

AFTER INTENDING AND procrastinating for many years I have actually made box-elder syrup. Of course it was not an original discovery of mine that syrup can be made from the sap of the box-elder. Generations—probably centuries—ago, the Indians were making syrup and sugar from maple sap, wherever the maples grew, and where there were no maples, but plenty of box-elders, as in North Dakota, they tapped box-elders instead. And everyone knows that in the spring, when the sap is running, as it trickles down the trees from occasional wounds in the bark, when it evaporates it leaves a sweet gum which children often lick.

LONG YEARS AGO I WAS familiar with the making of maple sugar back east, and I intended to experiment with box-elder sap, just as a matter of entertainment, and at last I have done it. Obtaining permission I tapped a neighbor's tree. I started too late in the season, and the sap quit running right after I started operations, but I collected about a pint of sap, clear, like water, and just a little sweet. This I boiled down until I had a few spoonfuls of fairly heavy palatable "maple" syrup. It has a distinct maplish flavor, but quite a bit milder than the real thing.

I AM NOT RECOMMENDING the manufacture of box-elder syrup as a commercial enterprise. According to my crude way of figuring I estimate that it would take about 15 gallons of sap to make a gallon of syrup, and I suppose that the fuel to evaporate that much water would cost more than the product would be worth especially if one were to do the job on a gas stove.

WHEN MAPLE SUGAR WAS made on the farms in the early days fuel had no value. Wood was a surplus commodity, and it was logged into great piles and burned just to get it out of the way. Hence the cost of keeping a fire under the sugar-kettle did not enter into the calculations. Now it is different, and elaborately designed evaporating plants are used to conserve both fuel and labor.

SUGAR IS PRESENT IN THE sap of many trees, the maples having the highest percentage of any of our ordinary trees. The box-elder belongs to the maple family. In eastern Canada where the tree is not native, but where occasional specimens have been imported from the northwest it is often called the Manitoba maple. I have understood that the sap of the ash also has a fairly high sugar content, but I never heard of anyone making syrup of it.

I HAVE TOLD LONG AGO of Rev. C. D. Locklin, pioneer missionary in North Dakota, making not only syrup, but sugar from box-elder sap. He came from New England, where he had been familiar with all the processes of making maple sugar and something that I had written about the possibility of making sugar from the box-elder aroused his curiosity, and he tried it successfully. He gave me a cake of the sugar, which resembled maple sugar, but was lighter in color and milder in flavor.

SPRING IS BACKWARD. Here it is the first of May, and while a little seeding has been done, most of the fields are still too moist for work. However, a few days of real spring weather will fix that, and farmers are now so equipped that the field work can be finished up in short order.

GROWTH OF VEGETATION has been held back and the trees are only beginning to show signs of life. Under the conditions we may expect rapid action, and we are likely to find that the world has turned green almost overnight. We can never tell what may happen to foliage and blossoms in any season, but there is at least the probability that when growth is held back until late we shall escape damage from late frosts. On that basis this should be a good year for lilacs. They will be late, but on that account will be more likely to escape frost injury.

SEVERAL OF MY FRIENDS have reported scilla and crocuses in bloom. I haven't any of those plants, but my early tulips have and the late ones are well budded.

THAT AUTOMOBILE CRASH at Slayton, Minnesota, in which eleven lives were lost, is conceded to have been the worst in the history of automobiling in Minnesota, and it is believed to have established a record in highway fatalities for the entire country. There appears to be no record of an accident involving only passenger cars resulting in an equal number of deaths.

THE TRAGEDY SHOCKED the country and aroused new interest in the subject of highway safety. One correspondent sees in the accident a demonstration of the need for stricter regulations covering the licensing of drivers. Most persons will agree that only persons of demonstrated fitness should be permitted to drive cars. But no facts have been brought to light in connection with the Slayton accident to indicate that anything was involved there which even the strictest licensing regulations would be likely to cure. It has not been reported that either driver was incompetent, or that he was habitually reckless. It is probable that in the matter of competence either driver would have passed any license test with flying colors, and nothing has been reported to show that either had a record of recklessness. Reasonably strict licensing regulations are highly desirable, but all the regulations in the world will not prevent youthful exuberance from expressing itself in ways that are dangerous in the absence of a rooted and ever-present consciousness of the importance of safety.

GOVERNOR DICKINSON, OF Wisconsin, told the Methodist bishops at Atlanta the other day that the country went sadly astray in the matter of intemperance after President Roosevelt "brought beer back. Now, he said, "people have liquor in their cellars that they never thought of drinking during prohibition." Although Governor Dickinson is 81 years old, he can't have been around very much or he would know better than that. He would have known that it was during prohibition that the brewing of beer in basements became one of the recognized domestic arts and that it was during that period that innumerable persons who had not formerly been much interested in liquor, one way or another, became adepts in the art of home distilling. If he had done even a slight amount of window shopping he would have seen on display in store windows all sorts of appliances for home brewing and distilling, the manufacture of which devices became a sizable industry during prohibition.

GUISEPPE CREATORE, Famous Italian band leader, has just resigned his position as conductor of the New York city symphonic orchestra, a position which he has held for four years. The orchestra is part of the WPA music project. Creatore offered the following explanation of his resignation:

"I WAS ASKED," HE SAID, "to write an instrumentation for the city's orchestra and band so that the two of them could play together at the same concert. 'The Life of Caesar,' by Glinka, I worked on. Then I went out of town. While I was away the WPA says I am not spending enough time on Glinka. I am a musician, not a bridge-building project. So I resign."

YEARS A G O CREATORE brought an Italian band to Grand Forks and gave us some good music. He had been featured as the world's most extravagant and eccentric conductor, and after seeing him on the stage we all agreed that it must be so. On the stage, when he warmed up to his work Creatore was a wild man. With arms waving and his heavy black mane flying as if a tornado had struck it he was all over the place, pleading, exhorting or threatening, as he demanded this or that note or shading of expression. There was the suspicion that this was a pose for publicity purposes, and I have no doubt that some of it was. But after watching him I was convinced that the music wrought him up to real frenzy and that much of his extravagance was genuine.

RAPIDLY BECOMING ONE of our most familiar and numerous game birds, the ring-neck, or Chinese pheasant owes its distribution through most of our northern states to the purpose of man rather than to the undirected operations of nature. Originally confined to Asia and the adjacent islands, Chinese pheasants were unknown on this continent until 1790 when a few of the birds were brought from England to the eastern United States. For some reason the effort to naturalize them failed, and the small stock soon died out. No similar experiment appears to have been made for nearly another century. Then, in 1881, 30 birds were shipped from Shanghai to Oregon and were liberated in the Willamette valley, where they thrived and became the progenitors of the thousands that are now found in the northwestern states. In 1887 a few birds were brought across the Atlantic to the eastern states, and their descendants are now numerous in most of the northern states east of the Mississippi.

ONE AUTHORITY SAYS that there are about 100 kinds of pheasants, and that those in the United States are hybrids, representing original ring-necks, Mongolian and other sub-species. Whether or not those which have I moved inland from the Atlantic differ from those which came direct from Asia across the Pacific we are not told. No other of our game birds is so beautifully colored, and none have seemed to adapt themselves better to the varied environments in which they are found.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE New York Times wants to know what has become of the kind of cheese which appealed to him so powerfully in his boyhood. The correspondent writes:

"This country, particularly New York, to say nothing of Wisconsin and various other states that prided themselves on the matter, used to produce good cheese—cheese of character with a tang and full flavor.

"We used to call it American cheese and store cheese. Some, of ribald mind, called it rat cheese. But it was good cheese and a credit to us. In the cracker-barrel days of my far-off youth, one emerged into manhood when he was at last privileged to help himself to a small slab from the big round and a handful of soda crackers from the barrel and sit at the feet of the elders who discussed the affairs of the national around the general store stove.

"What has become of that cheese? All one gets nowadays is an insipid, greasy product, pressed into a brick until any flavor it might have had is gone— no holes, no authority, no satisfaction. What's happened and why?

I LIKED THAT WORD "Authority" which the correspondent used. The cheese of which he writes certainly had authority. It had real flavor into which you could set your teeth and which took right hold. It was called "nippy" cheese, and it was properly named. We have cheese now which is called nippy, but its nippiness is synthetic, and, like many other synthetics, it differs from the real thing.

THAT OLD CHEESE WAS made from whole milk and its flavor was developed in a long process of curing in which nature developed flavor and aroma and gave it a sort of tang which was inspiring and exhilarating. Properly ripened it was fat and crumbly, and when spread on bread it would remain soft and tractable instead of becoming stringy, like chewing gum, or brittle, like parafine. It was quite likely to have skippers in it. I haven't seen a skipper in years. Skippers do not appear to care for modern cheese, an attitude which will be understood by those who remember when cheese was really cheese.

SOME ASTRONOMERS' clocks are made with such precision that they do not vary more than a second in a year. Those who use them wish that even that small irregularity might be eliminated, as astronomical calculations depend on precision. But the clockmakers have achieved a greater degree of perfection than exists in the movements of the earth itself, which are quite irregular.

PROFESSOR HENRY Norris Russell, in an article in the Scientific American, says that by carefully studying observations recorded long ago for other purposes, it has been found that the earth-clock was 23 seconds fast in 1681, 27 seconds slow in 1785, 29 seconds fast again in 1898, 18 seconds fast in 1920, and 29 seconds fast in 1935. For this there is but one known explanation: the earth swells up and shrinks about 20 feet due probably to something that occurs inside it. If it swells up it slows down and if it shrinks it speeds up. This follows well-known laws of matter. The cause of these swellings and shrinkings is unknown.

A FRIEND JUST Mentioned to me the beautiful display of crocuses or pasque flowers, that may now be seen on a little knoll just this side of Emerado. These are the earliest of our prairie flowers, and they are universally admired. The plants grow in virgin sod, but will also thrive in lawns if carefully transplanted. The blossoms soon disappear, and the plants do not interfere at all with care of the lawn. One of the finest displays of these blossoms that I have seen appeared year after year on the side of one of those gravel ridges a few miles west of Marcoux, Minnesota. I have not been that way at the right season for several years, but two or three years ago I was told that something had happened to the crocuses, and that scarcely one was to be seen that year on a hillside which had formerly been covered with them.

A N O T H E R O F O U R Familiar prairie flower, which has disappeared altogether from some localities, is the tiger lily. The tiger lily belongs in the native sod, and as the land has been broken up the flower has disappeared from many localities where it had been abundant. It is still to be found, of course, in many natural pastures and unbroken hay lands, and along some roadsides where the grader has not disturbed its roots.

LAST FALL I CUT DOWN the finest tree on my premises. It was a northwestern poplar which in ten years had become a splendid shade tree, twice the size of other trees that had been planted at the same time. I discovered that it was sending its roots all over the lot, a fact which doubtless accounted for its rapid growth. I found that one of its roots had reached the alley, more than sixty feet away, it was robbing lawn and garden of moisture and fertility, and it became a matter of choosing between that one tree and all the rest of the vegetation. Reluctantly, I sacrificed the tree.

RECENTLY I HAVE BEEN doing a little digging near where the tree stood. I found the soil literally one mat of popular roots, all running horizontally within six inches of the surface, crossed and intertwined, with tendrils spreading in every direction, ready to drink up every drop of water that might fall in the vicinity. As a result of my experience with that tree I wish to convey to my friends a solemn warning against planting a northwestern poplar near where it is desired to have anything else grow.

PLANTS OF ANY KIND MAY be moved at any season without setting them back materially, if suitable precautions are taken. But "suitable precautions" are not always easy to take. Fully grown trees of immense size are sometimes moved in the large cities, and the work is accomplished without perceptively retarding their growth. But the process is a laborous and costly one, for it sometimes involves labor equal to that of moving a building of considerable size. Such removals are beyond persons of small means, occupying small grounds.

MOST PERSONS, HOWEVER, who own their own homes, have occasion at times to move plants and shrubs, and unless great care is taken the results are apt to be disappointing. Some years ago I moved several large peonies from one part of the lot to another. The roots were of immense size, and I did not wish to disturb them. I dug a large trench around each. Worked burlap under the roots and dragged the plant, earth and all, to its new location. The plants so moved were not set back at all, and bloomed next year as freely as ever. Such removal is quite a task, but it can be done.

TWO OR THREE YEARS AGO I had occasion to move some Persian lilacs which had become of considerable size. I moved them in the spring and took what I supposed was plenty of earth with them. But lilac roots penetrate deep into the ground, and I had to cut too many of them off. The shock was too much for the plants, and they have never bloomed properly since. I have hopes that this year they will show signs of complete recovery.

WITHDRAWAL OF BRITISH forces from southern Norway is not of itself a British defeat, but is rather an incident made necessary by the complete failure of the British campaign in that area. The British had landed in considerable force at Andalsnes. In central Norway they tried to stem the German advance northward from Oslo. If they had succeeded they would have had Trondheim in the grip of a pair of pincers to which increasing pressure could have been applied until, in all probability, they could have recaptured Trondheim. That effort failed, and when the German columns from the south made effective contact with Trondheim the British contingent at Andalsnes was itself isolated and its situation was hopeless.

WHEN THE GERMANS HAD once gained foothold in most of the important points in southern Norway the Allied task became an almost impossible one. Such losses were inflicted on the German fleet as almost to incapacitate it, but the distance to Norway by air is short, and swarms of planes were able to land reinforcements on Norwegian soil almost without opposition. German bombers were able to strafe the small detachments of Allied troops that had penetrated the interior, away from the protection of Allied guns, and without Norwegian air fields on which to land and from which to operate British air operations were hampered. These are some of the factors that contributed to Allied defeat in the first major conflict of the war.

WHAT CREATED THE Conditions that made that defeat next to inevitable? Because of geographical reasons the Allied campaign in Norway was of necessity chiefly a British campaign. The French were too far away to be of much assistance. Some searching questions will be asked of Premier Chamberlain to ascertain whether the British ministry did all that it could have done, and all that the country had a right to expect.

THE STATEMENT — Entirely accurate — that the Germans had prepared for their coup long in advance is not likely to be accepted as a sufficient answer. Both nations have been at war for some months, and the British government knew that the enemy would take whatever steps were possible to improve its position. For a good many weeks German invasion of Norway was clearly among the probabilities. The British had information that German shipping was being prepared for a major movement in some direction. Yet, apparently, the actual onslaught took the British by surprise and found them unprepared to meet it. That will require some explaining.

WHATEVER CRITICISM MAY be made of British handling of the Norwegian situation, and there will be plenty of it, it is apparent that in the larger theater of the war the Allies are taking a realistic view of the situation and are determined not to be diverted into weakening their general position by local issues created by the enemy. France is watchful along the Italian border, the British Mediterranean fleet is ready to cut off the Italian army in Ethiopia, and a large Allied force awaits developments in the Balkans.

IN WASHINGTON THE Walter-Logan wages-and-hours bill is being subjected to a process quite familiar in legislative bodies. Several amending bills are proposed. None of which the administration forces wish to have adopted. Instead of fighting proposed amendments as they are offered those opposed to amendment of any kind have adopted the tactics of loading the amending measures with so many objectionable provisions as to make them unacceptable to anybody. The chances are that all efforts to amend the law will fail.

SEVERAL TIMES OF LATE I have mentioned in this column the Amish, a branch of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" who are among the most solid and substantial residents of Pennsylvania, some of whom are likewise to be found in Ohio. Such references have brought me several letters from correspondents who have known and lived among the Amish and are familiar with their ways. One such letter now comes from Mrs. Agnes Rex, a former resident of Grand Forks, who is now visiting a daughter at New Philadelphia, Penn. During her long residence here Mrs. Rex made many friends who, I know will be interested in her personal comment as well as in what she has to say about the Amish. She writes:

"I HAVE BEEN interested in your mention of the Amish in your column, That Reminds Me. I am now living in a Pennsylvania Dutch community and the Amish are an interesting part of the community.

"The article in the Saturday Evening Post which you mentioned was the subject of conversation at a dinner table at which I was a guest recently. Our hostess brought out an Amish cook book gotten up in attractive style on the same order as the one published by the Grand Forks women several years ago. The recipes were signed by 'Sister' So-and-So in stead of 'Mrs. 'So-and-So as in our book. I didn't have time to examine the book closely, but I noticed that several pages were devoted to pot pies and dumplings, a favorite dish with Amish housewives, who are notably good cooks. I shall try to get a copy of this book before I return to Grand Forks, as I should like to try some Pennsylvania Dutch recipes.

"MY MOTHER'S PEOPLE were Pennsylvania Dutch, and she was a famous cook, but she couldn't teach me, as she never used a recipe. She used a little of this and a little bit of that' but the results of my efforts were anything but satisfactory.

"YOUR MENTION OF THE three divisions of Amish is a different classification from the one used here, which is High Amish and Low Amish, the Low Amish being Mennonites. Just what the difference is I haven't been able to find out. Their religious practices are very much the same, I believe.

"THEY HAVE NO Minister. The women sit one side and the men on the other. They sing hymns, but an instrument is forbidden. They sit in absolute quiet until someone is moved to speak, and then he gets up and says what the 'spirit' moves him to say, something on the order of an old-fashioned Methodist experience meeting, I should say. My son-in-law tells me that they meet around at the homes of the members in the summer, holding all-day meetings. The hostess prepares a kettle of bean soup made in the copper kettle which they use for making apple butter, and everybody has bean soup for Sunday dinner.

"THE AFFAIRS OF THE church are handled by the elders, the head elder being called a bishop. My son-in-law, who is a lawyer, tells of an interesting case illustrating their practice. A case involving domestic relations in some way found its way into court. On the day set for trial the elders appeared and asked the judge to dismiss the case on the ground that it was material for the church rather than the court. The judge, knowing his Amish, complied. It is safe to say that the case would be properly tried and the punishment made to fit the crime. We could learn a lot from the Amish, I think.

"I WAS BORN IN WOOSTER, 36 miles from New Philadelphia, and the Amish were familiar sights on our streets in their queer little buggies. They were good customers and would drive many miles to trade with a merchant in whom they had confidence. My father had a shoe store, and among his Amish customers was one who had 22 children. Once or twice a year he brought his whole family to be fitted with shoes, sometimes buying several pair for some members of the family. They wanted plain things, but the quality must be good.

"THIS PART OF OHIO HAS a number of places of historic interest, one of which I visited Sunday. Schoenbrum is just at the edge of New Philadelphia. You probably know that it was the first settlement this side of the Alleghany mountains and was started by two Moravian missionaries in 1772. The Ohio historical society bought the land and has made a memorial, park of the site. Because of a very exact diary, with maps, kept by the missionaries it was possible to reproduce the log houses, church and schoolhouse in the exact position in which they were located. It was fascinating to me to see how the buildings were put together without nails. Even the hinges were of wood and the shingles were hand cut and pegged on. The furniture and tools mostly hand, made, are also placed in their proper positions in the houses. Zoar, where the community plan was tried out, is only a few miles away. The experiment failed, but the big houses, one for men and the other for women, still stand and many go to see them.

"I AM ENJOYING MY STAY here very much. I didn't realize what a beautiful state this is. I was very young when I left, and hadn't seen much of the state, as that was in the horse-and-buggy days, and one couldn't go very far in a day. I have been doing a lot of traveling by car and am thrilled by the Ohio landscape. I am drinking it all in, but my heart is still in North Dakota."

CROCUSES ARE IN BLOOM wherever they grow, and I feel quite sure that J. E. Eastgate of Larimore would find them blooming as usual on his birthday. He never knew them to fail. Mrs. J. D. Hovey, of Tolna, has a different method of keeping track of times and seasons. She writes:

"I read in your column how J. E. Eastgate knows when his birthday comes by the crocus blossoms. I thought I might tell you how I know when mine comes. It's on the 10th of September, and during the 58 years I have lived in North Dakota, in nine years out of 10 there has been a frost on that day, and I knew when to cover my tomatoes and bring in my house plants. I shall be 85 on my next birthday, and am still going on high."

HERE'S HOPING THAT MRS. Hovey may celebrate more birthdays, happily and without frost.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING features of a recent issue of Life is the reproduction in original colors of several cartoons from Puck published during the summer of 1880. That was the year in which Grant, who had been lauded to the skies during and after his trip around the world, tried unsuccessfully to obtain the Republican nomination for a third non-consecutive term as president.

GRANT HAD SERVED THE nation well as a general in the field, and it was on the strength of his achievements as a soldier that he was twice elected president. But as a politician he was a mere babe. His administration was characterized by gross scandals, scandals for which he was responsible only in the fact that he had placed faith in unfit advisers and had surrounded himself with men unworthy of trust. His trip around the world, after he left the White House in 1877, was a triumphal progress. Everywhere he was received as the greatest American, and apparently the adulation heaped upon him went to his head. He yielded easily to the demand of former supporters that he be a candidate for president in 1880, and the campaign that preceded the Republican convention was a hectic one.

BLAINE WAS THE leading candidate opposed to Grant, and John Sherman, placed in nomination by Garfield, had a moderately large following. Through ballot after ballot he led the field, but was unable to obtain a majority. Then, on the 37th ballot, out of a clear sky, Garfield, who had come to the convention a supporter of Sherman, and without any following of his own, was nominated.

PUCK'S CARTOONS WERE marvels of artistry and of political acumen. The magazine was bitterly opposed to Grant and made effective use of the idea of imperialism as involved in the third term. In fact, however, Puck was more strongly opposed to the reinstatement of the horde of plunderers whose excesses had disgraced the Grant administration than to the third term as such. The third term and imperialism made good talking points.

KEPPLER HEADED PUCK'S staff of cartoonists, and probably his work in that particular field has never been equaled except by Nast, who was engaged in similar work on the same side of the fence in Harper's Weekly. One of the cartoons now reproduced shows Roscoe Conkling and Logan driving with whips the chained and prison-garbed delegations from the Grant states into the Grant headquarters, while Cameron is about to slam the door shut after their entry.

ANOTHER PICTURE, Published after the convention shows Grant bowing meekly tendering his sword to Garfield, who stands, stately and dignified, the center of the picture. From the Grant encampment have come leaders of the Grant organization, Conkling, Logan and the rest, abjectly yielding up their arms. Back of Garfield stand his supporters, Schurz, Curtis and others, while Blaine and Sherman are hauling down the third term flag. Those cartoons had pith and point, and even in caricature one is able still to recognize the features of men who were once among the most prominent of their day 60 years ago.

FOUR YEARS LATER, AT another Republican convention, Blaine, who had been one of Grant's strongest opponents, and Logan, who had been equally conspicuous as a Grant leader, were nominated on the same ticket, Blaine for president and Logan for vice president.

TOMORROW, FRIDAY, IS Arbor day in North Dakota, so designated in a proclamation just issued by Governor Moses. Appropriately named, Arbor day is observed by the planting of trees and shrubs, and by public exercises, especially in the schools, relating to the growth of plants and the creation and preservation of outdoor beauty. Its observance has passed through one of those cycles of attention which characterize so many excellent movements, and in the multiplicity of special days and seasons this one seems to be well on the way to oblivion.

ARBOR DAY OWES ITS Existence to J. Sterling Morton, who, as president of the state board of agriculture of Nebraska, in 1872 proposed that a day be set apart for the planting of trees and general beautification of premises in related ways. His suggestion was followed voluntarily by large numbers of Nebraska people in that year. Two years later Governor Furnas issued a proclamation urging observance of the day, and in 1885 the Nebraska legislature made the day a legal holiday.

MORTON'S PROPOSAL WON almost immediate attention and the idea took hold in state after state until every state had given the idea formal recognition. The North Dakota legislature added the day to the state's list of legal holidays quite early in the century, and for several years the day was quite generally observed throughout the state, as it was in many other states, with more or less elaborate public exercises.

SUCH EXERCISES WERE devoted in cities and villages to the planting of trees and shrubs where there had been no similar growth before and to the general cleaning up of premises. In the rural districts the observance was less formal, but it assumed the practical form of planting shelter-belts on farms and groves and shrubbery around farm buildings. In recent years the formal observance in this state have almost disappeared, and public recognition is now confined chiefly to exercises in the public schools for which programs appropriate to the day are prepared.

J. STERLING MORTON Became governor of Nebraska and later secretary of agriculture of the United States. Throughout his life he was a lover of trees and plant growth. The movement which he inaugurated has ceased to be conspicuous. But the idea which had its inception in the desire to beautify the bare prairies of his state and to render the state more homelike and livable has influenced millions of people and caused them to give thought to their surroundings. Not only in the United States, but in several foreign countries the idea took root and grew, and while it is not always possible to trace its influence, it has made a fine contribution to the wholesomeness of human life. In 1921 Dr. Henry van Dyke published the following poem which I am sure Governor Morton would have approved and enjoyed had he been living:

SALUTE TO THE TREES.

Henry van Dyke.

Many a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good;
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearthstone warm;
Some for the roof and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream;
In the wealth of the wood since
the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

But the glory of trees is more
than their gifts: 'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wringled seed in an earth-bound clod, A column, an arch in the temple
of God, A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the
breath of the earth; They shelter the dwellings of
man; and they bend O'er his grave with a look of a
loving friend.

I have camped in the whispering
forest of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm,
I have found good rest and slumber's balm,
And now when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house.
I open a window and make salute;

"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, life after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

ONE OF THE SACRED rights of the Englishman is that of writing letters to the editor. Great Britain has no written constitution, but the rights of the individual are jealously guarded by sentiment, tradition and statutory argument, and to deny to the Englishman his sacred privilege of writing a letter to the editor would be as shocking as blowing up the houses of parliament or questioning the assertion that the Englishman's house is his castle, which the wind and the rain may enter, but which the king may not enter without the owner's permission.

THAT ANCIENT RIGHT IS cherished, and exercised, and when the Englishman is moved to utterance, laudatory or denunciatory, by the conduct of the war or the existence of a hole in the pavement, he expresses himself by writing a letter to the editor, preferably of the London Times. Many of our American practices are derived from English tradition. In the new environment they have been diluted and modified until in some cases they are scarcely recognizable, but they still retain something of the sacredness which attaches to their origin. Therefore, Americans also write letters to the editor.

THE PRACTICE IS Altogether desirable and praiseworthy. In some cases it serves as a safety-valve for emotion. There are countries in which the citizen with a grievance seizes a gun or pitchfork and starts a revolution. That is disturbing and dangerous. Where he can express himself in a letter he unburdens his mind without shedding of blood or interruption of business.

EVERY EDITOR WELCOMES letters about whatever is likely to interest the public. It is not necessary that a letter to the editor express admiration of the paper or approval of its policies, though those always are gratifying. Most people prefer a pat on the back to a kick on the shin. But the editor likes to know what the people think, and why. And in between the lines of a collection of letters to the editor there may sometimes be discerned glimmerings of light on why people act like human beings. And the more one can understand of that subject the better.

ONE FACT WHICH IS OF some importance, but which some writers appear to consider negligible, is that the letter shall be readable. An illegible letter may be useful for decorative purposes, but as a means of conveying ideas, information or suggestion it is a flop. I got one the other day, containing just about paper enough to cover our bath room floor, written in a fierce, evidently indignant hand, the contents of which will always be unknown to me, for I dropped it into the wastebasket. Here and there I could decipher a word, but in between was territory which I could not explore with any success. The trails which I struck led nowhere. Probably a couple of hours' intensive study might have yielded some results and I might have made a fair guess at what the writer intended to say. But so many people are saying so many things, and saying them so distinctly, that one cannot spend too much time trying to decipher one missive.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO hold that prayer is subjective, that is, that its beneficial influence is chiefly in adjusting the spiritual nature of the petitioner rather than in the accomplishment of some extraneous purpose. I leave that to the theologians and philosophers. But the writing of letters to the editor unquestionably has a valuable subjective influence. The letter may not be effective in relieving unemployment, or making the farmer prosperous, or stopping the war, but if it leaves with the writer the consciousness that he has done his duty as a man and citizen, it has contributed to that peace of mind which is so essential to comfortable living. By all means write a letter to the editor—but write legibly, preferably with a typewriter.

I TENDER SINCERE AND abject apologies to the state of Wisconsin. The other day I intended to refer to Governor Dickinson of Michigan as being ignorant of what went on in some of the country's most respectable basements during prohibition. I said what I intended except that I credited Governor Dickinson of Wisconsin, a gross blunder to which several of my friends have directed my attention. A fellow has to watch his step.

TOMORROW, THE SECOND Sunday in May, will be observed throughout the United States as Mother's day. It is true that the day has been over-commercialized. In view of that fact a committee of the Federal Council of Churches has recommended, not that the observance be abandoned, but that it be modified so as to include the home itself and all that makes home sacred. Such a day, it is suggested, might be known as Home day, or Family day. The recommendation may or may not be followed, but at least the idea will bear examination. It is quite possible that in the setting apart of too many "days" the significance of each will be lost. Scarcely had Mother's day been fairly established before there was demand for a Father's day, and who knows what other members of the family will presently be featured in like manner. A year or two ago a Texas man satirized the manifest tendency by calling for a Mother-in-law's day.

FOR THE PRESENT, AT least, we have Mother's day, and it will be observed, with some extravagance, it is true, but also with real sincerity and wholesome sentiment, both of which we need. Filed away in a miscellaneous assortment of papers I have just found a copy of a poem written in the summer of 1924 by Miss Clara M. Struble, then a teacher in the Grand Forks high school, who later moved to California. The poem was not written for Mother's day, but as a tribute to a dear friend of the writer on her 84th birthday. Both in thought and in expression the poem is an appropriate offering for Mother's day, and it is given herewith:

TO DEARHEART ON HER BIRTHDAY.

By Clara M. Struble.

What have you done with your life, Dearheart?
What poem which lives in the hearts of men
Has ever flowed from your facile pen?
What painting with power the soul to thrill
Owes existence to your -magic skill?
Has your singing voice swayed the world at your will?

Have you chisled a statue with cunning art?
What great deed have you done, Dearheart?
When dawns for you the judgment Day
At the Father's feet, what gift can you lay?

"Alas! no voice for song have I, I have only murmured a lullaby; But my babes have smiled as it
rippled along As tho it had echoed an angel's
song.

"Ah me! no poems flow from
my pen,
But in the hearts of my boys, now men,
My smiles still live. I have filled
with joy And sunshine the life of each
girl and boy.

"A painting? Ah no! but my influence sweet
Colors and brightens each life I meet.
I try to paint with a courage rare
The rainbow of hope on the clouds of despair.

"A, statue? No, the living clay Is the only plastic which owns
my sway. With a love which is only the
mother's kin I have moulded the lives and
souls of men. Through teaching and writing
and healing, each one Is sending an influence on and
on In circling waves which shall
grow more broad, Till they break at length at the
throne of God.

"What great deed done, do you
ask again? I have forged, a link in the living
chain Which reaches back to the Eden
twain; And link by link this chain shall
grow, Now many aeons, who can
know?

"The greatest work the world
e'er knew, God-given, I've faithfully tried
to do. A gift? When He comes to claim

His own My children I'll lead to the Great
White Throne."

NEXT SUNDAY, MAY 19, will be observed with appropriate exercises in many parts of the United States as New Citizens day, in accordance with recommendations made by the president of the United States. For some years the admission of persons from abroad into American citizenship has been accompanied by public exercises intended to impress on them a sense of the importance of the step which they are taking. In exercises now contemplated it is desired to include as well native-born persons who are just reaching the age of 21, and who for the first time will be able to cast their votes as full citizens of the republic. In Grand Forks no formal meeting for that purpose is being undertaken at this time, but pastors of the city have been invited to make such reference to the occasion as seems to them suitable, and it is hoped that young men and women now about to become citizens will attend their respective churches next Sunday in evidence of their interest in the privileges which they are to enjoy and the duties which they assume.

FOR MANY YEARS I HAVE felt strongly that our young men and women ought not to be permitted to drift casually into full citizenship, with the exercise of the franchise without some effort to make them feel conscious that they are acquiring a privilege, enjoying an opportunity and taking upon themselves an obligation. Churches, lodges, social and fraternal bodies of many kinds, surround the initiation of their new members with forms which, no matter how brief and simple, are intended to convey an understanding of the meaning of membership, but the native-born pass into citizenship without any such reminder of its sacredness.

I AM INFORMED THAT IN Grand Forks steps are being taken looking toward an appropriate ceremonial for such young people shortly before the fall election, when new citizens will be privileged for the first time to cast their votes for public servants from president of the United States down to local officials. Meanwhile, a press dispatch tells of such a ceremonial held last Sunday at Tulsa, Oklahoma, where four thousand new voters heard greetings from the president of the United States and the governor of the state and listened to an address by Eddie Cantor, who, discarding the comedian's cap, spoke impressively on American citizenship. I should like to see something of that kind in Grand Forks before November. For the present, let all voters attend church next Sunday.

THE ALLIES SUFFERED A humiliating defeat in Norway. Because most of the Allied forces engaged were British the brunt of criticism has fallen on the British high command. And there was plenty of criticism. In parliament and throughout the country searching questions were asked and words of unreserved condemnation were uttered. The government had to take it. Where, except in a democracy would such a thing have been possible? Certainly not in Germany. Certainly not in Russia, which some of our people have regarded as Utopia.

In both of those countries, even in time of peace, there have been, put to death thousands, who were merely suspected of not seeing eye to eye with the government and of disapproving of some of its acts. In Britain, as in all the democratic countries, men and women express themselves as free human beings. Dictatorship has nothing to offer which is attractive to me.

A CORRESPONDENT After observing the microscopic and other work done by the Minnesota bureau of criminal apprehension concludes that the commission of the "perfect, crime" is next to impossible. The facts are generally in accord with that belief. Yet to say that the perfect crime is impossible may be accepted as a challenge by some person who thinks himself more clever than all the detective agencies put together. Some years ago a man of literary standing described Gray's "Elegy" as "the perfect poem," and defied anyone to find a flaw in it. Several others accepted the challenge and got out their magnifying glasses. They found several flaws, and pointed them out. I don't remember what they were, and don't care, for the beauty of the poem is so great that any flaws in it have never bothered me. But the human mind is so constituted that when a thing is declared impossible somebody is pretty sure to attempt it, and quite often he succeeds. Dickens tells of a man who was told that no one could eat ever so many crumpets at one sitting. To demonstrate that the thing could be done he did it, and though it killed him, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had proved that somebody else was wrong.

SOME TIME DURING THE winter I gave in this column some facts concerning the Pioneer Reading club, which had been furnished by Mrs. J. E. Phelan of Bowman, formerly Mrs. J. M. Cochrane of Grand Forks. That club was the first of the cultural organizations to be established in Grand Forks. Publication of that sketch has brought me interesting and welcome correspondence from Mrs. Phelan, who in a recent letter gives some personal facts which I am sure will prove as interesting as was the story of the Pioneer Reading club.

MRS. PHELAN, WHOSE eightieth anniversary was on December 29 of last year, is reminded by the passing of the years of a saying by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, on being greeted by a friend with "Good morning, Dr. Holmes. How are you today?" replied, "The house in which I abide is gradually falling to pieces, but Dr. Holmes is fine."

AS DELEGATES TO THE Republican state convention in Grand Forks in 1904 assembled on the morning of July 20 they were shocked to learn that Judge Cochrane had died during the night. Apparently in robust health, he had suffered periodically from a malady which did not respond to treatment. The consciousness that his life was likely to end suddenly had not interfered with his devotion to his work or impaired the operation of his great mind. On his desk after his death there was found an opinion which he had just written for the Supreme Court which the chief justice pronounced absolutely perfect. It was published without alteration.

THROUGH MUTUAL friends the Cochrane and Phelan families first met in the winter of 1898-99 during some months spent in Florida. The acquaintance then formed became a warm friendship. In 1913 Mrs. Phelan died, and two years later Mr. Phelan and Mrs. Cochrane were married. In addition to his livestock interests Mr. Phelan had been instrumental in establishing a line of elevators along the line of the new Milwaukee road and had also started banks in a number of the new towns. The first Mrs. Phelan had been especially interested in the welfare of the young people of Bowman and had been anxious that some place be provided where they could gather and read. The present letter reads:

"Jay (Mr. Phelan) asked what I thought about building a memorial library for Clara. We worked together on the plan and the library was built and furnished. Today in our little "burg" of less than 1,000 inhabitants there is a library of more than 6,000 volumes besides a table covered with the best periodicals.

"IN 1917 WHEN WE WERE wintering in Pasadena I remarked, 'When I get old I would like a home here.' A few days later Jay showed me a beautiful home on Grand avenue, with the remark 'Here is the deed.' After that it was golf for me instead of horseback riding. I have been very thankful that we had the home then while we could enjoy it together and entertain our friends wintering in California.

"IN 1920, THE DAY AFTER Harding was elected, the bottom dropped out of the market. It became necessary for the head of the house to be in closer relation to his business, and the following year we disposed of our Pasadena property. We met Senator and Mrs. Harding in Honolulu and were guests of his party at Hilo. He was not presidential timber."

MR. PHELAN DIED ON JULY 9, 1937, after a long illness. Mrs. Phelan, twice widowed, looks back upon a life in which she has experienced deep sorrow, but which has been rich in happy experience, and, looking forward cheerfully and hopefully, she quotes these lines:

THE BEYOND. It seemeth such a little way to
me
Across to that strange country, The Beyond.
For it has grown to be The home of those I am
So fond.
And so for me there is no death It is but crossing with abated breath
A little strip of sea To find one's loved ones waiting
on the shore
More beautiful, more precious Than before.

ONE OF THE SUNDAY Magazines has an article, with pictures, describing a school in Illinois as probably the first one to put into practice the system of "teaching by doing." The children are shown actually doing things described in the books as a means of impressing on their minds more clearly the lessons of the text. This is given as an example of modern progress.

I have no doubt that the Illinois school is an excellent one and that the instruction is well planned. But the value of "teaching by doing" is not a recent discovery. Readers of Dickens will remember the case of Squeers, the hateful head of Dotheboys Hall, who, when one boy had spelled "winder" and another "'orse," sent the boys, the one to clean the "winder" and the other to curry the "'orse." He remarked to Nickleby that his practice was to have a boy spell a word and then send ;him out to do it.

OF COURSE SQUEERS WAS an atrocious old scoundrel, and in the flesh he never existed. But it is clear that Dickens was familiar with the value of the object lesson in teaching and used Squeers as a means of satirizing the distortion and misapplication of an excellent principle in education. "Learning by doing" was familiar to Dickens.

NOR WAS THE PRINCIPLE new in the days of Dickens. It had been a familiar method of teaching through the centuries. Wise teachers took their students on walks along the roads and through the fields and taught them to learn by doing things themselves and watching others do them. To impress a lesson on his questioners Jesus said "Show me a penny." The Indian trained his son in the skill of the hunter by giving him a small bow with which to practice archery.

WE HAVE SYSTEMATIZED and publicized certain of our educational methods, but how much that is actually new has been discovered is an open question. Many of the approved methods of modern pedagogy were used by competent teachers centuries ago. But those methods were not then organized, and classified, and tabulated, and charted and shouted from the housetops.

ONE OF MY FRIENDS HAS a garage where barn swallows build their nests and rear their young year after year. Each spring about a dozen of the birds arrive and take possession of the quarters which they or their parents occupied the year before. But they never come all at once. Always the flock is preceded by a solitary bird which arrives a week or so ahead of the others and gives the premises a thorough inspection. Then, when everything is found satisfactory, the main flock comes along and takes possession. This year the courier swallow arrived a few days ago and the work of inspection has been in progress. Presumably the main body will be along in a few days. My friend has watched carefully, but is unable to determine whether the advance bird returns to the flock, wherever he has left it, and brings it along with him, or whether the flock comes independently. Some of the ways of birds are past finding out.

HOW MANY YOUNG ARE hatched by a pair of wrens at one time? I should have said two, or possibly three. But the Blains have positive evidence that a single brood of wrens may number as many as seven. It isn't easy to see a brood of wrens leave the nest, for often the departure is made at night. But on one occasion six young wrens were seen leaving the Blain wren house at one time, and a seventh was later found dead in the nest. Imagine one of those tiny birds covering seven eggs and making a good job of it.

WHILE GIVING FORMAL approval in their resolutions to the general policies of the New Deal, state Democrats at Minot were inclined to separate as far as possible federal and state issues. That seems like good strategy for the Democrats, for if Governor Moses is to be re-elected it must be with the assistance of a considerable number of Republican votes.

IN EVERY state the mingling of local and general issues leads to confusion. At the beginning of North Dakota statehood the national party label was used in the selection of municipal officials as well as those running for state and federal offices. Candidates for mayors of cities and for county offices were nominated at party conventions and their names appeared on party tickets. As a matter of fact, not much attention was paid to the party designation in local campaigns when it came to the casting of Votes. People were inclined to vote for the man whom they considered best fitted for the position, regardless of party labels.

BY SUCCESSIVE STEPS changes were made in the law so that now there is no party designation for candidates for city or county offices, for judicial positions or for state superintendent of public instruction. Sometimes candidates for these non-partisan positions are endorsed by party conventions, but the names go on the ballot without party tag.

FOR A GOOD MANY YEARS there was some sentiment in favor of extending the non-partisan feature to all state positions, including legislative, on the ground that the government of the state involved issues quite distinct from those involved in national policies. There was no definite movement in that direction until A. C. Townley brought the Nonpartisan league upon the scene. It was in the legislative session of 1917, according to my recollection, that Townley proposed such a change. The house was controlled by the league and the senate by the regulars. The house passed a measure providing that all candidates for state and legislative offices be elected on a non-partisan ballot. The regulars of the senate, convinced that anything proposed by Townley must be bad, rejected the measure.

TOWNLEY'S REASON FOR proposing that plan has never been clearly explained. One advantage held by the league in the early contests was that while it recognized no party affiliation the opposition was divided into Republican and Democratic groups, and the league, throwing its strength either way, held the balance of power. Elimination of the party in state contests would deprive it of that advantage. It seemed that in proposing such change Townley was throwing away his trump card.

SUSPECTING A CATCH IN the plan the regulars rejected it. Later they woke up and themselves sponsored a similar measure. But the leaguers had also awakened and they turned down a measure almost identical with that which they had earlier supported.

THE ONE THING THAT TIES together state and federal administrations is that of patronage. The state legislature makes laws for the state without reference to what is being done in Washington concerning the more general policies that affect the nation. State officials administer state laws, with which Washington has nothing to do. About the only official connection between the office of governor and Washington is that in the event of a vacancy the governor may appoint a United States senator. But when it comes to the distribution of federal patronage the governor may have considerable influence provided he is in good standing with the party organization, which is not always the case.

PROBABLY THERE HAS, never been a war of considerable size in which blunders were not made by the generals in command. Both Napoleon and Wellington blundered at Waterloo, and I suppose both Caesar and Alexander committed errors which are now seen as inexcusable. I suppose, too, there has never been a campaign after which critics who had nothing to do with it have not been able to find defects of the most glaring nature in every operation; Hindsight is usually more penetrating than foresight. In the present war we are hearing of the mistakes of the Allies, and they have made plenty of them. If and when the tables are turned and the Germans begin to get the worst of it, we shall hear of their blunders. And after it is all over, arm-chair critics will be telling of the atrocious blunders made by both sides.

ALL OF WHICH REMINDS me of the late Willis A. Joy, former Grand Forks business man, postmaster and alderman. Those of Mr. Joy's friends who are still living will remember that he was a Democrat. He was more than just an ordinary Democrat; he was a Maine Democrat, which is something special. Most residents of Maine are Republicans, and it requires courage, independence and persistence to be a Democrat in that state. Mr. Joy had all of those qualities, and he was that sort of Democrat.

AFTER THE FORMER WAR in conversation with Mr. Joy an acquaintance was berating the Wilson administration for the blunders that it had made in conducting the American side of the war. Nothing that the president or his appointees had done was right. There were blunders here and blunders there, and an amazing picture of indecision, incompetence and inefficiency was drawn. Mr. Joy listened with a deceptive appearance of patience, for he was not a patient man, and at the close of the tirade he remarked "And so, we lost the war."

"Oh, no," said the other. "I didn't mean that. Of course we won the war."

Then Joy turned loose his guns and his entire vocabulary, which was an extensive one, and the critic was pulverized and blown away.

IN NEW YORK THE OTHER day there was a forum in which the participants were school children from 10 to 15 years of age, with democracy the subject of discussion. Little Elsie Reardon, aged 10, expressed herself thus on the practical operation of democracy:

"When you disagree with a person," she said, "instead of socking him in the eye, or something, say to him 'Let us go home and look up the correct answers.' Then you can decide who will get the sock in the eye."

Nothing could be fairer than that.

A PATENT HAS BEEN granted for a new method of extracting uranium which is said to be much more economical and efficient than any other in use. It is believed that the process will make possible the production of greater quantities of U-235, which is a close relative of uranium, and which, some students think, may become the fruitful source of vast quantities of atomic energy. We are told that one pound of U-235 is said to be equivalent to 5,000,000 pounds of coal in power production, or 30,000,000 pounds of TNT in explosive force.

TO ME CAMPARISONS OF that kind are paralyzing. That's the word—paralyzing. If they should tell me that a pound of U-235 is more powerful than a bushel of coal or a gunny-sack of TNT, probably I should get all excited and start running around to see what could be done about it. But when they get to talking in terms of millions I have just breath enough left to say "So what?"

JUST WHAT CONSTITUTES drunkenness is a question that has long been debated. Many years ago an eminent Scottish authority declared that when a man attempts to light his pipe at the pump he should be considered drunk. Short of that he is sober. Nothing was said about those who do not smoke or who are not in the vicinity of pumps. On the other hand, some allegedly scientific authorities maintain that one is drunk who has imbibed even a drop of alcohol, no matter how diluted.

EFFORTS TO RESTRAIN drunken driving have resulted in the invention of numerous tests for drunkenness, one of which has just been given a work-out in New York. The person being tested inflates a little balloon with his breath. When the pressure has been adjusted to a fixed standard the contents are forced through certain liquid chemicals contained in a glass tube. The degree of intoxication, if any, is judged by the color of the liquid after a given quantity of the charged air has passed through it. Experiments with a large number of subjects have led the investigators to the conclusion that three drinks will produce a degree of intoxication which renders the subject unsafe to handle a car.

AMONG THE FINDINGS OF the experiments is that the most potent drink is rum, with gin, Scotch, rye and brandy following in order, but the conclusion seems to be that three drinks of any of them should bar the subject from the road. Inquisitive persons may inquire just what is meant by a drink. I remember seeing a little glass intended for the measuring of drinks of ardent spirits on which there were three lines etched into the glass. The first, about a third of the way from the bottom, was labeled "Ladies." The next, about two-thirds, was marked "Gentlemen." Near the top was another line without lettering, but bearing the outline of a hog. One might draw his own conclusions.

LOS ANGELES, I AM TOLD, is very strict about drunken driving. In that city a car driven by a man and one driven by a woman came into slight collision. The damage to either car was negligible. The lady drove away satisfied, but the man lingered. To a policeman who had appeared he said "I want you to smell my breath." Grinning, the policeman complied. "Smell any liquor?" asked the driver. "No." "Then," said the driver, "I want you to make a note of that fact in your book." The cop made a note of the fact. The driver went through the same performance with two other policemen. No one detected any odor of liquor, and the fact was duly recorded. The driver took the numbers of the three officers.

THAT DRIVER WAS A MAN of considerable wealth. The lady in the case was a stranger to him. For all he knew she might be a professional damage-seeker. If that were the case she might attempt to blackmail him, threatening to have him arrested for drunken driving, which would involve a scandal and heavy penalties. He was simply playing safe.

LOOKING ACROSS THE ocean, I wonder just where Mussolini will arrive in the peace, settlement which must come sometime. He has maintained a precarious position on top of the fence, with perceptible leanings toward the German side. But he has remained on the fence, and has held himself ready, if he should think it necessary, to jump down on the other side.

HIS ATTITUDE HAS MADE it necessary for the Allies to maintain a large force in the Mediterranean and to keep a watchful eye on the Balkans, and in that way he has contributed materially to German success in the north. In the event of German success, will Hitler show his gratitude to his dear southern friend by giving him a liberal share of the spoils? That hasn't been Hitler's way. Mussolini may consider himself lucky if Hitler permits him to hold what he already has. In the event of an Allied victory, what consideration will be given Mussolini at the council table? Not much. There is, of course, the possibility that Mussolini may contemplate throwing in with the Allies at the critical moment in consideration of large concessions to be made to him right on the barrel head, commission to be delivered in advance of performance.

IF YOU HAPPEN TO THINK of it, and it is perfectly convenient, drop around to your polling place on Tuesday sometime between 11 A. M. and 7 P.M. and vote. The subject to be decided is whether or not funds shall be provided with which to operate the public schools of Grand Forks on the present basis or the income of the district shall be cut nearly one-third. The subject is of some importance and it may be worth while to take a few minutes to vote on it.

EXCEPT WHEN SPECIAL authorization for a higher levy is given by popular vote the school levy of the city is restricted by law to 18 mills on each dollar of taxable valuation. Some years ago the legislature fixed taxable valuation at 75 per cent of the property value as returned by the assessor. On that basis a levy of 18 mills yielded sufficient money to finance the operation of the schools on a reasonable basis. Then the legislature fixed the taxable valuation at 50 per cent of the assessor's figures, which would automatically have cut the school income one-third. Provision is made, however, that the citizens, by popular vote, may increase the mill levy within prescribed limits. This was done several years ago and the levy was raised to 25 mills. That authorization now expires and it is necessary that it be renewed. Hence the special election, at which it may be worth your while to vote.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S appeal for a billion dollar emergency defense fund brought forth a variety of comment, mostly favorable, for there is a realization that an actual emergency exists. There were, however, a few notes of dissent. Senator Nye, of North Dakota, who saw nothing in the invasion of Norway which would warrant the sacrifice of an American mule, is skeptical and sarcastic. During the delivery of the president's message he and Senator Clark of Missouri, stood with their hands behind their backs, presumably for fear that otherwise they might applaud inadvertently.

FRANK GANNETT, AN aspirant for the Republican presidential nomination, is in favor of defense, but he can see no reason for haste. Defense, he thinks, should be placed under the direction of a single cabinet officer and should then be organized in a "reasoned and business-like way."

CREATION OF A SINGLE department of defense in which should be merged control of army, navy and air forces looks all right to me, although I know nothing about it. But the subject has been in controversy for years, with no decision reached or in sight. If we wait, as Mr. Gannett proposes, perhaps after ten or twenty years shall have a single defense department which can take up the subject in a reasoned and business-like way, provided, of course, that we have anything left to defend.

A QUARTER OF A century ago Norway, Denmark and Holland lived through four years of the world's most gigantic war, which was being fought right at their doors, without being invaded and without being called on to defend themselves. Yet the United States, three thousand miles away, was drawn into that conflict. Today, Norway, Denmark and Holland are occupied by the armies of a despot. There are still persons in the United States who say we in the United States need pay no attention to this war because it is three thousand miles away.

WHETHER OR NOT AN Attempt will be made to invade the United States no one knows. But we may assure ourselves that the attempt will be made if the men responsible for the invasion of other countries think it to their interest to make it. If that condition arises the blow will be struck with lightning swiftness, and it will be successful unless adequate provision is made to meet it. That provision must be in the form of physical force which can not only fire shot for shot and strike blow for blow, but which can act so swiftly and certainly that it can intercept the attacking force before it arrives.

OCCASIONAL PRESS Dispatches have told of the struggle made by certain of the Amish, or Plain People, in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, to retain the right to send their children to their own little country school rather than to the larger and more modern township school which was intended to take the place of several of the smaller schools. The Amish people wished to retain the simple customs which had been handed down to them through generations and feared the "worldly" influence of the consolidated school.

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS I have written about the Amish, their industry and thrift and their solid substantial character. Many of their customs seem odd in this stream-lined, mechanized age, but, regardless of superficial customs, the people are universally respected for their fine qualities. Some of the information which I have obtained concerning them has come from H. K. Geist of Grand Forks, whose family, though not of the Amish group, lived among the Plain People and admired and respected them. As a further contribution Harry has just lent me a little book which I have read with a great deal of interest.

THE BOOK IS ENTITLED "Little Amish Schoolhouse." The author, Ella Mae Seyfert, was born in Lancaster county and for several years taught in the schools there. Her teacher there brought her into contact with the Amish, old and young, and she came to love and respect them and to sympathize with their desire to keep their children in their religious faith and in the customs of their forefathers.

BECAUSE THE CENTRAL character in the book is a little girl and the theme is her hope that the little school may be preserved so that she may attend it—next year will be her first school year—the book may be classed as a children's book. In the simplicity of its style and the homeliness of its incidents it is a children's book, and a fascinating one. But it is more than a book for children. Its descriptions of the home life of an Amish family are exceedingly interesting to the adult, and by no means less interesting because most of the pictures are seen through the eyes of a child.

LITTLE MARTHA Wagner's consuming ambition to go to school. On the last day of school this year she was privileged to visit the little neighborhood school, that being the usual "try-out" for a child. Forthwith she fell in love with the teacher. She is disturbed by rumors that the familiar schoolhouse may be torn down and that all the children must go to the township school. Hope and fear alternate through the months until at last her father returns from the court at Philadelphia in his Germantown wagon with the news that Martha's little "schulhaus" is to be opened again.

THE BOOK WAS FILLED with incidents of the child's life, in many of which her elders participate. We are told of the family going to church, and of an Amish wedding at which there was much feasting. After the ceremony the groom was tossed over a fence by the unmarried young men into the arms of the bearded married ones, after which he is privileged to wear a beard like theirs.

LIKE MANY OTHER LITTLE girls, Martha is afraid of spooks and witches. Her belief in them has been fostered by her elder sister Hetty, who doesn't believe in them herself, but who likes to tease her young sister. Martha believes that there are spooks in the limekiln, for once their horse, Cap, got "verhex't" there and lost a shoe. Martha's little friend Katie thinks that is nonsense and says that Cap could have lost a shoe in front of the schoolhouse if the nails had come out. Martha is partly convinced that Hetty has been spoofing her, still, "Sammy Fasnacht's barn was "verhex't" too when it burned down," she said, "because' it didn't have circles or fans painted on it to keep the witches away." Katie dismisses that with the statement that Sammy was burning leaves too close to the barn.

THERE ARE STORIES OF AN Amish Christmas, of huckleberrying, of an Amish auction, all told so well that one knows that those things actually happened. And, though I had read of the seven sours and seven sweets that every good "hausfrau" has on her table for a formal dinner, I never knew what they were until I read this book. The seven sours are sour red beets, chow chow, pepper cabbage, baby watermelons pickled, coleslaw, cucumber rings and sour apple butter. And the sweets are pie, cake, prunes, preserves, home canned peaches, jelly and sweet apple-butter tarts.

THE IDEA OF INITIATING new voters into citizenship appears to be growing. Not long ago there was such a ceremonial in Oklahoma, and on May 7 exercises were held at Cavalier, North Dakota, at which both naturalized and native citizens pledged loyalty to the American constitution. So far as I have any information on the subject the Cavalier ceremonial was the first of its kind to be held in North Dakota.

WHETHER SUCH Exercises include both naturalized and native first voters or are held separately for each does not seem to be important. The important thing is that there should be exercises of some kind, so that induction into full American citizenship shall be treated with becoming dignity.

THE RIGHT TO VOTE IS often considered an inherent right, which it is not under our system. It is a privilege conferred, not by the federal constitution, but by the state. Most states, probably all of them, have the voting age, and because the custom is so general it is sometimes assumed to be inseparable from American citizenship. But any state can fix the voting age as it pleases. It can make no discrimination because of color or sex. It can impose a properly qualification, can require the payment of taxes as a requisite to voting, and may impose many other conditions.

THE SECOND AMENDMENT to the North Dakota constitution says among other things that "the legislature SHALL by law establish an educational test as a qualification (for voting), and MAY prescribe penalties for failing, neglecting or refusing to vote at any general election." This has never been done.

The right of the state to regulate the voting of its citizens has been pretty thoroughly tested in the Supreme Court in connection with election legislation in several of the southern states. Provisions which were notoriously intended to keep negroes from voting or to render their votes ineffective were declared valid by the supreme court because those provisions as drawn involved no technical discrimination.

A NOTE FROM MISS Minnie Wilkie of Rolla encloses several clippings from old Heralds which were found in a radio cabinet, and which had been there nobody knows how long. The items clipped are of little importance now, but years ago somebody thought them of interest. One, dated April 19, 1902, tells of the progress of seeding, which was expected to be completed in about a week in the vicinity of Grand Forks. Work had been delayed by excessive moisture in the northern area, and in the Mouse river valley the water was said to be the highest ever known there by white men. There were few settlers in the district at that time, and those who were there expected to plant flax, chiefly, which could be seeded late.

EARLY IN 1892 THERE were many cases of smallpox in the state, and one clipping quotes Dr. H. H. Healy, state superintendent of public health, who urged greater care in the isolation of patients. Vaccination of all school children was ordered by the local board of health.

THERE WERE NO MARBLE tournaments and championships in those days, but a clipping dated 1892 tells of the regular spring outbreak of marbles, and describes in some detail the marble games which were current in those days. Everyone is familiar with the expression "knuckle down," which means, of course, to get right down to business. I wonder how many know that the expression comes from one of the old games of marbles. In that game the player was required to shoot with his knuckle touching the ground. If he tried to slip something over by raising his hand just a little he would be greeted with shouts of "knuckle down" from the on-lookers. The phrase has been widely adopted in other fields, and it seems highly appropriate.

SAFETY PROGRAMS ARE directed quite largely to the effort to the elimination of highway hazards. Attention is being given to road construction so that the condition of the road itself shall not be a menace, to the condition and equipment of vehicles and to the general attitude and conduct of drivers. All of this is of the highest importance, and public response in general is more gratifying. Our highways must be made safer and still safer, and the safety movement must be a continuous and progressive one in order to keep pace with increased and swifter traffic.

THE ATTENTION WHICH IS properly given to highway safety, however, should not blind us to the existence of other perils, one of which is the unrestricted and undirected use of deadly weapons by children. We have just had a tragic reminder of the existence of this peril and of the need for adequate measures to remove it. In Grand Forks a few days ago a 13-year old boy was instantly killed by being shot through the heart by a 22 rifle in the hands of another boy of 11. The two boys, with several of their companions of like age, were playing together, far from home, without adult supervision, and with the rifle carried along as a plaything.

FORTUNATELY Fatalities of this kind are infrequent, but accidents short of fatalities are numerous. Flying bullets break windows and destroy other property and inflict on human beings wounds which are painful and often dangerous. A young woman of my acquaintance will carry to her grave a crease across her scalp caused by a bullet which, had its direction varied by an inch, might have blinded or killed her. She never knew who fired the gun, and the chances are that the person who fired it never knew that his bullet had struck a human target.

A RIFLE, AIR, 22 OR WHAT not, is a deadly weapon, and it is no fit toy to be placed in the hands of a child. No boy should ever be allowed to carry or use such a weapon except under immediate competent adult supervision until he has reached the age at which he may be expected to use proper care and judgment and until he has demonstrated those qualities. The statement is sometimes made that "the boy must learn to use a gun sometime." The desirability of that may be conceded, but it does not follow that in learning to use a gun the boy shall endanger his own life and the lives of everyone around him.

ALMOST ANY DAY, AND especially on Saturday, one may see groups of boys headed out of town carrying small rifles, usually bound on gopher-hunting expeditions. Some of those boys are old enough and careful enough to be entrusted with guns on little expeditions of their own. But a large proportion of them are not. If gophers are available — and sometimes they are not — birds are often used as substitutes. Bullets fly in unknown directions and to unknown distances, and in a wooded district one can never be sure what danger lurks or in what direction it lies.

THE SHOOTING OF MOST birds is a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment or both. Moreover, it is a misdemeanor even to carry a gun within any of the public parks. Hence for a boy to be found in a park with a gun in his hands the statement that he was merely going through and hadn't discharged the gun is not a valid excuse. The mere fact that he is in a park with a gun in his hands, loaded or unloaded, is sufficient to convict him.

SKILL IN HANDLING A gun is not sufficient to entitle the boy to use one all by himself. He should have a record of carefulness and consideration for his own safety and the lives and property of others.

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK has just been granted a full and unconditional pardon by President Roosevelt. Members of the younger generation may wonder just who this Dr. Cook is, and some of their elders may wrinkle their brows in an effort to recall something about him. But about thirty years ago Dr. Cook was a world's sensation. He is the man who said that he had reached the North Pole and received plaudits for his alleged achievements, and then the discovery turned out to be a fake.

DR. COOK WAS AN Explorer and adventurer, possessed of considerable scientific knowledge and unusually enterprising and resourceful. It appeared, however, that with all his ability there was a streak of unreliability and unscrupulousness in his character and his really worth-while achievements were clouded with deceit. He undertook the ascent of Mount McKinley in Alaska, and returned with the statement that he had gained the peak. As evidence he had published photographs which he said were taken from the highest pinnacle of the mountain, but which were afterward shown to have been taken from a much lower elevation.

HE ACCOMPANIED PEARY as a physician on an Arctic expedition and acquitted himself well. Later he started out on an Arctic journey on his own account, and in the spring of 1909 the scientific world was startled by a message from him, sent from the most northerly wire station, announcing that he had reached the North Pole. Since then both poles have been visited several times, but until that time the North Pole had been the goal of expedition after expedition, and to be the first to reach it was an honor coveted by the greatest explorers of the age.

DR. COOK WAS BROUGHT from the north on a Danish ship, and on it he went first to Denmark, where his statements were accepted at their face value. Meanwhile Peary was on his way south with the news that he had reached his life-long ambition and reached the pole. He was shocked to learn that Cook had made a similar claim, one which Peary knew to be unfounded. Thereupon there ensued a controversy marked by bitter partisanship, and thousands of persons who knew nothing whatever of the facts became violent supporters of one claimant or the other. Occasionally, from the cold ashes of that quarrel, embers are still blown into flame after thirty years.

AFTER EXAMINATION OF his records by a group of scientists Cook's claim was rejected as not supported by evidence. Later Cook admitted that the "observations" which purported to have been made on his journey, had been prepared for him by a seafaring man whom he had paid to do the job. An Eskimo, Itookashook, who, Cook said, had accompanied him to the pole, said that he and Cook had gone about two days' journey northward on the ice and had then returned by a circular route and spent the winter on where the hunting was good. They had never been near the pole.

AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF his North Pole sensation Cook subsided, to turn up some years later as a dealer in oil stocks in Texas. There he ran foul of the federal government and was convicted of using the mails to defraud. For this he was sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary. A few years ago he was paroled, and now, ill from a stroke, old and destitute, he has been given a full pardon in order that his citizenship rights might not lapse. Request for this act of clemency were made by men with whom Cook had been associated with in the past, and who were moved to pity by the sad plight of a man whom they had known as a friend, and who had many engaging qualities.

HOW WOULD YOU SPEND your last day or night on earth if you knew it would be your last? The question has been often asked and variously answered. In his column on this page the other day Dale Harrison quoted Eddie Cantor as saying that he would prefer to spend his last night at a hilarious New York stage show and die laughing. Harrison does not think much of that. He would prefer, he says, to spend his last hours on the veranda of a country mansion, with everything quiet around him, with no human companionship, perhaps with his dog curled up by his side, and thus to meet death open-eyed and fearless.

I HAVE READ THAT A great preacher, one of the Wesleys, perhaps, who was asked that question. He replied that if he knew that the present day were to be his last, he would first give thanks to God for His mercies, then fulfill his preaching and other engagements as usual, and at the close of his day's work he would again engage in prayer and compose himself to sleep.

IN OTHER WORDS, HE would close his life active in the performance of his daily duties, just as if death were not expected. The question asked suggests its obverse: "Am I spending this day as I would spend it if I knew it would be my last?" Fortunately or otherwise, the last day of most of us will be spent just about as usual, for we do not know at what moment the curtain will drop upon this pageant of life.

THERE ARE ABOUT 300 Mohawk Indians living in New York City. They do not wear blankets or feathers, nor do they make their living selling trinkets to tourists. Nearly all of them, the men, are structural steel workers, of all things. Just how they got that way nobody seems to know, but for several generations they and their immediate forbears have been among the most competent steel workers in the city. They like that kind of work and prefer it to any other. Height means nothing to them, and it is said that any of them can walk a steel beam 60 stories high as casually as another person would walk along the street. One of them explains: "Indians, they rather be up. Like to work up on top."

THE MOHAWKS HAVE BEEN the most progressive of the famed Six Nations. One of their chiefs, Joseph Brant, after whom my old home town was named, was not only an able general, but a real statesman. It was under his able leadership that the six great Iroquois tribes, that had been engaged in almost continuous warfare with each other, were welded into a peaceful confederacy. He organized among those who were popularly regarded as savages a league of nations that worked. Modern statesmen might well take a leaf from his book.

AN INTERESTING Question involving the legal rights of Indians has arisen in connection with the plan of Seneca Indians to erect a radio broadcasting station on their 37,000 acre reservation near Rochester, New York. The president of their organization says that his people feel that they ought to have a radio station of their own, and they intend to build one. They do not intend to ask permission of the FCC. Their attitude is not that of defiance of federal authority, but of the exercise of rights which, they maintain, have never been relinquished. Their treaty with the government provides that congress may enact legislation governing Indian property on reservations, but only by and with consent of the Seneca council.

IT MAY BE THAT THERE is something in the make-up of the Indian which gives him a sense of security in high places which most others do not possess. Some individuals have it in a marked degree. In his early life the late Hugh Quigley of East Grand Forks had done considerable building, and height had no terrors for him. At the age of about 70 he bought an East Grand Forks building and wrecked it, doing much of the work himself. With perfect indifference he would walk along a two-by-four 20 feet from the ground carrying an armful of boards. When a friend remonstrated with him, saying that he would certainly fall and break his neck he pointing to a scantling lying on the ground. "Is there any difficulty about walking on that thing?" he asked. "No, of course not." "All right," said Quigley, "Isn't it just as wide up there as it is down here?" And there wasn't any answer to that.

COMPARED WITH WHAT IS going on just now the disturbance of 1914-18 was a horse-and-buggy war. The methods employed in that former war are now as antiquated as the methods of Alexander would have been at the battle of Waterloo when men were fighting with muskets and cannons instead of with spears, battle-axes and bows and arrows. I suppose the basic principles of military science have not changed since the days of Joshua and Gideon, but if Joshua and Gideon were here now they would have to abandon their ram's horns and trumpets and torches and try something else.

THERE WAS A LITTLE vinegar in President Roosevelt's expression of gratitude to former Governor Landon, who, the president said, "was his luncheon guest Wednesday, for his suggestions contained in the statement the governor has written for the press."

Mr. Landon had lunch with the president and the two discussed matters relating to the organization of the nation for defense. Then Landon issued a statement to the press saying that Republican leaders could not enter in to any coalition arrangement under present conditions, and that the best way to insure a united front would be for the president to put an end to the third term movement by saying that he will not accept another nomination. Implied in the president's statement is the suggestion that Landon might better have communicated his views to him direct rather than through the newspapers.

COLONEL LINDBERGH'S radio talk deploring the "hysterical chatter of calamity and invasion that has been running rife these last few days" has brought forth a variety of comment. The New York Times says that the "hysterical chatter" is the talk now heard on every side that the democracies of France and Great Britain stand in imminent danger of defeat by Germany. The Times then comments:

"COLONEL LINDBERGH IS a peculiar young man if he can contemplate this possibility in any other light than as a calamity for the American people. He is an ignorant young man if he trusts his own premise that it makes no difference to us whether we are deprived of the historic defense of British sea power in the Atlantic ocean. He is a blind young man if he really believes that we can live on equal terms of peace and happiness 'regardless of which side wins this war' in Europe.

"Colonel Lindbergh remains a great flier."

IN THE EMERGENCY Created by the war some new suggestions are being made and some old ones renewed relative to the war loans which have been a source of irritation for years. The history of that loan transaction—for it is all one—has been marked from the beginning by a series of what appear to me to be lamentable errors. First of these was that there was a vagueness of understanding of the conditions under which the loans were made, and that indefiniteness has colored all the subsequent discussions.

TECHNICALLY THE Advances were made to the Allies chiefly Great Britain and France as loans to be repaid according to specified terms. Actually they were made as a part of the contribution of the United States to a great war in which this nation was a participant, not for the sake of the Allies, but for our own sake and in defense of ways of living in which all the democracies had a common interest. It was our war no less than theirs. They had shed their blood and spent their substance in it, and we could do no less. Despite formal promises to pay, a large proportion of our own people regarded the advances as outright grants, contributions to a common cause.

THE FIRST TRAGIC ERROR, as I see it, was that the advances were not at the beginning treated as a part of our own contribution to the war. That would have simplified everything, and financially we should have been as well off as we are now. The second error was that of the Allies. Whether equitably or otherwise, they had promised to pay, and their credit depended on their keeping that promise. Rather than default it would have been better for them to strip themselves down to their shirts to keep up their payments. Deplorable irritation would have been avoided, and ultimately an amicable adjustment could have been reached which would have left good feeling all around. The third error in the sequence has been continued insistence by our government on its claim rather than a realistic acceptance of facts and the cancellation of claims which will never be collected except under conditions which will make for still further irritation.

That, at least, is one man's view of the whole war debt situation.

NEARLY 40 YEARS AGO, while revisiting my old home in Canada, I accompanied a friend to a nearby town where British officers were inspecting and buying horses for army remounts. Such meets were held periodically, notice being given to each, and persons having horses for sale brought them in and entered them for inspection and sale. My friend had had a likely-looking mare which he wished to sell because to some defect which rendered her undesirable.

THE INSPECTION WAS held at the fair grounds. Each horse was saddled and ridden at various gaits around the race track, and, if passed, was bought at a stated price. The major in charge and his subordinate officers watched the performance and passed judgment on each horse. At brief intervals the proceedings were suspended while the major and his staff retired to the adjoining pavilion for rest and refreshment. After each refreshment period the requirements seemed to be perceptibly liberalized. My friend's mare was near the last of those inspected and she was accepted without a question. The refreshments had had a mellowing influence on the inspection officials.

THE CANADIAN Parliamentary opposition just now is reviving the charges of negligence and incompetence against the administration which were made the chief issue in the recent dominion election. In that election the King administration was endorsed by a record majority vote, but the diminished opposition continues its attacks and has listed a number of items in support of its charges.

One of these is the case of a veteran of the former war who, partially disabled, offered himself for service in a clerical position which was to be filled. According to the story he was rejected because he was 10 pounds under weight, although his weight had nothing to do with the duties to be performed. He went home and put himself on a cod-liver diet. In two or three weeks he had gained 12 pounds. Again presenting himself for inspection he was rejected because his skin was too oily.

SUCH INCIDENTS HAVE their ridiculous side. If typical they indicate a deplorable condition. But they may occur without being typical. In every organization as large and varied as an army must be there are incompetents and misfits whose acts are often utterly senseless, and the story of the under-weight applicant may be quite true without reflecting at all on the general quality of the army management.

SOME OF US WERE Talking the other day about peculiar automobile accidents. The story was told of a case in which a car, being jockeyed into a parking space, had run over a man who fell beneath the front wheels, and then, through some sudden shift of gears had run over him the other way. I remarked that such accidents are not peculiar to the automobile age, for I had seen something similar in the horse-and-buggy days.

AS A SMALL BOY I RODE one day with my grandfather to visit a neighboring farm. Arriving at the place my grandfather stopped the horse, a quiet, friendly nag, and started to climb out. He stepped on a spoke of the front wheel, the wheel began to turn, and he fell in front of it. The horse, feeling the pressure from behind, stepped forward and the wheel ran over grandfather. Seeing what was happening I grabbed the lines frantically and pulled back with all my might. It was too late, for the wheel had already passed over. Then the horse, responding to the tug of the lines, backed up and the wheel made a second trip across grandfather. He wasn't hurt much, for the rig was light, but did he give me fits! And I had done the best I could.

ONE OF THE IMPORTANT industries of The Netherlands is that of bulb production. Large areas of the rich level lands of that country are devoted to the production of the bulbs of flowering plants, chief among which are tulips, although large quantities of hyacinth, narcissus and other bulbs are also produced. The German invasion has interrupted many of the activities of the Dutch people, and even though the tulip fields are still cultivated, the commerce of the country is demoralized, and it is now impossible for growers to reach their usual foreign markets.

THERE IS, TOWEVER, Another Holland, where tulips are grown, and which the war has touched only through the sentiment of its people. It is a pleasant little Michigan city, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, a place of about 15,000 inhabitants, which is the center of a considerable area whose people are largely of Dutch extraction. There, as in the old home land across the sea, the fields in spring are gay with tulip blooms, and many of the picturesque Dutch customs still survive.

ONE OF THESE CUSTOMS IS the holding of a tulip festival each spring. That festival at Hoi land, Michigan, has just been held, occupying the entire week May 18-25, and it was marked, as usual, by the observance of customs some of which are centuries' old, by the singing of Dutch folk songs and by Dutch dances in characteristic costumes. The central feature of the festival was the special display of tulips, which were arranged in a great circular space through which wound a drive 10 miles long. During the week Holland was visited by several hundred thousand sightseers, for the fame of the celebration has extended for hundreds of miles.

THE FESTIVAL IS Inaugurated by a quaint ceremony borrowed from the older Holland of many generations ago. Just before the official opening the mayor makes a formal inspection of the principal city streets and solemnly pronounces them not clean enough for the entertainment of visitors and orders them scrubbed. Thereupon the women of the community sally forth with brooms, brushes and pails of water and perform the official scrubbing, and when the streets are thus rendered immaculate, the city is pronounced ready to receive guests.

THE KNOWN HISTORY OF the tulip and several other bulbous flowering plants runs back to the days of the crusades. Crusaders were impressed by the beauty of many of the flowering plants which they found in the countries along the eastern Mediterranean, and, r e t u r n i n g , brought with them seeds or bulbs of those plants. The soil and climate of Holland were found to be especially suited to the propagation of those plants, and there a great industry was born.

IN THE SEVENTEENTH century Holland was the center of one of the most fantastic speculative fevers in the history of mankind. The tulip had become a popular flower, and many new strains, differing in form and color, were developed. Some of these were prized for their oddity and rarity, and the possession of unusual specimens became first a fad and then a craze. Enormous prices were paid for single bulbs of particularly choice varieties. Wealthy collectors bid against each other.

THE MANIA GREW TO SUCH a height that all Europe was laughing at it. Bulbs of the favorite tulips of the rarer varieties rose to fabulous prices; some constituted a fortune, like a house, an orchard, or a mill. One bulb was equivalent to a dowry for the daughter of a rich family; for one bulb were given two carts of grain, four carts of barley, four oxen, 12 sheep, two casks of wine, four casks of beer, a thousand pounds of cheese, a complete dress and a silver goblet.

THE TULIP CRAZE Reached its climax in the adoption of the practice of buying and selling futures. Dealers would contract to deliver at a future date large quantities of bulbs of a certain classification which they did not yet possess. The purchaser would sell his opinion at an advanced price, and the new purchaser would repeat the operation, also at a paper profit. People grew fabulously rich — on paper— through such transactions, and within a short time more tulip bulbs were sold than would ever be produced in thousands of years. At last the government is sued an edict putting an end to the speculation, and, bulbs that had been bringing astronomical prices could be had for a song.

RECENTLY A PARAGRAPH in the questions and answers column told of the origin of the expression, "Tell it to the marines." The story is that when strange stories of distant lands were told, before accepting them an English king had them submitted to the marines, who, because of their wide experience, were able to pass on the accuracy of such tales. If that is the correct version the history of the saying is an example of the manner in which proverbial statements are often diverted from their original meaning. Now, when one is advised to "tell it to the marines", the intent is to dismiss a statement as absurd and incredible. The more extended form is, "Tell that to the marines; the sailors won't believe it."

BACK OF THAT IS THE traditional rivalry between sailors and marines. Both are seafaring forces, but although both often are quartered on the same ships, the marines are not sailors, and unless in exceptional circumstances, they have nothing to do with the operation of the ship. Usually their ship duties are those of police, which does not make for their popularity with the sailors who are policed. Hence, when a tall yarn was told to a group of sailors it was apt to be dismissed with the advice to tell it to the marines, who might be gullible to swallow it.

IT MAY BE ALL WRONG, but I can't help feeling sympathetic toward the man who is trying to keep his family together and get them to Alaska on a boat of his own manufacture which he hauled across the continent for that purpose. I can understand the attitude of the authorities who sought to prevent the trip. The owner of the boat knows nothing of navigation, and there are grave questions as to the seaworthiness of his little craft. To take several young children on a trip of that kind, through the treacherous currents along that western coast, is to take long chances, and one official said that the authorities would be severely criticized if they were to permit the voyage and it should end in shipwreck, with the loss of several lives. His point is well taken. Nevertheless, I can't help admiring the enterprise of dogged persistence of the man who is trying to hold his family together and establish them in some place where they can stand on their own feet. Now that he is on his way I hope he wins.

ONCE IN .A LONG TIME I hear from Louis Campbell, who, after many years spent in Grand Forks, moved to western Canada, and who is now president of the Strutwear Knitting company of Minneapolis. I have just received the following letter from him:

"MRS. CAMPBELL VERY frequently buys a Grand Forks Sunday Herald and I am always interested in your column. "In last Sunday's Herald I noted, with interest, what you said in reference to the school election, which fully convinced me that you have not lost any of your art in being tolerant. That election was certainly an important one to the people of Grand Forks and one in which all of them should be very much interested.

"FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS I have felt that we could well afford to have one more amendment to our constitution and that is that every natural born American reaching the age of 21 would be obliged to pass an American citizenship examination before he or she would be permitted to vote. I am sure if that were done, a much larger percentage of the American born would have a deeper appreciation in the American way of life than they have now. I am also sure that if you were to ask 100 people you meet on the street, American born and past 21, what is meant by the three branches of our government and what is meant by our Republican form of government, 75 per cent of them would be unable to give the correct answers.

"I ALSO FEEL THAT IF our ladies would spend part of the time at their social gatherings in getting the correct answers to the above questions, and many others along the same line, their time would be much better employed than in playing bridge. "I heartily agree with your views on our Preparedness. The sad part of it is, we are late in starting."

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD the song of a whip-poor-will in Grand Forks? I haven't. Neither had Mrs. S. A. Saunderson until a few evenings ago, when she heard the "whip-poor-will" coming clear and distinct from the woods along the river. It reminded her of her former home in southern Minnesota, where these birds are plentiful. In my boy hood in southern Ontario the note of the whip-poor-will was one of the familiar evening sounds in summer, but it is many years since I have heard that sound.

WHERE BOTH BIRDS ARE numerous the whip-poor-will and the night-hawk are often confused, as the two are of the same family and their appearance and habits are quite similar. Both remain in hiding during the day and take to the air at night, wheeling and soaring in search of the insects which constitute their food.

THE WHIP - POOR - WILL does not travel as far north as its cousin. Its usual northern range being somewhat south of this latitude. The night-hawk nests as far north as the Arctic circle, and its flight to its southern winter home is one of the longest made by any of our I land birds. In Grand Forks the I night-hawk is seen and heard on warm summer evenings, flying usually over the down-town district, probably because of the, insects which are attracted b> the street lights. It utters a rather high-pitched "peen," and on recovering from a dive it utters a loud "boom" quite unlike the sound made by any other bird.

THE HOLLAND, MICHIGAN, Sentinel issued a special edition in connection with the tulip festival which had become an annual event in Holland. Some interesting information is given concerning the history and characteristics of the tulip. Tulip growers are often puzzled by the peculiar behavior of their plants which, retaining for several years their typical form and color, will suddenly change their appearance for no apparent reason.

THE SENTINEL SAYS THAT this tendency has always marked the tulip, and that it can never be known that a tulip of a given variety will retain its form and color unchanged. The changes are usually of color. Solid colors will become streaked, reds will become yellow, and so on. It is said that there are not now in existence more than two or three varieties which have retained their characteristics since tulip growing became one of the great industries of the low countries of western Europe. This habit of variation makes the life of the tulip fancier one of perpetual uncertainty and adds to the fascination of the work.

TULIP GROWERS KNOW, OF course, that the tulip bulb produces sets, something after the fashion of the multiplier onion, and these sets, usually quite small, are planted to produce new stock. The plant also produces seed from which new plants may be grown. This is a slow process, as several seasons are required to produce sizable bulbs from seed. The results, also, are uncertain, as cross fertilization results in mixed varieties, most of which are worthless. Professional tulip growers propagate from seed under control, and this process has resulted in the production of the finest of our present varieties.

MOURNING DOVES ARE again in evidence, and their rather doleful sound may be heard at almost any time. I can't get the idea of some of the conservationists that the mourning dove is threatened with extinction. The disappearance of the passenger pigeon is cited as a warning of what to expect with reference to the mourning dove, but the birds have little in common except common membership in the pigeon family. Passenger pigeons were gregarious, traveled in great flocks and lived in enormous colonies during the breeding season. In flight they were often so numerous as to obscure the sun. The mourning dove is rather domestic in its habits and I have heard of those birds being seen in flocks. Occasional pairs are often seen around the residence districts of our cities and villages, and they may be seen singly or in pair on almost any country road. In recent years they appear to be more numerous than formerly, and there seems to be no reason to fear their extinction. They are useful birds, consuming great numbers of insects and weed seeds.