

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN Washington are to be embellished with paintings done by artists employed by the PWA. Some six hundred of the paintings done by artists placed on PWA work because they were unemployed were shown recently at the Corcoran gallery, and the president has ordered the substitution of such dered the substitution of such paintings for some of the gold leaf and scroll work such as has hitherto been employed. After looking the paintings over the president said he found that the paintings depicted art in a truly American way and added that it was easy to tell what each other of the works of art was intended to be. In that remark the president classified himself among the reactionaries. In the most modern art no one, not even the artist, has the slightest idea what is intended to be depicted. That's what makes it artistic.

I DO NOT INTENTIONALLY violate a confidence, but it seems that I have unwittingly violated one. I failed to notice the other day when Mrs. L. M. Carter sent in the solution to one problem and submitted another, that she wished to be "A. Nony Mouse," and published her name instead. The error cannot be corrected now, but I apologize, which is the best I can do. Mrs. Carter gives her solution of the problem of the husbands and wives as follows:

"MY SOLUTION: SINCE Gretchen had more than 23 and Katrina had more than Anna let us assume that Anna had the smallest number, and assume that number to be 1, costing 1 shilling. Anna's husband spent 63 shillings more totaling 64 shillings which buys 8 hogs at 8 shillings each. Katrina having 8 more than Anna had 9 at 9 shillings each totaling 81 shillings. Her husband spent 63 shillings more, a total of 144 shillings, buying 12 hogs at 12 shillings each. Trying Fritz as Anna's husband (he must be Anna's or Katrina's as he has less than Gretchen) Gretchen has 31 hogs at 31 shillings each totaling 961 shillings. Her husband spends 63 shillings more or 1024 shillings, buying 32 hogs at 32 shillings each. Since Gretchen's husband has 20 more than Katrina's husband, Gretchen's husband is Hans, and Katrina's husband is Otto. The pairs, with the number of pigs bought by each person, are as follows: Anna, 1 and Fritz 8; Katrina 9 and Otto 12; Gretchen 31 and Hans 32."

THE SOLUTION, IN WHICH substantially the same method was followed, is also given by E. C. Dearey of Grand Forks, who has wrestled successfully with many other problems in the past. This particular problem is one which requires a little experimentation in addition to the mild mathematics involved, and that fact, perhaps, makes it all the more interesting,

RICHARD BLACK OF GRAND Forks, a member of the Byrd Antarctic expedition, has recovered completely from the effects of the accident in which his leg was injured something like a month ago. He was a member of the farthest south group which helped to establish the solitary winter headquarters in which Byrd is spending the dark months alone, 123 miles south of Little America. Assurance was given in Saturday night's broadcast that Dick is O. K., and he joined the rest of the company in several lusty choruses.

BYRD'S SOLITARY VIGIL IN the intense cold of a polar night is not the first of its kind to be undertaken. Augustine Courtauld, a member of the Watkins expedition into the interior of Greenland, spent five months alone in a double-walled tent within a snow house at the very top of the Greenland ice cap, 8,000 feet above sea level. It was not intended at first that anyone should remain alone in that solitary spot, but the food available would not be sufficient for more than one. In order that the expedition might not fail to make the extended meteorological observations for which it had been sent out, Courtauld volunteered for the service.

HE HAD PLENTY OF FOOD and fuel, and for a time was able to get out by digging away the drifted snow, but late in the winter this became impossible, and he was completely shut in for two months. Candles furnished him light, but late in the season his last candle was gone, and for some time he lived in complete darkness. When relieved in the late spring he was in good condition except that his legs were stiff for lack of exercise.

SEVERAL PAGES IN A Recent issue of the New York Times magazine are devoted to a history of the life and work of Mode Wineman nationally famous photographer and brother of J. B. Wineman of Grand Forks. Mode Wineman, who died a few months ago, devoted the greater part of his life to the work of taking pictures, chiefly landscape photographs, and especially of scenes in the national parks. Of this remarkable man and his adoption of the profession of photography, Robert O. Foote, the author of the Times article, writes:

"FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS a shy and moody man, with an eye for natural beauty and a rare sense of proportion and composition, wandered alone through the national parks of the West, taking photographs. Now he is dead, and Mode Wineman's collection, the most valuable and perfect record of the beauty of our great parks, has been left by him to the government.

"Wineman was a pianist in his early years, and something of the artistry of music entered into his photographs. With a sure instinct he saw 'books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.' The grandeur of mountains lifting through the trees, or reflected in a lake, awoke in him a quick response; he saw more clearly than other men what nature was trying to say in its massed nobility. And what he saw he recorded, so that others might also be moved.

"It is this that gives Wineman's photographs their unique effect. In them there is a sensitiveness to the peace and majesty which the scene conveys. Not much is known of Wineman's personality; he lived quietly, had few adventures, was reserved as to his emotions and his thoughts. So these pictures are in a way an autobiography, a reflection of the man himself, of his spiritual tensility, a literal lifting up of his eyes to the hills.

"WINEMAN FOUND HIS Happiness and complete expression in life by accident. A sort of Thoreau of the camera, he did not seek the wilderness deliberately, as did the philosopher of Walden Pond. But, like Thoreau, he etched a perfect reproduction of his surroundings, of the rare atmosphere of his woods and mountains and water-echoing valleys, using a modern medium instead of pen and ink. Of his musings there is no trace, for his thoughts died with him (he wrote sporadically for a time, but never published anything), but in the series of his photographs there is a definite theme of philosophic calm and a contented soul which speaks as eloquently as though written in words.

"Wineman was unhappy when he went to the West. His heart was torn with grief because of the death of his fiancée and two members of his family within a few months. He had become morose and solitary, and his friends in Chicago had urged him to seek consolation among the wind-swept trees and the snow-topped vistas of the Western parks. One of them had given him a camera, a simple and cheap affair, and had told him how to use it. That was all Wineman's equipment when he began—that and a mind attuned to the delicate nuances of light and shadow, to the vast magnificence and entangled rocks and trees in , which he spent the rest of his life. "He was a small man, of frail physique, but could cover a long distance on foot in a day, as some learned who took trips with him, Not that they ever went with him on his photographic expeditions, for his pictures he made alone, brooding solitary over a scene for days until its proportions became imprinted upon his mind.

"During these periods he lived alone and cooked his own meals, watching the long shadows creep over the hills, the high-built color in the western sky, the silvery moonlight on gleaming beach and distant snow cap, and the red rays of the morning sun. The man's whole life was an appreciation of the poem of nature.

"There was little to suggest this in his appearance, for he was awkward in walk and gesture, and hawklike in his features. His nose was long and aquiline, his mouth wide and thin-lipped. His forehead was high and deeply sloped, with blue eyes that set far back in his head. Despite his 67 years when he died, his thick brown hair was only sparsely touched with gray. His speech, like his movements, was quick and decisive."

WINEMAN'S PICTURES Interested Roosevelt, who sent for the artist and became his firm friend. For some years Wineman continued his music teaching in the winters, but in 1910 he gave up this practice and devoted himself to photography. He had had wealthy clients and had saved money so that he was able to spend \$50,000 on photography. He never sold a picture, but occasionally presented a few to the National Park service to be used in magazines. His negatives he always kept. To friends he had communicated his wish that his negatives might become the property of the government. After his death the negatives were found in a safe deposit box, carefully packed, with instruction that they be presented to the government for any use that the park service might wish to make of them.

M A N Y RESIDENTS OF Grand Forks were shocked to learn of the death of Burke Corbet, who was fatally injured last week by being struck by an auto mobile while crossing a San Francisco street near his offices. Significant of the changes in the personnel of a community by the passage of only a few years is the fact that to many who are themselves considered old residents of Grand Forks, Burke Corbet was known only by reputation. During his residence in Grand Forks Mr. Corbet was one of the prominent lawyers of the state. For several years he occupied offices on the main floor of what is now the Red River bank building. There C. J. Murphy was associated with him in practice, and there Theodore Elton began his legal training. Mr. Corbet had an extensive practice, and numbered railroads and large business concerns among his clients.

MR. CORBET WAS A Democrat of the old school, and although the party was not at that time numerically strong in North Dakota, he participated actively in its affairs. In 1896 he refused to accept the free silver program of Bryan, and he was one of the organizers of the "gold" Democratic group in this state whose national candidates were Palmer and Buckner. Bryan sentiment controlled the party in North Dakota, and the new party did not put an electoral ticket in the field here. For many years Mr. Corbet had been one of the leading lawyers of San Francisco. In poor health for a time, he was reported to have recovered completely, and to have been as active and interested in his work as in his younger days.

A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING from Mrs. Jean Taylor, of Oakland, California, presents a picture of Miss Barbara Schmidt, an Oakland business and professional woman, who is credited with having one of the most unusual occupations in the directory of her club. She fashions favors and decorations from crepe paper, and she has a clientele which includes social leaders, department store personnel directors, hotel hostesses and many others who have occasion to use the ingenious and beautiful decorations fashioned by the nimble fingers of this talented young woman from such materials as paper, paste and ribbon. One of her groups, the "three little pigs and big bad wolf" has become almost as popular as have the original characters in that stirring drama.

MISS SCHMIDT IS A FORMER North Dakotan who was for several years in the employ of the Globe-Gazette, of Wahpeton, where her sisters, Mrs. George Reeder and Mrs. Gilbert Reeder, still live. Her shop, writes Mrs. Taylor, is a delightfully bright and attractive spot, advantageously located opposite one of Oakland's finest department stores.

MRS. TAYLOR WRITES THAT she, herself, is kept busy much of the time picking flowers from her daughter Helen's garden, and her mention of the great variety and beauty of the flowers now in bloom, while here we are choking with dust, tends to make one a little envious. I confess to a malicious sense of satisfaction when I read that over there in California they are a little short of rain. But just then we had a shower of our own, and now I have the generous hope that California may be similarly blessed.

I NEVER CAN KEEP TRACK of the scientists who are discovering things, but one of them has just observed an enormous sun spot, and I am passing the information along. This spot is said to be of such size that the observer expects it to be visible to the naked eye as it passes across the disc. As a connection seems to have been established between sun spots and terrestrial electricity, the prediction is made that its existence will be marked by violent electrical disturbances on the earth, in which N event we may get some real rain.

ONE OF THE GREATEST menaces to bird life in the cities is the domestic cat, and no cat is to be trusted out alone at night, for it is then that its destructive instincts are exhibited at their worst. One friend tells of seeing a robin caught in her yard by one of these nocturnal prowlers, and such incidents are numerous. Let the cat, if there must be one, be kept in at night.

SINCE WRITING OP THE Siberian scilla a few days ago I have learned of the existence of several other specimens of this dainty little flower in the city. I have not learned the origin of all of them, but several were obtained from the H e a t h farm, which has distributed many other specimens of valuable plants. On the general subject of northern, and especially Siberia flowers, Mrs. J. E. Engstad writes: "My husband and I were much interested in your remarks about the Siberian scilla in the 'That Reminds Me' column on Sunday. We have a small clump of the plant in full bloom which came from the Heath farm.

"WE WERE SPECIALLY Interested in learning that the scilla was brought from Siberia by Professor Hanson, of South Dakota. Most people think of Siberia as a bleak, frost-bitten country without attraction; and to a certain extent this is true. What few realize, however, is the vastness of Siberia and its many varieties of climate, which naturally make for a varied flora. It is most surprising to the traveler to observe the wealth of bloom found on the steppes and in the more sheltered sections of Trans-Baikalia. On our trip my husband and I was amazed and delighted at the flowers growing right up to the stations of the Trans-Siberian railroad.

"IT BECAME QUITE THE thing to do, as our journey progressed, whenever we came to one of the infrequent stations where the train always stopped for a while, for the passengers to rush out and pick handfuls of gorgeous lilies (hemerocallis) delphiniums, lupins, harebells, asters, pinks, gentians, columbines, a glorious yellow Alpine poppy, and other flowers too numerous to mention. Some of these grew to a height we had never before seen in a wild state. As we traveled westward, little kerchiefed, barefoot peasant girls would shyly offer us great bouquets as big as a breakfast plate, of the loveliest forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley for a few kopecks.

"GROAGE KENNAN, WHO was a naturalist as well as a traveler, on his various trips across Siberia, collected over fifteen hundred specimens of plants and shrubs, many of which were unknown in this country and indigenous to Siberia, among them the Tartarian honeysuckle and the caragana, or Siberian pea-tree, which we find so hardy here, and varieties of spirea not known before. It is interesting to know that our gorgeous peony is supposed to be a native of Siberia, carried to China and developed there for centuries.

IT IS CUSTOMARY TO Associate northern latitudes with snow and ice, and often this is done to the exclusion of everything else. Siberia is a northern country in some parts of which intense cold is experienced in winter. This does not prevent the growth in many sections of a luxuriant and beautiful vegetation. A similar mistake is often made with reference to the extreme northern areas of North America, which are often supposed to be barren and uninhabitable.

IN ALMOST ALL OP HIS books Stefansson mentions the luxuriant growth of grasses and flowering plants to be found in the far north. Even on the most northern islands he found richly colored flowers in profusion. As to the notion that the far north is destitute of flowers and that its vegetation is confined to lichens, mosses and other stunted growths, he quotes Sir Clement Markham to the effect that he knows of the existence of 762 species of Arctic flowering plants and only 332 species of mosses, 250 of lichens and 28 of ferns. Dr. Elmer Ekblaw, the American naturalist, gathered over 120 different species of flowering plants in one vicinity six or seven hundred miles north of the Arctic circle.

AMONG THESE ARE MANY which are familiar to most of us, such as saxifrage, poppy, Alpine chickweed, bluegrass, heather, mountain avens, sedge, arnica, cat's paw, reed-bent grass, blue bell, sixteen species of cress, dandelion, timothy, rushes, ferns and edible mushrooms. Photographs taken by Stefansson, and used in illustrating his works, show great expanses of tall grasses and flowering plants of many species.

IT IS A MISTAKE TO Suppose that northern latitude means continuous cold weather. In northern Asia as in far northern North America, summer temperatures of 100 are not at all uncommon. It is true that in the far north the summer season is short, but there is compensation for this in the fact that there are more hours of sunshine per day than in the south.

WHAT IS A GARDEN WORTH? In the planning of gardens as a means for the better direction of the energies of those who live on the land and of improving their fare, estimates are made of the cash value of the family garden. One estimate places the value of such a garden at \$150. In so far as the value of a garden can be reduced to dollars and cents that estimate may not be far astray. But the real value of a garden cannot be stated accurately in terms of money.

MOST OF THOSE WHO ARE led to plant gardens in the expectation that they will derive material cash income from them are doomed to disappointment- City markets are always well supplied with vegetables in season and the occasional producer does not find much demand for his goods. Unless he goes into regular commercial gardening his prospects of making sales are slim, and the farmer or the city dweller regularly employed in some other occupation cannot expect to compete successfully with the grower with whom gardening is a business.

SUCH GARDENING AS IS contemplated has a real value of an entirely different kind. From his dairy, his poultry yard and his garden the farmer is able to enjoy, day after day, abundant, nutritious and palatable fare unsurpassed anywhere on earth, and the city mechanic or clerk who has access to a bit of ground can enjoy advantages only a little less restricted. The saving in cash outlay may be negligible, but the improvement in fare is great, and the real pleasure that there is in making things grow is beyond price.

IT SEEMS STRANGE THAT dramatists of a certain type and those responsible for the popular comic strips do not acquire sufficient understanding of the elementary principles of legal practice to avoid the blunders which are found in what are often otherwise really creditable productions. These errors are found on the stage and in the newspapers, and are transmitted by radio. Thus, in a clever radio sketch involving court scenes, an attorney during the cross-questioning of a witness argues with and makes speeches to the witness, and intersperses his questioning with impassioned speeches to the jury. Nothing of the kind would be permitted in a real court, and it would be just as easy to follow the correct procedure as to commit the distortions that are perpetrated.

A FAMILIAR SCENE IN THE old melodramas was that in which the destitute family was about to be turned out of doors on the day the mortgage fell due and was saved such distress only by the opportune appearance of the long-lost son with a pocket full of money. Any justice of the peace could have informed the playwright that mortgages do not operate just that way. The correct version wouldn't have cost a cent more. Similar blunders are frequent in the comic strips, and again these could be avoided without cost or trouble by the exercise of a little intelligence.

WHILE LOOKING OVER A collection of antiques in her home the other day Mrs. Frank V. Kent found among them a souvenir program of the complimentary ball and banquet given by the Grand Forks Hotel company to C. W. French, proprietor of the Hotel Dacotah on the occasion of the opening of the hotel, September 16, 1889. This was the original hotel, which was burned in December, 1897. The program is an elaborate affair, with the cover embellished with illustrations from Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and quotations from the famous old poem are distributed through the pages.

THE TOASTMASTER ON that occasion was Hon. John M. Cochrane, who was at his best at a gathering of that kind. The list of speakers included some of the most prominent men in the northwest at that time, whose names are still familiar to older residents of the city and state.

THE LIST OF TOASTS, WITH the names of those who responded, follows:

The United States—Ex-Governor G. A. Pierce.

The State of North Dakota—Hon. John Miller, who was presently to become North Dakota's first governor.

The Judiciary—Hon. Guy C. H. Corliss, who became the state's first chief justice.

Our Sister City, Fargo—Gen. Harrison Alien.

Our Railroads—W. J. C. Kenyon, of St. Paul.

Our First State Officers—Hon. Alfred R. Dickey of Jamestown.

Combinations—Col. W. C. Plummer of Casselton, the state's most famous orator.

Our Representative In the Next Congress—Hon. H. C. Hansbrough, the state's first representative in congress.

Our Schools—Col. Homer B. Sprague, president of the University of North Dakota.

Our Churches—Rev. J. A. Chamberlain.

The Press—Col. Geo. B. Winship.

The Dacotah—Col. Geo. H. Sargent.

The Ladies and Our Hostess—C. H. French.

ONE OF THE-PLEASEING Recollections of my childhood is o the beauty of a railway roundhouse. Seen close by it wasn't so much – just a roundhouse, but it was some time before I had a chance to get close to it, and seen as is aw it occasionally during my very junior years, it was a striking object. The city of Brantford, Ontario, sloped gently southward from a high ridge at the north. South of it is a level plain of two miles or so, bounded by another ridge known as Tutela heights, and it was from the heights that I had my earliest views of the city.

IN THE BACKGROUND OF the city, Just below the northern hill, was the Grand Trunk roundhouse, a great, dome-shaped structure covered with shining tin. In the distance, towering above the city, as it seemed to do, and with the sunshine reflected from its tin roof, the roundhouse was architect-as effective as the dome of St. Paul's cathedral which it resembled greatly.

A RECENTLY PUBLISHED sketch of the life of Harriet Beecher Stowe reminds me that I saw the original of her "Uncle Tom" many years ago. Perhaps I should amend the statement by saying that I saw one of the originals, for I have read that many of the incidents in Mrs. Stowe's book were drawn from the experiences of two former slaves, one of whom visited Brantford while I lived there. His name was Josiah T. Henson, and he had a "Reverend" attached to his name, for he had become a preacher among the people of his race. My recollection is that he lived somewhere in the neighborhood of Windsor, Ontario, where many of the slaves who had escaped by way of the underground railroad had made their homes. Henson, when I saw him, was a very old man, very black, and with a thick growth of wool as white as snow. He had been a slave, of course, but he had become a man of considerable culture.

A BOOKLET BEARING THE title "A Golden Mile," records the completion last fall of fifty years of newspaper work by my namesake and possibly distant relative, Gomer T. Davies, owner and editor-in-person of the Kansan, the only weekly paper published in Concordia, Kansas. I have never met the Kansas editor, but from what I have learned of him through occasional correspondence and from what others have said of him, am sure that I should like to know him.

GOMER T. DAVIES IS A Native of Wales, born in 1855. When 8 years old he came to the United States with his parents and during much of his youth he engaged in coal mining and other manual work in Missouri, Iowa and Kansas. He got a job on a little weekly newspaper at Republic City, Kansas, whose owner, Charles Wolfe, wished to sell because he found the distance which separated him from his sweetheart in Illinois to be too great. He offered the paper, lock and barrel, for \$150 cash. Young Gomer had all of that sum but \$148, which he borrowed on his stepfather's endorsement, and thus, in October, 1883, he became a newspaper proprietor and editor. In 1896 he moved to Concordia and bought the Kansan, which he has published ever since.

HE IS DESCRIBED AS ONE of the hard fighting, hard hitting country editors of whom Kansas has produced a great number. In a talk to a journalism class once he said that he had always insisted on the strictest commercialism in selling the paper to subscribers and in dealings with advertisers, and in the strictest independence in its editorial policy, and those who know him say that he has adhered to that policy through thick and thin. If I am ever down that way I shall certainly look him up. In the meantime, long life and more power to him.

PRESENTLY WE SHALL BE fighting dandelions again. It has been pretty clearly demonstrated that all the cutting, digging and raking that can be done will not keep dandelions down unless, with the rest of it, conditions are created which will be favorable to the growth of grass. Grass and dandelions will not thrive together. In many cases the dandelion destroys the grass, but by stimulating the growth of grass the dandelions will be held in check at least to some extent. On one berm, noted the other day, not a blade of grass is visible. Presumably the soil is poor and the grass, if there has been any, has been tramped out. But on the same berm dandelion plants, well leaved, stand not more than a foot apart. On other lawns near by, where the grass has got a good start, no dandelions have yet shown above the surface, though there are probably plenty of roots awaiting development. Something has happened in the latter case to encourage the grass and discourage the dandelions.

A FRIEND HAS FOUND Difficulty with the following clock problem, which he offers for solution: Of three clocks, one keeps correct time, one gains 4 minutes each hour, and the third loses 7 minutes each hour. If the three mark 12 o'clock at noon on a given day, how many days will it be before all mark 12 o'clock at the same time again? A reasonable time will be given for replies.

THAT SUN SPOT, 16,000 MILES in diameter, is said to have passed across the surface of the sun and disappeared, and whatever influence it had on terrestrial weather is ended, presumably. We are told that sun spots are gigantic storms on the surface of the sun, akin to tornadoes on the earth. A whirling body of gas, twice the diameter of the earth, would make a tornado worth witnessing, and when we consider the enormous display of force generated in one of our tornadoes, we can appreciate the probability of the solar storm generating electrical energy whose influence would be felt on the earth.

IT IS GENERALLY BELIEVED that there is a connection between sun spots and weather, but the facts are difficult to establish. During the past ten days, while the big spot was crossing the sun's disc, we have had weather in great variety.- There have been electrical storms, tornadoes here and there and drouth and dust elsewhere. But these things often occur when there are no sun spots, so there you are.

IT WAS PREDICTED THAT the big sun spot would be visible to the naked eye. It wasn't, so far as I have heard. In this part of the country there were times when the sun itself could not be seen for dust. Somebody wants to know why it is that the air is filled with dust even when the wind doesn't blow. The answer seems to be that the dust has been rubbed so fine by being blown back and forth that it has scarcely any body left, and just floats.

WILD FLOWERS OF MANY kinds are a-bloom, and I am told that the season for crocuses—so-called, is about over. There are many gardens in town where these plants have been brought in from the prairie where the blossoms have already come and gone.

I WAS INTERESTED IN THE account of the celebration of the eightieth anniversary of Judge Kneeshaw, formerly of Pembina, and now of Grafton, one of the pioneers of the state. Whoever furnished the material for the sketch of the judge's career omitted mention of his military service. Not everyone knows that in his youth the judge did some soldiering, and that he was awarded a medal for his service.

ALONG IN THE LATE Sixties young Kneeshaw was living in the little town of Paris, Ontario, ten miles from my home town, Brantford. Groups of Fenians threatened Invasion of Canada, and one or two parties did slip across the Niagara. There was a call for volunteers to repel the invaders, and Kneeshaw joined up with the Paris company. I am afraid that he prevaricated about his age, but in some way or other he managed to get in. The Paris company had several brushes with the enemy, of whom a few were captured and the rest driven back across the river. My father-in-law, William Spence, several years older than Kneeshaw, was a member of the same company. Both received medals from the Canadian government, and Judge Kneeshaw treasures his, as he does his honorary membership in the Winnipeg post of the Canadian Legion.

SOMETIME IN 1889, JUST Before the admission of the two Dakotas to the union the Northwest News of Grand Forks, published by W. R. Bierly, issued a special edition in which were published contributions from many readers. The other day Miss Flora Cameron Burr, of Bottineau, who is chairman of one of the committees arranging for the Bottineau county jubilee celebration which is to be held June 12-13, in searching through her collection of clippings for material bearing on the celebration, found some verses, long since forgotten, which she had written for the special edition of the News some 45 years ago. In compliment to the Bottineau pioneers the verses are given below:

### *HASTE TO DAKOTA*

O'er Dakota's flowery prairies Float the silvery notes of peace  
Whisp'ring in the gentle breezes, Pleasant sounds that never cease.

Hark, the many laughing streamlets  
Mingle in the sweet refrain, While Dakota's noble rivers  
Bear it onward to the main.

Freedom's door stands ready open;  
"Welcome," is our glorious crest; Clear blue skies and sparkling water  
Greet the stranger to the West.

When a happy home is waiting Wisdom cries, "Do not delay,  
From the lands of dire starvation To the prairies haste away."

Once where pleasant farms are  
          nestled Beamed the wild deer at their  
          will;  
Now the hum of trade and commerce And the hunter's horn is still.

O'er Dakota's snowclad prairies Songs of liberty I hear, Telling of the harvest gathered By the sturdy  
pioneer.

There is room for all and plenty, Hark! the coming millions say—  
From the crowded Eastern cities To the prairies haste away.

THE PETALS OF THE FIRST of my early tulips to bloom have just dropped off, and the first two or three of the Darwin buds have just opened. That first blossom lasted two weeks, in spite of fierce drying winds and occasional blistering heat. The kind of spring weather that we have a right to expect would have a d e d another full week to the blooming season. The Darwins should last even longer, so that with such a combination one may depend on more than a month of continuous blooming at a season when bloom is scarce.

ASPARAGUS ROOTS ARE Usually planted with the crowns well below the surface. I have read articles in which it is contended that this is all an old woman's notion, involving needless labor, and that the plants will thrive just as well if planted with the crowns level with the top of the ground. I have been interested for many years in observing the manner in which nature handles her asparagus.

EVERY SEASON AN Asparagus bed will sprinkle seeds over the adjacent soil. Many of these seeds will sprout and send up tiny shoots. If these plants are left undisturbed they will become permanently established. As a weed is a plant in the wrong place, these volunteers may be classified as weeds. I have hoed up thousands of them. Often I have removed the earth carefully from one of these little shoots and traced it down to the seed, and invariably I have found the seed from two to three inches below the surface. At that point the crown of the young plant became established. I conclude, therefore, that nature prefers that asparagus roots be set with the crowns buried about three inches, and it is a good idea to humor nature when one can.

SPRING IS THE USUAL TIME, and probably the best time, for setting asparagus roots, and two-year-old plants are preferred for the purpose. Plants of any age can be transplanted, but the older they are the more laborious the job is. It takes two years after planting for young plants to come into full bearing, and much cutting before that time will impair their vitality.

A PARAGRAPH IN A Popular magazine refers in what is probably intended to be a humorous manner to what it describes as a costly frill, the "National Screw Thread commission." As evidence of the folly of establishing such a body the magazine publishes cuts of a left-handed wood screw and several left-handed augur bits. The reader is left with the impression that the commission fooled away its time and squandered the people's money inventing a lot of things for which there is no earthly use.

EVERY MECHANIC KNOWS that while, as a rule, screws, bolts, etc., are right-handed, there are places where nothing but a left-handed thread will serve, and the left-handed thread was devised, not by any fussy governmental commission, but ages ago by mechanics themselves who needed that pattern in their business.

THE WRITER OF THE Article does not seem to be aware that the commission of which he complains, and whose correct name is not recalled, was created as an agency of economy for the elimination rather than the creation of useless things. It was an idea of Herbert Hoover's when he was secretary of commerce. Hoover's practical mind recognized the enormous waste that there was in the immense variety of patterns of things for which a few standard designs would have served every useful purpose. He established a commission whose duty it was to induce manufacturers to get together on a program of standardization, in matters where variety served no good purpose.

IN THE MATTER OF BOLTS, for instance, there was almost infinite variety in the number of threads per inch and in pitch of threads in bolts of the same size, so that two bolts of identical size and purpose might require different nuts. A similar line of needless variations ran through the whole field of manufacture. The commission secured the co-operation of manufacturers on a program of simplification and reasonable standardization.

MANUFACTURERS, DEALERS and consumers were benefited by the elimination of an enormous amount of waste. As an illustration of how the plan works there may be cited the case of one great manufacturing company which puts out a large line of machine products. The company has carried out in its own practice the commission's idea to the extent that every bolt on any of its machines is inter changeable as to threading, pitch, etc., with every bolt of like size on any other machine, and the same socket wrench will serve equally well on any of its machines. The fellow who has had to hunt through a dozen nuts, all of the same size, to find one that would fit a bolt which he wished to tighten will appreciate what that means to industry in general.

JUST NOW WE ARE HAVING another outbreak of the sling-shot malady which becomes epidemic every so often. Boys all over town are throwing all sorts of missies with those little weapons, and we shall presently have the usual list of casualties for which nobody in particular is known to be responsible. Half-a-dozen boys on Belmont hurriedly concealed their sling-slots when they saw a motorcycle officer off in the distance, and plugged away industriously after he had passed. One boy took a couple of shots at the Fifth street front of the old high school building, turned a corner and disappeared. I don't know whether he was shooting at the brick work or the windows.

TWO OR THREE YEARS AGO several automobile accidents were caused by the glass of car windows being shattered by sling-shots, and a number of residence windows were broken. One of these days somebody will have an eye put out by one of these weapons. It may be anybody's child, for the sling-shooters are no respecters of persons. When that happens everyone will be sorry, but that will not help. Many persons are interested in birds, but birds and sling-shots do not go well together. A bird is always an attractive target.

WHY IS NOT THE Suppression of this evil, which is more than a nuisance, something which calls for the active co-operation of the school authorities? The police have their duty in the premises, but there cannot be a policeman on every block. Parents have their duty, but some parents are negligent and indifferent. The schools are in contact every day with every child over 6 years old. One of the functions of the schools is to teach good citizenship, not as a classroom exercise, but as a way of living. I can conceive of no finer utilization of the opportunity that the school has in giving direction to the life of the child than in the constant and unremitting exercise of leadership, and, when necessary, of authority, in the development of that spirit of courtesy which is one of the visible expressions of good citizenship. That would simplify the sling-shot and a number of other problems.

AS WE ARE RIGHT IN THE middle of tulip time I beg to suggest to those who grow these flowers that they watch for evidences of departure in individual plants from the color of the original stock. Last year I noticed that the petals of some of my originally yellow flowers were streaked with red, which had not occurred the year before. The most striking transformation in color occurred in a collection belonging to my neighbor, Fred E. Harris, of Cottonwood street. Mr. Harris had a solid bed of yellow tulips—no other color represented. Two years ago he divided the bed and moved half of the bulbs to another place. Last year every blossom in the transplanted bed was red. I should be glad to receive reports of similar changes this year if any are noted.

A CORRESPONDENT Deplores what he thinks is the exaggeration of the liquor motif in modern fiction. Doubtless the tendency which offends him has been noted by many other readers. If much of the light fiction which is now being published is to be taken as a truthful picture of life, which fiction is supposed to be, the cocktail shaker is as indispensable in the ordinary kitchen as is the bread knife, and is used even more frequently. We must conclude that most of our people are in the habit of consuming alcoholic liquors before meals, after meals and between meals, day after day. If many of our fictionists are to be believed most of our people must be in one continual pickle, unless they have developed incredible powers of resistance,

THAT M O R E DOMESTIC drinking is done now than before prohibition is undeniable, but it isn't being done by everybody, all the time, the fictionists to the contrary notwithstanding. There was a good deal of drinking in the days of Dickens, and many of the Dickens characters were lovers of good cheer. Dickens did not ignore the subject of liquor, and some of his most delightful passages would be impossible without the assistance of John Barleycorn. He could make his reader almost smell the aroma arising from a bowl of punch. But with Dickens the taking of a drink was incidental, and not chronic. Some of our modern writers seem to be ignorant of the distinction. If it is actually necessary to have the facts as to the quantity of stimulants consumed I should prefer to have the statistics all assembled, say, in the first chapter, and then go on with the story.

IN THE LIST OF PULITZER prize winners recently announced there occurs the name of a young man who once lived in North Dakota and who visited relatives in Grand Forks occasionally. He is Royce Brier, whose story in the San Francisco Chronicle of the lynching of the two kidnapers at San Jose, California, won for him the award for the best news story published during the past year. Royce Brier is the son of W. J. Brier, who was for several years president of the teachers' college at River Falls, Wisconsin. He is the nephew of Mrs. Fay N. Fuller, whose husband was engaged in the automobile business at Minot and was one of the partners in the building of the Fuller building in Grand Forks. The Fullers lived here for some time.

YOUNG BRIER WORKED AS a lad in the Fuller garage at Minot and visited the family here in Grand Forks. He seems to have had literary learnings as a youngster, for on one occasion his aunt spoke of him as working in the garage and writing a book at the same time. The garage occupation was regarded with favor, but the writing of the book was considered a waste of time. Probably the book was never published, but the young fellow had a hankering for writing, and later, when he accompanied his family to the west coast, he got into newspaper work, and he comes forth now as a prize winner.

EDITH WHARTON HAS JUST published her reminiscences, which cover an important period in American life and literary development. Like many other budding geniuses she began writing while a child. At the age of 11 she wrote a novel which began thus: " 'Oh, how do you do Mrs. Brown?' said Mrs. Tomkins. 'If only I had known you were going to call I should have tidied up the drawing room.' " This production was submitted to the writer's mother, a rigid matron of the old school, who returned it with the icy comment: "Drawing rooms are always tidy."

THE DRAWING ROOM OF those days was a holy of holies, opened only on state occasions and for the most select company. It was much more exclusive than the parlor, which was itself a place of some sanctity. I suppose that in common usage the names were to some extent interchangeable, the drawing room being, not a place in which to draw, as I once supposed, but a "withdrawing" room, to which, on formal occasions, the ladies withdrew while the men circulated the bottle around the board in the dining room. Mrs. Wharton's mother may have had the correct idea about the tidiness of the drawing rooms of her time, but if she lived in Grand Forks now and had a drawing room, while it might be tidy, it would be dusty.

IF THIS THING KEEPS UP much longer we shall all be wearing gas masks. This dust is more than disagreeable, it is dangerous. It carries bacteria which may do all sorts of undesirable things, and its mechanical influence is such as to induce one form of pneumonia. It has long since broken all records of its peculiarity malignant kind, and the chances are that when our grandchildren become "old timers" they will thrill their grandchildren with stories of the great dust storms of 1934, which surpassed anything of the sort known, before or since. Let's hope that the record will never be broken.

AMONG THE PERSONS WITH whom I could dispense very nicely are Huey Long, Congressman Shoemaker, Bishop Cannon and Father Coughlin.

I FIND THAT THE CLOCK problem has interested several persons, but thus far no one has presented a solution. For the benefit of those who may be interested I repeat the problem: Of three clocks, one keeps correct time, one gains 4 minutes each hour and the third loses 7 minutes each hour. If the three mark 12 o'clock at noon on a given day, how many days will it be before all mark 12 o'clock at the same time again? The following solution is submitted, subject to correction by the mathematical sharks:

FOR THE SAKE OF Simplicity, let us throw away the minute hands of all the clocks, as our concern is only with the hour hands. The circle which each hour hand must travel represents 12 hours, or 720 minutes. The three hour hands start around the circle from the same point at the same time, all moving at different speeds. When will they be together again at the same point?

THE SLOW CLOCK MAKES 53 minute spaces in 1 hour of actual time. It will make one space in  $\frac{1}{53}$  of an hour, or  $\frac{720}{53}$  spaces in 720-53 of an hour. As 53 is a prime number, and 720 is not divisible by it, the hand must make 53 revolutions before it reaches the 12-o'clock mark exactly at 12 o'clock. This will require 720 hours.

The fast clock makes 64 minute spaces in 60 minutes, or 1 hour., 1 space in  $\frac{1}{64}$  of an hour, or  $\frac{720}{64}$  spaces in 720-64 of an hour. It will make 64 revolutions in the same time required by the first for 53 revolutions.

The correct clock, of course, makes 60 revolutions in the same time.

Therefore, in 720 hours, or 301 days, the slow clock will make 53, complete revolutions, the correct clock 60 and the fast clock 64.

OF ROYCE BRIER, Mentioned in this column yesterday as having worked in a Minot garage before he took up newspaper work, and who has just been awarded the Pulitzer prize for distinguished work as a reporter, the New York Times says that he worked sixteen continuous hours covering the San Jose lynchings; blinded by tear gas, menaced by flying bricks and manhandled by the mob, he and four assistants telephoned a running story from a garage.

ACCOMPANYING HIS FAMILY to Seattle, Brier attended the University of Wisconsin. In 1922 he became ill and went to the Arizona desert, which he made the locale of fiction for Adventure and Munsey's magazine. A trip around the world in 1925 provided local color for stories about China and Arabia.

IN 1926 HE MARRIED Monica Doonan at Seattle, returning shortly thereafter to the San Francisco Chronicle, where he served as night police reporter, federal "beat" man and general assignment reporter. His novel, "Crusade," was published by Appleton in 1931. Subsequently he has written four others, two of which he has discarded. Prior to the San Jose kidnapping he covered the David Lamson murder case for the Chronicle. He also was in charge of the story of the navy flight to Hawaii.

A PICTURE IN THE NEW York Times, showing the four masted Swedish bark Abraham Rydberg under full sail as she approached Falmouth bay, England, revives a long-cherished ambition, never to be realized, to take a long ocean voyage on a windjammer. The Rydberg, finished far ahead of other ships of her class in the annual race with wheat from Australia. She made the voyage from Australia in 108 days.

THE PICTURE OF THE SHIP, with all her canvas set, and a bone in her teeth, is one to stir the imagination, and the idea of a voyage in such a ship, where one could saturate himself with the very atmosphere of the sea, always appealed strongly to me. One thing that would be missed on any of the few sailing ships that are left is the company of old tars, almost born on the water, and grown gray in that service. Steam has taken the place of sail on almost all water craft. The largest line of sailing ships afloat is owned by a Finlander, and their principal duty is that of carrying wheat from Australia to European ports. There is a race to collect the cargoes and another to deliver them. But the ships are no longer manned by old sea dogs. In their place are youngsters who serve as cadets for next to nothing, sometimes paying for the privilege of making the trip, as that experience puts them in line for naval and other steamship service. At the beginning of the voyage most of them are completely ignorant of the sea.

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL JUST closed was a state-wide affair, to which many communities contributed not only the raw material, but the training required to develop the finished product. As was natural and proper Grand Forks made its own creditable contribution. At no time has music been a neglected art in Grand Forks, for from the very beginning there had been shown here the desire for musical expression and this had resulted in exceedingly creditable work.

FORTY-ODD YEARS AGO there were enough good singers in the city to give creditable productions of cantatas and light operas. The Gilbert and Sullivan pieces were then all the rage, and in several of these the solo parts were well done by local singers, while the chorus and orchestral numbers were equally satisfactory. There are still among us some who took part in those productions and who recall the experience with pleasure. Organizations, most of them temporary, were formed to carry the work along, and one, the Thursday Musicale, became a fixture.

THE FIRST REAL MUSIC Festival in the city was held May 16 and 17, 1907, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Oratorio society, whose organization resulted from the inauguration of regular courses in music by the Wesley college conservatory. The various numbers were given in the Metropolitan before audiences which packed the house, and there was thus launched an enterprise which for several years each spring brought crowds of music lovers to the city from all parts of the northwest.

PROFESSOR GEO. A. STOUT, music director of Wesley, trained the choruses and directed them on the first, day of the festival when the principal number was "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast." On that occasion the Metropolitan Symphony orchestra, directed by the famous Emil Oberhofer, made its first appearance in Grand Forks for a symphony concert and the first production in the city of "The Messiah."

THE ORCHESTRA ARRIVED on an evening train from Duluth just in time to tune up for the evening concert. The Duluth train carried no diner, and the players went through the concert dinnerless after an all-day ride. Desiring to show proper courtesy to the visiting musicians the members of the Grand Forks Military band, which was then directed I think, by Ed Egermaver had prepared lunch for the players at the band headquarters in the basement of the Security building. After the concert the visitors, tired, hungry and thirsty, were escorted to the band headquarters. They were of several races, including German and Italian, and how their eyes glistened when they saw before them immense piles of sandwiches and 'great mugs of beer! A nine-course dinner would not have been appreciated as much.

THE UNIVERSITY HAS Maintained its music department almost] from the beginning of its history, and in recent years that department has become an exceedingly important one. Group training in voice, band orchestra is now given at the University, while the Wesley conservatory assumed responsibility for individual training, an arrangement which works out very satisfactorily.

VOCAL MUSIC HAS FOR many years been part of the city's public school work. The introduction into the schools of instrumental music was a matter of gradual progression. The first step toward the appropriation of public funds for instrumental work was taken when a system of park concerts was inaugurated, an appropriation for this purpose being made from park funds. The city council was asked to its share, and found a way to overcome legal obstacles by making a policeman of the band director and paying him \$50 a month. Then instruction in band and orchestra work was introduced in the schools, the same director serving the schools, the park board and the city council. This plan, modified in form, but unchanged in essential features, is still in operation.

WHEN ONE LOOKS BACK over the years the progress made locally in music, and in its recognition by the community, becomes striking. Music, once a matter of casual entertainment, so far as public estimation was concerned, has become a recognized element in education, accepted as useful training, entirely apart from the possibility of its being undertaken as a profession. In it boys and girls have found a new and wholesome interest and those who have contributed to this appreciation have performed valuable service, whose rewards have been reaped year by year.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL Magazine, the Classmate, has an interesting article on tulips in which reference is made to the tendency in these flowers to change color. We are told that the 2,000 or more varieties of tulips are grouped as to color scheme into "selfs," or flowers of only one color; "roses," in which the petals show varying shades of red, scarlet and pink; "bizarres," with petals having a yellow base or center bordered more or less widely with orange, red, etc.; and "by-bloemens," or colored flowers, purple, maroon, brown, black, etc.

WITH REFERENCE TO changing color it is said that if tulips are grown from seed, after they have produced for several years they may begin to "break," that is, the colors and markings change radically. Thus, a single-flowered "self" may become a double-flowered "rose" or "bizarre," perhaps even showing no trace of the original color.

THAT SHEDS AT LEAST A little light on the problem. Tulips can be grown from seed, of course, and I suppose that many of the varieties which we now have were developed from seed, and have resulted from long series of cross-fertilization and selection. But I take it that the bulbs of commerce have been produced from other bulbs for several generations, otherwise they would not be true to type. Perhaps there is something about a tulip which makes it more difficult than with some other plants to fix a new form permanently, and there remains in the plant a strong tendency to revert to the former color of the seedling many generations back.

ACKNOWLEDGE WITH thanks an invitation from Neil McDougall, of Omemee, president of the Old Settlers' association of Bottineau county, to attend the jubilee celebration at Bottineau June 12 and 13. If I can arrange it I shall go. I haven't visited that section of the country for several years, and I should like to visit Lake Metigoshe, which I have never done yet. Mr. McDougall says that work is being done on Masonic island, in the lake, to fit it for holding meetings.

MR. McDOUGALL RECALLS a paragraph in this column last year relating to the curious practice followed by blue jays in picking up ants and tucking them away among their feathers, and of sweeping up ants with their wings and feathers. He suggests that the ants may have been gathered up as a means of destroying mites, with which many birds are troubled.

MONTHS AGO I INQUIRED if any reader knew what became of the assassin of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, brilliant Canadian writer and member of parliament. Mr. McDougall writes that the man who fired the shot was Pat J. Whalen, who was hanged for the crime at the city of Kingston, Ontario. According to Mr. McDougall, the evidence brought out in Whalen's trial showed that the plot to kill McGee was hatched in Ireland, and the men designated to do the killing were Whalen, Buckley and Doyle.

A CORRESPONDENT WHO has been looking up weather records writes that while the average date of the last killing frost, May 14, is past, such a frost has occurred as late as June 6. This was in 1901. Therefore the calendar is not a safe guide where frost is concerned.

IN HIS MASTER'S THESIS A. W. Cook, formerly of the University of North Dakota, and now a member of the weather bureau staff, worked out an ingenious formula concerning the relation between maximum and minimum temperatures. According to the formula, the maximum temperature for the day, usually reached about 2 P. M., multiplied by .778, minus 13.58, should give the minimum temperature for the following night. On this basis frost is unlikely immediately following a maximum temperature of more than 58.6.

THE OBSERVATIONS ON which this equation is based were made during periods when killing frosts are likely to occur. However, as the calendar is not a reliable guide, neither is this or any other formula. Another method, perhaps equally trustworthy, is to wet your finger on a cool evening and hold it up to find which way the wind blows. If there is just a slight breeze from the north, and the sky is clear, and the temperature has been dropping rapidly since sundown—look out for frost. It may not come, but it will not be far off.

FOR LEADING AN UNMUZZLED dog which did not even belong to her Miss Irma Steele, a telephone operator of Bristol, Pa., traveled 120 miles to answer a summons in court and received a suspended sentence. Miss Steele was spending the week end with relatives in New York. Taking advantage of an opened door at the family apartment on Wash-ton Heights, the family dog slipped out and disappeared. Going in search of the animal Miss Steele found him sunning himself on the bank of the Hudson near by after a swim. Attaching a leash to the dog's collar she started to lead him home, but was intercepted by a policeman who gave her a court summons, returnable Tuesday at 9 A. M. That was on Sunday and she had to report for work Monday, which she did. On Tuesday morning she arose at 5:30, was driven by her father 20 miles to Philadelphia, took a train for New York and arrived in court an hour late. She had overlooked the fact that New York is on daylight saving time. The court accepted her apology and suspended sentence and she returned to her job. All that for leading a dog without a muzzle. And Dillinger still at large!

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO grow a fence post? Out in the Bad Lands of the little Missouri it takes about 100 years. George Wong, who has traveled extensively in that section has loaned me for observation a section which he cut from an old post on a western ranch which, although only three inches in diameter, grew for more than 100 years, as indicated by the rings showing each year's growth.

THE WOOD IS DWARF, OR Bad Lands cedar, a native product of the western hills, a tree remarkable for its resistance to drouth, and among which are to be found specimens which Mr. Wong believes are among the oldest trees on the continent. Some of them attain a diameter of two feet, but they are of dwarf habit, seldom being more than 25 feet tall.

ACCORDING TO MR. WONG'S information the Indians regarded these trees as sacred, but the whites entertain no such sentiment. They cut trees of suitable size for fence posts, for which they find them useful, as the wood is very durable. The regrettable feature is that the cutting of these trees whose history runs back into unknown centuries, there is removed from the landscape the only thing in the nature of timber which will grow on those parched hillsides, leaving bare land which is utterly unfit for any agricultural purpose. It would pay better to ship in a few carloads of fence posts and let the little cedars live.

THE SPECIMEN WHICH I have before me has one diagonal surface which has been smoothed and polished until it resembles a piano finish. The grain is brought out beautifully. Some of the rings, of which there are over 100, are almost indistinguishable except under a glass. All are narrow, but there is some variation, due, presumably, to the alternation of dry and wet seasons—or more accurately, perhaps, of dry seasons and those less dry, for those western hills never get very wet.

SEVERAL CORRECT Solutions of the clock problem have been received, one from Earl Skjerva of Alsen, N. D., which came just as the paper containing the solution was going to press. Another correspondent accompanies his solution with another on the same order:

A CAN WALK AROUND AN IS-land in 142-7 hours; C in 162-S hours; and D in 25 hours. If they start at the same point at the same time, in how many hours will they be together again at the starting point?

DURING THE RECENT DUST storms dust from the northwest was carried in great clouds to settle on Atlantic coast cities, and much of it was blown out over the Atlantic. The dust was carried as high as two miles. There is no record of anything approaching this phenomenon, and in this respect the spring of 1934 stands in a class by itself.

THERE HAVE BEEN DUST storms before, and in some cases the dust was as dense in the lower air levels as anything that we have seen this year. But in those cases the dust was of local origin and was so heavy that the air cleared immediately upon the slackening of the wind. Apparently, also, more grain was blown out in those storms than has been the case in the valley this year. This year the air seems to have gathered up the lighter particles of soil from the drier sections and sent them aloft to unknown heights and to travel immense distances. On a smaller scale we have had a repetition of what occurred at the eruption of Krakatoa, when ashes, identified as being from that volcano were collected in the air three years after the eruption. Possibly we may get back some of our lost land after it has circled the earth

IN THE WAR GAME IN THE Caribbean last week the island of Culebra was captured by the attacking Blue fleet after a stubborn resistance by the Grays. The battle, which raged over many miles of blue sea, raged for two or three days and nights. About 75 per cent of the c r a f t e n g a g e d w e r e s u n k or disabled, and the loss of life was appalling. All this was accomplished without the firing of a single shot or the wounding of a man. Actual ships and actual men were engaged, but the casualties were imaginary. Ships and men were moved from place to place like pieces on a chess-board, and combatant units were treated as destroyed or injured when the umpire decided that this would have been their fate if the battle had been a real one.

TEN YEARS AGO I WAS ONE of the observers at a similar exercise at the same place, and at that time, also, the island of Culebra was captured. That seems to be a sort of a habit. At that time the big ships did not participate in the game. They had their exercises earlier and later. The particular job which I witnessed was the landing of a small attacking party against the defense of another small unit.

IT WAS A BLISTERING HOT day, the air steaming from a drenching rain which had broken a drouth of something like four years. To witness the proceedings it was necessary to climb a hill 500 feet high, and when one has climbed that distance up a steep mountain side covered with brush, with a tropical sun beating down upon him, he is ready to let somebody else do the fighting. The attacking party overcame opposition and effected a landing, and the island was occupied.

ONE INCIDENT OF THE Attack was the grounding in the shore mud of an amphibian, a newfangled device which was then being tested. It was a sort of combination of auto-bus and motor boat. It was intended to travel under its own power on land or water. It worked all right on either element, but the combination was too much for it, and after wallowing about for a while in the mud it had to be hauled out ignominiously by hand.

FOR SOME REASON unknown to me Culebra has been chosen as the center of several of those naval maneuvers, it is an irregular bit of rock and clay, about five miles in extreme length mostly mountainous, with enough level land in the middle to serve as a parade ground for a battalion. A deep indentation known as Great Harbor would accommodate several small craft, but a battleship could scarcely turn around in it. The ships of the fleet anchor in an open roadstead to the south, where they are exposed to all sorts of weather. Yet for some reason the place seems to be considered of considerable importance.

IT WAS FROM THE LITTLE harbor that I had my first air ride. The craft used were all seaplanes which we entered from motor boats. Compared with the sturdy airplanes now in use they were flimsy affairs. Before taking off each passenger had to sign a document absolving the government from all claims of every kind resulting from the flight. Particularly interesting was the view of the Car of the beautiful mosaic of the Caribbean floor, and the roller-coaster effect of flying low over the little mountains. That part is not to be recommended to anyone with a weak stomach.

EFFORTS BEING MADE more or less seriously by various persons in high places remind me of a practice followed in Canada in my youth which was intended to accomplish the same thing. In general the rule was that no person holding an appointive body. Thus, the township clerk, being appointed by the township board, could not vote for a member of that board. Sheriffs and registers of deeds were appointed by the provincial government, and they were debarred from voting for members of the provincial parliament.

THE OBVIOUS INTENT OF the plan was to prevent the use of appointive positions for the furtherance of political schemes. I was too young to be familiar with the workings of the system, but I suspect what ways were found to exert a little quiet influence without running foul of the law. Anyway office holders were prohibited from electioneering openly and they could not vote for the persons to whom they were indebted for appointment.

FEW OF OUR IDOLS WILL bear close inspection. Imposing figures though they may be when seen at a distance, close examination is apt to reveal either feet of clay, suggestive of instability, or at least flaws in the material which impair its perfection. Recent publication of letters of Charles Dickens to his wife reveals the great novelist in a way which many of his admirers are likely to find exceedingly trying. It is a matter of history that Dickens and his wife separated after having been married twenty-two years. He was then 46 years old and she 43, and they were the parents of ten children. After the separation the two never saw each other again, although Dickens lived twelve years more. His widow outlived him nine years. During the remainder of his life Dickens paid his wife 600 pounds a year and he willed to her the income from 8,000 pounds during her lifetime. For a man of his affluence these were modest allowances, although he seems to have considered them ample, inasmuch as he assumed responsibility for the maintenance and education of a large family.

THE POSITION WHICH Dickens had attained in the world of letters made the separation a decided sensation. In a published statement Dickens attributed the separation to incurable incompatibility, but back of it all there remained mystery upon which little further light has been shed until the release for publication of letters written by Dickens to his fiancée during their engagement and his wife after their marriage. Before her death Mrs. Dickens had authorized publication of the letters after a suitable time had elapsed, her announced purpose being to show that Dickens had entertained for her a real and warm affection.

THIS IS ABUNDANTLY shown by the published letters. Commenting on the publication, P. W. Wilson, a well known writer, points out that the letters published do not constitute the complete correspondence, and that the public has no means of knowing what impression might have been created by the withheld letters had they, also, been published. As the matter rests, however, Dickens is re-revealed as a self-centered man, overburdened by a conviction of his immense superiority to his wife,

OF HIS INTELLECTUAL Superiority there can be no doubt, but he seems to have made the mistake of trying to mould another into his own likeness, an attempt whose failure made him resentful, and, apparently, harsh and intolerant. What faults there were on the other side the letters do not reveal. Through the remainder of his life Dickens remained implacable. Two letters from his separated wife, couched in friendly terms were answered coldly. When he knew that death was approaching he sent for all his children to be with him at his bedside, but to his wife and their mother there was no word of greeting or farewell.

AN OLD FRIEND, MRS. William Lucas, adds a bit to the story of the murder of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, of which mention had been made recently. Whalen was hanged for the murder, as stated, but it appears that he was not the man who actually fired the fatal shot. years after the murder a man named Trotter, arrested for the murder in New York, confessed that he was the man who actually killed McGee.

McGEE ROOMED AT AN apartment house kept by a Mrs. Trotter, and according to the confession, the landlady's son was implicated in the plot to kill him. Whalen, one of the conspirators, hid near the Trotter building waiting for McGee to return from the parliament house where he had delivered an important address. Whalen intended to shoot before McGee entered the house. But McGee reached the house first, and, unsuspecting, took out his key and opened the door. As he did so, Trotter, waiting inside, shot him. Whalen, hearing the shot and seeing the man fall, ran and was caught by the police within a short distance. Whalen was proven to be involved in the plot, and was executed. At that time Mrs. Lucas was a child living in eastern Canada, but she remembers well the sensation which was caused by the murder.

BETTING ON THE RACES IS being legalized in several of the states. Many persons bet merely or the fun of it, and from that standpoint moderate betting is a fairly harmless dissipation. Unfortunately, where betting is done, there are those who bet more than they can afford to lose in the hope of making large gains. Once at the Winnipeg races I chanced to meet a lady whose husband operated a Winnipeg suburban store. I asked her if she thought that such betting as was done tended to develop a real gambling spirit. She was not prepared to pass an opinion on the social aspects of the plan, but she said that after each race meet her husband had much more trouble than usual in collecting his monthly bills. That told quite a lot.

IT "IS NOT OFTEN THAT Atlantic ocean is dusty, but it was so the other day. The great dust cloud that traveled from the Great Plains to the eastern coast and cast a pall of darkness over coastwise cities all one afternoon, passed out over the ocean, where it obscured the sun. Those on board vessels at sea had the unusual experience of finding fine dust settling upon their clothing and upon the decks around them. Volcanic ash often remains afloat a long time, and ships hundreds of miles from volcanoes have sometimes had their decks covered with ash from the eruptions. This was the case after the eruption of Krakatoa, perhaps the greatest in history. Again, when Mount Pelee on the island of Martinique blew off its head and destroyed every living thing in the little town of St. Pierre, ashes to the depth of several inches covered the decks of ships far out at sea. These, however, were cases in which the ash had been thrown aloft by an explosive force. This year's dust clouds were caused by fine particles of earth being lifted by the force of the air itself, and cases are indeed rare in which dust arising from such a cause has covered ships far out at sea.

CROPS IN THE RED RIVER valley have shown surprising resistance to the trying conditions of this spring. There is no basis upon which predictions can safely be made as to the reaction of crops to weather conditions. Take, for instance, the spring of 1895 in this same territory. That was a season in which the crops were subjected to one disastrous condition after another, and yet they survived.

THAT SPRING WAS WINDY and dusty, and I suppose the dust was as thick at times as at any time this spring. There was the difference, however, that the dust was coarser and heavier, so that it did not rise so high or travel so far. But it was a tough spring for seeding, and on several days farmers were obliged to suspend work in the fields. The wind blew intermittently until after much of the grain was well up. One unusually windy day left many of the young plants standing on roots that were exposed like stilts, and many of such plants perished.

RAIN CAME, AND THE buffeted plants took on new life and courage. It appeared that there might be at least a partial crop. Presently the growth spread and thickened and the fields were heavily carpeted with rich green. Then it froze. That must have been in June, for potatoes were well up and wheat was stooling heavily. The potatoes were frozen off level with the ground, and field grain lay limp and flat. To make matters worse, the morning after the freeze the sun came out clear and hot, the grain turned brown, and the air was filled with a smell as of burning grass.

THAT SEEMED TO BE THE FINISH, and many farmers began to prepare to plow up their seeded fields. But again it rained. The rough treatment to which vegetation had been subjected seemed to intensify its determination to grow, and grow it did. Even then the hazards were not all run, for that was a season of numerous and severe hail storms, and many fine crops were pounded into the earth.

BARRING DAMAGE FROM hail, which, after all, was strictly local, that was the best crop year in the history of the valley. Not only did grain of all kinds yield heavily, but vegetables of all kinds gave tremendous yields. It seemed that everything that had been planted, no matter how indifferently, took root, grew and bore fruit.

ONE MARKED DIFFERENCE between that season and this was that in the earlier period that was no lack of ground moisture. Several of the years just preceding had been years of abundant rain and heavy snow, and while the surface became dry enough to permit dust to blow, there was plenty of water a little farther down. that is not true now.

THAT YEAR WAS ONE OF heavy world production of wheat, and prices were distressingly low. Potatoes were not raised commercially on any considerable scale. There was practically no shipping market, and the surplus production was far in excess of local demand. I bought potatoes that fall for 15 cents a bushel, delivered in the basement, and onions also at 15 cents. Anyways, everybody had enough to eat.

"PLEASE DO NOT PICK WILD flowers. Others want to see them.' Signs bearing this injunction have been posted for several seasons in the Palisades park on the Hudson, and similar requests are seen in many parks and along the roadsides of the east. Some states have stringent laws prohibiting the picking of flowers or foliage or the digging up of plants along roadsides, or on any private property without the owner's permission. It took some time for the public to appreciate the need for such restrictions. Wild flowers were abundant. Flowering shrubs of many kinds lined the roadsides. Private meadows were gay with daisies and buttercups, and violets of many colors grew in shady places. The picking of a handful of flowers, the breaking off of an armful of branches or the digging of a basketful of roots could have little effect on the supply which nature had provided so lavishly.

**BUT WHEN THE ROADS** were traversed literally by millions of people, each intent on carrying home floral souvenirs of a drive through the country, flowers became scarce. Annuals were brought to the verge of extinction because they were not permitted to go to seed. Perennials were weakened and ultimately destroyed by the persistent removal of the foliage which was essential to the continued life of the plant. Trees and shrubs which bore beautiful blossoms were torn and mangled by the stripping of their branches. It became a question of leaving the flowers where they were, and where many might see and enjoy them, or having no flowers for anybody.

**WE HAVE NO TRAFFIC** Congestion here such as they have in the east, and of certain kinds of roadside flowers we have so many that they are not likely to be seriously depleted by picking for some years. This is not true, however, of wild shrubbery and such blossoming trees as the wild plum. These are found only in widely separated spots adjacent to timber, and the inroads that have already been made on such growth has impaired it seriously. Especially are the wild plums subject to touble abuse, once in the spring, when their branches are torn off for the blossoms, and again in the fall when plum-gatherers tear down whole trees in order to get at the fruit.

**THERE IS NO EXCUSE** Whatever for gathering wild plum blossoms. The wild plum tree is a thing of beauty when seen at a suitable distance when in bloom. But it needs to be seen at some distance, for on close inspection it has a straggly and unkempt appearance. Moreover the blossoms are short-lived. The branch which is covered with blossoms when picked is quite likely to be a bare piece of brushwood before one can get it home, and under the best conditions the petals will drop within a few hours.

**ONE OF THE MOST SATIS-factory** small trees native in this locality is the thornapple—not the shrub that bears the little red or black haws, but the small thorny tree which bears clusters of little red apples as large as the end of one's thumb, provided the thumb is not too large. In the spring trees are covered with solid masses of white blossoms, and as the season advances the blossoms are succeeded by corresponding clusters of red fruit which keep their pleasing; color until after frost. The tree is of slow growth, but I am trying to coax some of them along until they are old enough to bloom.

**TIGER LILIES ARE** Becoming scarce, not because they have been picked, but because most of the sod on which they once grew freely has been broken up. They may still be found on unbroken hay land, such as that, for instance, east of Crookston. Those and the blue bells, which bloom at about the same time, gave a touch of color to many miles of prairie.

**THE WILD PRAIRIE ROSE IS** one of the most persistent of our plants, cropping up in all sorts of unexpected places. On the slightest provocation it will take possession of a poorly cultivated field, and it re-establishes itself along roadsides where the grader has removed everything in the nature of growth. There are many varieties of the wild rose, that most common on the prairie being of short, scrubby growth. In the timber is found a rose which grows to the height of several feet, and there is another, found in spots along the roadside, which seems to be about midway between the two.

Saturday's fire was the greatest that Chicago has experienced since the memorable conflagration of October, 1871. It was the biggest fire that any American city has had in years. Yet, compared with the fire of 1871 it was almost trivial. In the recent fire the buildings on 40 or 50 blocks were destroyed, an area of some thing like 150 acres. In 1871 an area of 2,100 acres swept. Property loss on Saturday is placed roughly at \$10,000,000. The loss in the earlier fire was placed at \$160,000,000, which is about one-third of the value of all the property then in Chicago. As a further comparison it is to be remembered that the fire of 1871 occurred in a city of less than 340,000 population, while the present population of the city is some three million.

News of Saturday's fire was broadcast over the radio chains and reports in considerable detail were published in the late evening papers. By Sunday morning information about the fire was available in practically every village and hamlet in the country, and farmers in remote country districts were reading about it in their morning papers.

In contrast I recall something of the fire of 1871. I was then a youngster of 9, and I have a distinct recollection of the vague rumors of the fire that reached our country homes in Ontario. We had no radio then, and no telephone. Neither had we rural mail delivery, and instead of automobiles traveling at express speed we jogged along at about eight miles an hour when the roads were good, which was about one-fourth of the time. Under those conditions news traveled slowly and was sadly garbled in being passed from one person to another.

After some days, I suppose, we youngsters heard indirectly that there had been a big fire in Chicago. We heard of Chicago as a great and wicked city, and from hearing my elders discuss the subject I got the distinct impression that the fire was a visitation of divine wrath, the city having been destroyed because of the wickedness of its people, much as Sodom and Gomorrah had been destroyed in the days of Abraham and Lot. One story which was widely circulated and religiously believed was that balls of fire were seen to strike the houses of the exceptionally wicked, while the homes of the righteous were spared. The thing set me to thinking seriously about my own way of life, and at was some time before I could be even moderately bad with any measure of satisfaction. I kept looking for balls of fire coming in my direction and preparing to dodge them.

Governor Langer's proclamation urging prayers for rain reminds me of the good parish priest whose parishioners waited on him and demanded that he pray for rain. The season had been unusually dry, crops were burning up, and day after day the sun shone from a clear sky and there was not even a prospect of rain. The people were desperate, and in the emergency they appealed to the priest. Not only did they demand that he pray for rain, but they insisted that he produce it. The thing had gone too far for temporizing. Prayers for rain had been offered before, without appreciable result, but ultimately nature had corrected its errors in the regular way, and the country had worried through. This time the situation demanded action.

The good father listened attentively to the demand of his flock, and then assured them not only that he would pray for rain, but would guarantee to produce it. But in order to do this his petition must be backed by the unanimous decision of the people as when the rain should come. He told them, therefore, to talk it over and decide on what day they wanted rain and he would agree that it should come. Everybody wanted rain, but not all wanted it at the same time. One had hay to get in next day. Another had an errand to town the day following. So the people waited on the priest and reported that they were unable to agree, but as soon as they could do so they would let him know. Presently it rained anyway.

Some one asked me the other day from what section our rain comes —when it comes at all. I replied that most of it comes from the Atlantic ocean, which I believe to be correct, although I cannot cite authority for the statement. Evaporation from our land and fresh water surfaces is constantly in progress, but as the land areas are only about one-fourth the area of the globe the ocean surfaces exposed to evaporation are three times as great as the land surfaces. Moreover, on the land evaporation is retarded by layers of dust and other mechanical conditions.

We receive practically no moisture from west of the Rockies. Whatever moisture is carried by the air which comes from the Pacific is condensed in passing over the mountains, to fall on their westward slopes in rain or snow, leaving none to be deposited on the plains farther east. Air moves generally in gigantic circles, often many hundreds of miles in diameter, and moisture picked up on one side of the circle may fall in rain on the opposite side of the circle a thousand miles away and with the wind blowing in the contrary direction. Hence water drawn from the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico, which is part of the same system, may be deposited in North Dakota during a thunderstorm with a northwest wind.

THE NAME OF WILLIAM Moorhead is intimately associated with the history of the Red river valley, for from the time in 1857 when Moorhead arrived at Fort Pembina with Joe Rolette until his death he was an active participant in the pioneer work of the valley. A clipping the Pembina Pioneer Express gives a number of facts related by J. R. Moorhead, son of William, concerning events in which the old pioneer participated or with which he was personally familiar.

REMINISCENT OF THE REIL rebellion is the story of the capture and rescue of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bouvette, who, with two or three other families, were taken prisoners by the Reil outfit and confined in a building that occupied a site just south of that now occupied by the Canadian customs inspection in West Lynne or west Emerson.

THE PRISONERS WERE held in the cellar of the building. Looking for some way to escape Mr. and Mrs. Bouvette noticed a small hole or window in their prison cell. Hastily pinning a note to Prank Bouvettes' clothing, the little 8-year old boy was pushed through the hole or window and told to run to Fort Pembina. The little fellow was successful in reaching the fort and immediately thereafter thirty-five mounted U. S. soldiers, with bayonets glistening marched through the streets of Pembina, en route to the old house on the border.

REIL'S MEN DIDN'T DISCUSS terms of surrender or peace treaties, they just vamoosed with all the speed they could develop. Some even swam the Red river in order to put as much territory as possible between them and the U. S. soldiers. The prisoners were brought to Pembina and Mr. Moorhead remarks that this occasion was the only one on which he saw Joe Bouvette hungry. He was so famished he pulled green grasses and shrubs and ate them.

MR. MOORHEAD ALSO GAVE what is probably the only authentic account of the wounding of two U. S. soldiers by his father, the late William Moorhead. On one occasion two outlaw Indians were given into the custody of Bill Moorhead, to hold until the soldiers called for them. Mr. Moorhead held the Indians for several days and until a detachment of Hache's battalion came for them. The Indians were in a room that had two windows and one door leading outside.

WHEN THE SOLDIERS CAME they got interested in Mr. Moor-head's whiskey, and stayed to imbibe. They took considerable of the stuff. The Indians noticed the intoxication of the soldiers and hunched carefully along the floor toward the windows. Mrs. Moorhead in the rear room, noticed the evident intention of the Indians to attempt escape, and warned her husband who drove the Indians back from the windows. Thrice this occurred and still the soldiers refused to leave the booze and take the prisoners away.

ON THE FOURTH OCCASION that Mr. Moorhead noticed the Indians in close proximity to the windows, Mr. Moorhead became decidedly angry and drew his gun on the prisoners. The soldiers quickly intervened and a struggle followed between Bill Moorhead and the soldiers. In the melee, Mr. Moor-head's gun exploded twice and one bullet struck a soldier in the arm and the other entered the heel of another soldier.

WHILE THIS WAS TAKING place the Indians escaped. One of them was later captured and hanged at Devils Lake. Confusion reigned in the Moorhead household as soon as the sobered soldiers departed. Mr. Moorhead had committed a serious crime in shooting the soldiers. Flight was deemed the better course and four carts were quickly packed and the family left, going west to Smuggler's Point, about a mile west of Neche. Mr. Moorhead had been seriously injured in the struggle soldiers.

AT SMUGGLER'S POINT Mr. Moorhead instructed his wife to put the cart in which he was lying on the trail to Winnipeg. This was done. The trail was worn deep. The pony and cart could not get out of it and they took Mr. Moorhead to Winnipeg where he was cared for until his wounds healed. In a short time a representative of the soldiers went to see Mr. Moorhead at Winnipeg and assured him the army would make no complaint regarding the unfortunate incident if Mr. Moorhead would likewise keep still about it. A bargain struck, Mr. Moorhead soon returned to Pembina. The soldier who got shot in the heel, later got a government pension of \$30 per month, for injuries received in Indian warfare. He later filed on homestead in the Roseau section.

JOHN HAY'S BOOK, "THE Breadwinners," which was published some fifty years ago, achieved a marked degree of unpopularity in radical circles because of the frank manner in which it dealt with the ways of professional formen's of strikes. One passage comes to mind whenever the papers carry news of a particularly violent strike. Names are all forgotten, but the main point remains as sharp as ever. An agitator, who may be called Brown, spent a lot of time organizing a group of mill hands with a view to precipitating a strike or shaking down the owner. He had conducted many meetings at which he had held forth in the traditional manner in the wrongs suffered by the poor and the iniquities of the rich. One of the men, Blank, wearied of so much talk, and at one of the meetings he demanded that something be done. Brown suavely agreed with Brother Blank in principle, but pointed out that it was necessary to lay the foundation for action in discussion.

BLANK HAD HAD ENOUGH of discussion and repeated his demand for action. "Do you move that a committee be appointed for that purpose?" inquired Brown. "Yes, anything," replied Blank. "I motion that something be done." Brown put the motion, declared it carried, and appointed Blank a committee of one for the purpose aforesaid, and the incipient rebellion was over. His was the sound psychology.

"THE BREADWINNERS" WAS published anonymously in the old Scribner magazine, and the secret of its authorship was well kept for a long time. At one time or another the book was attributed to a dozen well known writers, but it was finally acknowledged by Hay.

PRESUMABLY LILAC TIME will pass this year without many lilacs in evidence. I have seen no good lilacs this spring, and complaint is general that the shrubs are not blooming well. Presumably the trouble is lack of moisture, for the other conditions appear to have been favorable. There have been no severe frosts since the buds started. Possibly the extreme heat which prevailed on a few days may have blighted the blossoms. Anyway, if lilacs are scarce this year we have the knowledge that this territory can and usually does produce about the finest lilacs in the world.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE indictment and trial of Governor Langer, the question has been asked if any governor of North Dakota was ever impeached. The answer is no. There has been but one case of impeachment in North Dakota, the defendant in that case being District Judge Cowan, of Devils Lake. Impeachment was voted by the house of representatives, and, in accordance with the regulations, the case was tried before the state senate. After a long trial, in which partisanship ran riot, a verdict of acquittal.

THE RECALL WAS NOT A part of the constitution in the early days, and since its adoption only one state official has been recalled. Governor Frazier was subjected to that process in 1921, being succeeded by R. A. Nestos. At the next election the recalled governor was sent to the United States senate, which is another illustration of the fact that one never can tell what will happen.

ONE GOVERNOR OF NORTH Dakota, Frank Briggs, died in office. He was elected in 1896 after defeating William Budge for the Republican nomination for the position. That contest is memorable, among other things, for the manner in which convention delegates were lined up on the night before the state convention, which was held in Grand Forks.

SENATOR HANSBROUGH WAS a candidate for re-election, and Budge was the candidate of that faction for governor. On the night before the convention a torchlight parade was held in honor of Budge. As a parade it was a success. If not miles long, it was many blocks long, with bands, flags, streamers and all the paraphernalia of an enthusiastic demonstration. It marched and counter-marched, covering the entire business section and a considerable part of the residence district. The entire line of march was ablaze with torches, and the marchers were satisfied that they had everything in their own hands.

WHEN THE PARADE DIS-banded and the marchers began to gather in groups at the hotels it was learned that in the meantime the opposition had been busy. While the marchers were marching the other fellows had fixed up a slate, filled all the places, and got everything signed up. The combination was air-tight and bomb-proof, and the slate went through next day without a break.

AFTER ALL THE AGITATION that there has been for increased transit fares in New York, various plans contemplating 7, 8, and 10-cent fares, it is somewhat startling to find a committee created by the mayor recommending reduction of fares in the city's 'subway lines to 4 cents. The recommendation is based on the belief that the lower fare would bring more than enough business to offset the loss of one cent per passenger. On this subject I have no opinion whatever. I do recall distinctly, however, that on my rare visits to New York I have found one of the city's attractive features to be the fact that one could get anywhere for a nickel. That applied on subway, elevated and surface lines. There was no bother about buying slugs or making change in odd pennies. The same nickel that was good for a package of gum was good for a ride—and what long rides one could have for a nickel!

I HAVE SEEN SOMEWHERE A statement of the number of miles one could ride in New York for one fare if he planned his journey properly. I have no recollection of the mileage, but the distance straightaway from the Battery away up beyond the Bronx is of itself quite a jaunt. As the arrangements were a few years ago, if one had nothing else to do, and cared to repeat, he could ride perpetually for one nickel.

I DISCOVERED THAT THIS could be done, also, on the Chicago Loop trains, which travel, or did travel, in an unending circle, making connections at various points with the radial lines. During the war boys from the Great Lakes naval station who happened to be caught in Chicago without funds, would often spend the night on a Loop train and thus get several hours of much needed sleep.

TORONTO HAS THE BEST system of loading and unloading passengers from its street cars. The plan may be duplicated elsewhere, but I have not seen it in any other city. Toronto has only the surface system of street transit. The cars are very large, and each is divided by a transverse partition into forward and rear compartments of about equal size, both equipped with seats. All passengers enter the rear compartment through a wide side door, pay their fare as they pass into the forward compartment and are then free to leave through another wide side door. They may remain in the rear compartment as long as they please, but they cannot leave except by paying fare and passing through the forward compartment.

THE ADVANTAGE OF THIS arrangement is that there is no delay for collecting fares or making change either on entering or leaving the car. Fifty persons can board a car in a moment, the door is closed, and the car moves on instantly. At their leisure the passengers can sort out their change—the 8-cent fare is rather a nuisance—pass into the forward compartment and be ready to leave. The plan speeds up the service wonderfully.

I HAVE BEEN GLAD THAT my first view of New York city was from the harbor. In that way I got an impression, and really my only one, of the bigness of the city. When one arrives by rail he lands right in the middle of the city, and he can see in any direction a distance of only a few blocks. The fact that there are miles and miles of other blocks beyond does not impress him. The height of the buildings is not particularly impressive. One's ordinary line of vision takes in two or three stories in height, and not much more, so that whether a building is ten stories high or fifty does not make much difference, unless one stops to look and figure. But seen from the harbor one gets an impression of the enormous mass of Manhattan, with its piles of masonry seeming to spring right out of the water.

TO MANY OF US IT SEEMS only yesterday that Miss Agnes O'Donnell was a teacher in the Roosevelt school, or principal of the Wilder. Miss O'Donnell is now Mrs. G. F. Cashman, wife of a St. Cloud attorney, and she is as active and energetic now as when she was in Grand Forks. She is actively engaged in civic and welfare work, and, being an enthusiastic Democrat, she has been quite active in politics. Some of her friends have urged her to be a candidate for congress this year, but I do not know that she has made any decision in the matter. Miss Eleanor Dougherty, former principal of the Roosevelt school, is not far from St. Cloud, and she and Mrs. Cashman meet frequently and recount their experiences in the good old days in Grand Forks.

PURSUANT TO ITS PLAN OF providing occupation for as many as possible of the unemployed, the CWA engaged a lot of unemployed artists to paint pictures, and many of these productions, it is understood, are to be used in decorating the walls of public buildings. This was in accordance with the general policy of putting men at work in their own occupations, so far as this could be done. This plan, however, could not be followed in all cases. If a bricklayer were out of a job, and no bricklaying happened to be required, he was not set at building extra chimneys on houses, or at building chimneys around which houses might be built in the future. He was given an opportunity to work at common labor whenever an opening occurred. So with the paperhanger, the plumber and other mechanics.

IF THE ARGUMENT IS THAT the painter of pictures is not physically fitted for common labor, that 'argument applies equally well to many who are engaged in other occupations. And those others seem to have been left out in the cold. The struggling lawyer, the last of whose clients have disappeared, is a professional man out of a job, but there is no provision for fixing up law suits in order to keep him busy. If he has no other means of support he must grab a shovel or go on the poor relief list.

THEN THERE ARE THE writers; has anyone considered their case? Novelists, poets, and writers of all kinds have found it difficult to market their wares, and the income of many of them has ceased. Yet the government has taken no steps to put these people at work producing novels, poems and plays which may be kept in cold storage until the public is ready to receive them. Clearly there has been a discrimination in favor of the painters. If I tried to sell this particular column to the government I don't suppose I could get a nickel for it. And I always did hate shoveling.

PERHAPS THERE ARE SOME persons who suppose that Al Smith wrote "The Sidewalks of New York." There may be others who suppose that it was written for or about him. Even of those who know neither of those things to be true, there are probably few who know just how the song came to be associated with him and to be played wherever he made his appearance. Actually it was an Italian band leader who tied together the name and personality of Smith with the song. In an address the other day at Greenwich village in New York the former governor told how it happened.

"WHEN WE LEFT HERE FOR the convention," said he, "the New York delegation was not sure what it was going to do. I was governor at the time, so they said, 'Let Al be the candidate until we know what camp we're going to get in.'"

"I HAD NO ILLUSIONS ABOUT it at all. And I was nominated in the greatest speech Burke Cochrane ever made. It was the greatest speech he ever made because it satisfied even himself.

"WELL, OF COURSE, HE played up my alma mater, the Fulton Fish Market. Joe Humphries—maybe the ladies in the audience won't know who he is, but the men will know he's the man who announces the prize fights—who used to live in Dover street with me in 1885, Joe had all the scores of the Harrigan melodies in the hands of the band. He had 'East Side, West Side' with them, although that wasn't a Harrigan melody.

"JOE HAD BROUGHT THE band, an Italian band, from Avenue A, and the Italian band leader saw that title, 'The Sidewalks of New York.'

"BURKE COCHRANE ENDED up his nominating speech by saying, 'We will consider no proposition to nominate our candidate for vice president. You will nominate him for president or we will take him back to the sidewalks of New York and elect him governor again.'"

THEREUPON THE FORMER governor hummed a few bars of the song—the part that goes, "East Side, West Side."

"A LOT OF NEW YORKERS' there," he continued, "never had heard that song. But they sang it anyway, as soon as the band started playing it, and when 1928 came it rode right alongside The Star-Spangled Banner." ,

LAST WEDNESDAY THEY celebrated Maritime day in New York. The headline conveying that information meant absolutely nothing to me. I had never heard of such a day. Reading on I discovered that Maritime day is the anniversary of the sailing of the Savannah, the first steamship to cross the Atlantic. The crossing was made in 1819, the voyage from New York to Liverpool being made in 26 days. Neither the Savannah nor any of the other early steam vessels relied entirely on steam. More accurately they might be called sailing vessels with auxiliary steam power, for all were equipped with sails and used them whenever the wind was favorable. The Savannah was a tiny craft of 350 tons, as contrasted with the 35,000 tons of some of the giant modern liners.

STEAM POWER WAS Adopted slowly. Sailing vessels were the rule until the middle of the century. My mother's parents came across in a sailing vessel in 1840, and were so buffeted by storms that they were six weeks from land to land. Neighbors who had sailed a little earlier were blown clean off their course and were three months crossing. On the six-weeks voyage my grandmother was seasick the entire time. Grandfather was a tough number, and wasn't sick a minute. He admired the power and majesty of the waves, enjoyed the rolling and pitching of the ship, chummed with the sailors, and had the time of his life.

MY GRANDPARENTS "CAME steerage," and I judge from their descriptions that the steerage was not an altogether attractive place. There were no laws against packing passengers in, and they packed them in. Steerage passengers provided their own bedding and brought along their own food. Some of them were clean, and some were less clean. By the time they got across none were clean. The food which they had carried had to be of keeping quality, and after the perishable had been consumed, on the first few days out, the menu was made up largely of such things as hard tack, cheese and smoked fish.

FIFTY YEARS AGO I WENT down Lake Superior and the Georgian bay on a ship that used both steam and sail. Steam was the main reliance, but when the wind was favorable the canvas was spread. There is a thrill about a big spread of canvas, straining in the wind, with cordage humming like violin strings, that the steamer passenger misses. On that trip we spent one forenoon in a dense fog, with the foghorn sounding its mournful bellow every few seconds. Once, out of the fog came the sound of a bell. The sailors knew it to be the bell of a windjammer, which we were about to meet. All at once she hove in sight, so close that it seemed that one could have thrown a stone across the distance. She was going west, with a strong following wind, and I never saw a more ghost-like picture. All her sails were set, and, though she was perfectly visible, the fog gave her the appearance of a phantom ship. Out of the void she came and into it she returned, while her bell tolled as if in mourning. I never read of a phantom ship without recalling the air of mystery which surrounded that chance meeting.

IN SOME OF THE EARLY Attempts at steam craft a crude imitation of mounted paddles was used. Several years before Fulton's Clermont an English inventor patented a device for propelling vessels by means of a stern wheel, but no use seems to have been made of the invention. Side paddlewheels were used on all the early steamers. Stern wheels were used on many of the river craft because of greater ease in handling in a narrow stream. All the Grand Forks steamers had stern paddlewheels. One of the passenger liners on the Great Lakes used side wheels in preference to propellers at least until just a few years ago, and perhaps continues to do so.

A CORRESPONDENT TAKES rather violent exception to my inclusion of Huey Long and Father Coughlin among those with whom I could dispense quite easily. Bless the man! I have no desire to inflict my likes or dislikes on anyone else. Tastes differ in these things. This would be a dull, monotonous world if we all liked the same things. We couldn't even get up an interesting conversation. However, the correspondent thinks that I should have included Dillinger in my list, and for the sake of harmony I am willing to do so, although they do say that Dillinger was a nice boy until he got into bad company.

THE FREAKISH MANNER IN which weather is distributed is illustrated by the experience of England during the past year. While the southern counties have suffered so severely from drouth that it has been necessary to ration water in many localities there, several of the northern counties have suffered severely from floods. The distance from the English channel to the Scottish border is only about 300 miles, and it seems strange that such marked weather differences should prevail in an area as small when there are no great mountain chains or other topographical features such as might be supposed to have an important influence on rainfall.

PROBABLY MOST OF US think of England as an unusually rainy country. We may get an exaggerated idea from what we have read of London fogs. But one year with another, the country receives abundant rain. But for the past six years rainfall there has been below the average, and for most of the country the past year has been one of positive drouth, with no relief in sight. A recent issue of the "British Weekly" tells of steps which are being taken by the government to take complete control of the national water supply, and an appeal is made to the nation for co-operation in the careful use of water supplies.

CONCERNING THE Attitude of the individual toward weather the Weekly repeated this anecdote told by Dean Burgon of his brother-in-law, Charles Longuet Higgins, who, although a layman, received what was sent with thankfulness as devout as that of any ecclesiastic:

"SINCERELY DID HE ADMIRE the praise the weather," writes the dean, "even when it crossed some cherished plan of his own. I recall a certain occasion when—his hay having already suffered grievously—a Sunday supervened which, without being warm, was yet dry, so that if Monday had but been fine, what remained of the damaged crop might at least have carried. Monday brought a leaden sky and a steady downpour. Charles, on entering the library, calmly surveyed the scene in silence. I felt mischievous. 'Well, dear fellow, and how about the rain this morning?' Still fastening his eyes on the dreary scene, he said, with slow earnest emphasis 'A very gracious rain.' He was thinking of the words from Psalm LXVIII in the Prayer Book version: 'Thou, O God, sendest a gracious rain on thine inheritance; and refrestedst it when it wad weary.'"

OF COURSE WE ARE familiar with the statements that it always rains on circus day, almost always on the Fourth of July, and usually on Sunday. Looking back over my circus days I can recall only a few on which it rained. The weather man really seems to have been rather partial to the circus people. As to the Fourth of July, I think Professor Simpson once checked the record as a matter of curiosity, and found that for this territory the Fourth had not been quite as rainy as the Third and Fifth. There wasn't much difference, but the Fourth had been just a little drier than the other days.

I SHOULD HAVE TO DIG IN-to the records for the exact date, but there was a year, perhaps from 15 to 20 years ago, when we had thirteen dry Sundays without a break. That summer four families in our neighborhood developed the picnic habit. Every Sunday afternoon we packed the provision containers, piled into the cars, and struck off for the woods. We did that for thirteen Sundays in succession without a drop of rain. My recollection is that it wasn't a particularly dry year, either, but all rain fell on week days, leaving the Sundays free.

WHILE NEARLY ALL OUR rain comes from the Atlantic or the Gulf, in its immediate delivery it may come from any quarter because of the circular movement of our storms. Under normal conditions a prolonged gentle southeast wind usually brings warm showers. If the wind veers to the northeast the conditions are favorable for a soaking rain such as those which have sometimes lasted for days. Seldom does a violent storm of any kind approach from an easterly direction. If the wind blows from the southeast with increasing force, and heavy clouds bank against the northwestern, west or southwestern sky, the prospect is for a thunderstorm in which as it strikes, the wind will switch and blow from the direction from which the storm approaches. Hail usually comes with a westerly wind, although in the memorable circus day hail storm of some 25 years ago the wind blew from the southeast and all windows on the south and east sides of buildings were broken.

TWO CORRESPONDENTS OF the Literary Digest mourn the disappearance of the old-fashioned hearty breakfast and the other all to eat bigger hearty meals that followed it, and attribute the depression in Considerable part to the spare diet of modern fashion. If we were meals, they argue, we should dispose of the surplus of grain, meats, and so forth, that now troubles us. The idea is not new. We have had campaign after campaign to "eat more" of this or that, on the ground that our doing so would contribute to the public welfare.

ALL SUCH ARGUMENTS leave me cold and unresponsive In the matter of diet I expect to remain a rugged individualist. If the welfare of society demands it and I have the price, I will pay four prices for whatever portion of ham I think I want at a meal. But neither the argument of economists, nor the pleas of politicians, nor decisions of the supreme court, nor the state of the nation shall induce me to eat four slices of ham at a meal when one is all that I desire. Provided I can get it, and it agrees with me, I will eat what I want, and as much of it as I want, and then quit. I suspect there are several million others who feel about the same way.

I AM NOT AT ALL SURE that our eating habits have changed as greatly as is sometimes supposed. The habits of individuals change with their environment. The merchant or banker of sixty who looks back upon his boyhood on the farm and recalls the five or six big meals of harvest time, or the equally generous feeding of wood-chopping time in the winter, eats less heartily now. He had to. Otherwise he would be dead. Even his afternoons at golf do not make the tremendous demands on the provender pile that were made by the continuous violent exercise and the physical development of youth. But the boy on the farm is still a good trenchman. tributed to better digestion and better general health.

A CHICAGO PSYCHOLOGIST himself that although adults get a kick out of "Alice in Wonderland," "Little Red; Riding Hood," and other stories primarily for children, the children themselves are bored by them. After making a survey of several Chicago nursery schools he concludes that even small children know that animals do not wear clothes and do the things that are attributed to them in the stories. He finds that the children are more interested in the well known activities and simple incidents of their own environment.

THE GENTLEMAN HAS Examined an unusual lot of children or has conducted his examination with the idea of confirming opinions which he had formed in advance. Several surveys have been conducted in that manner. The investigator seems to have left out of account entirely the factor of the child's imagination. Of course the child knows that dogs and birds and mice do not behave like human beings. So does the little girl know that her doll is not really alive, and the boy that the chair which he straddles is not really a horse. Yet the child's imagination clothes these things with life, and in their company the child enjoys thrilling adventure.

EVERY CHILD KNOWS THAT Alice did not actually step through the looking-glass, to find everything wrong side foremost on the other side. And it is exactly the recognition of the topsy-turvyness of her adventures that tickles the youngster. What boy is there who has not climbed miles of beanstalk and put innumerable giants valiantly to rout, knowing all the while that it was all absurd and impossible. What girl has not raked fallen leaves and with them built mansions in which she received callers with the air of a princess, knowing all the while that her mansion had neither walls nor roof?

IT IS QUITE TRUE THAT there are children's stories involving the use of fictitious animals which are flat, stale and unprofitable. If the investigator used those on his subjects it is no wonder that they were bored. But there is a great volume of imaginative absurdity created specially for children, much of which seems to have developed spontaneously out of the need of children for just that sort of thing. Much of it is enjoyed by adults, largely because they knew and loved it in childhood.

MY NEIGHBOR P. J. Ferguson, veteran Great Northern engineer, tells me of a dog belonging to George Thompson, who farms several miles southwest of Grand Forks, which has developed into a trustworthy messenger. When Mr. Thompson is at work in the field, and the time arrives for the mid-forenoon or mid-afternoon lunch, Mrs. Thompson packs the lunch into a little tin pail, calls the dog and attaches the pail to a couple of rings on the dog's collar and says, "Take it to George." Away the dog goes in the direction in which he supposes master to be. Occasionally he has to travel some distance before he catches sight of his master, but when he does he is off in a straight line for his destination.

MR. FERGUSON ALSO Recalls a shepherd dog owned many years ago by the father of J. P. Kennedy on his farm west of the city. Mr. Kennedy was the first farmer in his vicinity to take up sheepraising, and the dog herded the sheep with vigilance and faithfulness. Mr. Ferguson became acquainted with both sheep and dog by seeing them from his engine cab window as he passed each day. The sheep grazed at large, and often wandered upon the track. A blast of the whistle would bring the dog into action. Jumping up from a chance siesta the dog would drive his charges out of danger, and often when one of the sheep failed to move fast enough to suit him he would seize the animal by the wool and drag it from the track.

OLD SHEEP KAISERS ARE familiar with the intelligence and faithfulness of shepherd dogs, and many stories are told of their remarkable performances. A story current in our neighborhood when I was a boy was of a big mongrel dog which was used to provide power for a barrel churn. The machine was of a type once familiar, the power plant consisting of a little treadmill affair in which the dog walked on a moving platform, his weight serving to keep the thing in motion. In that family Thursday was churning day. The dog was not fond of churning, as he found it too monotonous, and the story that was current, and which was accepted without question by the boys of the neighborhood, was that the dog kept track of the days, and that every Thursday morning he turned up missing and had to be hunted before the churning could be done.

A farm dog which I once owned was useful for bringing home the cattle from a distance. When the crops were gathered the cattle were turned loose to roam, and often they traveled far from home. Sometimes I could see bunches of cattle so far away that it was impossible to identify them except by means of a small telescope which I used for the purpose. The cattle once spotted, no matter at what distance, the dog would be called and ordered to "Go get them." Away he would start at a gallop in the direction which I had pointed, although from his elevation he could see nothing of them. From time to time he would jump up to see if he could get a glimpse of them. Failing that he would look back at me for instructions, and if he had gone off the true course a wave of the hand would straighten him out. Thus he would proceed until, jumping above the grass, he would catch sight of them. Then he would go, straight as an arrow, round up the animals and bring them in.

THAT TRAIN RUN FROM Denver to Chicago, 1015 miles nonstop at 78.7 miles an hour, was a sensational performance, made possible by the latest scientific construction. However, much greater speeds than have been found useful in actual practice have been mechanically possible for a long time. The Burlington's top speed, 112 miles an hour for a short distance was exceeded many years ago by an eastern train of the construction common in that day. Years ago the run between New York and Chicago, 1,000 miles, was regularly made by limited trains in 18 hours, an average of better than 55 miles an hour, including stops. The time was extended to 20 hours because the greater speed was neither economical nor comfortable. High speeds require, among other things, perfect roadbeds.

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID AND written about the solitude of Admiral Byrd in his isolated Antarctic camp 123 miles from the nearest human being. While Byrd's situation is lonely enough, its solitude is not at all the kind of solitude which many others have been obliged to endure. While he is deprived of physical contact with his fellows, he is in communication with members of his own force daily, and if necessary, hourly. He receives regular reports from his staff and actually supervises most of the work that is being done. By means of his receiving set he is able to receive messages and to listen to musical and other programs from the United States. Solitude" in such a case is a decidedly relative term.