

A FRIEND OF MINE, OF English birth, having read the comment in this column on rabbits writes me of the experience of a member of his family with rabbits in Australia a good many years ago. This relative was regarded by the rest of the family as the black sheep of the flock, and in order that the more staid members might be relieved of the embarrassment of his presence he was sent to Australia as a remittance man, certain funds being supplied him at stated intervals so long as he remained on the opposite side of the globe.

IN THE NEW ENVIRONMENT the young man turned over a new leaf. He went to work and saved his money. He found the country overstocked with rabbits and the government was paying a bounty for their destruction. Rabbits made good food and he conceived the idea of killing two birds with one stone by killing and collecting the bounty on them and then canning them for human consumption. He had saved enough money to establish a small canning factory, and he soon had that little plant running to capacity. Enlargement were needed and were made and the enterprising chap made a handsome fortune. The English relatives who had banished him in disgrace became chesty over the rich uncle in Australia, and when he returned, as he did after many years, they got out the town band and all the local dignitaries to welcome him.

A FEW DAYS AGO I ASKED IF any reader had experimented with hyacinths out of doors in this territory. I received a response from Mrs. J Quamme, 1308 University I avenue, who had an interesting and unexpected experience with those beautiful flowers. Last year she had a number of hyacinth and tulips bulbs which had served their purpose in pots and which were supposed to be of no further use. They were thrown out close to the south side of the house where some filling was to be done. Earth was filled in over them and they were buried several inches and forgotten. This spring they gave evidence of life. Green shoots appeared before the snow was gone and presently there was a small collection of blue hyacinths in bloom. The hyacinth blossoms are now about gone, but there are several fine yellow tulips in full bloom. They appear to be of the cottage variety, which bloom earlier than the Darwins. My next door neighbor has a number of red tulips in bloom. These, I suppose, are also the cottage sort. My Darwins have been well budded for a couple of weeks, but it takes their long stems quite a while to get their growth.

I HAVE JUST COME ACROSS what is to me a new theory relating to Canadian thistles. Those who came here from the east, whether eastern Canada or the northwestern states, are familiar with this plant, which has been considered one of the worst pests with which the farmer has to contend. Its seeds, like those of all the thistle kind, are distributed by the wind, and in the east it was next to keep a field reasonably free from the weed. In the northwest, while there are numerous patches of it, it seems to be almost negligible. I have found patches of it in stripes of woodland and occasionally in open fields, but these patches do not appear to become appreciably larger, nor do the plants appear to become widely distributed from the spreading of the seed.

I HAVE SUPPOSED THAT THIS might be due to the inability of this particular thistle to withstand our severe winters, so that while some might survive in favored localities, few seedlings lived over. An unknown writer of some fifty years ago had a different theory. He maintained that the thistle which is found here is not the Canadian thistle at all, but an indigenous plant closely resembling the Canadian variety in appearance, but lacking the mischievous spreading habit of its eastern relative. I wonder if this is the correct explanation. The western thistle which I have in mind seems to me to be identical with the one which tormented me in the eastern harvest field. It was no joke to bind grain after the cradle then each bundle would be about half thistles and each thistle armed with hundreds of little prickles that pierces the skin. It was for protection against thistles that the binder's glove was invented. This was a compromise between a glove and a mitten, so that the thumb occupied one compartment, the front finger another, and the other fingers a third. It was necessary to separate the front finger from the rest in order that the proper twist might be given the straw band with which the sheaves were bound. I wonder if the western thistle, so much like the Canadian variety, is after all, distinct.

"I AM INTERESTED IN YOUR inquiry about growing hyacinths and narcissus out of doors in North Dakota," writes Mrs. B. P. Chapple, of Bathgate, N. D. "Several years ago I set out in my garden some forced bulbs of hyacinths which had bloomed and matured indoors. The next spring they all grew, and the following spring they bloomed, though the spikes were rather small. Since then I have set out all my winter blooming bulbs as soon as planting conditions were good in the spring, first having allowed them to mature indoors. They have bloomed and multiplied, and at present I have pink and white hyacinths in bloom and many deep purples budded and ready to open in a few days. While the blooms are not as large as those of the forced bulbs, yet they are well worth having, and are the first blossoms to appear in the spring, anticipating the tulips by about ten days.

"NARCISSUS POETICUS AND the double Van Sion variety have responded to the same treatment, but are not as sure to bloom.

"THE BULBS ARE PLANTED in a sheltered spot under a tall hedge, where the snow lies many feet deep all winter. When I first saw them this spring they were pushing bravely through the last inch or two of snow, and stood, pale-yellow, as though grown in a cellar, but with fully developed buds two or three inches tall. Late and heavy frosts have no terrors, for them.

"I HAVE NEVER USED Newly purchased bulbs in this manner, but the forced ones are very satisfactory and sometimes bloom the first year. They may be divided in the same manner as tulips. And, by the way, does anyone realize how tulips multiply when frequently lifted and transplanted? From small beginnings a few years ago I am seriously considering offering bulbs for sale by the peck, as after giving them away to all my neighbors, they are still threatening to take possession of the entire garden. No flower of spring is more welcome or easier to grow."

GREAT MANY READERS will be grateful to Mrs. Chapple for the information which she has given. I hope she will tell us, also, about how long she finds it best to allow tulip bulbs to remain in the ground undisturbed. Some growers lift them and replant every other year. Others every third year. If allowed to remain too long they will become crowded and deteriorate. Eastern professional growers have their own notions, and it is here that the experience of those who are right on the ground is valuable. I shall be watching for another letter from Mrs. Chapple. Perhaps she may be able to tell us something of her experience with other flowers.

IT IS ASTONISHING WHAT A difference one warm day in the spring will make. Monday was not particularly hot, but it was much warmer than anything that we have had for some time. And in that one day the appearance of the trees along the streets changed more than it had done in the preceding two weeks. At least that far back the box elders had begun to show the faint green of partly opened leaf buds and the bronze of developing seed blossoms, and then everything stood still. One day of real spring wrought a transformation. A week of such weather will deck the streets in their summer garments.

"TO PERCH OR NOT TO perch" continues to be an open question. James A. Thorburn of Bottineau still insists that Lake Metigoshe ought not to have been stocked with perch, maintaining that one will seldom get a strike when using a small perch for bait. His conclusion from that is that the perch is not desired by other fish as food, and therefore the planting of perch will not help out the other varieties. He advises that now that the lake has been stocked with perch the limit should be taken off and those who catch the fish should, like the Indians, put them in salt brine for 24 hours and then smoke them.

A DR. BACON WHOM I KNEW in my boyhood back east had a still more extreme notion with reference to cucumbers. He said that the way to treat cucumbers was to soak them in lye for two days, then soak them in strong salt brine for four days, then soak them in fresh water for a week—and then feed them to the hogs.

HE WAS A MAN OF POSITIVE opinions and he had forceful ways of expressing them. He was a teetotaler and a roaring, rampant prohibitionist. He saw even in the hotel signs a malicious psychological purpose. It was customary for hotels to display signs informing the public that the proprietor was "licensed to sell wine, beer and other malt and spirituous liquors." "Look at that!" he would exclaim. "Wine! Beer! See how they try to pick out words that sound smooth and pleasant. Why don't they say they are licensed to sell whisky, brandy, rum and gin and all the other devilish concoctions that cause men to make beasts of themselves? No, they want to coax people in by using names that have a pleasing sound."

THERE WAS CERTAINLY nothing mealy-mouthed about Dr. Bacon. He seemed to me a very old man. Actually he was only about 60 when he died suddenly, in spite of the horror of strong drink. On the other hand, old Dr. Digby, who was by no means averse to crooking his elbow, and who, I have not doubt, ate cucumbers, lived to a ripe old age and had a lot more fun.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS who are struggling with the problem of poor relief may find some comfort in the fact that their predecessors had to wrestle with the same problem, and that they sometimes found it difficult to make ends meet. Thus the report of J. J. Cavanaugh, county treasurer of Grand Forks county, dated October 6, 1879, shows that at that early date the poor fund of the county was overdrawn \$248.05. The existence of several cases of smallpox had caused unusual demands to be made on the poor fund. The treasurer's statement contains several entries of expenses on this account of \$175 for clothing burned during smallpox.

NOT ALL THE INHABITANTS were able to pay their taxes, either, for the statement carries items of delinquent taxes for the preceding seven years, amounting altogether to something over \$10,000. An iron door for the jail had cost \$43. License fees for seven saloons at \$220 each had been paid. Warrants had been issued to George H. Walsh for \$4,000 for building the new courthouse and jail, and one for \$550 to Alex Griggs for the lot on which the courthouse was built. Among those who had received payment for services as grand jurors were M. L. McCormack, Knud Knudson, Newt Porter, James Hanrahan, D. P. Blair, Hugh Maloney, Peter Knudson and Ed Williams. A. Gillespie, James Woods, A. Hallick-son, P. Carrol, R. Howard, J. B. Sprague, L. Lindstrom and K. Knudson had served as petit jurors.

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID AND written about grasshoppers during the past two years. In a letter written by George B. Winship a dozen years ago mention is made of the appearance of grasshoppers in the valley in 1871, when Winship and William Budge were operating their stage station at Turtle River, near the present site of Manvel. Quoting from the letter:

"ONE DAY WHILE WE WERE at work in the hay field the grasshoppers fell upon us, millions and millions of them, and banged us hard in the face and agitated the ponies so much that we ceased work and returned to the house for shelter. When we got there we found the house full of the hopper pests, and as we had neither doors nor windows, they would come in as fast as they were driven out. Our greatest surprise, however, was when we went to bed up in the loft. We retired in the dark about o'clock, jumping into the bed barelegged with only short shirts on (previous to our ownership of night shirts), when we were attacked by a thousand or more grasshoppers which had taken refuge under the blankets. Of course there was great hustling to get away from the pests. Budge bounded out on one side of the bed and I on the other, and in short order the bedding was thrown out of the opening designed for a window. After a good shaking the blankets were restored to the bed and we passed a fairly comfortable night.

"THE HOPPERS SWARMED the entire valley. They stayed in our neighborhood for several weeks and finally flew away. I assert most truthfully when I say that the sun almost obscured by the mass of hoppers in the air, and for several hours the countless myriads filled the heavens with a motley life that was bewildering to gaze upon. This visitation was one of many, and they scourged the frontier settlements of all the western states to such an extent that development was set back for many years."

THOSE GRASSHOPPERS, OF course, were the migratory locusts which breeding in the foothills of the Rockies, swarmed over the plains and disappeared. The insects which have plagued the farmers during the past two or three seasons are not migratory, but are hatched right in the locality where they mature. Some observers say that the number of egg pods in the soil this season is less than a year ago, and if this is a fact the trouble should be diminished somewhat this summer. However, there will be hoppers—plenty of them—and precautionary measures will be necessary.

THE FARGO FORUM HAS AN appreciative editorial mention of the work of a large chorus of Fargo and Moorhead men whose visits to nearby towns have won much praise. The editorial contains the following paragraph:

During the last week the chorus, accompanied by the mayors of the two cities, gave a concert at Ada Minn., with still additional concerts planned elsewhere in the territory. We are not told on what instruments the two mayors played, but we may be assured that their accompaniment added much to the harmony of the occasion. A musical mayor is a decided asset to a community.

HOW LONG SHOULD A Territory be settled before it can boast of an old settlers' association? Within recent years there have been a great many gatherings of old settlers in the northwest, and while no rigid rule was applied there was a sort of general understanding that those who had been residents of the neighborhood for fifty years were entitled to be considered very old settlers indeed. However, there was an association of old settlers of the Red river valley before those who came only fifty years ago even got started.

THE FIRST REGULAR Gathering of old settlers in the valley was held at Grand Forks on February 4, 1880, and at that meeting the Red River Valley Old Settlers' association was formed. We are accustomed to look on 1880 as being about the beginning of creation, so far as the Red river valley is concerned, and it may seem a little odd that there were "old settlers" at that early date. Yet there was one man who had been a permanent resident of the valley for 29 years. He was Charles Cavalier, who arrived at Pembina in 1851 as collector of customs for the territory of Minnesota. The eastern part of what is now North Dakota was then included in Minnesota.

MR. CAVALIER WAS NOT able to attend the celebration, but he sent a letter full of the spirit of comradeship and good will. Forty couples had dinner at the Viets house, where there were speeches by several distinguished visitors. The main address was by Consul J. W. Taylor of Winnipeg. Some of those who had been expected failed to arrive. The afternoon meeting, which had been set for 2 o'clock, at which time the train over the new road was due, was postponed for an hour. It was then learned that for some unannounced reason there would be no train that day.

YEARS AGO THERE WAS Observed a curious natural feature some miles north of Breckenridge in the form of a group of peculiar mounds, for whose presence nobody seemed able to account. These mounds were of various dimensions, from 60 to 300 feet in diameter and from 15 to 30 feet high. They were covered with grass, like the surrounding prairie, and at the tops of several of them were pools of water of unknown depth. On the level ground it was necessary to dig many feet before striking water. The origin of these mounds was the subject of much speculation. I wonder if they are in existence now, and if they still serve as elevated wells.

A FRIEND IN DISCUSSING the proper time to plant sweetpeas refers to a rather familiar theory that sweetpeas should be planted on Good Friday. Inasmuch as the date of Good Friday may vary by more than a month, that rule does not seem to be a very safe one to follow. It is hard to establish a general rule as to the right time to plant anything, but in general it may be said that it is a good plan to plant sweetpeas as early as the ground is in good working condition.

LIKE OTHER PEAS, THE sweetpea is a remarkably hardy plant. It may be destroyed by freezing, but in most cases only when the earth itself is frozen down to the sprouted seed. If the growth which appears above the soil is nipped off it will start up again. Hence quite early planting is safe. I think most growers find it useful to prepare a rather deep trench for sweetpeas, covering the seed with about an inch of earth. This will insure fairly quick germination and will avoid the rotting of seed which is apt to occur if seed is planted too deep. As the young plants grow the earth from the sides of the trench is drawn in gradually until the surface is level. Also, the authorities insist that when watering is done it should be by means of thorough flooding at fairly long intervals rather than by frequent sprinkling. They tell us that the thing to do is to soak the soil down below the roots and then conserve the moisture by frequent surface cultivation. As a matter of fact, this applies to Catering in general except as to tiny seedlings just being started.

THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE house is the ideal place for many kinds of plants, provided the plants get plenty of water. Many persons have been surprised to find plants so placed drying out after a heavy rain. They forget that the earth close to a building, no matter on what side, misses a lot of rain that falls elsewhere. Rain is usually accompanied by some wind, and while everything on the windward side may be drenched, the earth on the lee side will scarcely be moistened. Hence even in a rainy season vegetation on one side of a house may dry and wither.

BROWSING THROUGH AN old Herald file I came across an item in connection with the early history of the telephone that surprised me greatly. The article itself was a description of the famous Grandin farm, with its 69,000 acres, with three separate administrations "stations" which were maintained because it was not feasible to operate such a large plant from one headquarters. The thing that surprised me was the statement that these three stations were connected by telephone. This, be it noted, is not the imaginative and possibly inaccurate statement of some latter-day writer, but the statement of a current fact, for the article appeared in the issue of The Herald for August 7, 1879.

IT IS A MATTER OF COMMON knowledge that Bell's telephone only recently made workable and not yet commercially used anywhere, was first exhibited at the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, where the interest taken in it by the emperor Don Pedro of Brazil paved the way for the success of the strange invention. Yet within three years that invention was actually in use as a practical convenience on a farm in the Red river valley. Although Bell's parents lived near my home in Ontario, and the inventor himself carried on much of his work at the family home, it was not until a good many years after 1879 that I first saw a telephone. I wonder how the Grandin people came to catch on so quickly.

THE GRANDIN FARM WAS an immense establishment. At the date of the article mentioned most of its 69,000 acres was still unbroken sod, but there were that year 5,295 acres under cultivation, 4,885 acres in wheat and the rest in feed grains. In the harvest of 1879 34 binders were used and the yield was estimated at 25 bushels per acre. In plowing time 55 gang plows were used, and a corresponding number of other implements.

THAT TYPE OF FARMING, AS represented on the Grandin and Dalrymple farms and on a similar scale by the Elk Valley farm near Larimore and the Keystone farm in Polk county, Minnesota, has long since been abandoned. The big farms have been broken up into smaller holdings and the buildings, collected in what seemed small towns, have either been wrecked or distributed among other farms in the neighborhood.

I WAS ALSO INTERESTED IN another item which I found in that old file, the account of the crystal wedding celebration of Colonel and Mrs. Frank Viets, which was held on November 29, 1879. The event is described in the opening lines of the story as "the most auspicious social event of this season of social enjoyment," and the article is filled with the superlatives of which every newspaper in those days had an abundant supply. The happy pair, who were celebrating the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage, received the hearty congratulations of numerous friends, who sat down to a bounteous repast where there were served such delicacies as California grapes, besides oranges, cakes, etc., "all too good and palatable to be even thought of on ordinary occasions." Dancing was enjoyed until the approach of the Sabbath morn, and during the evening vocal and instrumental music was furnished by Mrs. M. T. Caswell and Mrs. Jennings.

I WAS PARTICULARLY Interested in the list of gifts, which, with the names of the donors, occupied all of half a column. Fashion has since decreed that lists of gifts shall not be published, but little do the people who made that rule know of what happiness they have deprived future generations. What fun it would be to one's grandchildren to look over an old newspaper and note who gave a pitcher and who a butter knife on that memorable occasion! And what a stimulus to trade would be the publication of those lists! Now one man slip out of giving a present, and not many persons know about it. But when the lists were published for the inspection of all the world, there was no escape.

HOWEVER, THE VIETS Presents were undoubtedly expressions of real esteem and good will, for no couple stood higher in the affections of the community than did Colonel and Mrs. Viets. Heading the list of presents, as was appropriate, was a pair of diamond earrings given by Colonel Viets to his wife. The other gifts were less costly, and, because of the character of the anniversary, were chiefly of glass. Captain and Mrs. McCormack contributed a perfume case; Captain Alex Griggs and wife a perfume desk; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Campbell a pickle dish Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown a glass Bible paper weight; G. B. Winship and wife a glass shoe inkstand; W. U Wilder, gold band vases; Mr. and Mrs. Twamley, St. Paul, elegant toilet set; and so on. There must have been, a dozen vases and almost as many pickle dishes. The article says that the list is incomplete, as the labels had become detached from many of the gifts, so that it was impossible to publish the names of all the donors. That would help to square things with those whose names did not appear in print.

DURING ALL THIS Agitation over inflation, deflation, gold standard, silver coinage and what not, it is interesting to read a statement of the attitude of President Rutherford B. Hayes on the currency question. The country had passed through the critical period of the Civil war, during which time specie payments had been suspended and greenbacks had circulated at the ratio of 3 to 1 for gold. There were widely divergent theories as to the financial policy to be pursued. Some one had written to President Hayes urging the adoption of a settled policy of inflation, and the president replied as follows:

My dear—: You want money to be plenty, the rate of interest to be low, at the same time you want the money to be good. You can only have this state of things when there is confidence in the stability of the currency. Capital will not go where it is uncertain in what currency debts will be paid next month or next year. If the legal tender for debts depends on the uncertain action of congress, there will be a lack of confidence. The only constitutional legal tender is gold and silver. Depart from that and confidence is gone. All the world now believes that investments in America are likely to be profitable. A sound financial policy will bring us money from all the commercial nations of the earth. In good times prepare for hard times; in good times pay debts. The legal tender notes are debts. Let them be paid by the coin in the treasury and the coin that is coming in from abroad, and it will not contract the circulation. Let our ship be headed in the right direction. It is a sound policy which has brought good times; the same policy will continue good times.

PRESIDENT HAYES WAS arguing against the policy which would have constituted the greenbacks fiat money pure and simple, promises to pay which would be redeemable in nothing but other promises to pay, a policy which has wrecked the financial structure of every nation that has adopted it. One sentence in the letter is particularly striking: "In good times prepare for hard times: in good times pay debts."

THE USUAL PROCEDURE IS: In good times prepare for better times; in good times plunge more deeply into debt. A very large proportion of the private indebtedness which is now embarrassing the country was incurred during a time of unusual prosperity. If there had been exercised then the resolute self-control which would have resulted in a universal following of that one bit of advice by Rutherford B. Hayes, the world would not now have been in the doldrums, or whatever it is that the world is in.

THERE IS A CULT, PECULIAR to those who do not participate in it, which seeks to identify the British people, and to some extent the American people, with the lost ten tribes of Israel. Here and there are little groups devoted to the study of scriptural history and prophecy from the standpoint of that supposed identity. One such group exists in Winnipeg, and its members doubtless derive great comfort from the perusal of a little periodical called "British Israel" which presents arguments and speculations in support of the belief.

JUST WHEN OR HOW THAT belief started I have no idea, but the theory has been in existence for a good many years. In my own early boyhood in Canada some of the neighbors had come in contact with it, and it was the subject of occasional discussions. One old man seemed to be quite impressed, but the others appeared to regard the subject as a rather interesting curiosity,

A PARAGRAPH CLIPPED from an issue of the New York Herald in 1880 quotes Rev. Joseph Wild, of the -Union Congregational church as holding that "the Saxon race are the Children of Israel and the people of the United States represent the tribe of Manassah." There is no statement of the manner in which the reverend gentleman had arrived at that conclusion, or how he disposed of the fact that there has been no such thing as a pure Saxon race for hundreds of years. As for the "people of the "United States" one might ask which of the many mixed racial groups in this country are supposed to have been descended from Manassah.

REV. MR. WILD, ABOVE mentioned, had been studying the stars and he found much cause for concern in their behavior. The time when planets reached their perihelion, he said, was one of extraordinary danger and distress. When two planets approached perihelion at about the same time, that was very bad, and if three or more did so, look out! He said that in the years 542 and 1665 there were three perihelions, and those were years of great distress. Looking forward to 1882 he said that four planets would reach perihelion at about that time, and to make matters worse, four would be in conjunction. The year 1882 was bound, therefore, to be a tough year. Perhaps it was. I don't remember. However, it isn't listed as one of the "depression" years. It may be that the stars have been acting up recently, and that this is the cause of our troubles.

CONGRATULATIONS TO Maxwell Anderson on the recognition that has been given him in awarding to him the Pulitzer Prize in letters for his play "Both Your Houses." The decision of the judges is that Anderson's play is the best original American play performed in New York in 1932. The play is described as best representing the educational value and power of the state. The author, after several years of steady newspaper work, sprang into national prominence as co-author with Lawrence Stallings of "What Price Glory," which was the dramatic sensation of its period.

THE NEWS ARTICLE Announcing the award says that Anderson was at one time a member of The Herald staff. He is one of a long list of men who have served on The Herald and who have since distinguished themselves. Naturally I am interested in the careers of these chaps, whom I still consider boys and rejoice when one of them makes a creditable record in the great world of which The Herald is a very small part.

MAXWELL ANDERSON READ proof on The Herald during part of his residence at the University of North Dakota. The force was not large, and the job of reading proof was usually kept in reserve for eligible University students, of whom there was usually a waiting list. In addition to reading proof Max officiated as University correspondent, and in those two capacities I came to know him quite well. He was a big, affable fellow, and have reason to believe that he was very much in love with Miss Margaret Haskett, another University student, who later became Mrs. Anderson. While his duties did not call for much writing for The Herald, what he did was well done, and he seemed to have the makings of a good writer. Occasionally he dropped into poetry, and in this field he seemed to have unusual talent.

JOHN HASKETT, BROTHER of the future Mrs. Anderson, was at that time telegraph editor of The Herald. He was a short, stocky fellow, with a grip like an iron vice when he chose to use his muscles, a faithful worker, with an imaginative vein which found expression in humorous paragraphs and bits of verse which were real poetry. John died suddenly a year or two after leaving The Herald to assume the management of the Bottineau Courant.

CONGRATULATIONS, ALSO, TO J. T. O'Connor on his appointment as comptroller of the currency. I do not recall that Frank ever worked for The Herald. Yet it seems strange that he should have escaped. Nevertheless I knew him well as a youthful student at the University, and I recall numerous occasions on which it was my duty to serve as a judge in declamation and oratorical contests in which he was an entrant. From his boyhood he had a flair for oratory, and he achieved distinction in that field.

THE ORATORICAL STYLE OF that early period was florid, and Frank kept in step with the spirit of the time. He could be as florid as any of them. However, he did not travel in a rut. In the political campaigns in North Dakota in which he was conspicuous shortly before his departure for California he made hundreds of speeches, long and short, and while he still made use of word pictures, both beautiful and impressive, these were but the embellishments of practical discussions of current problems in which facts and figures were presented with telling effect.

O'CONNOR, THOUGH NOT now accredited to North Dakota, is a native of the state and all of his life except the past few years has been spent here. The state can still claim him and take pride in his progress. Incidentally, North Dakota has enjoyed quite a run of patronage of the more important sort. One of its former residents is now comptroller of the currency. Two of its former governors, John Burke and Frank White, were treasurers of the United States and their names appeared on all the currency issued by the government. John P. Bray, while a resident of North Dakota, was appointed consul-general to Melbourne and served with distinction at several important stations in the antipodes until his death. Major A. W. Edwards, of the Fargo Forum, served as consul-general at Montreal. There are several other North Dakotans whose names I do not recall at the moment, who have served in important federal positions, and I suppose that on the basis of population the state has had more than its share of such appointments. The conclusion that one reached quite naturally is that when the authorities in Washington need a really first-class man they are more likely to find him in North Dakota than elsewhere. In such cases population doesn't count.

IN LOOKING OVER COPIES of The Herald for 1879 and 1880 I was interested in observing the evidence presented in the advertising columns that in that period was there presented such a variety of grain harvesting machinery as has never been shown at any other time. The difference was not merely in models of the same types of machinery, but in the types themselves. Thus almost everything in the way of harvesters was offered, from the dropper to the self-binding harvester. I find no reference in the ads to the wire binder, but with that omission the sequence is complete.

THERE WAS FIRST OF ALL the dropper, which cut the grain and carried it along on the platform until enough had been accumulated for a bundle. The driver then pressed a lever with his foot, and this tilted the platform backward and dumped the load immediately behind the machine. One disadvantage was that unless the grain were removed by the binders before the machine made the next round it would be trodden by the horses and railed beneath the machine.

AN IMPROVED MACHINE was the "Buckeye combined table-rake," which was sold by Luke, Steele & Co. This machine carried the cut grain on the table, as did the dropper, until the driver pressed a lever, and then a rake or sweep was carried around the table, sweeping the grain off at the side.

THOMAS COLLINS Advertised the Marsh harvester, which carried a crew of three men, a driver and two binders. By means of aprons the grain was elevated to a platform, where it was seized and bound with a straw band by one of the two binders. The binders bound alternate bundles, and they were right busy men in heavy grain.

THERE WERE ALSO Advertised two or three makes of self binding harvesters, this type being the very latest thing in harvesting machinery. It is possible that one of these machines bound with wire, though nothing is said on that point. Some wire binders were used in the valley about that time, as I have reason to know, for I have had sharp plow lays niched with the wire left on the ground in the ashes of a burned straw pile. The wire binder did not last long. It was efficient as a binder, but the wire became a nuisance in plowing, broken bits of wire were swallowed by animals, and small fragments mixed with the grain! ruined the bolting cloth in the mills. Nowadays those bits would be caught by magnets.

I OVERLOOKED ONE TYPE OF harvester, which followed the table-rake. That was a two-man machine on which one of the two men was armed with a long rake. The head of the rake was in line with the handle, instead of at right angles to it—if you get the point—and the raker swept the accumulated grain from the table off at the side.

THE THING THAT Impressed me is that the period was one of transition, with so many different types of harvesting machinery being sold in the same town at the same time. It was not long before the twine binder had supplanted all the others.

MRS. J. D. HOVEY, OF TOLNA, writes: "In a recent number you wrote of the wild pigeons, that are now extinct. I was born on September 10, 1855, at what was then known as Pigeon Grove Corners, Columbia county (Mrs. Hovey neglects to say in what state. It might have been New York, Pennsylvania or Wisconsin, as each has its Columbia county.) My people kept a postoffice. I cannot say in what year it was, but it was some time before the Civil War, that I had diphtheria and was sick a long time. When I got better one of my uncles carried me out to sit on a flat rail to watch an airplane, and, believe it or not, they most all went down in some hollow white oak trees and came out again at sunrise. What kept them from smothering? Can anyone tell?"

MRS. HOVEY ADDS THAT HER parents christened her Lady Helen Mar Barker, after the name of the heroine in "Scottish Chiefs." That work, she writes, "Pilgrim's Progress," and the Bible, were the only books that the family owned. They probably got more out of those books than most of us do out of the wealth of reading material that is now at our disposal.

IN REPLY TO SEVERAL Inquiries: The tulips are blooming. Crimson have been out for several days. Dark reds and orchids are opening nicely. The yellows should be out in a few days. The flowering plums are also making good progress and some of the buds are about ready to open. Mine are not likely to be as early as some others round town, as they are on the east side of the house, while I know of others that have a southerly exposure and thus have the benefit of sunshine all day long. The flowering plum, like others of the plum family, blooms before it is out in full leaf. The blossoms do not last long, but they make up for that in beauty and earliness.

Necessity, the mother of invention, was not satisfied until she began turning out luxuries.— Toledo Blade.

A self-polishing shoe leather has been developed by the Mellon Institute at Pittsburgh. The Greeks will have a word for that, too.— New Yorker.

MANY UNIVERSITY OF North Dakota alumni, as well as other residents of Grand Forks, will be interested in a news paragraph from Lexington, Kentucky, which says that Dr. Frank L. McVey, president of the University of Kentucky, had been adjudged Lexington's outstanding citizen in 1932, and that a cup has been awarded him by the Optimist club of Lexington in recognition of his conspicuous service to the city during the past year. Dr. McVey went to Kentucky from the University of North Dakota about fifteen years ago. During his residence in Grand Forks he had associated himself in the life of the community in all its public enterprises and he was a vigorous worker in every movement that made for the progress of the city. From time to time word has come of the excellent record which he was making in educational work in Lexington, and he seems to have been equally active and equally successful in civic work. Congratulations.

IN A MENTION MADE OF J. F. T. O'Connor, the new comptroller of the currency a few days ago I said that I did not recall that Mr. O'Connor had ever worked for The Herald. I had in mind, of course, the editorial department of the paper, with which I have been associated. I have been reminded that Frank did, however, work for The Herald, for it was as a carrier of The Herald that Frank got his start. He shared that occupation with hundreds of others, some of them graduating into other departments of the paper, and others entering other occupations.

IT IS NOT PARTICULARLY important, but it is a coincidence, nevertheless, that in Tuesday's Herald, in the same paragraph of the "Yesteryears department, readers were told that twenty years ago J. F. T. O'Connor was elected national president of Delta Sigma Rho, honorary forensic fraternity, and that President F. L. McVey of the University left for St. Louis to attend the fourth American peace conference. That was the year before the World war started.

MILO WALKER, OF Bowsmont, makes his contribution to the list of pigeon reminiscences. He writes that in 1881 he was working in the woods in New York state, and about two miles from where he worked there was a balsam grove of about 40 acres where the blue pigeons hatched by thousands. "I used to trap them by the dozen in a box trap," writes Mr. Walker, "and they made a pigeon pie out of them, baked between two crusts, that was some pie."

MR. WALKER'S OCCUPATION at that time was getting out ships' knees. Many persons do not know that a ship has knees, but that is merely a matter of ignorance of nautical matters. The ship's knees are pieces of timber used in the framing of the hull, and as Mr. Walker explains, they are somewhat the shape of a long-legged boot. While he worked at the job these timbers were obtained by grubbing out tamarack trees by the roots and shaping the knees from trunk and large root together.

MR. WALKER REMEMBERS the appearance of Halley's comet about 1860, and he also remembers the first pig that he ever owned. He had just been married when he obtained a pig, and had moved into the log shanty which he had built in the 10-acre clearing. He walked five miles through the woods to get the pig, which he put in a little slab pen in the stable. The next day he yoked up the oxen, and with his young wife went to a logging bee. When he returned the pig was gone. Two weeks later he heard of a stray pig that had turned up at the farm adjoining the one where he had got his pig. He went to investigate, and got there just in time to see his pig die.

BEARS WERE NUMEROUS IN the part of Canada where Mr. Walker was born, and it was supposed that a bear had made away with a pig on the Walker farm which turned up missing. Weeks later, when the young man was swamping out rail stock in a large swamp near by he found the missing sow, and with her nine young pigs, as wild as march hares. The mother had lived on beech nuts and was in fine condition. On another occasion a mother had left her baby rolled up in a shawl while picking berries in a big huckleberry marsh, and when she returned to where she had left the child it was gone. No trace of the infant was ever found, and it was supposed that a bear had carried it off.

WOLVES ALSO WERE Plentiful, and deer came to the barnyard with the cattle to share the feed and the lick at the salt put out for the cattle.

EVERY NEW COUNTRY HAS its boosters and its detractors. North Dakota has had its share of both. General Greeley, writing after some months experience at Bismarck, said that the territory was not fit for civilized people to live in. C. F. Sims, writing letters home to his brother while he was crossing Dakota as a member of a military expedition, described the country in the most uncomplimentary terms. He thought it was fit for nothing but the buffalo and the Indians and believed that it would revert to them before long. The humor of Mr. Sims' experience lay in the fact that years later he had headquarters at Grand Forks as superintendent of an elevator company which handled millions of bushels of wheat from the territory which he had considered worthless.

I HAVE JUST STUMBLERD ON a few paragraphs from an article written by Henry Van Dyke for Harper's magazine in 1880 which have added interest now because of the death of Dr. Van Dyke a few weeks ago. The article was entitled "Some Red River Illusions, and in it the writer referred to the lies which he said were told about the Red River valley. The climate, he said, was not mild, as had been represented. Sometimes it was uncomfortably cold. Local people, he said, were evasive about the temperature. He had talked to one man about thermometer readings, but could get no satisfaction. The man said he and his family lived inside and kept their thermometer here. He had heard that wheat in the valley averaged 60 bushels per acre, but had found that this was not true. He had learned that the average would not be more than 25 bushels, sometimes nearer 20. He quoted figures from the Dalrymple farm showing a yield for the preceding year of between 20 and 25 bushels.

THE WATER IN THE RIVERS, wrote, was muddy and that in the wells was alkaline. Mosquitoes were large and fierce. The paragraphs quoted are such as might have been written by an unsophisticated young man who had innocently swallowed all the exaggerations which he had heard about a new country, and on visiting it has been subjected to the kind of spoofing of which the tenderfoot is often made the victim, and who had taken both himself and the jokers too seriously.

THE VAN DYKE ARTICLE aroused the ire of the northwest press. The Herald denounced it savagely, describing the writer as an "imposter" and a "literary popinjay" against whom and his like the Harpers should beware in future. There was nothing in the Van Dyke article to indicate the great future of the writer as scholar, man of letters and diplomat, nor does the touchiness shown in the editorial comment indicate anything of the mellow humor which became one of the outstanding characteristics of George B. Winship, the editor of that day. The two men were of nearly the same age. They would have been congenial companions if they had met in their later years.

THE TONE OF THE Editorial comment, as a matter of fact, was not due particularly to the exuberance of youth or the sensitiveness of those who had settled in a new country. It was quite in keeping with the spirit of the times. It was one of the traditions of the profession that the editor should continually carry a chip on his shoulder and be busily engaged in knocking the chips off other people's shoulders. After hours he might join his effete and hated rival in a drink or a game of cards and be on excellent terms with him, but officially he must denounce and lambast him in season and out of season. Greeley did that, and Dana, and Franklin, pioneer in American journalism, was a past master in the art of personal abuse a cutting edge. Other times, other manners.

IT WAS ABOUT THE TIME that the Van Dyke article was written that the first association of Dakota newspaper men was organized. A meeting of editors was held for that purpose in Fargo on June 18, 1880, and there was organized the "Press Association of the Golden Northwest." Dr. J. B. Hall was the first president of the association, and among the familiar names registered at the meeting were those of George B. Winship, Major A. W. Edwards and Col. C. A. Lounsberry. The Herald was highly appreciative of the hospitality of the Fargo people. The visiting newspaper men were entertained without money and without price at the three chief hotels of the city, the Headquarters, the Sherman and the Continental. Special mention was made of the Headquarters, which was said to be the finest hotel west of the Twin Cities. When the big Fargo fire of 1893 occurred and the Headquarters hotel escaped there were loud lamentations that the old barracks could not have burned with the rest of the town.

WITH THE PERMISSION OF the owner I have just inspected at close range the marvelous collection of hepatica at the home of Fred L. Goodman on Reeves drive. It is worth going many miles to see. In its present beauty it represents twenty-two seasons of loving care, and the result fully justifies all the attention that has been given it. Described in about the fewest possible words the collection consists of a double row of small flowering plants which now forms a solid mass of color some two feet wide the full length of the north wall of the residence. That description, while quite accurate, conveys no impression of the beauty of the display, which is a mosaic of light at darker blues, intermingled with the sheen of glossy green foliage which is now beginning to take the place of the blossoms.

THIS COLLECTION IS A Demonstration of what can be done in the way of naturalizing native plants or those which grow near by if care is used to provide conditions proper for their growth. The hepatica grows wild in great quantities in the pine districts of northern Minnesota, but it is not found on the prairie. Twenty-two years ago Mrs. Goodman brought a few of the plants from near Bemidji in the hope that they might be made to thrive here. In order to provide the best possible conditions for the growth of the plants Mr. Goodman prepared a bed of soil as nearly as might be like that to which they were accustomed. He removed the original earth to a depth of several inches, replaced it with sand and leaf mould, and in this bed, well worked, the imported plants were placed. Because in its native habitat the hepatica is found in partial shade the planting was made close to the house on the north side, where it gets only occasional direct sunlight in the long summer mornings and evenings.

THE PLANTS, THUS MADE TO feel at home, grew and prospered. Each spring, almost as soon as the snow was gone, they put forth their blue blossoms, to be succeeded a little later by shiny green foliage which of itself kept the bed beautiful all summer. Each season the separate plants multiplied into thick masses, and from the divisions of these new clumps were set out. In this way the bed was enlarged until it reached its present proportions.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS MAY seem like a long time in which to develop a flower bed. Doubtless within the time the bed could have been made much larger if that had been the purpose. But the object was not size, but rather the creation of a thing of beauty, fitting appropriately into its setting, and embellishing its environment. The bed has required a few hours of labor each year, and each year it has rewarded its builder with hours of enjoyment and has given pleasure to hundreds of passersby. The investment is one which has continually yielded handsome dividends, regardless of the ups and downs of prices in the commercial markets.

THERE CAN BE NO Objection to the importation to our territory of plants from distant parts of the country. Beauty and utility are not confined to the products of any one section. But in going far afield we may overlook much that is desirable at home. There are many flowering plants, native to the northwest, which, given suitable growing conditions in farm or city gardens, will give splendid results. One advantage for our purpose which such plants possess is their demonstrated hardiness which is an item of major importance in this climate.

WE OFTEN SPEAK OF Tropical vegetation and tropical flowers as representing the ultimate in luxuriance, but that idea is to be accepted with some reservations. Alaska produced wonderful flowers, not only in the mild, moist climate along the coast, but away in the interior Where the thermometer makes unbelievably low records during the winter. One of Stefansson's books is illustrated with pictures of acres and acres of flowers in what we have been accustomed to regard as the bleak barren lands along the Arctic.

MR. GOODMAN HAS A PHOTO of the home of his friend the mayor of Le Pas, the little mining and railroad town some 400 miles north of Grand Forks. In abundance, luxuriance and color the display of flowering plants on the grounds is such as one might expect in a Florida landscape. The winner of the chief prizes in a flower show at Le Pas last summer was a lady from Churchill, the new port on Hudson's bay, 300 miles still farther north, who had grown the flowers in her own garden in that distant northern locality.

TWO UNUSUAL GARDENING conditions prevail in that far northern territory. First, the ground never thaws out. Always, even in the hottest summers, the earth remains frozen solid except for a few feet on the surface. This insures moisture, no matter what the weather may be. Second, the territory is practically free from the plant diseases which are so troublesome in milder climates. With these conditions, plus the prolonged sunlight of the summer days, the conditions are ideal for the flower gardener.

AN EAST HARTFORD, CONN., paper records the death on April 16 of Eugene H. Merriman, veteran of 42 years in the postal service, practically all of which was spent in the East Hartford postoffice. Mr. Merriman was a cousin of Mrs. Arline Momyer of Grand Forks, and the announcement of his death will recall to many older residents of the vicinity his father, Frank B. Merriman, who with his family came to North Dakota in 1882 and established a store at Arvilla. The father was appointed postmaster at Arvilla and the son served in the establishment as clerk and assistant postmaster. Eugene Merriman occupied a prominent place in the life of his home town in Connecticut and was highly respected as a citizen.

A LETTER FROM T. A. Redick conveys information of the death of his wife, Mabel Belle Redick at the family home at Sioux Falls, Iowa, May 2. Mrs. Redick had been ill for several months immediately preceding her death. Born at St. Cloud 49 years ago she lived for a short time in Grand Forks, where she was a member of the Women's Relief corps and the Rebekah lodge. She is survived by two sons, and two grandchildren.

TOM REDICK IS THE Youngest of the family of the late M. H. Redick, a former well-known resident of Grand Forks and for several years a member of the city council. Since leaving Grand Forks he has lived some time in California, where he visited the Winships at their home in San Diego. For some years past he has been engaged in the collection and adjustment business in Sioux City, and he writes that he is also at work on a history of Grand Forks which he expects to have finished soon.

IN AN INTERESTING AND characteristic letter to Grand Forks friends Dr. J. Grassick, writing from Long Beach, Cal., under date April 29, says that California is keeping up its reputation for the unusual inasmuch as there is, or was at that time in progress a "drizzle-drazzle" which might be described Appropriately as a Scots mist, and which had kept sightseers and sub-bathers indoors for two days. The rain was badly needed, says Dr. Grassick, as the state is shy on moisture. Up to that time the precipitation had been only 9.07 inches, with the dry season right at hand. Dr. Grassick compares that with the 20-inch precipitation in the Red river valley.

ON THE EVENING BEFORE writing Dr. Grassick had an interesting and amusing experience which those who know him and have read his famous little work on Paisley shawls will appreciate. In the evening paper he saw the announcement of a lecture on Paisley shawls by a woman speaker. Naturally the subject interested him, and he went to the lecture, seating himself inconspicuously in a corner. During the progress of the lecture the speaker said that she had searched all the literature available for material on the subject and had found the most satisfactory information in a little book by a Dr. Grassick. Then she proceeded to quote page after page from the doctor's book, while he sat there trying to conceal his blushes.

AFTER THE LECTURE HE Introduced himself to the speaker, commending her address, and then it was her turn to blush. He found her quite well informed for one not Scottish, and I gather that the two became quite chummy.

DR. GRASSICK HAD Expected to be home by this time, but he concluded to stay a little longer, but he feels the tug of the of the prairies, and he thinks that before long it will prove too strong to be resisted. He is one man who has discovered the secret of perpetual youth.

PROSPECTS ARE GOOD FOR an unusually fine display of lilacs this year. There is some complaint that the blossoms are late, but this is rather an advantage than otherwise. Early blossoms are highly desirable, but one cannot depend on them. Very early buds are almost sure to be nipped by late spring frosts. If development is retarded by cool weather the chances are much better for them to escape frost.

MULCHING IS OFTEN USED to hold back growth in the spring. I have an example of its effectiveness in two elms which were planted last fall. After the planting the fresh earth in the excavations was thoroughly wet down and the surface was heavily mulched. Part of the mulch was removed early in the spring, but a few days ago there was still solid ice six inches below the surface. I figure that those trees have been held back, two or three weeks by the mulch. That is of no particular advantage so far as elms are concerned, but it might be good practice with many kinds of flowering shrubs.

AN ARTICLE IN THE Saturday Evening Post by Fred H. Turner, dean of men at the University of Illinois, tells of some of the of a dean of men in a great university. One incident mentioned relates to the closing of a bank near the campus in which many of the students maintained accounts. The closing of the bank froze up the assets of the students and left many of them strapped. It was the business of the dean to help them to carry on until remittances could be received from home. In the number were 28 Chinese students. They were left with just what cash they had in their pockets. They were far from home, telegrams cost money, and because of the disturbed conditions in China it was not certain that telegrams would reach their destination. Arrangements were made to take care of those students until it could be received from Chinese government officials in Chicago and Washington.

ANOTHER INCIDENT IN I which a former North Dakotan figured involved the distribution of cash after the closed bank was in such shape that "the receiver could begin paying dividends. Among the depositors were some 2500 students who were minors, and the receiver could not pay money to minors without a court order. Payment to parents or guardians would involve correspondence and annoying delay. It was important that the students receive their money in cash. Representatives of the university appeared in court with a petition for payment to the students. These representatives were members of the university college of law, one a very able former member of the New York bar and the other a former supreme justice of the state of North Dakota. This, of course, was Judge A. A. Bruce, former dean of the University of North Dakota law school, and now a member of the faculty of Northwestern university.

THE STUDENTS GOT THEIR money. It was brought out that the money which they deposited had been supplied to them for their college expenses, and as a part of the regular procedure they had drawn checks against their accounts and such checks had been honored by the bank. On this showing the court ordered payment to be made to them in person. The decision in that case has served as a precedent in numerous similar cases since.

I WONDER IF ANY OF MY readers from the east remember the May apples that grew in the woods in the early summer, and if the same plant grows in the woods here. I seem to recall having seen a few of them somewhere in the northwest, but I cannot remember when or where.

THE PLANT GREW A FOOT to 18 inches tall, and was found in shady places. It had a single straight stalk and large, broad leaves. The flower was white, and after the flower came the fruit, a little "apple" about the size of a small wild plum. It was juicy and mildly acid. I have heard that these fruits are poisonous. Perhaps they are, but I have eaten dozens of them, and I am here yet. I never ate many at one time, because their flavor was not such as to tempt one to gormandizing, but they did well enough to nibble at in the absence of something better.

THEN THERE WAS "SLIPPERY ELLUM." Once I could pick out a slippery elm sapling just by looking at it. I couldn't do it now. We had several varieties of elms, and the inner bark of the slippery kind was good to chew. Under the process of mastication it gave out a gooey juice of about the consistency of thick soapsuds. It was considered quite a delicacy. Boys who on their way to school passed near where it grew would fill their pockets with bits of it, and these they would trade to others less favorably situated, and a boy with his pockets full of "slippery ellum" was sure to have a following of girls.

THEN THERE WAS "Slippery ellum." Once I could pick out kinds was also smoked. A big tree of this variety grew close by the river, and the current kept many of its roots washed bare. Bits of these roots of the thickness of a cigar were cut into appropriate lengths, dried and smoked. The root was full of large pores which ran its full length, making them very free-smoking. The smoke had a biting, acrid taste, and the only reason that we smoked the things was because it was something different to do.

THERE WERE NO Cigarettes in my school days, and while most of the boys smoked occasionally during their school years, the practice did not become a habit with them until later. During school years there was more chewing than smoking, the material used being a thin, black plug popularly known as "blackstrap."

SOME EARTHQUAKE FIGURES have been compiled by a California correspondent of a Grand Forks man. According to the information obtained the recent earthquake which centered at Long Beach lasted 11 seconds, and had an intensity of 4.6 on the basis usually applied. For comparison it is noted that the San Francisco quake lasted 150 seconds with an intensity of 2.5; that at Santa Barbara in 1925 had an intensity of 3.4; that in Japan an intensity of 8.5. It is said that in the recent earthquake Long Beach moved north 8 ½ feet, then moved back south 5 ½ feet. Measured March 21, 21 days after the quake, its level was 30 inches above normal. In general the level appears to be lowering, the slipping being the cause of the tremors felt from time to time.

SOME FIGURES ON OTHER earthquakes, compiled by the same correspondent, follow:

1755. Lisbon, Portugal. A tidal wave swept over the city, 30,000 to 60,000 lives lost, and the city was practically destroyed.

1811-12. New Madrid, Mo. Redfoot Lake in Tennessee and Kentucky formed by sinking of part of the flood by sinking of part of the flood plain of the Mississippi. Slight quakes are still occasionally felt in this region. 1886. Charleston, S. C. Twenty-seven lives lost, 14,00 chimneys shaken down, and locomotives derailed. The shock was felt over an area 800 by 1000 miles.

1891. Minot and Owari, Japan. Killed 7,279; injured, 17,393; wholly destroyed, 197,530 houses. Sixty per cent of the Japanese empire was effected.

1897. Bengal and Assam, India. Thirty lakes produced by changes of level.

1906. San Francisco, Calif. About 700 persons killed, 100,000 to 200,000 made homeless, loss to property of \$2000,000,000 chiefly by fire following the quake. A movement ranging up to 23 feet is recorded.

1908. Sicily and Calabria, Italy. About 76,000 persons killed, 95,000 injured and a great part of Messina and surrounding villages and towns destroyed.

1915. Central Italy. About 30,000 lives lost and 362 towns and villages damaged.

1917. Guatemala. About 2,500 lives lost in quake that lasted a week.

1920. Orizaba district, Mexico. A score of villages and town affected and about 3,000 lives lost.

1923. Tokyo and Kokohama, Japan. Nearly 160,000 lives lost and both cities almost destroyed.

1905. Vicinity of Kangra, India. Report felt over an area of 1,625,000 square miles.

THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1811-12, mentioned above, which affected a large part of the lower Mississippi valley, seems to have been the most violent and long-continued of any recorded on this continent. Except for a few small settlements and scattered farms the region in which it was most severe was almost uninhabited. It is because of this fact that the earthquake is not listed as one of our major disasters. Under the circumstances there was not great loss of life and no considerable property damage. But the violence of the early shocks terrorized the few inhabitants of the great district affected until, becoming injured in a measure to the rocking of the earth, the people went about their business for a year or so, taking as a matter of course the rocking and swaying to which they were subjected.

THERE IS SOMETHING CURIOUS about the way in which numbers impress themselves on some people. To me a familiar telephone number becomes like a word, the figures of which I repeat automatically with out any thought of them as separate units. And a number sticks in the mind as something associated with the individual to whom it belongs. Thus a few days ago I happened to over hear another person call a number which I had occasion to call often a few years ago, but which I have not needed to call for a long time. As I heard the number there came to me a mental picture of the man whose number it is, just as if I had heard his name called.

ONE OF THE CURIOUS COINCIDENCES of the telephone communication is told by Guy Ireland. He wished to speak to a man whom he had not had occasion to call for weeks. Making ready to call the number he took down the receiver, but before he had time to ask for the number he heard the voice of his friend at the other end of the line. He asked if the friend had put in a call for him, and was told that he had not. The other man said that his phone had rung and he had taken down the receiver to answer. Just how that connection was made, or why, no one has been able to explain.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING things about housecleaning time on a fine spring day is that one can walk down the alley and check up on what changes in raiment the neighbors have been making within the past few months. Thus it may be noted that Blank has got a new suit, that Mrs. Dash has turned that pink and white thing that she wore last summer, and that Mr. Squibbs still has the double-breasted Prince Albert which he hasn't worn for thirty years, but which is brought out at every housecleaning, dusted, aired and restored to its place in the farthest corner of the closet.

MOST OF THOSE WHOM I have heard discuss the subject report that they have found comparatively little evidence of grasshopper infestation this spring. My informants have usually been those who have rooted around in city gardens, and the conditions may be quite different in the open fields. However, so far as I have been able to learn, the number of egg sacs uncovered this season has been very much less than last spring. Last year eggs could be dug up in almost any open bit of ground, and it became apparent later in the season that most of those eggs hatched and the infant hoppers grew to lusty and destructive size. This year it is only occasionally that eggs are discovered, which leads one to hope that the hopper plague is about over.

THERE IS A THEORY HELD by some scientists, of pseudo-scientists, that in the contest between mankind and insect life man is bound to lose and insects will come into undisputed possession of the planet. I think those who hold this theory include bacteria and similar microscopic creatures in the broad classification of insect life. The argument is that notwithstanding all the preventive measures that have been devised the products on which the human race depends for food are subjected to increasing hazards from bacteria which destroy plant and animal life and from insect pests of a thousand varieties. These malignant creatures, they tell us, can thrive and multiply in places inaccessible to man with his sprays and poisons and other defenses, so that in process of time the production of food crops will become impossible and the race will be starved out. That theory ought to be saved for a period of general prosperity, as the eastern potentate had a skeleton paraded at his banquets in order to remind all and sundry that sic transit gloria mundi. Just at present we have other matters to occupy our attention.

WHATEVER MAY HAPPEN TO our descendants and the insects some millions of years hence, we couldn't get along very well without insects now. A great many of our plants depend on insects for the pollenization which is essential to reproduction. Over in California, for instance, they imported fig trees from the Orient, and were dismayed to find that though the trees grew and flourished and blossomed freely, they did not produce a single fig. This sterility was due to lack of pollenization. There were insects in California, but none of the right type. It was found that in the east the fig blossoms were pollenized by insects with long snouts which would penetrate far into the interior of the blossom. A number of these insects were brought over and turned loose, and California began to produce crops of figs.

W. M. EDMUNDS TELLS OF an experience of his with pumpkins. During his boyhood his family came from the east and settled at Drayton. Back east they had grown great quantities of pumpkins and they undertook to continue the practice in North Dakota. But their efforts, and those of the neighbors, were fruitless. The vines made an amazing growth, but there were no pumpkins. Such insects as there were in North Dakota had not become accustomed to pumpkins. The boys of the family were instructed to substitute for the insects and fertilize the blossoms by hand, an operation which consisted in transferring pollen from the staminate to the pistillate blossoms. The results were perfect. The Edmunds family were well supplied with pumpkins.

MANY PLANTS, PERHAPS most, bear self-fertilizing blossoms, and in such cases the agitation of the blossoms by the wind is sufficient to transfer the pollen. Pumpkins, squash, melons and cucumbers bear separate male and female blossoms on the same vine and the pollen must be transferred from one blossom to the other or there will be no fruit.

CORN IS STERILIZED BY Pollen falling from the tassel to the silk of the embryo ear, and some odd results occur when corn of different varieties is planted together. Thus an ear of what ought to be pure Golden Bantam may be speckled with yellow, white, purple or even black kernels if there are plants of the other varieties close by,

THERE IS A RATHER Prevalent notion that if flowers, such as sweet peas, of different colors are grown together the color of one will affect that of the other. That is a mistake in so far as flowers produced in a given season from pure seed are concerned. The color of the flower is governed by the kind of seed planted, and the flower is actually in bloom, and in full color, before fertilization is possible. If seed from plants so grown is sown the result is likely to be collection of hybrids, but in every case the seed governs the color.

AS A MEASURE OF ECONOMY the New York city board of education has adopted the plan of having stamped the words "Board of Education" on all lead pencils issued to pupils in the city schools. Pencils have disappeared in alarming numbers, and the idea is that if they are labeled the children will be less likely to make free with them. This, thinks the New York Times, indicates that the board is not well versed in school-boy psychology. With charming gallantry the Times does not include girls among the unauthorized appropriators of pencils. As an illustration of the effect of labeling articles as a means of preventing their theft the Times calls attention to the mysterious disappearance of such things as towels, napkins and soap from hotels and dining cars. It might have gone further and referred to the extensive collections of such articles which are occasionally exhibited to friends as evidence that the present possessors have traveled far and fruitfully.

REFERENCE TO MAY APPLES the other day has recalled the days of his youth to a correspondent, who, wishing to be anonymous writes:

"IT HAS NEVER BEEN MY lot to see a May apple in all this north land, and yesterday completed fifty-three years residence for me.

"IN THE OLD HOME LAND we had Mandrake apples, that grew on the low lands in the deep shade; but they did not correspond with the cuts given by Webster. Our Mandrakes grew on rather slender stocks, about eighteen inches in height, with two broad leaves on top. The apples grew from stems just beneath the leaves, were the size and shape of hen eggs, covered with a skin like that of a banana, but more tender. The fruit was the consistency of ripe musk melon, with fine seeds throughout like a fig. It is my recollection the fruit was ripe in the fall. Only the other day someone was eating an orange, the perfume was wafted in to me and I made the remark: That reminds me of my boyhood days, and of Mandrake apples."

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE May apple, which was less familiarly known as the Mandrake, is accurate except that the fruit which he describes is larger than that which I recall. I may be at fault about the size.

I NEVER LOOKED THE WORD up in the dictionary before, but I find that the Mandrake described and illustrated by Webster is not our plant at all, but one belonging to another family. Webster describes our plant correctly under the titles "Mayapple" and "podophyllum," which is described as an herb belonging to the barberry family. Its root is said to be used in medicinal preparations. It may be that our grandmothers so used it. It would be rather strange if they did not, for they were in the habit of using almost all the known roots, herbs and barks in the preparation of concoctions which were supposed to be good for us.

THAT REMINDS ME OF smartweed, which we used to gather and dry for later use. I don't remember whether that was used in making a tea, a liniment or a plaster. I do know that the stuff would burn fiercely if one got it into his eyes. Somewhere I read of using it on horses as a protection against mosquitoes. The weed was rubbed well into the hair of the animals and its odor would keep mosquitoes away for several hours.

GOING BACK TO THE Matter of pencils: My school board didn't furnish any. We bought our own, and they had to last a long time. Nearly all of our written school work was done on slates, and we furnished them ourselves, as we did books, paper, and everything else except the hickory whip stock and the strap of five tails, both of which were used because they were cheap. Regular writing paper cost money, but for such work as called for paper it was customary to save the white "tea-paper" that came from the stores around the more costly commodities of small bulk. A sheet of that answered for a composition or a written exercise in arithmetic. The vigorous use of slates and pencils by a large class created a clatter that was almost deafening, and there were times when we made it as deafening as we could.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO deny the existence of the perversity of inanimate things, but how else is one to explain the waywardness of the typewriter? For instance, when I fully intended to say that corn is fertilized in a particular manner, the t y p e-writer reversed it and made it appear "sterilized." There must be a spirit of mischief in the machine. Another blunder, which, unfortunately, I cant' attribute to the typewriter, was in identifying Judge Bruce with the University of Illinois legal adviser who assisted in obtaining a court order authorizing the receiver of a closed bank to pay dividends to student depositors notwithstanding the fact that they were minors. The man who figured in that case was Judge Sveinbjorn Johnson, another North Dakota supreme court justice. Judge Johnson went from North Dakota to join the faculty of the University of Illinois. In addition to his college work he has won distinction as the author of works on Icelandic life and literature.

I HAVE JUST ENJOYED A pleasant visit with George Horsley, of Neche, whose boyhood home was near Southampton in Bruce county, Ontario, and who recalls many of the persons and incidents mentioned from time to time in this column. Although several years younger than myself Mr. Horsley remembers flights of passenger pigeons, whereas the birds had forsaken my neighborhood in the southern part of the province before I became old enough to know anything about them. Probably it was because of the newness of the northern part of the province that the birds retained their roosting places there for several years after they had found the southern counties too crowded to suit them.

MR. HORSLEY RECALLS AN excellent pigeon story, worthy of Baron Manchausen at his best, which was told by a wag of his neighborhood. This man told of the approach of an immense flock of pigeons, and of his hurried preparation to load his gun so as to be ready for them. He poured in the powder, rammed in a wad, followed it with a big charge of shot and another wad, which he also rammed home. But in his excitement over the masses of pigeons settling on the trees around him he forgot to remove the ramrod. Taking aim at a dense mass of pigeons he let drive, with the result that eleven pigeons were impaled on the ramrod.

WHILE THE INCIDENT TOOK place a long way from his home, Mr. Horsley remembers the Donnelly murder, in which an entire family near London, Ontario, was wiped out. While in his teens he worked in a lumber camp, and in the camp were three men who, it was whispered, had participated in that murder. One of them had in his trunk newspaper pictures of the slaughtered Donnellys, which he exhibited, without, however, indicating that he had any personal interest in the affair, and those around him were discreetly silent with reference to any gossip which they might have heard. The Donnellys were a tough lot, and many persons regarded the massacre as a case of justifiable, if not necessary extermination.

MENTION OF THE Fertilization and cross-fertilization of flowers brings up the subject of the cross-fertilization of pumpkins and squash. There is a belief, quite widely entertained, that if pumpkins and squash are grown together hybrid fruits will result. Thousands of persons have heard that this is a matter of common occurrence, but there is little, if any, direct evidence that the crossing; has actually taken place,

PETER HENDERSON, THE famous New York seedsman, made numerous experiments to determine the facts, with negative results. Dr. W. Van Fleet, physiologists of the United States department of agriculture made similar experiments and wrote Mr. Henderson as follows:

"IT APPEARS DIFFICULT TO definitely settle the question as to whether or not cucumbers, melons, squashes and pumpkins will cross with each other. My personal experience is that they will not, and I have made many careful experiments under glass and in the open, absolutely with negative results. I never secured a fruit or seed when the work was properly done. In my own personal garden I grow all classes close together and have saved seeds of special strains for several years with absolutely no hint of hybridization between the classes. Of course varieties of either class will freely intercross if given opportunity, but I do not know of any authentic case of hybridization between the group or classes.

BY A ROUNDABOUT ROUTE comes word from A. E. Palmer, formerly of Grand Forks, now of Glendale, Cal., that he was greatly interested in the mention of early Mississippi river navigation made in this column recently, as his father worked on two of the boats mentioned, the Otter and the Gopher, in 1876-77-78, and Mr. Palmer himself remembers those boats well. The revival of traffic on the Mississippi will bring back old times to many who remember when the river was the main highway of the center of the continent. In recent years the solitude of the river has been depressing. Quite often, in going up or down on the Burlington by daylight, on the long stretches where the road parallels the river I have watched in vain for a steamboat. There has been nothing afloat bigger than a row-boat.

TOM CAMPBELL IS QUOTED in the Los Angeles Times as predicting dollar wheat in the near future. Tom's standing as a prophet may have been impaired by his experience in bonanza farming in Montana, but the fact that the operation of that farm was not successful is not of itself sufficient to discredit the plan upon which it was staged. Farmers who operated on quite different methods have failed to make expenses in these last few years. Campbell's idea is to be tested by its results in normal conditions and normal times.

CAMPBELL OPERATED ON cheap land in a semi-arid district, where the rental charge was negligible and there were no taxes to pay. Because of scarcity of moisture "dry-farming" was necessary. That is, the land was plowed one year and allowed to lie fallow, and cropped the next year. In the alternate years when no crop was grown no rent was charged. Assuming that with wheat selling at a fair price bonanza methods could be made to pay under those conditions, it does not follow that similar methods would be successful in a different territory, where the farmer has a large investment in land and a heavy annual outlay for taxes.

OF COURSE THERE IS Nothing new about bonanza farming. It was tried on a magnificent scale in The Red river valley fifty years ago. The Dalrymples, Grandins and others, of that day, used in their operations the best scientific knowledge and the most effective mechanical devices then available. They operated from central stations, as Campbell did later. The use of power machinery and of the automobile for the transportation of workmen back and forth enabled Campbell to extend his operations over a greater range, but the same principles were involved. Of those old bonanza farms not one remains. Although their owners had abundant capital and were able to employ skilled and competent managers they found it expedient to break up their big farms into smaller ones. Nothing has occurred since to indicate that the big farm would not suffer a like fate today if similar plans were employed in a settled agricultural territory where normal conditions prevail.

IT HAPPENS THAT I HAVE on my desk copies of old issues of Harper's Weekly lent me by my friend Joe Hughes, who operates a linotype machine in our shop, and one of the interesting features is a picture of a group of foreign representatives who visited the wheat fields of the northwest in 1893, the year of the Chicago World's fair. The picture show, visitors and their local hosts group ped on the Elk Valley farm at Larimore. One of the figures easily recognizable is that of N. G. Larimore, founder of the city of Larimore and owner of the big farm. In the background are the binders whose rapidity of execution amazed the visitors. The party also visited the Dalrymple farm, on which Joe's father worked for some time. The numbers contain other interesting features, of which more later.

AN ESTEEMED MEDICAL friend writes concerning the May apple as follows:

"POSSIBLY VARIOUS THINGS are so called, but particularly, I think we mean that American mandrake or duckfoot, botanical names Podophyllum Peltatum (I got the first part of the right the other day), a common weed or plant in certain parts of America. I remember it very well as a boy in Indiana. From the root a vile-tasting yellowish drug, popdophyllin, is made. It is a powerful purgative or cathartic and was at one time used extensively. I have not come in contact with it in many years, but it may be used yet by some in places. I imagine it is used in some patent medicines. The plant was supposed to be poisonous, even to children, through the milk of cows that had eaten it. I know that it is a powerful drug, and could well suppose that an overdose might cause serious illness or death. In a medical textbook I find the statement that fatal poisoning had resulted from the eating of the fruit of the May apple."

AS I MENTIONED THE Other day I have eaten many May apples, undoubtedly the fruit of the plant described. Eating those little fruits was a common practice among the youngsters of our neighborhood. I suppose the reason that we suffered no ill effects is that we did not eat much of the stuff at one time, not because we were afraid of it, but because it was not particularly palatable.

THE TWO COPIES OF Harper's Weekly which I mentioned the other day are dated respectively December 9, 1876, and September 23, 1893. The former was issued during a hectic period in American history. The Hayes-Tilden presidential election had been held, and the two parties were engaged in bitter controversy over the result. Charges of corruption in the counting of votes in certain of the southern states were made. In those states Republican electors had been declared elected, and in some quarters it was both predicted and urged that the recently elected Democratic house should refuse to accept the returns from those states, and, there having been no legal choice recorded, should proceed to elect a president, who, in that case, would have been Tilden. The country was dangerously near civil war,

HARPER'S WEEKLY WAS AT that time strongly Republican, but, while its general attitude was partisan, the paper counseled calmness and moderation. In its leading editorial there is a suggestion of the plan which was ultimately adopted, the creation of an electoral commission to examine the facts and determine the issue. That commission, as will be recalled, decided enough of the disputed points to give the presidency to Hayes. Democrats protested vigorously, but at any rate the threatened appeal to arms was averted.

BOSS TWEED HAD Reached the pinnacle of his power, had absconded, been captured, and a few days before the paper was issued, reached New York on board the ship Franklin and was turned over to the sheriff. On the exact day of his return there was dedicated on the site of his stable and club-house a German Methodist church. After Tweed's exposure and flight the property was bought by a New York Philanthropist, the building was razed and a new church was built and given to the congregation.

THOMAS NAST WAS THE Cartoonist of the Weekly, and the front page bears one of his striking cartoons showing the ignorant black and the ignorant white just balancing each other on a pair of scales. The legend is "The Ignorant Vote—Honors Are Easy."

NAST WAS BY ALL ODDS the most famous cartoonist of that period—perhaps of any period. When Theodore Roosevelt became president Nast had virtually retired as an artist, and his financial condition was such that he needed a job. He thought he would like to go to one of the Central American republics—possibly Nicaragua—as minister or consul, I have forgotten which. His application for the place was in the form of a picture consisting of an excellent likeness of himself, all togged out in traveling garb, with a valise labeled Nicaragua, if that was the place. Under the picture was the phrase "Ready to Start." Roosevelt thought a great deal of Nast and gave him the job.

A DOUBLE_PAGE DRAWING shows an artist's concept of a religious service on a Sunday morning in midwinter on the Alert, on which a British expedition has spent the winter at latitude 82 degrees 27 minutes north, the farthest north at which human beings had spent the winter up to that time.

A PAGE IS GIVEN TO A Description of a new web printing press which could print 30,000 eight page newspapers in a hour printing both sides of the paper at one operation. Twenty-three of those presses were then in use, nine in the United States, twelve in Great Britain and two in Australia. The article says that to one who sees the printed papers delivered faster than one can count them, greater rapidity seems to be beyond the bounds of possibility. The press described would compare with The Herald's press just about as the locomotive of that day compares with its giant successor of today, and The Herald's press is a pigmy beside the press of one of the great metropolitan dailies.

THE WEEKLY AIMED TO BEI a family paper, and it gave its readers a liberal supply of fiction. In the number at hand there are chapters of a novel, "Weavers and Weft," by Miss Braddon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret." Another story, "Carita," by Mrs. Oliphant, was also running. In the advertising columns announcement is made of "The Discarded Wife" by the prolific and composite author, Bertha M. Clay. Poems by Will Carleton and a book for boys by Charles Carleton Coffin are also advertised. The Bertha M. Clay stories were all of a type, mushy sentimental, with a dash of melodrama. As a matter of fact, there never was such a person as Bertha M. Clay. The books bearing that name were written by a dozen different men. When the first died or wore out the publishers set another hack writer to work to continue the series, and so the thing went on for years.

THERE ARE OTHER THINGS on those old papers which interest me, and perhaps they will interest some of my readers. I shall have more about them later on.

WHY DO YELLOW TULIPS turn red? That is a problem which is respectfully submitted to any who wish to make a guess with reference to it. It was submitted to me by Fred E. Harris, who lives on Cottonwood street, and who has been greatly puzzled by the behavior of certain of his tulips which once were pure yellow, but now are pure red. Mr. Harris had a bed of yellow tulips which he kept in the same place for several years, and which, season after season, produced yellow and only yellow blossoms. Last fall, wishing to make some changes in his garden, he dug up half of those bulbs and moved them to another bed. This spring every bulb which had been moved to the new location produced a red blossom, while those which remained in their original position continued to produce yellow blossoms.

I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A case before, and Mr. Harris says that it is new to others to whom he mentioned it. There is no question here of seedlings being produced from cross-fertilization, for the entire stock was yellow at the beginning, and it has developed bulbs and not seedlings that were removed. Neither is it a case of a freak involving a few individual bulbs out of an entire lot. Every bulb moved changed the color of its bloom. The only suggestion that occurs to me, and it is merely a guess, is that the yellows had been developed in the first place from reds, had remained true to type for several seasons, but in the transplantation either a shock or some difference in the character of the soil had caused them to revert to their original color.

THERE SEEMS TO BE Something odd about yellow tulips, anyway. I have several, now in their second season of bloom, that were pure yellow last year and also this spring until recently, when the older blossoms show decided markings of red, as if the color had been applied with a brush. The yellows, too, seem to be in a class by themselves in some of the catalogue. One catalogue in presenting a collection of Darwins of different colors includes in the collection the Inglescombe Yellow, which is a Cottage tulip, the explanation being that no Darwin yellow has yet been developed. Perhaps yellow in tulips is like nitrogen in chemical compounds, hard to fix and easy to unfix. I shall be glad to learn what experience others have had with yellow tulips.

MOST PERSONS ARE FAMILIAR with the deception practiced by certain birds, notably prairie chickens, in shamming injury in order to lure possible enemies from their nests or young. A friend has just told me of a similar trick played by one of the long-legged kill-deer that frequent the coulee that passes through the cemetery. This bird has built a nest on the high ground right to the head of an unmarked grave. The nest is built up from the sod and is composed entirely of the long winged seeds of the ash of which there are several specimens in the cemetery. The nest is carefully built, the shiny seeds being laid snugly in parallel, and when it was discovered on Sunday it contained three eggs.

THE MOTHER BIRD, Disturbed by strangers, flew off a few feet, then limped and fluttered along the ground and lay with one wing and one leg apparently disabled, uttering distressful cries. If the poor bird has not hatched out its young before that date, Decoration day will be a day of excitement for it. Let us hope that it will not be a day of tragedy.

WHILE I HAVE BEEN Writing this I have looked out of the window at the rain, coming down in intermittent and welcome showers, and at the cars that have gone whizzing by as if in a hurry to get to a fire. Why do we speed up when it rains, and when there is not the slightest reason for hurry? Long ago, when we went on foot, we ran to get out of the wet. When we drove, even a covered buggy was poor protection, and the first cars were open to all the elements. It was natural to speed up in them. But now most of the cars are closed, and so tight as to be proof against any rain, and there are no mud holes in the solid pavement. Yet, when it begins to rain there is an instinctive urge to hurry, a species of atavism which ought to be good subject for a thesis for a candidate for a doctor's

ONE OF THE ISSUES OF Harper's Weekly from which I have quoted freely of late was published in September, 1893, while the Chicago World's fair was in progress. That fair is generally conceded to have touched the highest point in the history of such expositions in point of size, completeness and public interest. Since that time, while there have been bigger fairs, there has been a falling off in interest. The Pan-American at Buffalo was a perfect gem, but it lacked the drawing quality of its great predecessor. The exposition at St. Louis was a mammoth affair, exceeding in size anything that had been attempted up to the time, but the novelty had worn off. The more recent Sesqui-Centennial at Philadelphia was very far from being a success, and the management thought it necessary to put on a prize fight in order to draw a crowd. Perhaps the Century of Progress in Chicago this year will strike another high note.

ONE OF THE FEATURES IN the old Harper number is a page of pictures of the yacht races to select the defender of the America's cup in the race later in the season in which the Valkyrie was the challenger. In those trials the Vigilant was successful and was chosen to defend the cup, in which of course, she was successful. One of the illustrations shows the dispatch of carrier pigeons from an observation ship to carry to shore the news of the result of the race. That was fifty years ago. Today people all over the world could sit at their homes and listen to the complete story of the race as it would be broadcast from the observation ship to radio stations everywhere. Fifty years ago the carrier pigeon was the best means of communication known for such an event,

HOW DO THE ATHLETIC Records made fifty years ago compare with those that have been made more recently, at last year's Olympic, for instance? I have not the Olympic records at hand, but Harper's has a page of pictures of the champions of that day with their records. Here is the list as it appeared at that time:

M. F. SWEENEY, WORLD'S record, indoor and outdoor running high jump, 6 feet 3 ½ inches and 6 feet 4 ½ inches.

T. P. Conneff, world's record running mile, 4:17-5.

John Owen Jr., world's record 100 yards, 9-5 seconds.

C. T. Reber, world's record, running broad jump, 23 feet inches.

Theodore Luce, pole vault championship, 11 feet.

H. M. Jewett, world's record 220 yards, 2:13-5 seconds.

Walter Dohm, American record, half mile, 1:54 ½.

F. C. Puffer 120 yard hurdle championship, 1:52-5 seconds; 220 yard hurdle championship, 2:52-5 seconds.

George R. Gray, world's record, 16-pound shot, 46 feet, 73-4 inches.

J. S. Mitchell, world's records, 16-pound hammer, 141 feet, 9 inches; 56-pound weight, 35 feet, 6 inches.

These, it should be noted, are amateur and not professional records.

THE ONCE FAMILIAR NAME Charles Egbert Craddock, appears on the first page of this number, as with that issue there was begun a serial story by the author of that name. Actually there was no such person, any more than there was a real Bertha M. Clay. "Charles Egbert Craddock" was really Miss Mary N. Murfree, a southern lady who wrote under a pseudonym for several years before her identity was revealed. The story that was published in the Weekly was entitled "The Moonshiners at Hoho-Hebee Falls," a title which I never saw before. Miss Murfree was one of the most popular authors of fifty years ago.

ON ANOTHER PAGE OF THE paper are illustrations showing vast crowds of men and women assembled at the entrance to a Hebrew synagogue in Chicago to receive the food which was being issued to the unemployed poor. That charity was established by David Kallis and A. Kopperl, primarily for the purpose of providing relief for those of the Jewish race and faith. The descriptive article says that comparatively few Jews found it necessary to avail themselves of it, but in one day food was supplied from the synagogue to 22,000 persons, no questions being asked of the applicants.

A BIRD WHICH I TAKE TO be a chipping sparrow is building a nest. With me identification of birds is difficult, although the attempt is always interesting. Like Dickens' Mr. Boffin, who, confessing his inability to read, qualified the statement by saying that if shown the letter B he could respond "Boffin," I know enough to identify a certain large black bird as a crow, and I am rarely in doubt as to a robin or an English sparrow. But when I get into the more refined classifications, I am at a loss.

THIS LITTLE BIRD WHICH I take to be a chipping sparrow seems to correspond to the description given in the bird book, although there are several others of the sparrow family which are so near alike that they puzzle me.

It was the structure of the nest, however, which decided me. The English sparrow builds its nest of any sort of rubbish, on awnings and in such like places. Some of the others build of grass. The chipping sparrow is said to build its nest in vines or shrubbery, near dwellings, and to build of rootlets and line its nest with horsehair. My bird, much smaller than the English sparrow, is building of rootlets, long, fine strands that have been dug up and lain exposed until weathered. In a spirit of helpfulness I unraveled a few inches of binder twine and left the strands where the bird could not fail to see them, but thus far she has ignored the donation, and she flies far afield, to return at quite long intervals with a few of the slender rootlets constitute the walls of her dwelling.

TWO BIRDS FIRST MADE their appearance. With the utmost care they inspected the little tree in which the nest is now being built. They fluttered around it, dodged in and out, and often stopped for a conference. No bridal couple ever examined the site of their new dwelling more minutely. Their attention seemed to center on a spot right in the thickest of the foliage, a place perfectly screened from observation, and it was evidently decided that there was the perfect place. Since then I have seen only one bird, presumably the female. Where his lordship is, and in what business he is engaged, I do not know. Perhaps having given his mate the benefit of his advice and counsel, he feels that he has done his full duty, and the future domestic arrangements are her task. One thing that puzzles me is where she is going to find the horsehair for the lining of that nest. Time was when bits of horsehair hung on every bush, but the automobile leaves nothing with which a bird can line a nest.

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD WE have a pair of orioles, whose nest, I suppose, is in a tall tree near by, although I have never seen it. For many years there has appeared to be just one pair of orioles within a distance of two or three blocks. Perhaps the same birds have returned to the same locality for several seasons, to be succeeded by their descendants, or strangers may arrive each year and settle by chance.

THE MALE BIRD OF THE present family bathes often, and does so with great deliberation. Instead of plunging unceremoniously into the bath, as some of the other birds do, he steps into the shallow water and then wades deliberately and with dignity into the deeper part of the basin until he is in breast deep. Then, after several minutes of vigorous splashing, he flies to a tree near by and regales us with song.

THE ORIOLE'S NEST IS woven skillfully of bits of thread, and is suspended from a branch, not built on one. I have heard of orioles which, after having started a nest of threads of one color, refused to use any other color, and scolded vigorously when threads of the wrong color were placed where they could be found readily.

THE NESTING HABITS OF birds serves as a standing refutation of the theory that acts and habits are wholly the result of training and environment and not at all of heredity. Birds are not taught to build nests. In some way they inherit the habit. The robin and the English sparrow are both quite domestic, frequenting dwellings and buildings near by. But their nesting habits are entirely unlike, and the little chipping sparrow which I have been watching has a nest unlike either of the others. Something has been built up in the consciousness of these birds, and transmitted from generation to generation, which causes them to act in a certain way, and if anyone holds that there is no similar inheritance of tendencies in the human race, the burden of proof is on him.

A CENTURY AGO THE river was used as a highway by fur traders and trappers and Indians. A little later it bore heavy steamboat traffic, carrying freight and passengers to and from old Fort Garry. It was not a completely reliable stream, for in the early accounts there is frequent mention of trouble from low water. It was this that caused the head of navigation to be moved from Moorhead to Fisher's landing on the Red Lake river, as in the upper portion of the Red river there are numerous shoals and little rapids which could not be negotiated during stages of low water. Then, when the rails were driven north the river was abandoned for purposes of transportation. Steamers made occasional trips for a few years, picking up wheat from the warehouses along the stream, but one by one the boats were laid up, to rot or be broken up.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS After the last commercial boat had made its last trip a small fleet of government craft was maintained at Grand Forks to keep the main channel dredged and freed from snags. During those years there persisted the belief that one day the wheat from the fields of North Dakota and northern Minnesota would be carried north by way of the Red river to Hudson's bay and shipped thence across the Atlantic. It was believed that the rapids on the swift and Turbulent Nelson river would be overcome by means of canals, thus enabling river steamers to make the entire trip from Grand Forks to Hudson's bay without interruption. Gradually that dream faded.

THERE WAS ALSO THE dream of using the river for the generation of electric power. Those who entertained that hope overlooked the fact that during periods of low water scarcely enough water to operate a coffee mill would flow over a dam, and that at high water the water would be as high on one side of the dam as on the other. A narrow stream with a drop of only six inches to the mile does not lend itself readily to power production.

SINCE THE BUILDING OF the dam just below Grand Forks the Red river has become available for pleasure boating, something which has received only slight attention thus far, but which is capable of almost unlimited development. The dam raised the level of the water for many miles south of the city, making it available for light craft for that distance. One small steamer and one or two gasoline launches have been in occasional use during the past two seasons, and there are seen a few row boats and an occasional canoe.

BARRING THE FACT THAT the river banks are of clay, and therefore sticky and slippery the Red river is just about perfect for canoeing. There are miles and miles of smooth, almost still water, with heavily wooded banks and pleasant vistas as one rounds bend after bend of the tortuous stream, and there are scores of places where landings can be made for picnics where property will not be damaged and the privacy of owners will not be invaded,

PERHAPS WE HAVE BECOME so accustomed to stepping on the gas on the highways that the progress made in a canoe would seem distressingly slow. But unless there is an unconquerable urge to get somewhere in a hurry, it would be difficult to imagine a more pleasant way of spending a lazy afternoon or a moonlight evening than in a canoe on the Red river,

SOME YEARS AGO THERE was a spurt of interest in river boating, fostered chiefly by Professor A. H. Taylor, who was an enthusiast in such forms of outdoor sport. At that time Professor Taylor lived on what was then south Boulevard avenue, in the house now occupied by A. A. Halvorson. He had a small outfit of boats, and for their accommodation and that of the boats of his friends he built a boat house at the foot of the hill. The conditions were not as good then as they are now, as there was no dam, and it was only part of the time when boating was feasible. The dam has changed the conditions entirely, and there is now opportunity for making real use of a beautiful stream.

PROFESSOR TAYLOR, BY the way, distinguished himself for his work in the development of radio. At the outset of the war he went to Washington and entered the naval service there, and he became recognized as an authority on all matters pertaining to radio. I was one of his students who sent the first telephone message from San Francisco to Honolulu, and Dr Taylor listened in here at Grand Forks and heard and recognized the voice of his former student: that feat, then so remarkable, was accomplished.

SOME INTERESTING THINGS are being done in connection with the readjustment of compensation for disabilities of veterans under the new regulations. Thus one man who has been receiving \$100 each month for disabilities not directly due to military service had been placed on a new basis at \$8 per month. This decided drop from the original payment may seem strange in the light of the official report on the claimant's condition. According to the report the case of this man has been carefully reviewed and it has been determined that he is entitled to, and there is being approved in his favor, effective July 1, 1933, an award of pension in the amount of \$8 monthly, on account of the service-connected disabilities diagnosed "Otitis media, chronic, bilateral, suppurative, left, with conduction deafness, bilateral; perforation of membrane tympani, left," "bronchitis, chronic (moderate) with beginning secondary bronchiectasis, mild" and "arthritis, chronic, hypertrophic, of dorsal lumbar spine."

ONE MIGHT WONDER IF A man having all those things the matter with him is entitled to only \$8 per month, how helpless he would have to be to entitle him to twice that sum. As to the original \$100 per month, it would seem that nothing short of death and perdition would entitle him to such a payment under the new regulations. The symptoms, however, appear somewhat less alarming when translated from dictionary terminology into language of the street. It seems that what ails the man is that he is somewhat hard of hearing on one side, takes cold rather easily, and has occasional pains in the back. Most of us wouldn't rate even \$8 per month for that combination.

THE ROBIN, WHICH IS ONE of our favorite birds in the north, is said to be in rather poor standing in sections of the south where he winters because down there he has the reputation of being a quarrelsome bully. I wouldn't make such a strong accusation as the against him in his northern habitat, nevertheless he is decidedly pugnacious here and gives evidence of a disposition to have everything his own way. The English sparrow is generally described as quarrelsome, but the English sparrow makes way for the robin whenever the latter chooses to assert himself, which is most of the time when there are other birds around.

A ROBIN WAS SPLASHING IN the bird bath the other day, enjoying himself hugely. Half-a-dozen sparrows also wanted a bath and undertook to have one, but the robin insisted on having the whole bath to himself. Whenever a sparrow ventured into the water the robin would rush at him and drive him off. Some of the sparrows flew away, while others perched on the edge of the bath waiting for the robin to leave. Then came a goldfinch, smaller than the sparrow, and only half the size of the robin. The goldfinch plunked himself into the water and began to splash. The robin made a rush for him, but the finch had his own notions about his rights and how to maintain them. He rushed right back and pecked vigorously at the robin which, in apparent surprise, backed off to one side of the pool. Thereafter both birds bathed at the same time, but when the robin ventured too near the little finch he was warned to keep to his own side of the pool. And I gave the plucky little fellow three lusty cheers—under my breath, for fear of frightening him off.

ONE OF MY FRIENDS Reports finding in his garden a colony of grasshopper eggs, with a bright red bug apparently hard at work destroying the eggs. This bug he describes as several times as large as any of the little red parasites which are often found clinging to the grown, hoppers. I notice that the larvae of the blister beetle is said to feed on hopper eggs, and for all I know this may be it.

LAST YEAR THE BLISTER beetle made its appearance here in large colonies and stripped many of the caragana hedges bare. This beetle feeds largely on leguminous plants, which include peas and beans, and to which family the caragana belongs. As it is a foliage-eating insect it can be controlled by the application of poison to its food. Spraying with Paris green or lead arsenate is the proper treatment.

A LETTER REMINISCENT OF high water on the Red river comes from Ernestine Mager, of Walhalla, who, on a short visit to Winnipeg, a few days ago read "Women of the Red River," by W. J. Healy, provincial librarian of Manitoba. Reference is made in the book to several Red river floods, some of which are remembered distinctly. I have seen Mr. Healy's book, but its title suggests that its contents may be of unusual interest. Most of the literature relating to the early history of the Red river valley deals with men, their activities and achievements. A book dealing with the contribution made by women to the shaping of the valley's history should be a valuable addition to the records. The correspondent writes:

"IN ONE OF YOUR 'THAT Reminds Me' you mentioned the flood of 1897. At that time I lived in St. Boniface, in the 'Cottage Under the Elb,' between the St. Boniface and the St. Roche hospitals. Roger Goulet, a surveyor, who lived near by, made daily measurements. My sister and I prepared to move to the second story. We supplied ourselves with canned goods and groceries and asked the baker and the milkman to remember us on their rounds. The river rose slowly, majestically, until it reached the road in front of our house; then it fell. We were safe.

"MR. HEALY WRITES OF A flood in 1850 and 'high floods in 1826 and 1852! Aged natives tell of a 'great flood but do not know the year, which was probably 1852. The same old house had seen a higher flood, of which no mention has ever been made to my knowledge.

"I AM 78 YEARS OF AGE, AND remember distinctly boating through the rooms on the first floor and enjoying it immensely. I must have been over five years of age at the time, but not old enough to realize the extent of the disaster and to sympathize with the unfortunate sufferers.

"A LARGE, UNPAINTED BARN belonging to Louis Thibault, and which reminded me of Noah's ark, floated lazily here and there seeking a resting place.

"MY ELDEST BROTHER, WHO had come from France shortly before, refused to go with the rest of the family to higher land, but remained alone in the house with our pig and her little babies which he carried to the second story. Of all the floods I have ever seen here or at Winnipeg, this was the worst. Perhaps it was one of the 'great floods' of which the oldest inhabitants speak.

"THE 'COTTAGE UNDER THE 31m' built of heavy logs on a nine-foot stone foundation weathered the storm well, though it sank deeper into the earth, and the frame of the massive back door remained slightly warped. After the death of the owner, John Z. Mager, the old house was for a time known as St. Margaret's hospital. Then it was torn down to make room for a modern improvement about the grounds of the St. Boniface hospital."

FOR THE INFORMATION. OF several anxious inquirers I am happy to announce that the chipping sparrow has finished her nest and laid one little greenish-blue egg, with dark spots around the larger end, strictly according to the specifications in the book. The bird also fulfilled the requirement set forth in the book that the nest should be lined with horsehair. Where she found the hair is beyond me. It may be that she ran out of material, for, if I had been building a nest for my own use I should have wanted more lining in it. Anyway the nest is tight enough to hold the egg, which, I suppose, is its main purpose, and there will probably be more eggs within a few days. P. S. The egg is gone!

A PAIR OF COWBIRDS HAVE been spying around the premises, the male in a full-dress suit of glossy black, with brown headgear and his wife in a dress of brown neat, but not gaudy. The cowbird builds no home of its own, pays no rent, and assumes no responsibilities, even for the rearing of its own young. The female lays her eggs in such other nests as are available, those of robins and sparrow preferred, and then washes her hands, as it were, of the who business. She leaves the egg to be hatched by the real owner of the nest and the fledgling to be adopted into another family. Other birds often resent this invasion of their domestic privacy, and in some cases they will build a new floor over the cowbird's egg, and I am told that in some museum there is a nest with three such extra floors, each covering a cowbird's egg.

The cowbird seems to be the Communist of the bird family.

THE PLOT THICKENS AND grows more murky. As in the case of the man who was found dead, after having been beaten, shot, and stabbed, foul play is suspected. Since the unaccountable disappearance of the chipping sparrow's egg another egg, of unknown origin and different in size and markings, has made its appearance in the nest. The sparrow's egg was blue, with brown markings around the larger end. The new egg is a bluish white, but it is almost covered with brownish dots arranged after a fashion in rows running lengthwise of the egg. Suspicion points to the lady cowbird, who, with her mate, was observed in the vicinity a few days ago. I have been unable to find a description of the cowbird's egg, so I cannot identify this one, but the reputation of the cowbird lends strength to the suspicion that now surrounds her. One of the puzzling features of the case is as to what became of the original egg. No fragment of it has been seen around the place. Did the cowbird carry it away boldly, or did she eat it, shell and all. In the meantime a pair of chipping sparrows resembling the original ones have been prospecting and their decision is awaited with interest.

MENTION WAS MADE SOME days ago is the killdeer and her nest out at the cemetery. My informant was concerned over what was likely to happen to that nest on Decoration day with crowds of people in the cemetery, some of them not as considerate of the rights of birds as might be desired. Apprehension on this score has been removed. It was discovered on Sunday that the eggs had all hatched, and the young birds, fully feathered, and with legs almost as long as those of their parents, could run like greased lightning.

I WONDER IF ANY OF MY readers remember a book entitled "Tragedies of the Nests." My recollection is that it was written by E. P. Roe, the author of a number of sirupy novels which were very popular fifty years ago, but who also wrote well on gardening and bird life. In the book dramatic descriptions were given of the hazards which birds run in the building of their nests and the care of their young, and how these little feathered creatures must brave storms and carnivorous enemies how, nevertheless, they are able to bring their broods through unscathed.

I MAY BE MISTAKEN ABOUT E. P. Roe being the author of that little book. Offhand I recall the names of a few of his novels: "Barriers Burned Away," which describes, among other things, the great Chicago fire; "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century," and "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr." These books had about the same kind of appeal as that of the books of Harold Bell Wright of a more recent period.

THE BEMIDJI PIONEER HAS an appreciative article on the life of the late Carter Cobb, of whose death at the Roat home at Lake Plantagenet mention was made in The Herald some days ago. Mr. Cobb seems to have made warm friends in northern Minnesota, as he did during his long residence in Grand Forks. He was buried in a little cemetery donated by Mrs. F. T. Roat to the residents of her vicinity on Lake Plantagenet. Friends who had been associated with Mr. Cobb in the Grand Forks band sent a beautiful floral piece as a tribute to the memory of their former comrade.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY celebrations are under way again. One is to be held at McIntosh, Minnesota, June 16 and 17, in celebration of the first settlement of the "Thirteen Towns" of eastern Minnesota and the center of a fine agricultural district in which practically all of the farms are small and which has stood up remarkably under the strain of the past few years.

DEVILS LAKE IS HAVING A marathon celebration. Each week special attention is given to some feature of early history or more recent development, all of these leading up to the grand event which will be held later in the season.

DECORATION DAY Observances of today would not be recognized by those who participated in them a quarter of a century ago. In many cases the programs are similar to those of many years ago but the absence of the "Boys in Blue" creates a vacancy that cannot be filled. The veterans of the Spanish-American, Philippine and World wars are worthy successors to the veterans of the Civil war, but they are not the same. In the parades in Grand Forks we miss such men as Colonel Brown, Geo. B. Winship, Deacon Pierce and "Bismarck" Ackerman.