as repeated later by her parents, Mrs. Hughes now repeats as follows:

"ONCE UPON A TIME A white man went to live with a tribe of Indians. He learned their habits and language and had many friends. He was adopted by the tribe and became their white brother.

"A MAIDEN WHO HAD found favor in his eyes had another suitor, a fine young Indian. So the white man waited for the Indian to first declare his love in the way which was habit of the tribe. When the tribe feasted on small game the brave would throw a bone near the girl of his choice and if she let the bone lay where it fell, she was saying "no", but if she picked it up she was accepting his love. The Indian threw but the girl left the bone untouched. Thus encouraged the next opportunity the white man threw and the maiden picked up the bone and thrust it in her bosom, so all present knew of their betrothal, and a marriage was soon arranged. This rite was conducted by the bride and her friends walking on one side of a small stream and the groom and his friends on the other side. The bride and groom each throw a vessel of water into the stream and each step down into the water and walk side by side down the stream together. Thus she became his bride. Joy and contentment reigned in the home of the white brother. Summers and winters passed. His voice was heard at the council fires. The old chief died and the white brother was chosen as chief.

"HIS DAUGHTER MARRIED a man of the tribe but soon all was not well in his daughter's tee-pee. She killed her husband. She was tried before a council of her people and condemned. The duties of a chief include that of executioner, thus it became his duty to kill his own daughter. She was bound and seated on a rock waiting. No matter which way he turned there was no escape, all knew his duty. The chief performed his duty, seizing the knife he stabbed her to the heart and turned and ran. That tribe of Indians have never seen that man from that day to this."

IN A LITTLE BIRTHDAY talk at the Kiwanis club the other day A. B. Dill, who writes life insurance — lots of it — told of an interesting experience while he was a boy on his father's farm in Nebraska, away back in the seventies. Fifteen well-mounted men rode up to the farmhouse one day and asked for dinner. Dill's mother said she was sorry, but she hadn't sufficient food prepared to satisfy so many. Looking around the farm yard the man who seemed to be the leader of the group said "You seem to have plenty of chickens." Dill's father said there were plenty of chickens, and if the strangers wished to catch them and wait for them to be cooked they could have dinner. The offer was accepted and the strangers began to catch chickens. They proved themselves skillful at the job, because instead of chasing the birds all over the place they first shot off their heads with revolvers. When enough had been killed for a big feed the chickens were dressed and cooked and the visitors sat down and enjoyed a hearty meal. The marksmanship of the visitors surprised the family, and there was a suspicion about the character and business of men so handy with their guns who rode through the country in a body in that fashion. However, no comment was made and no questions asked. The meal over the guests mounted and departed, leaving on the table two \$20 gold pieces which it was afterward pretty clearly established were part of the loot taken from a Missouri bank in a raid by Jesse James and his gang.

THAT INCIDENT WAS Typical of the behavior of the James and Younger brothers and their gang. How many men were involved in those raids probably will never be known, but altogether there must have been a fairly large number. Generally they were expert horsemen and rode fine horses. They traveled singly, in pairs, or in fairly large groups, as circumstances dictated.

Sometimes only a few would be directly involved in a raid, but as a rule the raids were carefully planned, scouts having ridden all over the neighboring territory to collect information as to roads, streams and pieces of woodland. The Northfield, Minn., raid, for instance, in which the raiders came to grief, had been planned for weeks. The entire country roundabout had been carefully examined by men who posed as horse-traders, cattle-buyers or railroad prospectors, and every possible preparation had been made for a getaway. In their contacts with the people of the countryside the bandits were almost invariably polite and generous.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S DEATH recalls to some Grand Forks residents the days when we had here the theater at its best. Miss Elliott played here, perhaps more than once, and I have in mind distinctly one play in which she appeared. I am not certain as to its title. According to my recollection it was called "The Inferior Sex," but one of my friends thinks it was "Her Own Way." Without a laborious search of the files I have no means of identifying it. The chief male character in the play is a young literary man who has no use for women and finds them continuously getting in his way. In order to avoid them he boards his yacht and goes to sea where he can work free from interruption. Then along comes Maxine, a castaway in a small boat, who is picked up by the yacht exhausted and starving, and the young man finds that all his precautions are fruitless. It is a merry play, and Maxine was superb in it. Can anyone recall its correct title?

RUSSIAN PLANES BOMBED a Swedish town, doing considerable damage. Upon a protest being made by the Swedish government the Russians denied that they had ever been near the place. Later they said they were sorry for what they had done. Which recalls the statement of the lawyer whose client was sued for having broken a kettle which he had borrowed. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the lawyer, we will prove to you, first, that we never had the plaintiff's kettle; second, that it was in perfect condition when we received it; third; that it was broken when we got it.

DELEGATES TO THE NON-partisan league convention in Bismarck were assured by Mr. Langer that the entire state was looking to that convention — just for what he didn't say. But Senator Frazier and Congressman Lemke, down in Washington, seemed not to be aware that such a convention was on. They didn't even make the gesture of thumbing their noses at it. Congressman Burdick heard about it and was willing to take whatever the convention had to offer. Any nomination, for any office, would be satisfactory to him.

MR. LANGER IS SAID TO love a fight, and it appears that he has one. As a matter of fact at the convention he kept his bellicose tendencies well under control and forced himself to appear as the apostle of peace. He worked for the endorsement of Frazier for the senate and himself for governor, which would have given him the advantage of Frazier's support in the campaign. But Frazier wouldn't cooperate, and it will now be Frazier against Langer, which is quite different. But it ought to be a lively fight, and that is the sort of thing which Mr. Langer has always enjoyed.

AFTER THREE MONTHS OF fighting Mr. Stalin and his friends have decided that Finland has a government of its own, after all. The Soviet people started out, so they said, to free the Finns from the tyranny of an oppressive dictatorship of which they were sure that the Finns wished to be relieved. Within a few hours they created a puppet organization which they announced as the real government of Finland, and they declared that they would do business with no other. The Helsinki government, they said, was washed out. But the puppet government has been lost or mislaid, and after losing enough men to make a sizeable army and being beaten out of their boots by little armies created by the Helsinki government, the Russians are making peace overtures to Helsinki. The Finns, at any rate, have convinced Moscow that they have a real government of their own.

THREE GREAT ALLIED liners, the world's largest, are now docked at New York, presumably for the duration of the war. They are the French Normandie, the British Queen Mary, and the British Queen Elizabeth, which is only partly completed, and which arrived at New York last Thursday. No question of internment is involved, as these are merchant vessels and all unarmed. American regulations contain no provisions against the entrance and departure of the merchant shipping of belligerents to and from American ports, and if desired by their owners they may carry merchandise of any kind to and from such ports. The German Bremen, which was at New York when the war began, was permitted to depart after an examination to make certain that she was not so armed as to constitute her a war vessel. The three big liners now at New York are passenger vessels rather than freighters. There is no great need for them for transport purposes, and general freighting can be carried on more effectively by ships of different types. Of course the hazard to such valuable ships of destruction by torpedoes, mines and bombs, is an important factor to be considered.

ROGER BABSON TOUCHES on the root of the whole matter in his article on the influence of state capitalism on the economic condition of the country. The business man today faces the prospect of being regulated and taxed out of existence, or of having the government enter into competition with him on terms which cannot be met by industry standing on its own feet. Therefore the prudent business man is reluctant to launch new enterprises or to expand those that already exist. The whole influence of the government has been such as to induce business men to mark time rather than to go ahead.

APPOINTMENT OF W. C. Husband, of Harlowtown, Mont., to the position of district judge in his district recalls the fact that Judge Husband established what is believed to be an unbroken record among alumni of the University of North Dakota. Graduated from the University law school, Mr. Husband established himself in practice, married and reared a family. In 1933 three of his children were students at the University at the same time. They were Jean, a senior; Gordon, a junior and Evelyn, a freshman. If that record has been equaled or broken, the fact has not been reported.

SOMEONE RAISED THE question the other day whether the word "politics" is singular or plural. If singular, what is its plural, and if plural, what is the singular form? Do we say of an adversary that his politics is rotten, or are rotten? Then there is the word "measles." A child may have measles, but can he have one measle? And can one have a single chicken-pox?

THE FIRST MEADOWLARK of the season to be reported to the Herald was heard on Tuesday, March 5, by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Peterson at their home at 1301 South Washington street. The bird was out in a field near by. There is no more cheerful sound in spring than the liquid notes of the meadowlark.

I HAVE OFTEN REFERRED to the Thanksgiving storm of 1896, which among other things, tied up trains all over the northwest. A Great Northern train was snowbound near Lakota from Tuesday, Nov. 24 until Sunday, Nov. 29, and during that time the passengers killed time at Lakota as best they could. Among them were several traveling men, some of whom concocted a jingle in verse to celebrate the experience. A printed copy of that effusion has been sent for my inspection by Val Roberts, of Lakota, who was among the snowbound passengers. The copy gives no indication of what poetic genius perpetrated the verses, which I have no hesitation in pronouncing awful, but the production is signed by O. M. Hatcher, Nels Lunding, David E. Rae and Myer A. Loeb, all representing large business concerns in the cities. While the lines would serve as a pleasant souvenir to those who shared that chilly experience, they would have little interest for presentday readers. Val Roberts, who supplied the copy says that he and a brother played in a band at the first Grand Forks street fair in 1895.

I FELT PRETTY SURE that I should hear from someone about that picture of the buggy which appeared in the Herald a couple of weeks ago, and, sure enough, J. J. Mealy of Reynolds, comes forward with the following comment:

"THE PICTURE APPEARING in the February 25th issue of the Herald titled 'Horse and Buggy Days,' must have evoked considerable comment both in the city of Grand Forks and in the territory served by the Herald.

"To many of our younger generation a superficial glance would detect nothing amiss with this presentation of the grand old vehicle. The design must have been somewhat influenced by the products of Krupp or Skoda. For, to us of an earlier day, those wheels affront the senses as would the sight of heavy artillery wheels rumbling along the roads of our peaceful Red river valley. The buggy wheels had— and has—sixteen spokes.

"We commend the efforts of our local educators to honor our pioneer teachers and early day customs. Let us hope this error may be rectified, and that the model of the buggy presented to our State Historical Society or to the National P.T.A. headquarters may be a faithful presentation of that grand old vehicle that served so long and well, and in every sense was the pride of our pioneers.

IN THE MINNEAPOLIS Tribune for Sunday, March 3, there was published an article describing some features of the country school as it was in Minnesota and Wisconsin in the sixties and seventies of the last century. Accompanying the article was a facsimile reproduction of a contract between the school board of Stockholm, Wisconsin and Mrs. Sarah E., Brownlee in which the latter was engaged to teach the Stockholm school for five months beginning December 3, 1877, for \$30 per month, the teacher's certificate being attached to the contract. The article, and especially the copy of the contract, interested Mrs. Henry Brenna, 414 Fourth Ave. North, because Mrs. Brownlee was Mrs. Brenna's mother, and her signature on the contract was easily recognized by Mrs. Brenna.

AT THE TIME WHEN THE published contract was made Mrs. Brownlee had been teaching school for some twelve years, beginning that work as a girl, Sarah E. Beaulieu, in 1865. During that first year of teaching she made notes of her experiences in a tiny diary, which is now one of Mrs. Brenna's cherished possessions. The little book contains printed data, with space for perhaps 50 words of closely written script under each date.

A few of the pages for January are missing, but otherwise the book is intact. Its entries are made in beautiful penmanship, much of it so small that it is difficult to read. Most of the ink has turned brown with age though there and a few entries evidently written in other ink, and in those the lines are as black as they were written. Evidently someone at that time had the secret of a non-fading ink.

THE FIRST ENTRIES WERE made while Sarah was attending school at Morrison, Wisconsin, evidently to fit herself for teaching. One entry reads:

"Went to school. Love my teacher very much, although he had objections to my coming on account of the crowded state of the schoolhouse."

AS THE TIME Approached for obtaining a certificate and taking up teaching there were soul-searchings and some misgivings, for under date of March 25 there appears the entry:

"This day was passed thinking of the responsibility I had taken upon myself to teach the school in our town this summer."

ON APRIL 13 SARAH wrote:

"Prepared to go to the Bay (Green Bay) and pass examination. If there is anything I dislike it is to have anyone ask questions and be obliged to answer them in order to get that little paper licensing one to teach school." Doubtless there are others who have felt that way.

THE NEXT DAY SARAH was very tired, which is not strange as she had walked 14 miles to Green Bay for her exam, but we read that she had no difficulty in getting her certificate. Then there was the long walk home, and Sarah confesses that she is so tired that she does not wish ever to make another journey to Green Bay.

THAT TIME WAS ONE OF national tragedy. The entry for April 15 closes with the words "O, the bad news! Our president is killed!" The Sunday entry reads:

"Went to the Methodist church (at DePere) in the forenoon. Every article was draped in mourning pertaining to the church. The assassination of our president has cast a gloom over everyone."

On June 3 there is the entry:

"In the evening after school there came along a man with pictures of Lincoln and Booth at the theatre. How I should have liked to get one!"

THE DIARY TELLS LITTLE about Sarah's school work. Almost every day there appear such notations as "Taught school as usual," and then mention is made of visits with friends or other personal matters. The school house was 15 by 19, and on May 24 the teacher found it very close, as the day was warm, and the room contained 25 pupils, each one "like a little stove."

MORE ABOUT SARAH'S diary will appear tomorrow.

YESTERDAY'S COLUMN contained selections from the diary of Sarah Beaulieu, mother of Mrs. Henry Brenna of Grand Forks, written in 1865 while she was preparing to teach and later teaching school at Morrison, Wisconsin. Other facts gleaned from the diary are presented today. The diary ends in July at the close of the school term. Sarah had taken up the work of teaching with some misgivings and a deep sense of responsibility. As the close of the term approached she writes of her regret at being separated from the children who have become dear to her.

SCHOOL BOARDS IN THOSE days sometimes ran short of funds, as they do occasionally today. Sarah writes of drawing an order for \$18, but when she presented it for payment there was no money in the treasury. Apparently that difficulty was overcome later, for there is mention of other payments for which funds seem to have been available.

THE DIARY WAS WRITTEN in war time, but there is only occasional mention of the war. Sarah's family were French, and one of her brothers had been named Napoleon Bonaparte. "Bony" was a soldier, and letters from him were awaited anxiously. There was great excitement when it was learned that he was coming home for a short visit on furlough, but when he had to leave again Sarah wrote that it seemed as if the war would never end.

THE COUNTRY IN WHICH Sarah lived was heavily timbered and inhabited by farm folk, and the diary has repeated mention of the routine activities of the home, washing, quilting and other household duties. Sarah was a reader, and many of her quiet hours were given to books. Among the authors mentioned are Byron, Scott and Curren Dell, the pen name sometimes used by Charlotte Bronte. Mention is also made of Mrs. Southworth. I wonder if the book was "The Hidden Hand." That was a real thriller.

THERE WAS ALSO PLENTY of outdoor work. In the spring there were the maple trees to tap, sap to boil down and sugar to make, and in all this work Sarah and her mother assisted. At one time the sugar didn't grain, but they made 17 pounds of stick taffy. On this day before beginning her school work Sarah helped to carry 150 pails of sap, and she writes that she "retiring very early, thinking of my duty for the morrow."

AT ANOTHER TIME SHE hitched up the oxen and hauled firewood, and again she helped to carry out 50 bushels of potatoes. There were also the sick to be visited, and withered leaves to be picked from flowers that had been planted over the grave of a child.

THERE WAS A CAMP Meeting in the neighborhood. Sarah made several visits to it with friends, and it seems to have a new experience to her, for she thinks that the people seemed to have been touched with insanity. She writes of two women keeling over "with the power, as they call it, and act as if they were going to die." However, after a few visits she writes "I have begun to think that camp meeting is not so bad, after all."

THEN THERE WAS A VISIT to a German church, of which she writes: "Emma and I went to the German church, but came home with a headache. It is remarkable how very loud those Germans scream when they sing."

AS THE SEASON Progressed, after sugar-making was over, there was fruit to gather, first strawberries, then raspberries and huckleberries, and Sarah did her share of this work. Her diary is a modest little record of busy months, and between the lines of its brief entries one can read a lot of human sentiment and detect something of the spirit of pioneer days.

IN RESPONSE TO MY Inquiry concerning the title of the play in which Maxine Elliott appeared in Grand Forks in the early part of the century C. E. Walster of Larimore writes that he attended two performances of Maxine Elliott's play "Her Own Way" in St. Paul in the winter of 1903-04. Of it he writes: "It was one of the most outstanding examples of 'just human being' character acting that it has ever been my pleasure to witness." I am still puzzled, however. I find no record of Miss Elliott's appearance in Grand Forks in that winter. Evidently she was here at some other time. It is a matter of record that she starred in "Her Own Way," and that may have been the play which she gave us here at some other time. But there was a play, "The Inferior Sex," of which I think in connection with Maxine Elliott. Can anyone remember that play, who played it, and what it was about? Thanks to Mr. Walster for the information which he has given.

TWO GRAND FORKS People were particularly interested in the excerpts from the diary of Sarah Beaulieu, who taught school in Wisconsin in Civil War days. They are Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson, 1207 Fourth avenue North, who were married much more than half a century ago at the home of Mrs. Sarah E. Brownlee, who, before her marriage, was Sarah E. Beaulieu.

AMONG THE NORTH Dakotans who attended the North Dakota picnic at Long Beach, Calif., last month were Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Clark of Valley City, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Helen Reed at Long Beach. Each of them 86 years of age, Mr. and Mrs. Clark enjoy the good health and vigor of youth and are intensely interested in current events and the people who participate in them. Their daughter confesses that their energy exceeds her own, and that when she is fagged with a day of sightseeing they are fresh and chipper and ready for more.

FOR MANY YEARS MR. Clark has conducted an insurance business in Valley City, and, while he is no longer active in that work, he still maintains an office and writes up whatever business happens to come his way. In addition to his other activities Mr. Clark is a musician. He has played every instrument in the Valley City band, in which a granddaughter and two sons play. He has also composed several musical numbers, and his march, "The North Dakota National Guard," was played by John Philip Sousa.

A CORRESPONDENT writes extolling the excellence of sleep, and censuring those thoughtless ones who by loud and boisterous behavior deprive others of that blessed experience. Anyone who has known the misery of wakeful nights will share her sentiment. Poets and philosophers through the ages have lauded sleep. A beautiful passage in the Bible reads "He giveth His beloved sleep." Shakespeare wrote of "sleep," that knits up the raveled sleeve of care." Sancho Panza, who found it hard to keep up with the extravagances of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance," exclaimed "Now blessings on the man who first invented sleep!"

INNUMERABLE DEVICES have been recommended as a means of inducing sleep. Perhaps the most familiar of all is that of counting imaginary sheep as they pass over a bridge or jump a fence. Sometimes the monotony of the count does promote sleep, but many a person who has used that method has become confused by the appearance of uncountable flocks of sheep waiting their turn and ahs become more wakeful than even by trying to straighten them out. I suppose there is no infallible remedy for sleeplessness. Good health and a wholesome degree of weariness are valuable aids. And the authorities seem to be pretty well agreed that the best mental attitude for the promotion of sleep is that in which one thinks of nothing at all. The effort of fix one's mind on any subject tends to banish sleep.

IN SPEAKING TO THE Kiwanis club on the potato industry in California as he observed it on a recent visit, C. A. Wardner said that in the Bakersfield district which he visited potato growers are not troubled by in-insects and do not find it necessary to spray their fields. Here the notorious beetle is the principle insect pest with which the potato grower has to contend, and usually several sprayings are required to keep the insects in check. Asked concerning the immunity of the California district from this pest Mr. Wardner said that California men attribute it to the rigid inspection of all potato shipments entering the state and that there appears to be no reason why the bug would not thrive in California if once introduced there.

IT SEEMS REMARKABLE that any system of inspection should be sufficient to prevent the introduction of an insect so widely spread and so easily transported as the common potato bug. Presumably the altitude of the mountains separating California from the eastern part of the continent would prevent the voluntary migration of the insects, but one would suppose that occasional insects would be carried across, concealed among potatoes or hidden in sacks.

MR. WARDNER TOLD ME of a report which he had heard somewhere, and for whose correctness he does not vouch, that the first so-called Colorado beetles known in this country were brought from Ireland in some shipment of potatoes in the very early days. That is entirely new to me, as Mr. Wardner says it was to him. My understanding, probably derived from the name given the insect, was that our common potato bug is a native of the foothills of the Rockies, where it had existed in small numbers, foraging on the scanty vegetation to be found there, and that it had got really into its stride when the growing potato industry provided it with abundant, palatable and nourishing food.

AS THE CONSTITUTION IS sometimes said to follow the flag, so the potato bug follows the potato industry, unless something drastic is done to head it off. In my early boyhood in southern Ontario we had no potato bugs. One year a few of the strange insects appeared, and after that the potato patches were overrun with them. A few growers experimented with Paris green, but poisoning was generally considered unsafe. The popular belief was that the poison would be absorbed by the plant leaves, would circulate down through the stalks and would lodge in the tubers, making them unsafe for consumption. The usual method of control was to brush the insects into a pan with a wooden paddle and then burn or otherwise destroy them.

MANY YEARS AGO THERE appeared an advertisement in a fly-by-night publication in which any interested person was invited to send to the advertiser a dollar for which he would receive an implement for the destruction of potato bugs, warranted to work, or money refunded. The person who sent a dollar received by mail two little wooden blocks, labeled 1 and 2, with instructions which read about like this: "Place bug on No. 1. Apply No. 2. Press together. Remove bug and proceed as before."

GRADUALLY BACK EAST we overcame our fear of poison as applied to potato bugs, but before that occurred it was my job to brush the bugs into a pan. That was monotonous work, and I varied the system by cutting a handful of willow twigs with which I would trot through the little potato patch and brush the bugs to the ground. This took but a few minutes, and as the bugs climbed right back the process has to be repeated several times a day. However, it was more fun than brushing them into a pan, but finally my grand-father caught me at it, and he had different ideas which he made known to me in a few appropriate words. After that I used the pan.

I'D LIKE TO HAVE SOME means of checking up on the theory that our first potato bugs came from Ireland. We consider ourselves indebted to Ireland for St. Patrick, although the good saint was really born in Wales. Ireland has furnished us the shamrock, a whole army of policemen, many of our statesmen, and a lot of our valuable citizens, but I need more evidence to convince me that Ireland sent us the potato bug. We sent potatoes to Ireland in the first place, but I didn't know that they sent any back. The theory needs confirmation.

THE GENERAL IMPRESSION among the correspondents seems to be that the conclusion of peace, such as it is, between Finland and Russia is a diplomatic victory for Hitler in that it keeps Norway and Sweden out of the allied camp and makes Germany at least temporarily secure from invasion from the north. But every correspondent has his own ideas as to the precise meaning of the compact and the events which preceded it. And the - situation is so full of cross currents and mixed possibilities that one may advance almost any theory and find a whole array of facts to give it plausible and apparently logical support.

AN EXCEEDINGLY Interesting summary of the war situation is given by Demaree Bess in a Saturday Evening Post article. Writing before the peace treaty, but anticipating the collapse of Finnish resistance, Mr. Bess advances the theory that the whole Finnish conflict was a device inspired by Hitler, and that the purpose for which it was planned has failed utterly. In brief Mr. Bess holds that Hitler egged on Russia to an attack on Finland hoping that Britain and France would come to Finland's rescue and thus become embroiled with Russia. That, he believes, has been Hitler's purpose from the beginning, but the steady refusal of the allies to follow the false trails which were laid down for them, and their determination to make this a war with Germany alone has disrupted Hitler's plans and left him holding only the empty shell of an apparent success. It is an interesting theory, and, like other correspondents, Mr. Bess can find abundant facts to cite in support of whatever theory seems to him plausible.

THERE SHOULD BE SOME interesting conversations in the British parliament next week when the Chamberlain administration will subject itself to questions from the opposition and will undertake to answer criticism of its conduct of the war. In our system we have nothing corresponding to the British practice in which on stated occasions the government of the day meets the opposition in regular debate on the policies of the government on the major issues of the period. Those debates, often acrimonious, may result in the downfall of the administration or in strengthening its hands, but they have the advantage of informing the public and clearing the air.

LLOYD GEORGE, THE stormy petrel of British politics, is severely critical of the policies of the Chamberlain administration. The other day he censured the administration because its proffer of aid to Finland came too late, a criticism which has been voiced in many other quarters. But only a couple of weeks ago Mr. Lloyd George was warning the government and the country against any course which would tend to embroil the nation in war with Russia. One war at a time, he said, is plenty. But like our own Senator Ashurst Lloyd George has never made a virtue of consistency.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S Primary, so far as the Democratic vote is concerned, resulted in a victory for the New Deal and the third term. The party conflict there was waged squarely on those issues, and the opposition to the Roosevelt regime was snowed under. The Republicans have the satisfaction of seeing rolled up a much bigger Republican vote than usual, and they explain the success of the third term Democratic candidates on the ground that the decision was influenced largely by considerations of patronage.

SOME OF THOSE WHO HAVE been checking over the results of the late Nonpartisan league convention at Bismarck question the sincerity of Langer in apparently preferring the nomination for governor to that for United States senator. They are entitled to their opinion, but the fact is that Langer had been endorsed for governor with Frazier the indorsed candidate for senator he could reasonably have expected that he would encounter no active opposition from Frazier. As it is he and Frazier are rival candidates for nomination for the same office, and that means a fight all along the line.

WITH NOMINATIONS FOR city positions to be filled at the coming election the voters will have their choice from among three candidates for mayor, and there are contests for aldermen in every ward. Of the mayoralty candidates in the order of their filing, Mr. Werstlein has become quite well known to the public in his present position as city commissioner; Mr. Lynch has not held an elective office, but he has been actively engaged in business for many years; and Mr. Thoresen is a well-known local attorney who, among other things, has served as lieutenant governor of the state. Among the aldermanic candidates are some who have held public office, others known in business circles, and some new men with whom the voters have yet to become acquainted. While the positions of mayor and alderman are open to women, no women have filed for either. A petition was circulated and liberally signed for the nomination of one woman for alderman, but without her knowledge, and she declined the proposed nomination.

THE MYSTERY OF THE Maxine Elliott play has been solved. Stanley Cadwell volunteered the information that Miss Elliott played in "The Inferior Sex" in Grand Forks as he recalled it about 1909. Stanley's neighbor, Ed. Dahl, has a record of the actress appearing in Duluth December 19, 1910, and it was easy to deduce that she would reach Grand Forks a few days later. With that information I went to the newspaper files and found that Miss Elliott played at the Met in Grand Forks December 22, 1910, and the comment next day gave high praise to her beauty and talent.

THE PLAY ON THAT TOUR, as has been said, was "The Inferior Sex." "Her Own Way," in which she starred several years earlier, was the play in which C. E. Walster of Larimore saw her in Minneapolis in the winter of 1903-4. In her Grand Forks appearance Miss Elliott was supported by Frederick Kerr, who, as Charles Winslow, had not a shadow of doubt that women were the bane of man's existence. In order to escape from their wives he boarded his yacht and betook himself to the open sea, where, undisturbed, he could work on the book he was writing entitled "The Inferior Sex," which gave the title to the play.

BUT MAXINE, ADRIFT IN A fog in an open boat, was picked up, exhausted and famished, and the solitude of the great ocean was rudely interrupted. Winslow's method of reviving the faint heroine was to administer a full glass of champagne, and that treatment given on an empty stomach had hilarious results. Cadwell, who shifted scenery at the Met in those days, recalls one amusing bit in the performance. Winslow had a slouchy habit of tying his necktie with one end longer than the other. That didn't suit his unwelcome guest, who corrected the error by cutting off the long end with scissors. That spoiled one necktie at each performance. As a measure of economy the property man had the severed ties neatly stitched so that one tie could be used several times. There were dozens of those mutilated ties among the props, and Stanley surreptitiously helped himself to two of them which he kept for years as souvenirs.

NOW, HAVING DISPOSED of "The Inferior Sex," I wish to pay my respects to Professor Rowland, Mr. Haesle, The Madrigal singers and those of St. Michael's and the principals in the cast, who gave us such a delightful rendition of "The Gondoliers" on Friday night. I don't know who was responsible for selecting that particular opera, but the idea, whoever it was, was a brilliant one. We have heard several of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, notably "Mikado," "Pirates," and "Pinafore," but "The Gondoliers" is new in Grand Forks, so that Rovers of Gilbert and Sullivan an opportunity to extend their acquaintance, and it is an acquaintance worth cultivating.

I AM TOLD THAT THE Music of "The Gondoliers" is more difficult than that of the more familiar operas by the same composers. I wouldn't know about that, as I never attempted to sing any of them, but the production as given was satisfying in every respect. The tunefulness and spontaneity of the chorus were remarkable. The singers sang as if they enjoyed it, which is exactly what Gilbert, the most exacting of stage directors, demanded of his players. I suspect that Rowland had a hand in that.

THE PRINCIPAL PARTS IN the Gilbert and Sullivan operas make unusual demands on the singers. In many other forms of musical expression the words sung are of minor importance. We can enjoy grand opera in a foreign language about as well as in our own. The voice is the thing. But in these famous light operas the words are of vital importance. The humor, the biting wit, the keen satire which run through all the lines are missed if the words are not distinctly enunciated. In this respect the players on Friday night reached a level of excellence seldom attained by amateurs. Their performance reflects the highest credit on them and on those who trained them. Many thanks to everybody concerned for a delightful evening.

THE LIONS ARE BRINGING Dale Carnegie to town next week. Dale Carnegie has become a national institution. He is known as an author, lecturer, radio personality and newspaper columnist. His book, "How to Win Friends and Influence People," has had the largest sale of any non-fiction book recently published, and it is now well along in its second million, and still going strong. His own career has been an exemplification of the soundness of the principles expounded in his book, for he has won friends wherever he has appeared, and the influence which he has exerted over the lives of others is beyond estimate. The Lions have scored a bull's-eye securing him for a lecture here, and I predict a full house for him when he appears at the High school auditorium on March 27.

DALE CARNEGIE, WE ARE told, owns a farm in Missouri which he has never seen. He traded a pedigreed dog for it. I don't know why such an unusual trade was made, but a possible explanation is that while Carnegie had not seen the farm he had seen the dog.

THE METROPOLITAN Theater in Grand Forks has been sold again and its auditorium is to be converted into a bowling alley. The Met was built in 1889-90 and was opened on November 10, 1890 by Emma Abbott and her company in the opera "Martha." The elite of the city were all there. Seats had been auctioned off at fabulous prices, and Governor Miller graced the occasion with his presence and a speech. Thereafter for years the Grand Forks theater was the outstanding example in the entire northwest of the finest in design and equipment and on its stage appeared many of the best plays and most famous actors of the time.

THE BUILDING COST ABOUT \$90,000, part of which was paid by Grand Forks business men, who never got any part of their investment back. The rest was borrowed in the east, and with in a few years the mortgage was foreclosed and the property passed into possession of the mortgagees. C. P. Walker, of Fargo and Winnipeg, leased the theater and operated it in connection with his other theaters, subsequently buying it for a little over \$20,000. Again the building was sold to Mr. Webster of Fargo at a price reported to be about \$16,000, and now it has been bought by Sheriff Oscar Redwing and Art Greenberg of Grand Forks.

AS A TEMPLE OF Dramatic art the Met has descended by gradual stages from its commanding position. Hard times, transportation changes and the advent of the motion picture almost banished the traveling show from the road, and the Met was not able to compete with other houses built specially for newer forms of entertainment. Instead of the fine productions of earlier days it housed occasional slapstick and vaudeville entertainment, then cheaper lines of movies, and finally was closed. The new proprietors will remodel the structure for bowling-alley purposes.

MOST OF THE BOWLERS will be those who never knew the Met in its glory. But among them, even though only as spectators, will be some who will seem to sense the presence in the old building of the spirits of the great departed. In the rumble of balls down the alleys they may be able to hear echoes of the bowling away up in the mountains which Rip Van Winkle mistook for thunder. As lights are turned out there may appear in the shadows faint outlines of the ghost of Hamlet's father, or of Banquo's ghost, or Lady Macbeth may again be seen, walking in her sleep and vainly trying to wash the stains of blood from her hands. Bottom in his ass's head may again be seen responding to the attentions of Titania's mischievous fairies. One may again sense Louis James as Caliban or imagine the presence of Mrs. Fiske as Becky Sharp. In quiet moments there may be echoes of the voices of Schumann-Heink and Scatchi or of the choruses in "Robin Hood" or "El Capitan." The air in the old building, and its very walls are saturated with such memories, and the generation that is passing will still be conscious of them.

I SUPPOSE THAT Everyone who thinks at all about language is puzzled at times over certain forms of construction which appear to lie outside the rules which have been formulated. In school we found that there are exceptions to most of the rules, and in some cases the exceptions appear to be more numerous than the examples which fall within the rule. Recently I referred to certain words of plural form, among them "politics" and "measles," which do not always adapt themselves to plural use, and told of the perplexity which often arises concerning them. The paragraph brings from Professor Howard H. Russell of the University English department a letter in which the writer deals with these peculiar forms and explains his own method of treating them. I am sure Professor Russell's explanation will prove helpful to many readers, and it is given herewith:

"SEVERAL DAYS HAVE passed since you asked your public whether politics and measles were singular or plural in number. I have been waiting for some one to send you an answer to your question; however, since no one seems to have done so, I am writing to give you my opinion on this joint.

"A LARGE NUMBER OF nouns in English rarely or never appear in the singular form. Among these words we find: athletics, civics, economics, ethics, news, mathematics, measles, mumps, phonetics, politics, and statistics. Of course we do have many similar words that appear in the singular form: music, rhetoric, logic, etc. Naturally, this situation is very confusing. The explanation for this inconsistency is to be found in the fact that these nouns at one time had both singular and plural forms, and that some of them (music, rhetoric, logic) retain the singular form; however, many of them lost their singular forms near the beginning of the Modern Period, (roughly, 1600); consequently, many of the names of tools or clothing, double by nature, sciences, systems, diseases, etc. have come down to us only in their plural forms, which are now the regular forms. Naturally this lack of consistency in the development of the language has caused a great deal of uncertainty and has given rise to that troublesome syntactical problem of Modern English — the agreement of subject and verb in number when one of these nouns is used as the subject.

"AS A RESULT OF THIS confusion, even authorities disagree. My rather practical approach to this problem is to consider the meaning of the noun rather than the grammatical form. If the feeling of oneness is pronounced when one of these troublesome nouns with a plural ending is used as the subject of a verb, I use the singular form of the verb. This means that under certain conditions the nouns which I have listed (athletics, civics, economics, ethics, mathematics, measles, mumps, news, phonetics, politics, and statistics) may be used with a plural verb, although it is usually awkward to do so. To be more specific, I find that I always use news, measles, and mumps in a singular sense; therefore, I use the singular verb. Likewise, I find that I usually use the names of systems and sciences (civics, economics, ethics, mathematics, phonetics, and statistics) in a singular sense; therefore, I usually use the singular verb. However, I find that I generally use athletics, politics, and the names of other practical matters in a plural sense; therefore, I usually use the plural verb. I sometimes find, however, that it is necessary to use the singular verb with nouns denoting matters of practice when a complementary noun in the singular is present; as, "politics is his hobby.

"HAVE YOU HEARD THE story of the newspaper editor who always insisted on construing news as plural? He sent the following telegram to a reporter assigned to a distant story, "Are there any news?" The reporter's reply was consistent: "Not a new!"

MISS DOROTHY J. HUGHES of the University of North Dakota, has been making a study of place names in North Dakota, and she has collected a number of curiosities in that field. The Baltimore Sun has also been delving into the subject, and has found many oddities in place names in various parts of the United States. Miss Hughes has supplied the Sun with several unusual North Dakota names, but has been unable to learn the origin of the name "Whynot" which was given to an inland postoffice in southern Grand Forks county many years ago. That name had also puzzled the Baltimore Sun.

I HAVE HEARD AN Explanation of the origin of that name. I cannot vouch for it, but will pass it on as it was given to me. Many years ago one Ole Larsgaard, a Norwegian immigrant, tramped through parts of the Red and Goose river valleys as an itinerant peddler. With his pack on his back he visited farm after farm, exchanging needles and thread and knick-knacks meals and lodging, and occasionally lending a hand with farm chores. He was an industrious and thrifty fellow, and he had ambitions. He believed that a little country store in the heart of a rich farming community and away from the competition of railway towns could be made a profitable venture. He spoke often of this idea to the farm friends whom he visited. Usually they were skeptical, but when they expressed doubts as to the feasibility of such an enterprise, he would inquire "Why not?"

HE REPEATED THAT Question time and again without receiving an answer that convinced him, and the question became identified with him. At length, by saving his nickels and dimes, he was able to test his theory. Down in Bentrut township, eight or 10 miles from the nearest railway town, he acquired a bit of land on which he erected a building which was to serve as living quarters and store. There he established himself as a resident merchant, with as varied a little stock as ever was assembled.

THE LARSGAARD STORE was made a postoffice—that was before rural delivery—and when the question of a name arose it was decided unanimously that the name should be "Whynot," because of the repetition of the familiar question by the proprietor. The little store prospered and its stock was increased, and farmers for miles around did their trading there. Its owner became a man of property, a bank director and a community leader. Living alone, distant from neighbors, one night he was attacked, brutally beaten and robbed. For some time he was at the point of death, and while he made a partial recovery, it was that experience that really ended his life.

THE WHYNOT STORE WAS an extreme type of the village store of long ago. Bolts of cloth, hardware and groceries were jumbled together in what to the onlooker seemed hopeless confusion, but the owner knew where everything was, and there were few lines of merchandise not represented in its stock. Rural delivery caused the abandonment of the postoffice, and the automobile facilitated trips to town, but the man on whose lips had been continually the question "Why not?" continued to retain the friendship, respect and business patronage of his neighbors until a brutal crime ended his career.

THE UNANNOUNCED Voyage of the great British liner 'Queen Elizabeth' to New York, and the announcement that her sister ship the "Queen Mary" now at New York, is to be utilized as a transport have revived interest in those giant liners. For the convenience of those who are interested in statistical information concerning the world's greatest steamships I am giving here some figures on the two British ships and the great French liner "Normandie."

THE QUEEN MARY, WHICH is just across the pier from the Elizabeth, is nearly as large as the newer vessel. She is 1,019 ½ feet long, 118 feet in the beam, and is registered at 81,235 gross tons. The Elizabeth's dimensions are: length, 1,030 feet; beam, 118 ½ feet, and tonnage, 85,000. At the next pier below is the French liner Normandie, registered at 83,423 gross tons and 1,029 feet long. Her breadth is 117.9 feet.

The height of the two Cunarders is the same—135 feet from keel to the top of the super structure, and 180 feet from keel to top of the forward funnel. From keel to the top of the masthead each ship measures 234 feet.

FOR MANY YEARS I ENJOYED the acquaintance and friendship of the late M. Panovitz, and from him I learned some incidents in his career in Grand Forks. Coming here in 1892, friendless and almost penniless, he built a successful business and established himself in the confidence and esteem of the community. It was in a chance conversation with one of his sons, W. V. Panovitz, that I learned a few days ago more of the family history than I had known before.

WE WERE TALKING ABOUT the pending transformation of the old Metropolitan theater into a bowling alley and Will remarked that it was probably due to a play in the old theater that he is now a resident of Grand Forks instead of some other part of the world. Coming to the United States from Russia with their four small children, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Panovitz understood any English on their arrival, and during two years spent in Omaha Mrs. Panovitz had learned little of the language. She had no friends in Grand Forks and she missed the associations of her old home. She wished to return, and her wish would have prevailed had she not attended a play at the Met.

THE PLAY WAS A Melodrama in which there was staged a shipwreck scene with all the thrilling accompaniments that the stagecraft of that day could produce. The scene impressed Mrs. Panovitz. She had crossed the ocean once and escaped disaster, but who could tell about another voyage? She made up her mind then and there to remain in America rather than face such terrors as had been shown on the stage. She reconciled herself to life here and became happy in the society of new-found friends.

THE PANOVITZ FAMILY lived in Moscow, where Mr. Panovitz' father was a wealthy business man. The father died without making a will, and, in accordance with Russian law, the eldest son inherited the entire estate. Michael, a younger brother, inherited nothing, but, having acquired means of his own, he wished to move to some place where business opportunities would be greater than in Moscow. He considered other European countries, also Palestine, but finally decided on the United States. With no business or other connections in this country, and with no knowledge of the language he set out for the United States with his wife and children and their household possessions, facing a future which, to them, was completely blank.

THE FAMILY PRESENTLY settled in Omaha, where Mr. Panovitz invested his capital in a cap factory. Placing too great reliance in a partner he lost his money and was reduced almost to destitution. Moving to Grand Forks he brought with him a box of caps, all that he had salvaged from the wreck of the Omaha business. Those caps he sold to Sig Wolff, who operated a store on Third street, and who featured them in one of his sales. With the few dollars that he had left Mr. Panovitz started out as a peddler, and from that fresh start he built up the fine business which his sons now conduct.

THE TWO BOYS STARTED school in Omaha upon their arrival there. They were well dressed in the customary Russian garb, and wore coats with bright brass buttons. Those bright buttons were attractive to the native Omaha boys, who cut them off one by one and appropriate them. And because the Panovitz boys were strangers and foreigners, who didn't speak the language, they were pelted with missiles of many kinds and given other rough treatment. A few years later, while the school in Grand Forks, those same Panovitz boys assisted wholeheartedly in hazing Henry Holt because Henry was a young foreigner, fresh from Norway. I suppose boys are like that, the world over.

IN MOSCOW THE PANOVITZ family had not been subjected to religious or racial persecution, and, unlike many thousands of other cases, the migration of the United States was not intended as an "escape" from anything. It was a move by a courageous and enterprising couple to expand and grow. The hopes in which it was undertaken were more than realized in spite of obstacles and difficulties, and such is the irony of fate that in later years Mr. Panovitz sent funds to Russia to assist the elder brother, who had suffered misfortune and was in distress.

WHEN THE MOVEMENTS of the heavenly bodies bring the day which we have chosen to designate as Easter so early in the season there is at least a reasonable prospect of weather which we find it difficult to reconcile with the thought of spring. But regardless of the date and the weather, the great festival retains its symbolic character as the harbinger of new life.

KNOWN THROUGHOUT the entire western world, at least, as a Christian festival, Easter in some of its aspects dates far beyond the Christian era. Long before the great event which is commemorated in all Christian churches, primitive tribes in the northern hemisphere welcomed the advent of spring with every evidence of rejoicing. All around them were evidence of the awakening of nature from a long sleep. Icebound brooks were released from imprisonment; sap in the trees began to flow; birds returned to build nests and rear their young; green shoots appeared above the brown earth. "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

MUCH OF THE BEAUTIFUL imagery of primitive times has been retained and attached to our modern observances of Easter, and in commemorating the Resurrection of spiritual significance has been given to that which once was known only as material. Easter symbolizes a spiritual awakening and holds forth to mankind the hope of better things to come.

APPOINTMENT OF BERTRAND Russell to a professorship in City College, New York, has stirred up a tempest of such violence that the case has been opened for reconsideration by the appointing board. Opposition to the appointment was voiced publicly by Bishop Manning, who is supported in his position by representatives of many religious bodies, and protests have been made by others conspicuous in many forms of civic life. On the other hand the appointment is defended by equally eminent persons, and the objectors are denounced as narrow and bigoted.

OBJECTION IS MADE TO Russell's appointment because of theories of morals and domestic relations which he has advanced in his books, from which liberal quotations are made by his critics. One of these describes him as the advocate of a "barnyard philosophy." Defenders of the appointment, usually careful to explain that they do not share Russell's opinions on those controverted subjects, say that he is a man of brilliant intellect, that he is to teach mathematics and not morals, and that opposition to him on the ground of his opinions is a direct attack on that academic freedom which should be preserved at whatever cost.

FAR BE IT FROM ME TO attempt to decide a question so complicated, but when the question of academic freedom is brought in I wonder just how far that freedom is supposed to extend, or if it has any limits. It is usually either expressed or implied that the instructor of youth shall be a person of good moral character, whatever that means. Few of us would tolerate the direct teaching in our schools of what we regard as immorality. But does the fact that one is known as a conspicuous advocate of loose domestic relations operate as a bar to his employment as a teacher of mathematics? Or doesn't it?

I SUPPOSE THE Schoolmen are right in describing Bertrand Russell as a man of brilliant intellect. But he is known to the great lay public chiefly, if not solely, as an advocate of conduct which that public associates with personal depravity. In that situation can the institution which employs him, whether as a teacher of mathematics, geography or physics, separate itself from his general philosophy? Or will it be tarred with the same stick?

IN A LETTER TO HIS Father, George Stead, an old resident of Grand Forks, Sheldon D. Stead, chief machinist's mate on the United States airplane carrier *Saratoga*, describes the method of clearing a big ship of barnacles, an operation which must be performed on all seagoing craft. The letter was written late in January when the *Saratoga* was at Brerton, Washington, one of the few places where there is a dock of sufficient size to accommodate a ship so large.

BEFORE A SHIP ENTERS the dock the blocks on which it is to rest are placed carefully so as to conform to the shape of the hull in order that the weight may be properly distributed. When this is done the dock is flooded and the ship is pushed in by tugs and guided by hawsers until it is in the exact position desired. "When I say 'exact,' writes Sheldon, "I mean just that. When you shift a thing the size of this and weighing approximately 40,000 tons, from a floating position to a fixed state, resting on blocking, errors just can't be made without serious consequences."

WHEN EVERYTHING IS IN proper position and the dock is safely sealed the water is pumped out rapidly until the ship settles on the blocking. Then the water is pumped out more slowly to maintain the proper level for the men to work. The men stand on floating rafts which, laced end to end, surround the ship, and as they remove the barnacles, verdigris and other fouling they are gradually lowered until the whole hull is cleared. Then, working from staging, they clean the hull with wire brushes and apply one coat of anti-corrosive paint and two of anti-fouling paint.

SHELDON'S LETTER WAS written while the ship was being prepared for entrance into the dock. That means, says the letter, "that all connections with the shore, such as electricity for light and power, fresh water, for cooking and drinking, salt water, for sanitary purposes, and steam, for heating the ship, are broken, which, in turn, means that everything on board is at a standstill until we are into the dry-dock and all those connections are hooked up again. This is one of the only times a naval ship in commission is ever quiet, and it sure seems odd. Ordinarily there are sounds of machinery running wherever you are aboard. The ship being of steel construction, sound is conducted all through it, also various kinds of vibrations. That is why a person that is used to it all for years has such an odd feeling of something gone completely dead at such times as these. Too much quiet can bother like too much noise, depending on which a person is accustomed to.

SHELDON MENTIONS Letters received from his wife, who, with their little son Jimmy, is in California, where, "except for rain and a few light earthquake shocks, they are O. K." Jimmy, it appears, was badly frightened by a severe quake a year ago, and when slight tremors occur now it is considered wise to attribute them to passing trucks and street cars. It is not quite certain that Jimmy credits all these explanations, as he inquires why it is that the trucks and street cars which he sees passing the house do not shake it.

NAVAL LIFE HAS ITS Advantages, but there are also drawbacks connected with it which are less attractive. Sheldon writes: "I still have until mid-May before I know if I am staying in U. S. continental limits or going to some sort of foreign' duty. So until I know how I stand on that I can't make any definite plans for myself or family."

SOME DAYS AGO I TOLD the story that I had heard of the origin of the name "Whynot," the designation of what was once a postoffice and the Larsgaard store in Bentru township. The version which I gave of the selection of that name is said by Andrew Bye to be correct. Mr. Bye lived for years in Bentru township and was well acquainted with Mr. Larsgaard, whose name, by the way, was Erik K., and not Ole, as I had it. Mr. Bye says that he made the first purchase in the Larsgaard store after it was opened sometime about 1892. His purchase was a can of tobacco.

ADMINISTRATION OF THE Larsgaard estate was no easy task. Included in the assets were some \$30,000 of bank deposits, bank stock, a heterogeneous collection of merchandise, cash hidden away in all sorts of odd corners, and a large volume of accounts represented by memoranda scribbled on scraps of wrapping paper and tucked away in all sorts of odd corners. Many of those notations had been made years before the merchant's death, and there was no record of what payments, if any, had been made on the accounts.

AGENTS OF THE Administrator found money hidden away all over the store. In one container was found \$1,200 in bills in rolls of \$100 each. A cardboard box contained 28 pounds of silver in quarters and half-dollars. There were other collections of dimes and nickels. These were found hidden on shelves behind bolts of cloth, under counters and in boxes and drawers. The recluse had combined with shrewd business sense a childlike passion for hoarding and hiding, apparently with little thought of the risk that he was running in exposing himself to robbery. His place was robbed two or three times, and the beating given him on one of those occasions was the ultimate cause of his death.

THE LARSGAARD ESTATE was administered by the Northwestern Trust company, whose president, F. L. Goodman, told me some of the facts. Mr. Goodman also told me of another recluse of whose property his company was for a time custodian. He was Peter Evanson, who died alone and unattended in a little shack a few miles from Lansford. His way of life was that of a man utterly destitute, but his estate checked up to something like \$300,000. He had large sums of money on deposit in several banks and wheat in store in many elevators. His passion, too, had been for the accumulation of property.

IN CONTRAST MR. Goodman mentioned the case of Colonel Plummer, once well known as a political spellbinder in North Dakota. In the course of his lifetime Colonel Plummer had received considerable sums of money, but he never had any for more than a few minutes at a time. His normal condition was that of being dead broke, and whenever he came into possession of money he scattered it with a lavish hand.

GOODMAN, PLUMMER AND others were appointed by Governor Andy Burke members of the first Chicago world's fair commission to arrange for proper representation of North Dakota at the big show. Members of the commission met at Fargo, intending to go from there to Chicago to make preliminary arrangements, but as none of them had any money they had to wait until the state treasurer provided them with funds for expenses. Small sums from the fund were doled out to Colonel Plummer, but if he saw a beggar on the street, or a tattered newsboy, he would empty his pockets in what he considered a worthy cause.

AT THAT TIME CHICAGO was in the throes of a city election campaign. Colonel Plummer knew several of the newspaper men, and it took him only a few minutes to get acquainted with others, and immediately he became the center of an admiring throng, charmed by his affability and eloquence. A political campaign, anywhere and in any cause, affected him as the scent of gunpowder is said to effect a cavalry horse. He had not been in Chicago more than a few days until he was being rushed from one ward to another making speeches for one of the candidates for mayor, a man who was an utter stranger to him. But there was a fight on, and he had to be in it. His fellow commissioners from North Dakota had difficulty in rounding him up add, persuading him to concentrate on the business of the fair.

EVERYONE WHO DRINKS beer is familiar with the fact that spring and bock beer go together, and even those who do not drink beer have noticed each spring the appearance of posters and other signs announcing the opening of the bock beer season, accompanied by pictures of pugnacious looking goats, which are inevitably associated with bock beer. But the average person knows little about what bock beer is, or what the goat has to do with it. A representative of the brewing industry recently presented some facts on the subject.

"BOCK BEER," SAID THIS authority, "is a heavier, stronger, sweeter beer which is properly brewed in late Fall and aged for at least 120 days. It normally contains more malt than ordinary beer, but does not contain as many hops." Ordinary beer, it was explained, is aged between 60 and 90 days. As for the quality of the malt and hops, they are the same in both types, the proportions, rather than the ingredients, accounting for the difference, according to the spokesman.

BOCK HAS BEEN BREWED for 2,000 years, the brewers believe, going back to Maertzian beer, which northern Europeans tapped about the Ides of March after it had aged during the cold season. Nowadays, with modern refrigeration, there is no reason why the beer cannot be brewed at any time, it was said, but the tradition is so revered by the industry that nobody would think of producing bock except in March.

THE GOAT CAME INTO THE picture 400 years or so ago when brewers held a contest in Einbeck, Germany, in a courtyard flanked by stables. The idea was for each brewer to drink only his competitors' brew; the man who made the strongest therefore, would remain standing last.

With only two men left, one weakened and the other claimed victory.

"Oh no!" protested the prone man. "That goat from the stables kicked me."

"Oh no!" countered the other. "The only goat that kicked you was the goat in my beer."

And that is one version of how the beer became known as bock beer. Because in German bock means goat.

THE BUREAU OF Biological Survey, the chief function of which is to aid in the preservation and perpetuation of wildlife, reports that the mourning dove is threatened with extinction. Resembling the now extinct passenger pigeon, the mourning dove is one of the country's most beautiful and valuable game birds. Its going would be a distinct loss to all lovers of wild life.

The resemblance of the mourning dove to the extinct passenger pigeon lies partly in contour and coloring. The passenger pigeon, however, was a bit larger, but looked very much like the mourning dove in one outstanding respect—that of long pointed tails. All other doves have square tails.

THE SIMILARITY BETWEEN the mourning dove and the passenger pigeon is constantly giving rise to reports that occasionally one of the extinct species is seen. Old timers, who recall the passenger pigeon, glance at a mourning dove and conclude that they have seen a specimen of the vanished bird. The Biological Survey often receives reports that passenger pigeons have been seen.

FOR MANY YEARS THE Bureau sent ornithologists to investigate the more promising these reports, and even continued to do so after the fact of extermination had been established. Nothing ever came of these expeditions and the truth that the passenger pigeon is extinct may well be accepted. What was probably the last living member of this species died in 1914 in a Cincinnati zoo. This particular bird, a female, was hatched and raised in captivity. The passenger pigeon had undoubtedly become extinct in the wild some time before that year.

THE MOURNING DOVE gets its name from its mournful note. As a game bird, it is important in some of the southeastern states, such as Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina and northern Florida, and also in western and southwestern states. Despite its delicate appearance, this dove is most fascinating, largely because its speed on the wing makes it a difficult target. Its normal flight is 30 to 40 miles an hour. Few birds excel this speed.

THE STATEMENT THAT the mourning dove is in danger of extinction will be news to many readers, and contrary to their own observation. In this part of the northwest the mourning dove is one of our most familiar birds. It is to be found in most of our cities and villages and is found on all our highways. It is not gregarious, like the passenger pigeon, and doubtless that fact operates to prevent its extinction. Mourning doves are never seen in large flocks, but they select their nesting places and raise their broods individually. In his excellent book on birds, which is illustrated in color, Professor Roberts, of the University of Minnesota, says:

"The mourning dove is one of the few birds that have increased greatly in numbers in recent years."

MANY MERCHANTS FIND it to their advantage to offer a discount on their bills for prompt payment. Many of their customers take advantage of the discount and the merchants are thus enabled to meet their own bills more promptly and themselves take advantage of cash discounts. Losses from un-collectable accounts are lessened, and the plan operates to the benefit of both merchant and customer. Taxing bodies are employing a similar plan, with excellent results. Reports from many counties are that tax collections have been unusually large this year. Last year for the first time a substantial discount was offered for the payment of the year's taxes by February 15. That speeded up payments, and this year a still greater number of taxpayers have availed themselves of the opportunity to save money by clearing up their delinquent taxes and paying current taxes in one lump.

SPECIAL EFFORT WAS made this year by many taxing bodies to call attention of taxpayers to the importance of paying promptly, both as a means of saving money for themselves and of enabling the public business to be carried on. I have before me a little circular issued by the Wilton school board which was very effective in the tax-paying campaign. The board faced the prospect of having to close the school because of lack of funds. It had prepared a circular which was generally distributed, of which the following is the text:

"DO YOU WANT YOUR Schools Open? Have You Done Your Duty!—

"It is every man's duty to pay his just debts, and it is every citizen's duty to pay his taxes. When you pay taxes you pay for services rendered to you. Your local government educates your children, provides you with protection, and looks after your interests in many ways. We often take these services for granted, but if each person were to provide himself with these services, individually the cost would be increased many times. At the present time your local schools are in desperate financial condition. Be good citizens! Perform your American duty! Pay your taxes."

That circular seems to have done the business. Tax money came pouring in, and I understand that sufficient funds were obtained to keep the schools open.

I HAVE BEEN ASKED IF my tulips are up. They are, and have been for some time, although the shoots did not make their appearance as early as in some other years. Their earliest appearance was several years ago when the pale green shoots were noticed above the surface on February 5. Last year I replanted, and as the work was not done until very late more time was required for the bulbs to get rooted and spring growth was retarded. However, they are plenty early. The growing plants will live through long periods of alternate freezing and thawing, but too much of that sort of thing is not good for them, and is likely to stunt them. If I could, I would keep a big snowdrift over them until May.

SAP IS RUNNING IN THE forests of eastern Canada, and work is under way for the harvesting of one of the country's most profitable crops, maple syrup and its concentrate, maple sugar. Until recently New England was the world's largest producer of maple products, with the industry centering in Vermont. But the industry has 'been expanded until Canadian production now exceeds that of the United States by about 35 per cent. The province of Quebec is Canada's largest producer, but large quantities of syrup and sugar are produced throughout "old" Ontario and the maritime provinces. Last year Canada's yield of syrup and sugar was the equivalent of more than 2,500,000 gallons of syrup, and this year's production is expected to surpass that figure, as deep snow in the forests is expected to increase the run of sap.

MAPLE TREES PROVIDED the pioneers in northeastern forests with their only sweetening. Beet sugar was unknown, and cane sugar was obtainable only by those who lived near the sea. The occasional family in the interior had brought from across the sea a few "loaves" of hard white sugar, with clippers to cut it and tongs to lift the little chunks and deposit them in the tea; but these were too precious for ordinary use and were brought forth only on state occasions.

IN THE OLD DAYS SUGAR making involved much hard work, but with it there were elements of the picturesque and romantic. Sap dripped from the trees into shallow wooden troughs which were emptied once or twice a day, depending on the flow. The sap was taken to the place selected for boiling, sometimes being carried by hand, sometimes hauled in barrels on low sleds moved by horses or oxen. Boiling was done in large kettles holding perhaps 50 gallons, and at the close of the season the resultant syrup was boiled down still further and "sugared off." Sugaring off called for a party, which was invariably marked by a taffy-pull and usually by a dance.

METHODS OF TAPPING the trees and collecting sap have not changed much, but the other processes have been modernized and refined. The old sugar kettle has been supplanted by the evaporating plant which, less picturesque, is more sanitary than its predecessor was likely to be.

I SUPPOSE THERE ARE regulations prescribing the percentage of sugar that commercial syrup shall contain, but apparently the regulations permit a high percentage of water, for the maple syrup that we buy is pretty thin. But the farmer making syrup for his own use can make it as thick as he likes, and I was accustomed to syrup that would almost stand up straight. They tell of a Vermont farmer who a few years ago thought he would please his customers by giving them a syrup with real body to it. But the customers were not accustomed to thick maple syrup and would have none of it. They thought it was doctored. Thereupon the farmer thinned it with water, and heated it over, and he had no difficulty in selling it.

THE DIES COMMITTEE IS investigating the case of a man who gave his name as Franklin D. Roosevelt and had it so entered on a Communist membership card. Can a man legally claim any name that suits him, or can't he? A stranger asked a negro down south his name. "Washington, sah," replied the negro. "Any relation to George Washington?" And the darkey responded, "Ah IS Gawge Wash'nton, boss. That's me."

I HAVEN'T CHECKED UP ON this with the police, but the information came to me straight and I accept it as authentic. In the north end of the city lived! an elderly couple and an elderly dog. The man, retired from active work for some time, and his home-keeping wife, lived quietly, going out seldom and mingling very little with their neighbors. The old dog was a familiar figure and was seen daily moving about the premises. One day some of the neighbors recalled that they hadn't seen the dog for some little time, and they wondered what had become of it. They noticed, too, that lights in the house were turned on all day. Notes were compared with other neighbors. Nobody had seen either the dog or its owners for several days, and the lights continued to burn all day long. Something, it seemed, must be wrong.

NOBODY WANTED TO Interfere in the affairs of the old couple, but it was feared that some accident had befallen them. A delegation of eleven neighbors waited on the chief of police and told of their misgivings. Three policemen went to the house to investigate. A knock on the door brought no response. It seemed necessary to force an entrance. The front door was too good to be broken, but entrance was made at the rear where the damage would be slight. The house was searched and found empty. Lights were turned off and the place fastened up.

WITHIN A DAY OR TWO the couple returned from wherever they had been, and was the man mad! He explained angrily to the police that the dog had died and he had disposed of it. Then he and his wife had gone for a visit. Thinking that the darkened house might be an invitation to burglars they had turned on the lights and left them burning. Now they had returned to find that the police had broken into their house and turned off the lights that they wished turned on, and the old gentleman wanted to know if people couldn't leave their own house for a few days without having the police come snooping around, breaking in and turning off the lights.

THE PASSION FOR Organization and classification seems to affect pugilism and politics in quite similar ways. Time was when a pugilist was just a plain fighter, regardless of size or weight. Then they were divided into lightweights and heavy weights. Now, in addition to these, we have flyweights, bantamweights, welterweights, light-heavy weights and I don't know how many more. Similarly in politics we no longer have just Republicans and Democrats as in the more or less good old days, but a whole group of classes to which the members of the parties are assigned, all neatly labeled and pigeonholed, each claiming special recognition and special privilege.

IN NORTH DAKOTA JUST now, according to the evidence afforded by recent conventions, we have several distinct varieties of Republicans. There are the Nonpartisan league Republicans, who held a convention in Bismarck not long ago. Then there are the Progressive Republicans apparently a subspecies derived from the Nonpartisan league and the Regulars, whose attitude toward the Nonpartisans is similar to that of the ancient Jews toward the Samaritans. And in the Young Republicans we have still another group which demands consideration in the parceling out of nominations.

ARE THE PRINCIPLES OF Young Republicanism different from those of other varieties, or are the differences merely those of age? If the latter, what are the age limits, and at what period does a Young Republican graduate from youth and step into the ranks of the has-beens? I am not informed on these points, but it is quite certain that if accent is placed on youth alone, "Young" Republicanism must sooner or later be outgrown.

ROGER BABSON PREDICTS a driver against working wives. By that term he means wives living with their employed husbands who are gainfully employed outside of the home. Actually a drive against the practice had been in progress for some time, for in many quarters for a long time there has been vigorous objection to the employment in industry of women whose husbands are likewise employed. That opposition has not taken the form of an organized movement of national scope, but it is there just the same.

ON SUCH A SUBJECT IT IS impossible to lay down a general rule that can be universally applied. Public bodies may, and in some cases do refuse to employ married women whose husbands are employed or employable. The private employer may make his own rules on the subject. But it is difficult to see how any legislation could be made to stand up which would deprive women of any group of the right to work in whatever occupations they can find employment, or which would deprive the private employer of the right to make his own decisions on the subject.

THERE ALSO ARISES THE question, often presented in jocular form, whether or not the husband should pay the wife for her services as housekeeper. If he had to hire a housekeeper he would be obliged to pay her. Then why not pay his wife? I never saw any sense in that question. The family is, or ought to be, a unit, not a commercial establishment or a mere business partnership. The work of that family unit is shared by its members in whatever way is most convenient to them. As a rule it is the husband who works outside the home to provide the means for family maintenance. Who shall administer that fund is a matter for mutual agreement, and the arrangement to be made will depend on the respective tastes and temperaments of the two persons concerned. The idea that the wife should be "paid" for her services in the home debases the whole conception of marriage. The home is hers, equally with her husband's, and both are contributors to its creation, its maintenance and its integrity.