

Miss H E L E N BURTON, whose Chinese establishment was described in this column a few days ago, is a member of a Bismarck family, as was stated by several informants. But she is also not only a former resident, but a native of Grand Forks county, a fact of which my e a r l i e r informants were not aware. Let t e r s from Justice Burr of the North Dakota supreme court at Bismarck, Mrs. Arthur Powell of Devils Lake and E. J. Taylor, former superintendent of schools of Grand Forks county, and now registrar of the state supreme court, tell about Miss Burton and her family. Mr. Taylor's letter, which gives much interesting detail, follows:

"MISS BURTON'S FATHER was C. A. Burton, who was county superintendent of schools of Grand Forks county from 1883 to 1886 inclusive, Mr. Burton filed on a claim in Hegton township about four miles north of Arvilla, where Miss Helen Burton was born. Miss Burton's mother lives in Bismarck, as does her sister, Mrs. S. H. Merritt.

"C. A. BURTON WAS Prominent in the affairs of North Dakota in the early days of statehood. He was a member of the state legislature in 1891, a representative from the Fifth legislative district. His colleagues from his district at that session were H. F. Arnold, senator, and G. G. Beardsley, who was the other representative.

"AT THE CLOSE OF THE 1891 session of the legislature Mr. Burton became Indian agent at Elbow Woods on the Missouri river about 75 miles north of Bismarck. At the close of his term as Indian agent Mr. Burton located in Bismarck, where he engaged in business and was very successful. He died suddenly while on a trip to Colorado in 1912."

MRS. POWELL WRITES THAT she is well acquainted with Miss Helen Burton, exchanging letters with her two or three times a year. About two years ago she spent a month with Miss Burton in Michigan. Miss Burton, she says, usually visits her mother about once a year, but is able to stay only a short time because her business interests require her attention.

I SELDOM HEAR FROM E. J. Taylor, but when I do he always has something interesting to tell me. This time, in addition to the information about Miss Burton and her family, he recalls winning a prize in a foot race at one of the Grand Forks street fairs. He remarks, needlessly, that it was not a fat man's race. His principal competitor in that race was Scott Rex, who was built on lines approximating those of Taylor, although he was less altitudinous.

MR. TAYLOR WAS COUNTY superintendent of Grand Forks county for several years along in the nineties, and it was under his supervision that I taught school in the county for a few terms. Several of my pupils survived the ordeal and are now grandparents, and I feel that I have reason to be proud of them.

DR. JAMES GRASSICK SENDS me a clipping from a Bell, California paper, giving an account of the career of Charles C. McGonegal, a former Grand Forks man who, with only artificial substitutes for his natural arms, writes a legible hand, drives an automobile, can pilot an airplane, and carries on all the activities usually performed by a man with two arms. Just now he is serving as postmaster of his California home town.

MR. MCGONEGAL WAS BORN on a farm near Ardoch, and when he was six years old the family moved to Grand Forks. Here the young man received his education and engaged in the work of a steam and gasoline engine mechanic until the World war came on, when he enlisted and was sent overseas. Losing his arms in a bomb explosion he devoted himself diligently for hours every day to the task of becoming expert in the use of the mechanical substitutes with which he had been provided, a task in which he achieved remarkable success.

REALIZING HIS NEED FOR better education he studied for two years in a business college, taking a business training course and commercial law. In the meantime he had married, and in 1923 -he and his wife drove to California in a small truck which he had fitted with a passenger body. He was employed in several of the city departments of Long Beach and Los Angeles and later moved to Bell, where he is an active worker in civic affairs. He has a passion for horseback riding, and hoped to obtain an air pilot license, as he believes that he can convince the authorities that he is as capable of handling a plane as is any man with two regular arms.

THE BIG TREE COMPETITION is bringing response from many points. Ambrose Gibney, of Bathgate, writes of a large cottonwood in the Tongue river about four miles southwest of Bathgate. "I measured this tree yesterday," writes Mr. Gibney, "and found it to be 22 feet in circumference 4 feet from the roots and 25 feet two feet from the roots. It has a hole large enough for a man to squeeze into at the base and is hollow for about 12 feet up. There would be room enough in it for several persons. It is alive and still growing."

STILL ANOTHER big cottonwood is reported from the Gilby vicinity by J. F. Stewart, who has a tree in his grove which lacks 4 inches of being 14 feet in circumference two feet above the ground. He did not measure it lower because near the ground it is somewhat irregular in shape.

MR. STEWART SAYS HE willing to take off his hat to the Park River tree (described in this column some weeks ago) but the interesting thing about his tree is that, so far as he knows, it was planted not more than 50 years ago and has attained its size in such a comparatively short time. The tree seems healthy and is still growing, but some of the other trees in the grove are dying. Mr. Stewart suggests that these trees may be approaching maturity, the process being hastened by drouth,

IT IS HARD TO TELL JUST when a tree does reach maturity. There must be cottonwoods in the valley which are more than a century old and which are still growing. I think I have mentioned the report of a Manitoba forestry man who had failed to find evidence of a tree in the Red river valley more than 150 years old, but this may be because our entire forest growth is of recent origin. Trees appear to be dying in large numbers in the valley groves. Their condition is sometimes attributed to drouth and sometimes to disease. Many of the groves look as if fire had swept through them. In most cases it is the tops of the trees which have suffered, and it is hoped that when more favorable conditions are restored new growth will start from nearer the ground.

MY FRIEND MILO WALKER, of Bowesmont, gives a version of the origin of red chaff wheat which is new to me. According to the story an Englishman who settled in Canada in the fifties of the last century found among his goods on unpacking them two kernels of wheat which he planted, repeating the process year after year until he had quantities of seed for sale. This was the red chaff, one of the most popular varieties of wheat grown years ago in Canada.

IT WAS THIS SAME MAN, Holmes, according to Mr. Walker, who employed a novel method of dealing with a balky horse. In trading with a gypsy he obtained a horse which had temperamental fits in which he would refuse to go. Holmes hitched the animal to a cart which he loaded with stones. He turned horse and cart loose in a field where water was available. The horse stood still until he had cropped all the grass within reach, and then had to move or starve. He moved. He was left alone for weeks, and the treatment effected a complete cure.

TO THOSE UNAQUAINTED with horses that may seem like rough treatment, as the horse would be unable to lie down to sleep. Plenty of people do not know that many horses never lie down, but rest and sleep standing. I recall one horse which in several years was never known to lie down except occasionally to roll.

TWO QUESTIONS WHICH I have known to puzzle even farm boys are: When a horse rises after lying down, which end rises first? Which end of a cow rises first?

Another foolish question is: Which of a cow's jaws has no front teeth?

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I heard a story which may or may not have been true, but which has often appealed to me as interesting because of its bearing on the problem of the inter- relation of production and consumption. The story is of the experience of a man who undertook the growing of strawberries in the cut-over region of northern Minnesota. Years before the development of the automobile had caused almost every section of the country to be threatened with roads that are at least passable most of the time, the man in the story acquired a piece of land in northern Minnesota, many miles from a town, a railway. He cleared a considerable area, and by careful examination of the soil he became convinced that the land was just right for strawberries. He read up on strawberries and became quite well posted, and he set out several acres of plants which he cultivated carefully.

WHEN THE BEARING SEASON arrived he had a magnificent crop of berries, and he began to figure on the large income which he would derive from the sale of his thousands of baskets of fruit. Then two facts which he had overlooked dawned on him. In the first place, he had nobody to pick the berries. His land was far from settlements of any kind and there was no way in which he could obtain the labor necessary to harvest his crop. In the second place, if the crop had been harvested, he had no way of getting it to market. There was no road over which loads could be hauled. The consequence was that the berries were left for the birds and the plantation was abandoned.

I HAVE NOT IDEA WHETHER or not such a thing actually occurred, but the story, whether true or not, has its good points. In one place strawberries went to waste. In innumerable other places there were those who wanted strawberries but could not afford to pay the market price for them. Too bad. But the trouble was not with the social system, or the economic system, or the political system. It was with the man who had shown poor judgment in starting an enterprise under unsuitable conditions. Inevitably he failed. His failure was the natural and proper result of his own folly, just as burned fingers are the natural and proper results of taking hold of a hot poker.

AT ODD MOMENTS I HAVE glanced over the copy of Scribner's magazine of April, 1880, lent me by a friend, and of which I have already made mention. One feature which I have found interesting is the index of articles published in the magazine during the preceding year. I read the magazine regularly then, and the names of authors and the titles of articles and illustrations revive a lot of memories.

ANOTHER ARTICLE WHICH suited me exactly was entitled "The Tile Club Afloat." The Tile Club was a society of New York artists of whom a dozen or so embarked on a journey of wild adventure- a voyage on a canal-boat the entire length of the Erie canal! Just imagine that for an outing! It was summer, or course, warm, lazy weather, and those fellows just loafed along, sunning themselves on the deck, singing songs, painting pictures, and taking in the scenery as it unfolded itself slowly while the barge moved along at the rate of two or three miles an hour, propelled by two horses along the bank.

EARLY IN LIFE I DETERMINED to be a river flat-boat man, because the life on the flat-boats which passed along below our pasture, as I observed it, seemed to me just about the ideal form of existence. Later I became interested in other directions, but ever since reading that Scribner article, fifty-odd years ago, I have wanted to take a long, long trip on a canal-boat.

IN THE QU'APPELLE Valley, Saskatchewan, there is an old Catholic mission named LaBrett, established many years ago to serve the sparse population, both Indian and white, of what was then an unsettled wilderness. The priest, Father Hugobrant — I think I have the name right—who headed the mission some sixty years ago, and who died only a few years ago at a great age, had many interesting experiences during his long service, and one of these was told to a friend of mine who had the story from Father Hugobrant himself.

THE INDIANS WHO Participated in the Little Big Horn battle which wiped out Custer and his entire command knew that they were in danger anywhere in the United States, and as many of them as could do so made their way across the border into Canada. There they were permitted to remain, unwelcome, but unmolested so long as they created no disturbance. But they had been able to take no supplies with them, and the question of subsistence arose in acute form. The Canadian government had no intention of burdening itself with the maintenance of Indians from south of the line, and the Canadian Indians were not hospitable to the newcomers.

FOR A TIME THE FUGITIVES lived from hand to mouth, catching a few fish and picking berries when berries were to be found. But the food was neither filling nor nourishing, and hunger became keen. About the time that the appetites of the Indian fugitives had become exceedingly sharp the mission received a quantity of food and other goods for its own use and for distribution to its own wards. The hungry Indians learned of this shipment, and one day the entire group appeared at the mission and demanded.

FATHER HUGOBRANT HAD I no military guard and no means of defense. The entire little company at the mission could have been overpowered by the Indians in a moment, and it seemed likely that this was about to occur. The priest confessed afterward that he was shaking in his shoes, but he put on a bold front and undertook to reason with the savages.

"I CANNOT GIVE YOU THESE goods," he said "for they are not mine. They belong to the mission and are intended for our people here and for those whom the mission helps to support. My superiors will require me to account for them. You are many, and armed. We are few and unarmed. You could take the goods by force, but it would be very foolish for you to do so. You are fugitives from your own country, and you dare not return there. If you should do so you would be hunted and put to death. In this country you are safe, so long as you do not break the laws. But if you should take these goods you would no longer be safe here. The Canadian government would send its soldiers against you. You would have no place to go."

THIS LINE OF ARGUMENT seemed to take hold. The Indians looked uncertain and troubled. The father continued: "You are hungry and need food. You have bundles of blankets on your horses. Perhaps you have other things of value. Open your bundles and we will trade with you, giving you food for such things as you can spare."

THAT OPENED THE WAY out for the Indians. They unrolled their bundles and trading was begun. The bundles contained blankets, articles of clothing and other souvenirs of the Little Big Horn battle, among them a number of gold watch-cases which had once been the property of the American soldiers. The watches had been opened and the works discarded. Several of these were taken in exchange by Father Hugobrant and the Indians departed, well satisfied with their trade.

SEVERAL OF THE WATCH-cases bore names, initials or other identifying marks, and after correspondence which in some cases extended over a period of many years, Father Hugobrant was able to trace the ownership of those mementoes and to restore them to the families of the soldiers from whose bodies they had been taken. The ownership of some, I believe, could never be traced. By the exercise of firmness and tact the good father was able to save the lives of his own people and at the same time to prevent a hostile outbreak which might have involved thousands of both Indians and whites, and in telling the story he admitted that during the negotiations he had been scared stiff.

THE LETTER FROM WILL F. Griffin, former local manager of the Northwestern Telephone company, which I published a few says ago, was read with interest by one old friend of Mr. Griffin, an insurance man, who reports of 20 years ago described Mr. Griffin as having been killed in San Francisco. This report was probably based on the fact that Mr. Griffin was actually in San Francisco during the great earthquake, and that subsequently he moved frequently in the prosecution of his newspaper work. However, his letters indicate that his is very much alive.

THE CLIPPING RELATING to the activities and achievements of Miss Helen Burton, now of Peiping, China, has brought interesting correspondence from several old residents of the state. One of them, J. E. Stevens for many years in politics and business, is reminded of incidents which occurred about when the Burtons were residents of Grand Forks county. Mr. Stevens writes:

"I AM A CONSTANT AND Interested reader of your column, 'That Reminds Me,' and I am pleased to note that friends E. J. Taylor and Mrs. Powell have solved the problem of the identity of Miss Helen Burton. I felt all the time that she was a Grand Forks lady, and had intended to write you sooner, but failed to do so.

C.A. BURTON, OF HEGTON township, was county superintendent of schools for a time, and was succeeded by M. A. Shirley of Avon township in 1886. In those days we had no "Bob LaFollette non-sense" to contend with, such as the initiative, referendum and recall. We had a party organization, held our party conventions here in Grand Forks every two years, and did not put the taxpayers to the expense of primary elections and keep the voters in a turmoil from June until November.

"I RECALL VERY CLEARLY now the incidents of the convention held here in the old courthouse in 1886. It was my first experience as a delegate to a party convention, and, being a close friend and near neighbor of M. A. Shirley, he selected me to place him in nomination for the office of superintendent of schools. I recall that although much interested in his success, it was with fear and shaky knees that I arose to address the chair when nominations for superintendent of schools were called for. However, I picked up courage and presented his name as best I could and was pleased to see him nominated and later elected.

"AT THAT SAME Convention the late John M. Cochrane was a candidate for probate judge, and to my great surprise, after I had placed my friend Shirley in nomination, he came to me in the convention hall and requested me to nominate him, which I reluctantly consented to do. I felt that I was too young in the game to make I myself conspicuous among a lot of old politicians and war-horses, However, I plucked up courage and did my best, and I was pleased to see him get the nomination.

"OTHER INCIDENTS OF THAT convention that I remember are that John P. Bray won the nomination for county auditor, Jim Elton for register of deeds, and Tom Edison of Larimore for sheriff. Jim Jenks, of Arvilla, who had been sheriff for some time, not being satisfied with the convention, ran independently, and as a result Jim Swan, the Democratic candidate, was elected in November.

"I RECALL THAT MR. EDISON was placed in nomination by R. E. Noyes in what I thought at the time was a very eloquent and able manner, closing his remarks wit the words:

"I have no adverse criticism to make of the manner in which the present incumbent of the office of sheriff of this county has conducted the affairs of the office, nor of his character and ability. Yet I see not reason why any one man should be allowed to file a caveat upon, granted a patent to, or given a life lease of the office of sheriff of this county."

"I RECALL WITH PLEASURE the political incidents of those days, both in territorial times and when the Winship and Walsh fellows used to stir things up occasionally. And, as I compare our political activity of that time with what we have had of late years, I sometimes wonder if, after all, the so-called modern improvements politically in our system of government, with all our expensive primary and special elections, entitles us to call this a progressive age."

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED the program of exercises and other material relating to the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of Farringdon Independent church, a little c o u n t r y church n e a r Brantford, Ontario, of which members of my family were numbered, and which I attended as a matter of course in my youth. Last summer I visited the old church, attended services there, w a l k e d through the cemetery, now greatly enlarged, and met the few—the very few—of my own age who attended the church in my own youthful years and who are still regular attendants. It was then that I learned of the prospective centennial celebration, which was to be held late in October, and which, to my regret, it was impossible for me to attend.

THE CHURCH WAS Established in 1833 by a few families from England who had been members of a similar body in their old home. For several years services were held in the homes of the members. Then a small frame building was erected, and this served as a meeting place until a brick building was built in 1855. This building, several times enlarged and remodeled, remains the home of the congregation.

FARRINGDON CHURCH WAS unique in that for many years it employed no pastor. It was and is governed by the elders and deacons, the former being responsible for the regular services while the latter looked after the physical property and the church benevolences. At the Sunday services sermons were preached by members of the congregation chosen for that purpose by the elders, so that the congregation had variety both in the personnel of its preachers and in the quality of the sermons. My paternal grandfather preached occasionally, and my recollection is that his sermons were very earnest, very long and very dry.

THE CREED OF THE CHURCH corresponded rather closely to the Presbyterian creed of that day. Its government was intensely and uncompromisingly congregational, its members feeling free to shape their own creed and manage their own affairs in the light of their own interpretation of the scriptures, without supervision by any ecclesiastical court or body of any nature whatever. This latter fact, and the practice of using only lay preachers no doubt threw around the little church an atmosphere of strangeness, and this in turn tended to weld the congregation more closely than would have been the case otherwise. There grew in the congregation, therefore, a closer fellowship than is usually to be found and a sort of family affection was generated which the years have not dimmed.

THE CHURCH HAS CHANGED with the years. The older members have gone the way of all flesh and their children are scattered far and wide. Only a few families are left to carry on the traditions. The automobile, speeding up travel has changed the order of services. The congregation had found it expedient to employ a pastor. The present incumbent is the Episcopalian head of the Indian mission nearby, an excellent speaker and a man of fine personality, whom it was my pleasure to meet last summer.

AS I SAT THROUGH service my mind wandered unavoidably, and in place of the young people, some of whose faces seemed! familiar, though I had never seen them before, I imagined that I saw in the pews their parents or grandparents, each in his or her accustomed place, and I fancied that through the tones of the organ and the modern choir I could hear the voices of singers and choir leader which have long been silent.

IT WAS A BRAVE LITTLE company that established that church. I suppose the theology of those first members would seem old-fashioned now, and some of their customs queer and antiquated. But there was in them something more vital than theology and custom, the spirit of brotherhood whose influence has gone to many distant places, and which still warms hearts that have come under its sway.

I WAS GLAD TO LEARN THAT on the occasion of the centenary exercises many of the older members who had moved away had returned for the occasion, and that some of the old choir members, whose voices I had heard so often, took their accustomed places again and joined in the singing of the old hymns. Some of the pioneer members I never knew, and it was only as a boy that I knew their immediate successors. But I know of their character and their lives, and that, in a quiet, modest way, they performed a worthy work.

ALTHOUGH FOR MANY years a resident of Montana, W. C. Husband, a former Grand Forks man, sees an occasional copy of The Herald, and finds in this column items which remind him of old times. As a matter of reciprocity he writes a chatty letter extending greetings to such of his old friends as are still here. His home is at Harlowton, Mont., where he practices law. He is state senator from his district and chairman of the senate roads and highway committee. Mr. Husband came to the University of North Dakota from Hensel, Pembina county, where a brother, W. T. Husband, still lives. I believe on the old home farm. After his graduation in 1907 he entered into a law partnership with J. H. Bosard, but the partnership was of short duration, as Mr. Bosard died within about three months. A partnership was then formed with S. G. Skulason, which continued until M. N. Johnson, Mr. Skulason's father-in-law, was elected to the United States senate and Skulason went to Washington as secretary to the senate public lands committee. Mr. Husband then moved to Montana, where he has lived ever since.

AS EVIDENCE OF HIS Continued interest in North Dakota and in his Alma Mater, Mr. Husband has three children now attending the University of North Dakota. These are Jean, a senior, Gordon, a junior, and Evelyn, a freshman. The statistics on the subject are not available, but it is probable that no other alumnus of the University of North Dakota, not now a resident of the state, is the father of three students all attending the University at the same time.

SKULI SKULASON WILL BE remembered by many of the older residents as the younger of two brothers, both unusually brilliant students at the University of North Dakota. Skuli was small of stature, slight in build, and able to run like a scared rabbit. His fleetness made him a valuable member of the football team, for what he lacked in weight he more than made up in ability to run and dodge. I recall one incident in which he was the star performer.

IN A HARD-FOUGHT GAME the two teams piled up in the middle of the field in a tangle of arms and legs. In some unaccountable way Skuli had been able to emerge from the mass with the ball in his possession, and while the other twenty-one men were struggling furiously for an inch or two of distance in grounding the ball, which they supposed was somewhere underneath, Skuli was speeding toward the enemy's goal with the ball under his arm for a touchdown. He was so small that nobody had noticed him getting away.

I BELIEVE J. H. BOSARD HAD gone out of the dairy business before his brief partnership with Mr. Husband, but a few years earlier he had a dairy barn and silo about the corner of Eighth avenue South and Cherry, a couple of blocks farther north than the Roosevelt school. West and south was all open country, and it wasn't so very long ago, either. I recall that a few years later, when the Roosevelt school was built, there was considerable complaint because it had been placed so far out of town.

SOME OF THE OLD-TIMERS who have been checking up on weather records are comparing this season, in the light of the recent snowfall, with that of 1896. In that year there were several snowfalls in November, and possibly some in October. There was very little wind, so that the snow remained just where it fell until Thanksgiving day, when the elements cut loose and gave us all they had. Snow fell in great clouds, and it was driven by a furious wind which also picked up all that lay on the ground, and during much of the day it was impossible to see a building across the street.

THE STORM SUBSIDED During the night, but in the morning what a sight was to be seen! In the down-town district the west side of Third street had been blown clear, but on the east side the snow was piled up in great drifts against the second-story windows. Many of the merchants had to dig tunnels through the drifts to reach the front doors of their stores. Storms continued through the winter, and the result was the historic flood off the spring of 1897.

THERE ARE STRIKES AND strikes, as there have always been, and as I suppose, there will always be. Almost invariably strike leaders piously urge their followers to refrain from violence. And in about ninety-nine cases out of a hundred t h e y k n o w perfectly well that it is only by means of violence, or the threat of violence, that their strike can be made effective. Nobody questions the right of the farmer to refuse to sell his wheat, his cattle, his cream or any other of his products. But when he interferes by means of obstruction, threat or assault and battery, with the equal right of his neighbor farmer to sell his own products when and as he wishes, it isn't easy to find language to fit the occasion.

MANY YEARS AGO, WHEN strikes were all the rage, with the usual accompaniments of destruction of property and assaults upon the persons of peaceful individuals somebody who had been reading "Marco Bozarris" parodied some of the lines thus: "Strike, while the unarmed foe expires! Strike, at your alters and your fires! Strike, at the green graves of your sires! Gol darn our native land!"

MANY TRADITIONS OF THE Bible have been made, and many summaries of it. The familiar King James version is the outstanding English translation, and it has been made the basis for most of the revisions and summaries which have since been prepared. One revision a few years ago gave the text in modern colloquial form, with results not altogether happy. Recently Professors Goodspeed and Powers-Smith have published a new edition called "The American Translation in Brief," with contents reduced to one-fourth of the original. That which remains is given in the ordinary language of the present day.

IN THE KING JAMES Version the opening lines of the first chapter of Genesis read:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

The abbreviated translation has it:

"When God began to create the heavens and the earth, the earth was a desolate waste, with darkness covering the abyss and a tempestuous wind raging over the surface of the waters." The new work, say the authors, is not intended to displace the old, but rather to serve as an introduction to it. In substance and form it is intended to meet the needs of this hurrying age and of those who may have neither time nor taste for the complete version.

THE PURPOSE IS LAUDABLE. It may be applied to any of the classics, doubtless with similar results. Experimentally I have tried it on the following stanza from Gray's "Elegy:"

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, And all the air a solemn stillness holds, Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

Obviously, the measured cadences of the lines are foreign to our usual form of expression, therefore I ditched rhyme and meter altogether and by means of literal adherence to fact evolved the following:

"The vision becomes indistinct as twilight deepens, and in the quiet air the only sounds are of the bugs flying overhead and the sheep-bells in the barnyard down the road."

I submit that this is as faithful a rendering of the original as is the story of creation in the epitomized version. Yet it seems to lack something. I suspect that when one views a quiet twilight scene it will be Gray's lines that will be recalled rather than my paraphrase. And it seems to me that even the tired business man who comes in from a long and harassing afternoon at golf will find more refreshment in the beauty and majesty of the King James story of creation than in the matter-of-fact statement of the modern translators, which is about as eloquent as, the multiplication table.

WHILE REMINISCING OVER the events of earlier days John Vallely recalled a nominating speech made years ago by a well-known attorney from the northern part of the state, whose last name was Mahaney and whose initials I do not recall. Mahaney was an orator of the old school, with an amazing vocabulary and a large assortment of brilliantly conceived figures of speech. At a convention a candidate for a certain office asked Mahaney to present his name, and Mahaney consented. When the proper time came Mahaney arose and launched into a eulogy of the man whose name was to present, ascribing to him all the virtues known to humanity. Following a common practice he withheld the name of his candidate, describing "a man who . . ." possessed this or the other admirable quality, and holding the name of this paragon of all the virtues in reserve until the very close of his peroration. The candidate sat in the rear of the room listening to the recital. He failed to recognize as his own the portrait which was being painted in such glowing colors. Leaning over to a neighbor he whispered: "Listen to that double-crosser! And that's the fellow that promised to nominate me!"

NIAGARA FALLS WENT DRY the other day, or so nearly dry that it was possible to walk dry-shod from the middle of the Horseshoe fall to Goat island, and in the same way to reach the smaller islands just above the falls. This phenomenon is said to have never been known to occur except occasionally during a severe winter when the river became clogged with ice and for a short time practically no water flowed over the falls.

THE TEMPORARY DRYING up of the falls was due to a strong and prolonged east wind which drove the water of Lake Erie away from its outlet. Strong winds are responsible for marked changes in lake levels, which naturally correct themselves when the wind subsides. There is, however, an actual shortage of water in the lower lakes, due to diminished precipitation for several years. Navigation authorities have ordered the lighter loading of vessels passing through the present St. Lawrence canals so that their draft will be five inches less than normal. It is also reported that the sluiceways at the outlet of Lake Superior are to be opened so as to lower the level of that lake a foot in order to provide greater flow in the lower lakes. Who knows that there may not come a time when the Missouri river diversion project will be expanded so as to continue the flow of unwanted Missouri flood waters on to Lake Superior? The levels at both ends are all right, but it might be necessary to do some deep digging in between.

AN OLD MAGAZINE Recently lent me is entitled "Daughters of America." The number which I have is for July, 1894, and I have found it interesting because of its associations. The publishers were True & Co., of Augusta, Maine, who also published several other "household" magazines of wide circulation. Another firm which published similar magazines was P. O. Vickery & Co., also of Augusta. The Maine city was headquarters for the publication of a whole line of similar periodicals, some of which may still be in existence for all I know.

THE GENERAL RUN OF SUCH magazines published light—very light—fiction, household hints and material supposed to be of special interest to women. Usually the subscription price was a dollar a year. A feature of most of such publications was the giving of premiums for obtaining subscriptions. These were usually lithographs in flaming colors, and I have seen many of these, set in frames equally gaudy, decorating the best "rooms" of eastern farms.

BICYCLES FIGURED Largely in the advertisements of those days. The high wheel had just about given way to the safety. I find in the magazine before me an advertisement of a Crescent, which was an excellent wheel, for \$50. I remember that I had two Crescents, one after the other. Both were stolen and neither was recovered. Watches in great variety were offered for from \$1.00 to \$5.00. Madam Huldah, Gypsy, dead trance medium, seventh daughter, born with double veil, offered to tell past, present and future for only 50 cents. It was the era of crazy patchwork, and patches and silk were offered for the making of some of the astonishing creations which were correctly so described.

CHICAGO'S CENTURY OF Progress exposition, presently to be closed for the winter, is to be reopened next spring and continued for at least another summer's run. Earlier in the summer suggestions were made, sometimes that the exposition be continued another year, and sometimes that it be made permanent. The directors announced that after considering all such suggestions they had decided to close the exposition permanently at the end of this season. That decision appeared to me sound. But directors, like the rest of us, are privileged to change their minds, and their decision to continue for another year may be the correct one.

OBJECTIONS TO MAKING the show permanent, either on an all-the-year-around or on a summer basis, seem to me to be insuperable. Climatic considerations alone, it seems, would negative the idea of a winter exhibition on the present site and with the present structures. The buildings are not constructed for winter weather and the cost of heating them and keeping the grounds in condition would be prohibitive. Moreover, while the scientific and cultural exhibits would undoubtedly attract many visitors in the winter, a large part of the attendance has been of summer tourists, and most of the entertainment features have been designed to appeal to the holiday-making summer crowd. That attendance would be lost entirely.

PERMANENCY OF THE FAIR as an annual summer enterprise is a different matter, but impractical, it seems, on other grounds. Restricted to a single season the fair drew immense crowds because it would not be repeated. Mature persons went to take advantage of an opportunity which they might not have again during their life-time. School children were taken or sent in order that they might benefit from the experience during youth, and youth would have passed before another world's fair. Those incentives to attendance would be removed if the fair were made permanent. We could see it any year, therefore most of us would never see it at all.

THE FAIR WAS ORGANIZED and its physical structures were built on a one-season basis. Its architectural design is not only modern, but modernistic. Most visitors have found its architecture strange, and many have found it displeasing. In many quarters it has been severely criticized. In defense of their plan the designers have set forth their own ideas in the official guide book of the fair. Stone and marble, massive columns and pillars, they say, are symbols of permanence. They belong in structures which are to endure. The fair is temporary, and intended to be so. Why should the symbols of permanence be imitated in structures which are intended to last only for a few months, and the house a display in which there is no thought of permanence, but which is a bringing together for the moment of examples of progress in every line of human activity? Their answer is that buildings in classic style, carrying the suggestion of permanence, would be utterly unfitting. Therefore they have chosen a type of design which is intended to symbolize the temporary nature of the whole exhibition.

THE VISITOR MAY OR MAY not accept that line of argument as sound, but if it is sound it means that the present design is utterly unsuited to a permanent exposition. Continued for another season the exposition may still be considered temporary, and its architectural design appropriate from the standpoint of the designers. Then comes the problem of how far it will be possible to continue for another season an enterprise planned for this season alone without having it degenerate into a mere mammoth carnival. I am not prepared to give the answer.

BROWSING THROUGH A Volume of Harper's Weekly for year 1867 I was interested in articles relating to the Paris Industrial exposition which was held during the summer of that year, and in contrasting it with some of the later world's fairs, the Century of Progress in particular. The Paris exposition, which was in fact a world's fair, and which attracted exhibits from almost all the civilized world, was, for those days, a mammoth affair. The grounds occupied about 100 acres, as against the square miles occupied by the Chicago fair. There was one general exhibit building, which seems to have been about the size of any one of the dozen of the Chicago buildings. The rest of the area was landscaped and provided sites for several small buildings erected by foreign governments.

AMONG THE "CURIOUS" things noted by the Harper correspondent were several cafes similar in design and appointments to cafes in the several foreign countries. A picture shows the interior of the Tunisian cafe, where Tunisian viands were served by waiters in Tunisian garb, and a Russian cafe in which a Russian waitress is shown serving tea from a samovar. Those were interesting novelties. Today a fair of any size would be a novelty without them, and now, instead of a single cafe representative of a foreign country we have whole villages, with shops, streets, churches, in some cases exact replicas of originals in distant lands.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION WAS a real event. It followed rather closely the Crystal Palace exposition in London which was the first, world's fair. Since then world's fairs have been so frequent that interest in them except in the country where they are held, has waned. Probably it will never be revived until something more new and immense that it is not now in sight is produced.

WITH EARLY SNOW AND plenty of it the big plows will be called into use for the clearing of railways and highways. The use of the snow plow on highways is fairly recent, having accompanied the development of the automobile. In the days of the horse-drawn sled little was done toward the removal of snow from the roads. Traffic packed the snow and formed a solid body over which horses and sleds could pass without sinking in. Sometimes big drifts were cut through, but more often detours were made through fields.

THE ADVENT OF THE Automobile changed all that so far as the country roads were concerned. In the meantime the demand for rapid and uninterrupted traffic on the railways led to the construction of big plows of the pusher type and later of the rotary which is now used on all northern roads and on many of the public highways. Harper's Weekly for 1867 describes the "lately invented snow plow" which was then being adopted by the railroads and gives a picture of it bucking a drift. Before that time little scrapers had been used for clearing the tracks of a few inches of snow, but the new machine, a pigmy beside any of the modern plows was regarded as a wonder. Three of the little locomotives of that period were used as motive power.

THE ABILITY OF OUR northwestern highway departments to cope with snow on a grand scale has yet to be tested. Not since winter automobile travel became general has there been a season of heavy snow except in restricted localities. Here or there, in odd corners of the state, it has at time been necessary to abandon the task of clearing the roads. What would happen in an 'old fashioned' winter, with two or three feet of snow all over the state, remains to be seen.

IT IS PERHAPS TWENTY years since the railroads had their worst experience with snow. In that year there was a heavy fall of snow early in the season, and the snow, falling without wind, lay just where it fell instead of being blown off most of the railway grades, as is usually the case. It became necessary to plow the snow along practically the entire length of the rail lines of the state. The snow, thrown to each side, made elevations and the tracks were left in the depression. Every wind filled those depressions and each trip with the plow left the depressions deeper than before. Before spring trains were traveling between walls of snow up to the coach windows, or higher. The Soo road was obliged to abandon service altogether on its Wheat line, which runs mostly east and west. Service on the other roads was intermittent.

THIS SEASON STARTS WITH prospects of plenty of snow blockades. Our first heavy snow came without wind, necessitating the plowing of many miles of road usually blown bare. With normal snow fall and plenty of wind there will be plenty of work for the highway people.

IN LOOKING OVER THAT old volume of Harper's I noted that several pictures of billiard games show the players using four balls. In my early experience with billiards the four-ball game was the standard game. Occasionally someone would drift into our town who played the game with three balls, and on such occasions all the other games were suspended and everyone crowded around to watch the marvelous skill shown in the handling of those three balls. The old Grand Forks Commercial club maintained a billiard room in its quarters on the upper floor of what is now the Red River bank building, and there the game was often, if not usually, played with four balls.

CROQUET WAS A POPULAR game, of course, in 1867, but Harper's describes a modification of it called martelle, of which I never heard before. The game was played with the usual croquet balls and mallets, but instead of arches there were pins and cups. The rules seem to have been quite complicated. The game was recommended as physically beneficial, graceful and socially desirable. Pictures show it being played in long skirts and top hats.

HARPER'S FOR 1868 Published Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone," which has sometimes been described as the best mystery story ever written. By special arrangement the story was published from the author's manuscript, coincidentally with its publication in England, Charles Dickens, who collaborated with Collins in several works, was making his second lecture tour of the United States.

JUDGE McLOUGHLIN, WHO has a remarkable fund of information about persons and incidents of the early days, was well acquainted with S. B. Mahaney, the convention orator of whom mention was made the other day, and he recalls the disappointment of the candidate who was being nominated but did not know it. Mahaney was a preacher who served in several North Dakota parishes, and the judge thinks that he was stationed for some time at Larimore. His fluent oratory was heard at many conventions. He deserted the pulpit for the law, and, as is now recalled, went to the Pacific coast.

THE OLD POLITICAL Convention was more than a mere method or a habit. It was an institution which was long accepted as permanent, and around which there grew traditions which seemed to be inseparable from it. It was characterized by oratory whose form, like that of the institution itself, tended to become standardized. The practice of describing a candidate in glowing terms, but of withholding his name until the very last, was a familiar one, and it is still observed by some convention speakers. The idea seemed to be to keep the audience in suspense as to the identity of the candidate whose virtues were being so thrillingly described, and that the audience, last in admiration of virtues so great, should burst into spontaneous and tumultuous applause when the identity of the candidate should be revealed. As in most cases everybody knew who was being nominated, the air of mystery was somewhat difficult to maintain. As to the spontaneity of applause, the cheer leaders and flag wavers, working in relays according to a carefully rehearsed plan, take care of all that.

COLONEL PLUMMER WAS another of the well-known orators who was usually in evidence at conventions, and he was as resourceful as eloquent. One of the stories told of him is of a switch which he made in the middle of a speech. There had been a bitter fight, with many changes of front, and the colonel understood that he was to denounce a certain man, when, in fact, because of a last-minute change of program, peace had been made with that individual and the colonel was to nominate him. Carrying out what he supposed to be the understanding he launched into bitter invective against this individual, accusing him of most of the crimes on the calendar. Somebody in close touch with the program whispered hurriedly informing the colonel of the change. Without the slightest embarrassment the colonel continued something like this: "These, my friends, are the qualities which his enemies have attributed to the splendid man whom I am about to recommend to this convention for the office of (whatever it was.) I propose to present him to you in his true character." And he was as eloquent in panegyric as he had been in denunciation.

IN ANOTHER CAMPAIGN THE colonel had hurled thunderbolts at a man who was on the other side from the faction to which the colonel belonged at the time. Later peace was declared and the other man was nominated for an office and the colonel praised him to the skies. A friend expressed surprise, saying: "Colonel, it isn't long since I heard you denouncing that man as a damned rascal." "So he is," said the colonel, but he's our damned rascal now and we've got to support him."

THERE IS A STORY ABOUT the late Senator M. N. Johnson which I have always liked, and which I may have told before, but if I have, a few more people have come in since, and they haven't heard it. Johnson was elected representative in congress almost immediately following statehood, and he held that position for several terms. As a young man he had been active in Iowa politics, and he continued his activity here. He was a good speaker and a strong protectionist.

TOM REED, WHO WAS THE recognized Republican leader in the house, wanted a man from an agricultural state on the ways and means committee. Johnson was himself a farmer and the representative of a small state which was purely agricultural. He was just the man needed and he was placed on the committee. That gave him prestige which Johnson himself appreciated.

HE BEGAN TO TAKE FOR granted his own renomination, and his attitude displeased some other state Republicans. At one convention his nomination was vigorously opposed by a man from the southern part of the state, who expressed himself in no uncertain terms on the subject. Johnson was nominated, nevertheless. Later, on a campaign tour, he visited the town of the man who had spoken against him. His erstwhile enemy greeted him cordially and said: "I was against you in the convention, Johnson, but now you may depend on me to do all that I can for you." Johnson expressed gratification for this generous spirit. The other continued: "Yes sir, I was against you, but the Republican party has nominated you, and the Republican party can't turn my stomach."

"I READ YOUR COLUMN WITH a great deal of interest," writes J. W. Norman of Alsen, "and note that quite often some one writes you of some unusual facts or observations they have seen in nature. The thought occurred to me that you might be interested in knowing of an observation that I and others have made in the past few days. About three days ago a party called my attention to two robins in a near by tree. When I looked out the birds had flown away. I thought that perhaps it was a case of mistaken identity, but yesterday I saw these birds and I am convinced that they are robins. I saw them shortly after 4 o'clock and at that time they seemed to be looking for a place to roost for the night. They were very close to a residence and were attempting to find a place in the vines surrounding the porch. Evidently they survived the cold spell last night because I was told that they were seen again today.

"I HAVE HEARD OP ROBINS being found in some sections of the northern states at this time of the year, but this is the first time that I have ever seen them so late in the season. I presume some would regard this as a good omen of warm weather but I am inclined to think that these birds have failed to migrate to warmer climates through some unfortunate circumstances.

"THIS MIGHT ALSO BE OF interest. About three years ago a youngster brought me a horned toad which he had found in the field. It seems, as I later learned, that someone in Texas had sent a few of them north to a friend of his. He released them and apparently saw no more of them. This toad was found about the second week in September. I placed it in a box with some food and water which I thought it would eat. The toad seemed to have no desire for the food. Perhaps it was not satisfied with the menu. The toad showed very little activity unless molested, and this was manifested mostly when it was turned over on its back. It would then struggle until it had regained its former position. When I went home for Christmas vacation the toad was still living. When I returned after the first of the year the toad was dead. The school is heated during vacation but perhaps the temperature dropped to a level lower than the toad could stand. The toad lived for approximately two months without partaking of any food or water. During that time I noticed no excrement of any kind.

"THE HORNED TOAD HAD A very gruesome appearance. It had two spines located on its head, reminding one of a rhinoceros, if one may make that comparison. The rest of the body was covered with small spines making the toad very unpalatable to other reptiles. The horned toad is closely related to the lizard and is considered harmless.

"ONE SOMETIMES READS Reports of toads being found in cornerstones of buildings, having supposedly lived there for a large number of years. That usually starts a wave of controversy and I believe the general consensus of opinion is that it is largely a hoax.

"HAS ANYONE WRITTEN YOU any more about the box elder beetle? I have attempted to establish their identity by consulting Fernald's 'Applied Entomology,' and the Encyclopedia Britannica but have found nothing at all about them. I presume one could get the necessary information from the Bureau of Entomology. I have not seen any apparent damage which has been caused by this insect although I have seen them in great numbers. I have seen this insect in past years but never in such great hoards.

"MIGHT I ADD THIS Information which came to my mind when I read about your letter from Will Husband? Mrs. Husband (Will's mother), still lives in Hensel. She was the first teacher in Hensel. At a Parent-Teachers meeting in Hensel last year she gave a very interesting account of the first school, as well as its history up to the present. I may be mistaken, but I believe the first school was organized in 1888 or 1889. Mrs. Husband told me this summer that when she taught school back in Ontario, she had as one of her pupils John McCrae whom you will remember as the author of 'In Flanders Fields.'"

I HOPE THAT MR. NORMAN will continue to observe, to send in information which he has collected, and to inquire about things which puzzle him. Information about birds, beasts, plants, weather and a multitude of other things always interests someone, and when a knotty problem arises I have only to pass it along and some reader is pretty sure to straighten it out.

ROBINS OFTEN REMAIN IN the north until very late, and occasionally one remains all winter. Those seen by Mr. Norman's friend &re the first that have been reported here since the present snow came. The weather during October was such that I imagine that very few robins would delay their departure. Has anyone else seen a robin since the big snowfall?

THE HORNED TOAD AND I are comparative strangers. I do not recall having seen a living specimen. But with the domestic toad, and, I suppose, with its Texas relative, life is very persistent and its processes very slow. There are apparently well-authenticated cases of toads living an incredible time without food or water. As Mr. Norman observes, the stories of toads living after being encased in corner stones and similar places for years are not usually credited by scientific authorities. Our ordinary garden toad, I believe, lives altogether on insects, which it catches by projecting its long, slender, sticky tongue at them.

MR. NORMAN HAS MISSED A description of the box elder beetle given by Mrs. Max Kannowski and published in this column October 25-26. The bugs are objectionable because of their invasion of houses and their habit of congregating in large numbers rather than because of any actual damage done by them. Spraying with kerosene or drenching with hot water are recommended as means for destroying them where they form in swarms. These insects seem to have been unusually numerous all over the northwest this year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY FOR 1867, in which I continue to find interesting things, contains installments of a novel, "Birds of Prey," by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret," a book which I never read, but with whose name I have been familiar ever since I knew anything about books. Not feeling quite certain of the identity of the author I looked the matter up and was gratified to find that my dim recollection was correct. "Lady Audley's Secret" was written by Mary Elizabeth Braddon, whom it made famous. She was an English writer, and this, her most popular novel, was published in 1862. She is credited with over 60 novels.

RUNNING THROUGH THE numbers of the magazine are advertisements of the Great American Tea company, a New York concern which sold direct to consumers, shipping by express—there was no parcel post in those days. In one of the advertisements there is given a scale of prices. The lowest price quoted is 70 cents per pound, and the prices range all the way from that figure up to \$1.50. These prices are materially higher than are paid for tea now. Coffee ranged from 20 to 40 cents, which corresponds more nearly with present prices.

IN A VILLAGE STORE IN which I worked many years ago we bought what was supposed to be pure ground coffee in bulk, and of it we made three separate grades by mixing chicory with it, the proportion of chicory governing the grade. I have no recollection as to the price, but as usually prepared it was all abominable stuff to drink.

ON ONE PAGE OF HARPER'S is given a fine wood-cut picture of the famous trotting horse Ethan Alien which the editor is careful to explain is from an instantaneous photograph taken by Rockwood. Instantaneous photography was then entirely new and little short of miraculous. Some facts as to the record of Ethan Alien are given. The horse had been beaten by Flora Temple in 1859 in 2:25 ½ and again in the same season in 2:25. In the same year he had beaten Columbus Junior in 2:31. On June 21, 1867, he and his running mate beat the famous Dexter in three heats, respectively, 2:15, 2:16 and 2:19.

IT IS GENERALLY AGREED that since those days breeding and training have actually increased the speed of trotters, but nobody knows how much. Trotting conditions have also been improved. Ball-bearing wheels, pneumatic tires, harness of better design and better tracks undoubtedly account for some of the difference in speed. Indeed it has been maintained that all of the gain in speed is attributable to such improvements, and that the best trotters of a century or so ago would be able, under modern conditions, to make as good time as has been made by any of their successors. Probably that is not altogether true, but it has some basis of fact.

UNKNOWN PERSONS THREW eggs at Huey Long the other day while he was making a speech. Highly reprehensible!
Every shot missed. Most unfortunate!

A LITTLE OVER A CENTURY ago they were having hard times in England. Trade was stagnant. Farmers complained of low prices. There were strikes and riots everywhere. It was demanded that the government resign, and some fiery orators urged that it be overthrown. McCaulay, in satirical vein, portrayed the situation in what he called "A Radical War Song," from which I quote two stanzas:

Awake, arise, the hour is come,
For rows and revolutions; There's no receipt like pike and
drum
For crazy constitutions. Close, close the shop! Break, break
the loom,
Desert your hearths and furrows, And throng in arms to seal the doom Of England's rotten boroughs.

And when the high-born and the
great
Are humbled to our level, On all the wealth of Church and
State,
Like aldermen we'll revel. We'll live, when hushed the battle's
din,
In smoking and in cards, sir. In drinking unexcised gin, And wooing fair Poissardes, sir.

THAT WORD "POISSARDES" had me stumped, but as nearly as I can gather from the authorities consulted, its meaning in the context seems to be about equivalent to "fish-wife." Some of the styles in what is imagined to be reform appear to be remarkably -persistent.

IN THIS SEASON, AS IN Several others, there are several leftover robins. Mrs. H. E. Krueger of South Fourth street, reports that one has been making itself at home in her neighbor hood lately. Another has been seen flitting about the c o u r t h o u s e grounds for some time. The birds reported are said to be lively and cheerful. The sudden warmth in the middle of the day on Monday, which melted much of the snow and caused water to stand in pools all over the streets, may have misled some of the stayovers into the belief that spring was at hand, a notion which would be corrected within a few hours when the cold north wind again got in its work.

I HAVE REFERRED Occasionally to the Governor's road which traversed southern Ontario from the Niagara peninsula through Brantford and London. A. B. Muir of Inkster, who lived near the old road in his boyhood, sends some interesting data concerning the building of this road, which was the first wagon road in that part of the country which was fit for heavy traffic. There was recently dedicated a cairn of boulder stones which was erected a mile west of Dundas, Ont., to commemorate the building of the road. The inscription on the monument reads:

"PLANNED BY LIEUTEN-ant-Governor Simcoe in 1793 as a military road and commercial highway between Lake Ontario and the river Thames, to promote the settlement of this province. Laid out and constructed by the Queen's Rangers under his orders in 1794-5 and named in honor of Hon. Henry Dundas, secretary of state for war and the colonies. Erected 1931."

GOVERNOR SIMCOE CAME TO Canada from England in 1792 and in 1793 met his first legislature at Niagara. All was wilderness then except settlements along the banks of the St. Lawrence and along Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. The governor felt it his duty to see the province, and he made an arduous trip through the wilderness to Detroit river. Detroit was then under the British flag, and when the governor arrived he was given a salute of guns.

IN THE COURSE OF HIS journey and from previous study of maps he came to the conclusion that the present site of London at the junction of the two branches of the Thames would be an ideal location for the capital of Upper Canada, and he planned to call it Georgiana-on-the-Thames. His trip convinced him that this point should be linked up with Muddy York—now Toronto—and in the fall of 1793 he gave orders for the building of the road. In those days there were no road-building contractors with large equipment of machinery, and the road was cut through the primeval forest by the soldiers who formed part of the governor's garrison. To a large extent the road followed old Indian trails, and in 1794 it was built as far as the Grand river, and was completed the next year, extending to London, the main street of which is a continuation of the road.

THE ROAD, SAYS MR. MUIR, was planked because lumber was cheaper than any other road building material. This was not done, however, for some years, Mr. Muir thinks about 1840. Heavy freighting was done over the highway until the building of the railway, which took most of that traffic. Mr. Muir notes the trend in the opposite direction by mentioning the immense traffic that is now carried on that and other roads, now well paved. He mentions a truck carrying nine tons hauling a trailer carrying six tons, and says that two trailers are sometimes used.

THE GOVERNOR'S ROAD connected near Hamilton with the road to Niagara, known as the Brock road, after General Brock, who was killed at the battle of Queenston Heights. That road continued on to Guelph and was macadamized instead of planked. In my youth I have driven over parts of the Governor's road, which was also known as the plank road, though I never saw any planks on it. The original planking, which I understand was chiefly corduroy, had long since disappeared, much of it, I suppose, having rotted or been worn away, other parts being buried beneath the grading which was done in later years.

WE WHO LIVE IN OPEN prairie country and are accustomed to seeing our roads graded and surfaced by machinery, can scarcely appreciate the task which those eastern road builders undertook in the building of roads with axe, shovel and wheelbarrow in a rolling or rugged country covered with dense forest, and with all the variations of rock, swamp and river to contend with.

ANOTHER ROBIN IS Reported by S. M. Mowry of Sarles, who writes: "A lone robin has been roosting in the vines around my house for several nights, and today he was standing on the ground near my pigeon fly. The poor fellow looked as though he wished he had left North Dakota several days ago. He looked very cold, and I believe he is suffering for want of water. I placed food for him, but he didn't partake of it w h i l e I was around." Sometimes we are told that there are no new tunes, no new jokes and no plots for novels—that all the combinations from which such things are constructed have been exhausted years and years ago, and that what we hear now are only repetitions or adaptations of the same old stuff. There may be something in it. At any rate, one hears over the radio a good deal that he has heard before. Thus, several weeks ago a well-known Grand Forks man told me the story of the grasshoppers devouring a team of mules and then pitching the shoes to see who should have the harness. Last week Baron Munchausen came through with the same story. Another radio entertainer suggested that the reason that so many widows marry again may be that dead men tell no tales. This week the same joke appears in the Literary Digest credited to "Punch." Yet "Punch" is sometimes held up as an example of a funny paper that has no sense of humor.

AS TO OLD AND NEW TUNES, there is the case of the now popular tune "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" Everett Wisdom writes to the Literary Digest compares it to the old college song "Upidee." I never thought of that before, but now that it is mentioned there does seem to be a strong resemblance. Mr. Wisdom wonders what "Upidee" was before it became "Upidee."

I WONDER IF ANYONE WHO reads this column ever heard Blind Tom, the famous negro pianist. The question arises because I have just read a sketch of the life of the blind musician of whom I often heard in my youth, and whose case puzzled the musicians and psychologists of his day.

TOM WAS BORN BLIND ON A Georgia plantation in 1849. Denied vision, his sense of sound was not only acute, but of such a character that he seemed to translate into music every sound that he heard, whether it was the song of a bird, the cry of pain or the crash of thunder. When he was two years old he sang everything he heard. When the young ladies of his owner's family came home from school and sang he sang with them, and, without teaching, but solely from his sense of harmony, he began to sing "seconds."

IT WAS WHEN HE WAS FOUR years old that Tom first heard the sound of a piano. An instrument was brought into his master's home and Tom was allowed to run his fingers over the keys. The sounds fascinated him. He would steal into the room and play softly at night, improvising, and later repeating music which the girls had played. Presently he was allowed to play as he pleased, and he developed astonishing powers. A group of Philadelphia musicians subjected him to a searching test, and of him they reported:

"WHETHER IN DECIDING the pitch and component parts of chords the most difficult and dissonant, whether in repeating with correctness and precision any pieces, written or impromptu, played to him for the first and only time, whether in his improvisations or performances of compositions by Thalberg, Gottschalk, Ascher, Verdi and others—in fact, under every form of musical examination (and the experiments are too numerous to enumerate.) He showed a power and capacity ranking him among the most wonderful phenomena recorded in musical history."

BLIND TOM PLAYED Concerts all over this country, and my recollection is that he also gave concerts across the Atlantic. When the sketch which I have read was written he was a young man, I think he lived to a fairly good old age, but I have not been able to find the date of his death. He was quite illiterate and gave evidence of no unusual qualities except in the line of music.

THERE IS A SCHOOL OF philosophy of which r. John Watson is the chief exponent which holds that we have no inherited qualities or tendencies, and that all normal human beings owe their qualities, whatever they are, solely to training and environment. But the case of Blind Tom is merely one of innumerable cases of prodigies in music, art, mathematics, and other departments, which are wholly inexplicable on the basis of that theory.

FORMER UNITED STATES Senator H. C. Hansbrough, whose death occurred in Washington on Friday, had been so long absent from North Dakota that it is only the older residents of the state who are likely to be familiar even with his name. It is fifty years since he left Grand Forks, where he had published a paper for a little over a year, and nearly twenty-five years since the close of his service as United States senator. Since his retirement from the senate he has lived in the east, and during that time his visits to the state have been brief and infrequent.

IN 1882 MR. HANSBROUGH established the Daily News in Grand Forks, which is not to be confused with the Evening News which was established several years later by W. R. Bierly. He published the paper for a little over a year, but the field was already occupied by two dailies, the Plain-dealer and The Herald, and in the fall of 1883 he moved to Devils Lake where he bought the Inter Ocean. That paper was published under his personal direction until his election to congress, and he retained a controlling interest in it for many years,

AT THE FIRST ELECTION held in the state, that of 1889, Hansbrough was chosen representative in congress. His affiliations then were the group that opposed the domination of North Dakota politics by Alexander McKenzie. At the next election M. N. Johnson was elected representative, and at the succeeding session of the legislature Hansbrough was chosen United States senator.

SOME CURIOUS TWISTS IN politics characterized those early events. Hansbrough was elected to congress as an opponent of the McKenzie faction, yet the next legislature, in which McKenzie was the dominant influence, elected him to the senate—that was long before the direct popular election of senators. It was that legislature in which the majority in both house and senate was committed to legalization of the Louisiana lottery. It was only the knowledge that the lottery bill would be vetoed by Governor Miller, and that enough senators were pledged to sustain the veto that prevented the enactment of that measure. Yet it was Senator Hansbrough who, a few years later, introduced in the United States senate the bill outlawing lotteries which bill became a law.

THE EARLY YEARS OF Senator Hansbrough's service were marked by widespread economic distress and much political confusion. It was then that the Populist party, an outgrowth of the Farmers' Alliance, came into being, reached its apex and went into decline, and it was then that the country began to hear of William J. Bryan, the magnetic orator from Nebraska. Two issues which were vigorously supported by the Populists, and which had substantial support in both the Republican and Democratic parties, were government ownership of railroads and free and unlimited coinage of silver.

HANSBROUGH, A Republican, supported both of these movements, and he had a large following within his own party in North Dakota. The campaign of 1896 centered on free silver. North Dakota Republicans elected a delegation to the national convention instructed for McKinley and the gold standard, and, as Hansbrough's term was about to expire and his successor would be elected by the next legislature it was generally assumed that the developments of the summer meant his retirement from office. Nevertheless, the legislature of 1897 re-elected him. He was re-elected in 1903, without serious opposition, there being at that time a truce among the factions. During the succeeding six years some of the earlier antagonisms revived, and it became evident that Senator Hansbrough was not to continue in office. He was succeeded in the senate in 1909 by M. N. Johnson, who had succeeded him in the house eighteen years earlier.

IN HIS LATER YEARS IN THE senate Hansbrough became embittered against President Roosevelt, and later against President Taft, and in his subsequent writings he was severely critical of both men. In 1916 he returned to North Dakota to engage in public debate with Senator McCumber in support of Wilson's re-election, McCumber supporting Hughes. That I believe, was his last public appearance in the state, though on other occasions he wrote frequently in support of Democratic presidential candidates. In the last campaign he headed a "Progressive Republican" committee in support of Roosevelt.

SENATOR HANSBROUGH was a man of distinguished appearance and pleasing manner. He was a clear and forceful speaker and an excellent writer. In spite of failing health and great age his penmanship, at least until within the last year or two, remained as clear, regular and firm as that of a man of 30. He wrote and has published one book, "The Second Amendment," a novel with a political background. The book, though forceful in its political passages, failed to become popular.

MONTAGU GLASS, CREATOR of Potash and Perlmutter, in offering advice to writers for the microphone says that in order to be successful the writers should themselves be able to enjoy their own creations. Montagu Glass is all right, but can you imagine some of the others actually enjoying the stuff that they put on the air? Well, I can. It seems to me that the people that produce some of the stuff that we hear must be exactly the sort of people who would enjoy that kind of stuff. So the advice seems to lead us nowhere.

I HAVE JUST BEEN READING an old advertisement of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, some fifty years ago, was represented as being good for whatever ailed one. Every country store carried a stock of the bitters, which was popular with threshing crews, for it carried quite a kick, and it could be sold without license. In dry territory it served as a more or less acceptable substitute for rye and Bourbon.

ON NOVEMBER 13 THE ONE hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edwin Booth was observed in New York with exercises in which descendants of the great actor, famous players, and lovers of the stage who honor his memory participated. In recognition of the love of Booth for the great sycamore tree which still stands at his birthplace in Maryland, and under which he played as a boy, some of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren planted in front of his statue a sycamore sapling. Walter Hambden delivered a glowing eulogy. The exercises are described as being in every way appropriate and impressive.

I AM REMINDED OF A Tribute paid to Booth by Harper's weekly, the closing sentence of which, all the circumstances of which considered, appeals to me as one of the most finely sympathetic that I ever read.

THE ARTICLE APPEARED IN Harper's on January 13, 1866. The Civil war was barely over, and it had left a trail of anguish and bitterness. Lincoln had been dead only a few months, and his death at the hands of an assassin had inflamed passion and led to hasty and intemperate utterance in the press, on the platform and from the pulpit. The hand that laid Lincoln low was that of Edwin Booth's brother, and that act cast a cloud over the remainder of the great actor's life. Yet in that hour of grief and passion Harper's devoted to the Union as it was, and by no means restrained in all its utterances, published a fine picture of Edwin Booth, giving a sketch of his career, with a fine tribute to his abilities, and closed its article with these words:

MR. BOOTH'S POSITION Before the public at this time is one which elicits our cordial sympathy. Within the past year he has suffered with us all in a common grief, but he has also had, in connection with the very occasion of that grief, a private sorrow which ought to be sacred to us all."

WHAT COULD BE FINER than the quiet inclusion of Booth among those who shared the grief which had wrenched the heart of the nation, and the respect shown to the sacredness of that private sorrow whose scars he was to carry through the rest of his life?

MRS. EDWIN A A R N E S writes that at her home at Bachelor's Grove a robin was seen on November 14, perched in a tall oak tree, chirping happily. The bird finally flew away. Two days later three blackbirds were seen in the woods near by. The deer, which have their refuge in the timber close by are often seen, and they are quite tame.

J. L. STONE, OF INKSTER, writes: "The Inkster telephone man, on an inspection trip of his rural lines, found one of his wires grown through the limb of a cottonwood tree. He cut off the limb, and gave it to the school for nature study. Evidently the wire had been brushing against the limb for some time, until finally a small groove was formed by the continual rubbing. Then the tree replaced the bark which had been worn away by the rubbing, and made a covering for the wire.

"It is said that cottonwood trees are rapid growers, sometimes increasing in diameter 10 inches in as many years. Did you ever hear of the giant cottonwood tree near Shakopee, Minnesota, that is supposed to be over 9 feet in diameter and 130 feet tall? I wonder if there are any to equal that in North Dakota? I was reading some place that some cities pass ordinances against the planting of cottonwoods. I imagine the reason is because they shoot out such long roots in search of water. They have been known to extend much over one hundred feet."

WHILE IT IS TRUE THAT the roots of the cottonwood extend a great distance, it is not usually this feature which makes this tree objectionable in cities, but the fact that the cotton-bearing trees fill the air with cotton, clogging screens and making premises unsightly.

J. E. STEVENS, ONE OF THE old-timers of the state, contributes a group of reminiscences which he introduced with the following eulogy: "I want to congratulate you upon the happy thought and enterprise that prompted you a few years ago to make that column of 'Yesterday and Today' a feature of the Daily Herald. It sure contains much of interest to us old-timers who recall some of the events and happenings of forty, fifty and sixty years ago." That is certainly very kind of Mr. Stevens. Now if we all felt that way, what a happy world this would be.

"IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE Herald," continues Mr. Stevens, "I noticed an article descriptive of the difficulties the railroads had years ago in keeping their tracks clear of snow for the operation of trains in winter, also a reference to the probable difficulty motor vehicles would have in using the highways under similar condition. Well, 'that reminds me' of the first real blizzard I ever saw.

"THE TIME WAS EARLY IN the month of December, 1871. I was located at that time at Lake Park, Becker county, Minnesota, some forty-odd miles east of Moorhead on the Northern Pacific. We had at that time a three-days blizzard, a heavy fall of snow and a high wind that piled the snow in huge drifts, packing it very hard. The railroad had reached Moorhead late in the fall of '71, and as the company had made no provision to protect their track from snowdrifts, it meant a complete blockade lasting for several days. As that was my first winter in Minnesota, and coming as I did from Illinois, I was certainly surprised to see what snow and wind could do.

"IN A FEW DAYS, HOWEVER, we saw the smoke of a train coming from the east, and when it finally pulled up at the station at Lake Park I saw for the first time a real snow-bucking outfit. It consisted of a flat car heavily loaded with railroad iron, ahead of which there was a huge snowplow, and back of the flat car two of the old wood-burning engines, then another flat car loaded with wood to fuel the engine. Then came a box car containing a crew of men to shovel snow. Most of the men, however, were so badly snow-blinded that they were helpless.

"THE OUTFIT WAS IN charge of a giant fellow by the name of Sweetman, of whom I read not long ago that he had passed away out at Butte, Montana, aged 101 years. A huge drift had collected near the section house west of the depot, and when the train plunged into it, sending great chunks of frozen snow as large as bushel baskets it soon changed the appearance of that section house, smashing every window on the east end and north side of it. In due course of time they succeeded in getting the road cleared and traffic restored, but had a lot of trouble and expense to keep it so.

I HAPPENED TO HAVE AT that time a good span of horses, and was hired by the company to go down to Frazee City to haul out from the swamp small spruce, fir and balsam trees to be used for snow-breaks at the cuts between Frazee and Peharm. This idea did not prove to be a success, as the darned things wouldn't stay put but had a habit of rolling down the bank into the cuts.

I SOMETIMES WONDER IF we will ever again have such winters as we had in 1872 and 1873, and occasionally since then up to about twenty years ago. I realize now that I am about to tread on dangerous ground, for some who are supposed to know all about weather conditions tell us that we have had no change of climate, etc. Well, perhaps there has been no change in the annual average temperature, but don't tell me, or anyone else who has been here fifty years that the blizzards are as bad now as they were then. We know better than that. We know from actual experience that our modern so-called blizzard is as a summer breeze compared with what we had then. Just give us one of those old three-day hummers with plenty of snow such as we have seen and there will be no question as to what motor vehicles will do. They will just simply take a good long rest—and perhaps, incidentally, that would be a good thing for some of us, as it would no doubt bring us to a realization of the fact that our railroads are a very valuable asset to our community life, something I sometimes think too many of us have forgotten of late years.

"REFERRING AGAIN TO deep snow, I wonder if, perhaps, it would not be a good thing for all of us if we could again have enough of the 'beautiful' to make the old Red river again duplicate her action of the spring of 1882 when I saw the water close up to Third street here in the city near the old Herald building. Of course, that would do some damage and cause some inconvenience, but perhaps the benefit it would mean to the northwest would fully offset any damage done. Unless we can have the water level of the country restored to something like it was years ago the time may come when General Hazen of the United States army will prove to be not so far wrong when he said the Dakotas and Montana were 'the Great American Desert.'"

A BIT OF HISTORY Relating to the late Colonel Plummer as recalled by Mr. Stevens, is reserved for another day.

"I WAS A DELEGATE TO THE Republican state convention held in Grand Forks in 1896," writes J. E. Stevens, "and you will recall that the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 was the leading topic of discussion at that time. After the convention had perfected a temporary organization and named committees to consider various matters, while waiting for the committees to report there was a lull in the proceedings. It was the custom during this pause to call on someone for a speech. Colonel Plummer was a delegate to that convention from Cass county and from the various parts of the hall came the cry, 'Plummer, Plummer, Plummer.' The silver-tongued orator from Cass responded in his usual able, eloquent and happy manner, touching upon the political topics of the day and referring particularly to the question of silver coinage. He closed his interesting and eloquent address with these words:

"I LIKE A DOLLAR, AND I need a dollar as much as any of you. I don't care what that dollar is made of, whether it be gold, silver, iron or copper. But I do want that dollar to be able to stand on' its hind legs, look me square in the eye, and say to me, 'I know that my redeemer liveth.' Needless to say, he received a hearty round of applause."

IN A PLEASANT NOTE FROM Colby college, New London, Conn., Duane Squires writes of several matters and things which I pass on to the readers of this column as follows:

"THE OTHER NIGHT I MET and had quite an extended visit with Mr. Victor Cutter, former president of the United Fruit company, and now chairman of its board. In the conversation there came up several points which seemed to me interesting, and which I thought you might enjoy. He mentioned Ronald Taillon as one of the most promising men now in the employ of United Fruit. Ron, as you know, was a former student at the U.—in my class—and comes from the family in Cavalier, I believe. Cutter said many fine things about Ron, and I was proud that he was a North Dakotan.

HE ALSO SPOKE OF THE situation in Cuba; ascribing much of the unrest there to the inability of Cuba to sell its sugar to us. I suggested that one of the reasons was the recent development of the sugar beet industry in the U. S. He agreed at once, and said that he thought this development has been a great mistake, that Cuba was ideally suited to sugar raising, and any development of this industry in inland America, as in the Red River Valley, was an economic waste in the long run. He said that in Cuba they raise 15 to 30 tons year after year per acre of raw sugar, and that in exceptional years the yield of raw sugar may have 50 tons. I have no idea what the maximum of sugar from an acre of beets is, but I assume that it is probably not so high.

"HIS COMMENTS ON HAYTI and the people there reminded me of those which you made years ago after your return from the press tour in that part of the world. He feels that the average Haytian is about the lowest order of human being on the western hemisphere.

"I ASKED HIM ABOUT HOW large the estates of the United Fruit company's sugar plantations in Cuba were. He replied that in one instance there is a unit of 80,000 acres. I suggested that this was like the real old-time bonanzas of the West, and he smilingly said that he thought that must indeed be the case. His descriptions of the vast extent of the rolling sugar land did strongly remind me of the similar descriptions of the early days in our Red River Valley.

"MR. CUTTER HAS HIS Summer place in this town, and is a frequent visitor at our Men's Forum, a fortnightly club replica which was started this year in New London."

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT MR. Cutter's analysis does not quite cover all of the sugar situation. Beet sugar comprises about 40 per cent of the world's production. The United States produced only about 10 per cent of the world's beet sugar. Beet sugar has been an important product of several northern countries since Napoleon interested France in the industry more than a century ago. The suitability of the sugar industry for the United States seems to depend, not on whether or not sugar can be produced more cheaply in some other country, but on whether its production here will yield the producer reasonable returns while permitting the sale of the product to the consumer at a reasonable price.

AT ABOUT 5 CENTS A POUND retail sugar has for a long time been at practically its lowest recorded price to the consumer. Red river valley beet growers find the crop desirable to them in its immediate cash returns and as a part of a necessary system of crop rotation. President Coolidge went quite thoroughly into that question several years ago, and he concluded that the American sugar industry was one which should be promoted and conserved in the public interest.

J. W. FOLEY, ONCE OF North Dakota, but now of Los Angeles, dips into politics—or is it economics?—in the following verses which are sent in by a local friend:

A TRAGEDY OF INFLATION.

By J. W. Foley. It was an ancient Innkeeper kept
tavern night and day And he sold soup to travelers along
the King's Highway. It steamed and bubbled in a pot tremendous deep and wide, And it had beef
and mutton in and many things beside.

And soup there was in that great
pot for five-and-twenty men, But on the day of which I write
came two score more and
ten. "Alas, alack! And woe is me!" the
old Innkeeper sighed, "There is not soup for all these
men—what shall we do?" he
cried.

And was a rascal cook who leered and looked into the pot:
"Pour we the more hot water in and we shall serve the lot."
"Twill make the soup amazing thin," the old Innkeeper cried.
"They will not know the difference," the rascal cook replied.

Eftsoon another band of lords and
knights came riding in, Till eke the soup, as you surmise,
grew most amazing thin. The meat was eat, the mutton, too,
and the late comers got But bowls of steaming water that
the cook poured in the pot.

The lords and knights were very wroth and seized the rascal cook
And, too, the ancient Innkeeper and brought them both to book.
'Tis but hot water in these bowls,' they cried and bound that day
The two of them and hanged them both upon the King's Highway.

So masters, maids and merry men, I bid you have a care,
Take warning from this magic tale lest evilly you fare.
The rascal cook and Innkeeper a sorry price did pay
Thus to dilute the pot of soup upon the King's Highway.

ALF. HULTENG CLAIMS THE distinction of being the only survivor of the first automobile accident that ever occurred in Grand Forks. When a very small boy he was run over by Dr. Wheeler's original car, the one that steered with a rudder, which, I believe, was a Maxwell. The doctor came chugging along the street one day, and Art, running along-side, raced with the machine. He was making good time, but in his interest in the race he failed to notice that the car was turning the corner just ahead of him. He stumbled and fell right in front of the car and the two wheels on one side ran completely over him. The doctor picked him p, felt him all over carefully, found no breaks or serious bruises, and said "Huh! You're all right. Run along home to your mother!"

DURING THE WARM SPELL Dr. Thorgrimson reported a robin flitting about his premises, just as if it were spring. He wondered if the bird were prophetic, or merely persistent.

MILO WALKER, OF BOWESMONT, tells of a cat which persisted in coming back. Moving onto a farm which had been occupied by another family Mr. Walker came in-| to possession of a cat which the other people had left. The Walker chickens were not delivering eggs, as it was thought they should, and it was found that the cat was sucking the eggs. It was decided that the cat must go, and the boys put the animals into a sack and took it to Bowesmont, several miles away, and turned it loose. Next morning it was back at the farm. Another day Mr. Walker, driving some distance, sacked the cat up, put it in the buggy and started. On the way he turned around several times in order to confuse the cat, and when five miles from home he threw the cat out and drove on. Within two days the cat was back. Next it was taken to Drayton, eight miles, and again it returned. It was finally disposed of permanently by being killed.

MRS. T. A. REES, WALNUT street, writes: "A few years ago our men folks dug a pit by the side of a straw stack on the farm and filled it with potatoes for use in the spring. When the potatoes were taken out the pit was filled with straw to keep stock from falling in, as it was in the pasture. The next autumn as we made ready to store potatoes in the same pit I took a fork and commenced digging out the straw. Soon I uncovered a large toad, apparently asleep for the winter, then more toads, until I could only work slowly, for I did not want to hurt them. I cannot remember how many I carried away to safety, but it must have been thirty or forty. How they all came to be in that place is a problem. Did each toad discover it during the summer and resolve to come there in the fall, or did a few find it and tell their friends it was better than going to Florida or Long Beach for the winter?"

"I ALSO FOUND SEVERAL OF the little creatures in the outside entrance to the basement of the house at the foot of the steps each day as the winter approached, and the day before we moved to town I found six in a small hole in the cement floor. Why they did not smother crowded so closely in so small a space puzzled me.

"TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT from toads to pocket gophers—my brother-in-law, Frank A. Heath, of Brenna township, was surprised last winter, on the third day of December, when the thermometer showed 3 below zero, to see a freshly made pocket gopher mound on the top of a white snow drift foot deep in his grove.

"ANOTHER CHANGE TO snakes—two years ago my little grandson and I were walking along the edge of the Park river in the tourist camp at Park River, when we saw a large garter snake lying on a flat stone almost level with the water. This was an ordinary garter snake except that it had a small leg with claw-like toes on each side of its head. Amazed, we gazed at it. Could it be that we had chanced to behold the evolution of a snake, or the missing link" between snake and lizard? After a long minute the muscles of the reptile neck moved convulsively, and the two legs disappeared down its throat. Then we realized that the snake was having frog legs for dinner. Another long minute the vicious beast lay on the stone, two or three times sticking its tongue out at us, then it slid into the water and swam away."

AND FINALLY, TO CLOSE this column of bits of natural history, Henry McLean of Hannah, sends in with the season's compliments this poem clipped from an old magazine:

WINTER BIRDS By Douglas Malloch. Brave little birds, I pity you— With just a little of envy, too. It's easy enough to sing in summer, But, oh, I envy each feathered

comer
Who keeps on singing when summer's through!

I guess that the whole wide world has cares,
The birds their sorrow, and people
theirs; But here you stay, when the
summer's over, Though you find no fruit, and you see no clover
And make the best of a bird's affairs.

So, when I bring you a bit of
bred,
It isn't only a bird that's fed; Some folks are older, and some
are younger, But every heart will have some
hunger;
Then I hear your song, and I lift my head.

Brave little birds, I pity you—
With just a little of envy, too.
Whatever the wintry day
bringing,
I wish that I could go right or
singing,
And keep on singing till winter'
through!

THE ORGANIZATION KNOWN as "More Game Birds in America," whose purpose is indicated by its name, has issued a report on northwestern conditions affecting the supply of wild ducks. The report deals with North Dakota and the Canadian Prairie Provinces. It is based on a personal survey of the entire territory usually most frequented by ducks during the breeding season, and the conditions in and around each of scores of streams, lakes and ponds are described. Most of us have become fairly familiar with the fact that during the past few years our surface water has been disappearing very rapidly. But even to residents of the state who have not traveled extensively the record presented in this report must be impressive, as there are assembled in it descriptions of body after body of water which has shrunk almost to nothing, and of many that have disappeared altogether.

PICTURES ARE GIVEN showing the present state of what were once lakes of considerable size, but whose sites are now marked by stretches of alkali flat, barren vegetation, affording neither refuge nor food for wild fowl. This condition exists through central North Dakota and on into Canadian territory. In the territory here and there are little lakes where the water has been conserved by the building of low dams, and at such lakes numerous ducks were found. Doubtless many causes have contributed to the disappearance of wild fowl, but without question the drying up of the formerly numerous bodies of water is the principal cause. And it is also apparent that much can be done to improve the conditions by the building of dams across streams, to prevent the escape of water in the spring. This work is in progress, and its extension will be of value to the state from many standpoints other than that of making the state more desirable for the sportsman.

THE NORMAL DUCK-Breeding area of North Dakota is described as consisting of a strip between a strip paralleling the Missouri river some fifteen miles to the north and east and a line about fifty miles west of the Red river. This area is dotted with shallow lakes, ponds, sloughs and pot-holes which formerly produced enormous numbers of ducks and which were also frequented by wild geese and swans during the breeding season. Most of those lakes and ponds are now dry. Many of them may be replenished by the water from the Missouri if the diversion project is completed.

IT WILL BE NEWS TO A good many people that the electric stove is a North Dakota invention. That, however, seems to be the fact. In a recent issue of the Portland Oregonian there is given an account of the invention and a sketch of the inventor, George A. Hughes, the son of Alexander Hughes, who was the first attorney general of Dakota territory. The elder Hughes was appointed to that office in 1883 by Governor Ordway.

GEORGE A. HUGHES IS NOW a resident of Chicago, where he is president of the Edison General Electric Appliance company. In October he visited Portland to attend a meeting which was to mark the opening of an electric cooking school in that city, and there he gave a brief account of the invention of the electric stove.

IN 1910 MR. HUGHES WAS IN the electric light and power business in North Dakota and Manitoba, with headquarters at Fargo. There was then not an electric stove or range in the world. Mr. Hughes could see no reason why there should not be. His interest in the subject was stimulated by the recollection of his mother working over a cooking stove on a hot summer day, and he began experimenting to see if he could not improve the situation. He worked for two years in his Fargo shop before he produced a stove that he thought would be safe to offer for sale, and in June, 1910, he exhibited it at the national electric light exposition in St. Louis. He said of that product:

"NOWADAYS I OFTEN Wonder how I had the nerve to offer such an awkward looking affair for sale, but it was the greatest range of its kind in 1910, there's no question about that. We have it in a glass case in our office in Chicago. There has to be a beginning, of course, no matter what the affair looked like. The first automobile was a sorry looking sight compared with the cars of today, but if there had never been a first one we would still be thanking our friends for the buggy ride."

MR. HUGHES STATED THAT the electric range business parallels the automobile industry. A man named Marsh working in an automobile metallurgical laboratory in Detroit discovered that a combination of nickel and chromium had wonderful electrical properties and could be used where high temperatures are required as a heating material. This discovery by Marsh has been a great boon to housekeepers for it made possible the electric iron, electric toaster, electric waffle iron and such things, Mr. Hughes declared.

NOT LONG AGO PRESIDENT John C. West, of the University of North Dakota and two former presidents of the same institution, Dr. Thomas F. Kane and Dr. Frank L. MacVey, met and had dinner together. On the surface there seems nothing remarkable in that. But persons who have some information on the subject are of the opinion that the event was unique in history. They report that it is quite certain that no other president of the University of North Dakota ever took dinner with two of his predecessors at the same time, and they lean strongly to the opinion that no president of any college ever had a like experience. On this later phase, however, they are open-minded, as the returns are not yet all in.

ROBINS SEEM TO BE QUITE numerous throughout the northwest. In addition to those that have been reported in this column I am continually meeting friends who report having seen robins quite recently. Unless a note is made of these at the time some of them are likely to be overlooked.

THE PREDICTIONS MADE by the scientist in Chicago the other day that next year should be an usually wet year have attracted some attention and provoked considerable comment. The basis of the prediction is that according to the investigation made, there is a 23-year cycle in weather, and that we are just approaching that period in the cycle which is characterized by heavy precipitation.

ONE TROUBLE WITH MOST weather generalization is that weather is particular rather than general, and the conditions which prevail in one part of the world may be entirely absent elsewhere. For instance, last summer was for this entire northeast a season of scant rainfall. But while we are parching here, China was experiencing one of its most disastrous floods, and the Yellow river was in process of changing its course and seeking an outlet through a bed, which it had forsaken half a century ago. All this was due to prolonged heavy rains far in the interior.

NEARER HOME ON SEVERAL occasions heavy rains have flooded the lower Mississippi valley while this section has suffered from prolonged drouth. Here during the past three winters we have had comparatively little snow and little extremely cold weather. During the same seasons parts of the east have had unusually heavy snow and long and severe cold spells.

THE SPOTTED NATURE OF weather was well illustrated last summer in the Red river valley and in Ontario, where I visited. In both areas there were districts which had practically no rain all summer, while immediately adjoining there were narrow belts which had frequent and copious showers. Observations taken on one farm would indicate that the weather had been about that of the Sahara desert, while observations five miles away would give the record of normal precipitation.

ON THE THEORY THAT what goes up must come down, head is the principal element in governing precipitation. Evaporation from the oceans and great lakes is constant, and the area of those bodies is constant. The higher the temperature, other things being equal, the greater the evaporation, and all the water that is evaporated falls sooner or later in the form of rain or snow. But the degree and distribution of heat are subject to local influences so diverse that it has not yet been possible to check them accurately, and the water which is evaporated from one area may fall in torrents on the other side of the earth, leaving the vicinity of its origin arid. Hence, when a man predicts a dry year or a wet year he is assuming much more than really scientific men usually assume.

TWO OR THREE WEEKS ago the Literary Digest started a questionnaire on what its readers do and do not like in radio broadcasting. The results have not been published. When they are they may be enlightening. We hear a great deal about radio "fan" mail, and doubtless there is a large volume of it. Some of the broadcasters say that in the preparation of their programs they seek to gratify the public taste, and their estimate of the public taste is based on the letters they receive commenting on programs already given or offering suggestions for others, I wonder how accurate an indication of the public taste this is.

I HAVE HEARD MANY broadcasters read from their correspondence "Your programs are fine. Keep them up." "Last program was wonderful." "Delighted with your programs. Whoosit's imitation of a mewling cat was a scream." And a lot of things like that. I have never yet heard one of them read "That last program was rotten." "That smart Aleck stuff is disgusting." "A little jazz is all right if it is well down, but where do you get the idea that mere noise is music."

I NEVER HEARD ANYTHING like that read. I wonder if it is ever written. Or do the people who feel that way just turn off the dratted thing and let the offensive waves go by, I suppose there are millions of dollars invested in radios that are out of use most of the time because their owners can't find in the programs offered at the time either sense, humor or harmony. _____

SHORTENING OF THE Working day—where there is a working day at all—has given rise to the problem of what to do with the increased leisure time. That seems like a modern problem, but it is not as modern as it appears. More than a century ago the disposal of leisure time was recognized as a problem in New England, and steps were taken to find a solution. It was the leisure time of children, however rather than of adults, to which attention was given. It was to Moses Brown, a resident of Rhode Island, that the children of his day owed their rescue from dangerously unemployed leisure. Brown, the son of a minister, married a rich Quakeress, and thus being possessed of abundant means, he devoted most time and thought to the betterment of society. It pained him to see children running about the streets, with nothing better to do than play. He had been taught that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, and he sought to improve the spiritual condition of the children by finding something with which their hands could be occupied.

ENGLAND WAS JEALOUS OF her position as a manufacturing country. She had established a large trade in textiles, and, quite naturally, wished to keep it to herself. Mill mechanics were forbidden to emigrate. Machinery designs were kept secret and were not exportable. One set was smuggled to Philadelphia, but the English consul sought them out and they were returned. Samuel Slater, an English mechanic, seeing no future for him at home in his trade, posed as a farmer and came to America. In 1790 he persuaded Moses Brown that he could produce a thread as good for weaving as the English thread, and there was formed the firm of Almy, Brown & Slater, which became the first successful cotton producers.

COTTON MILLS COULD USE child labor, and as there were no child labor laws, the children were put to work for the good of their souls. Presently the available supply of children was exhausted and Brown advertised for families with numerous children. Thus was established the cotton industry of New England.

THE PRESIDENT OF Harvard college, visiting the mills, described the child workers as from 5 to 12 years of age. Other observers set the lower age limit at 7. In 1832, according to the records, two-fifths of the mill employees in Lowell were children. Factory bells rang at 4:30, and at 5 all the children were to be at work. At 7 they had a half-hour for breakfast, and at 12 a half-hour for dinner. In 1846 the working day was thirteen hours in summer. In winter it was from dawn until dark. Kerosene lighting had not yet been developed, so there was still a daily period of dangerous leisure for the children in the winter months.

I AM INDEBTED FOR THIS information to an article in the New York Times which describes some of the exhibits being assembled by the Business Historical society in one of the Harvard museums. The collection includes implements and products of early American industry, account books, diaries and letters of merchants, bankers and inventors, which have been retrieved from all sorts of odd places. The following paragraphs tell of the establishment of the ice business in the United States:

SOIL BEING THIN FOR farming, New England had to exercise its wits to get a living. The papers of Frederic Tudor tell how he introduced ice into tropic and sub-tropic lands. New England rivers and ponds had plenty in winter, and stored it in sawdust for summer. Why not, it occurred to him at 23, sell it to sweltering peoples?

"IN 1806 **TUDOR ORGANIZED** his company, cut a supply at Spot Pond in Arlington, Mass., experimented with the problem of keeping his ice from melting in transit, and demonstrated to hospitals and hotels its benefits. In the course of years he had ice warehouses in New Orleans, Charleston and other southern centers, providing an extra quality for Juleps and aiding in preserving foods. Then he began shipping ice to Havana, Jamaica and beyond the West Indies to the East Indies—Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore.

"IN **THE DEPRESSION,** After Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, he was nearly bankrupted, but weathered his troubles and recovered. Dying before the 1837 panic, he left a fortune—and had founded the still growing American industry of refrigeration, which is now developing air-conditioning to turn indoors July into October."

AL SMITH THREW A BRICK the other day at the professors who have been fussing around more or less in matters of business and government administration, and he indicated that he was in favor of ditching the whole outfit and proceeding without their assistance. It did not occur to Al that he was merely putting in homely phraseology some things that had been said a few days earlier by Dr. Sprague, an eminent professor of economics, whose sentiments are shared by several of the professors who are now in Washington, and a good many others who are distributed throughout the country. The idea seems to be that the professor who agrees with me is a gentleman, a scholar and a competent adviser, while the professor with whom I do not agree is a visionary doctrinaire, a nitwit and a nincompoop.

Speaking of Al Smith, again, he referred to our present money as "baloney." That gave Will Rogers an opening, of which he took advantage. Recalling Smith's remark, he volunteered the opinion that if someone should come to him to rent one of the office buildings in his Empire State building and should offer him some of those same dollars, Al would be glad to take the money, even if it were hamburger.

The person who shares Smith's views on the dollar may object that Rogers' remark was merely a joke, and cannot be taken seriously as having any real bearing on the subject. Probably that is correct. And, considering both statements as jokes, Rogers' was the better joke of the two. And as a serious economic argument it was at least as good as Smith's.

The Ventura, Calif., Free Press has been making a study of radio programs. Through contacts with the owners of many hundreds of receiving sets throughout the country, and through study of one day's programs from 206 commercial broadcasting stations the paper has reached the following conclusions:

"While various surveys have shown that adult listeners prefer (1) news and information; (2) classical music; (3) popular music and jazz; and (4) dramatic presentations, in the order named, it appears that their third choice actually fills two thirds of all program time. It is estimated that power, new tubes, repairs and replacements cost the 15,000,000 receiving-set owners more than \$300,000,000 a year. On the other hand, the maximum annual expenditure of the broadcasting stations and networks, including the operation of enormously expensive advertising sales departments, does not exceed \$80,000,000. Since \$50,000,000 amply covers the total outlay for production and transmission, the listeners spend six times that amount on reception and receive what the advertiser thinks will sell his goods."

Now it would be interesting, if it were possible, to have figures on the number of receiving sets which are silent during the time occupied by programs which do not interest the owners of those sets.

Ed Eastgate of Larimore, writes: "Some time ago I noticed in The Herald that several youthful hunters had secured hunting licenses. I have not noticed any account of their bagging any game. I enclose a snap-shot of a hunter who is about in their class and the bird which he killed with a single-shot .410 shotgun. The bird is a gray eagle measuring 6 feet eight inches from tip to tip. I was unable to ascertain who was most pleased and excited about the feat, the boy or the adult members of his family. The boy is eight years old and is an exceptional marksman for his age and experience. He killed three crows out of four shots with a 9 mm shotgun."

The boy is Mr. Eastgate's son "Buddy." He comes honestly by his skill with a gun and his liking for the outdoors, for that sort of thing runs in the Eastgate family.

Some time ago I mentioned the difficulty that would be experienced in keeping our highways open for traffic during a winter of heavy snow. I had not thought then about the difficulty that may be experienced in keeping on a paved highway when there is no snow at all but the pavement is covered with a thin coating of ice. During the past few days that condition has existed. When there is no wind one is fairly safe so far as control of his own car is concerned if he drives slowly and avoids the use of breaks. But he never can be sure of what curious antics the next car will perform. And if there is a strong wind, Lord help him!

WE READ OFTEN OF THE "first" Thanksgiving observance, meaning, of course, the giving of thanks by the Pilgrims in New England after their first harvest. Public thanksgivings, however, are much more ancient than the settlement of New England. Noah, we are told, offered sacrifice and gave thanks for deliverance from the flood, and all through Hebrew history there are instances of the public giving of thanks for deliverance from some danger or in recognition of some other favor bestowed by the Almighty.

WE ARE TOLD THAT THE first official Thanksgiving in England was that held in St. Paul's cathedral in gratitude for the defeat of the Spanish Armada November 24, 1588. That ceremonial was attended by Queen Elizabeth in person. Her majesty could be as vigorous in her devotions as in her more secular affairs of life. Thereafter days of thanksgiving were observed on special occasions, one being to solemnize the end of the World war in 1918.

IT WAS MANY YEARS AFTER the landing at Plymouth rock before Thanksgiving became an annual or a national event in the United States. In 1623 a day of fasting and prayer in the midst of drouth was changed to one of thanksgiving by the coming of rain during the prayers. Gradually the custom prevailed of appointing a day of thanksgiving annually after harvest. These appointments were by proclamation of the governors of the several New England colonies. During the Revolution a day of national thanksgiving was recommended annually by congress.

IN 1817 THE STATE OF NEW York adopted Thanksgiving as an annual festival, and by the middle of the 19th century the custom had spread to many of the states. In 1864 President Lincoln appointed a day of thanksgiving, and since then presidents have made such proclamation annually, usually designating the last Thursday in November. Canada has its annual Thanksgiving day, though I think not on any fixed date. This year the Canadians celebrated their Thanksgiving in October.

WHILE MOST OF THE American churches observe Thanksgiving with appropriate religious exercises the gathering of families around the festive board is really the conspicuous feature of the day. Thanksgiving is inseparably associated with turkey, perhaps because turkey was one of the chief viands at the early New England feast.

THE AMERICAN TURKEY has had a rather curious history. The domestic turkey which will grace millions of dinner tables in America today is only very remotely related, so I have read, to the wild turkey of Pilgrim days. That bird, I understand, was never domesticated. When the Spaniards invaded Mexico they found there a turkey, the descendant of a southern wild fowl, which had been domesticated for many years. Some of those birds were taken back to Spain, and from there they were introduced into England. English settlers brought them back to America, so that the domestic turkey of today, of which such numbers are produced in North Dakota, reached us from Mexico by way of Spain, England and the Atlantic colonies.

WHILE THE INHABITANTS of the colonies had not the variety of food that is usual with us, it was both excellent and abundant. Letters, diaries and other records which have been searched for information concerning the conditions under which those of the earlier periods lived indicate that among the moderately well-to-do colonial families there was abundance of good food.

HUCKLEBERRIES OR BLUE-berries, blackberries, strawberries and grapes grew wild, but improved under cultivation. Orchards generously flowered and bore fruit. Pears and quince were plentiful. Apples, especially in New England, were a part of every meal. One encountered apple-slump, apple-mose, apple-crowdy, apple-tarts, mess-apple pies, puff apple pies. So it is easy to see that the New Englanders' reputation for having apple pie in every menu, was earned at an early date. Cider was free to tramp or traveler in every New England farm-house.

AS THERE WERE NO Hermetically sealed jars, preserves, pickles, marmalades, candied fruits and flowers, were made so rich, that they could not spoil, and were kept in a stone crock, its top tied down with cloth or paper. In cooking meats, great amounts of spices were used, even perfumes, perhaps with good reason, as there was no such thing as ice for preservation, the coolest places being the cellar, the spring-house or the bottom off the well.

THE COLONISTS POTTED fish and game, and salted fish and meat in strong brine. November was the busiest month of the year, as it was "killing time." Oxen, cows, swine, which had been fattened for slaughter, met their fate in the dawn of early morning, so that the meat would be hardened ready for the pickle. Sausages were made, some slight variation in the recipes in the different localities being in evidence as were rolliches, head-cheese and pickled pigs' feet. They tried-out lard and made tallow.

MANY FAMILIES SECURED sweetening from maple sugar and honey, although housewives of elegance always had some loaf sugar on hand for company. This was purchased in a large cone, covered with blue paper, which incidentally was carefully kept, and soaked for the indigo which was used as a dye. The ladies of the house usually performed the task of cutting the sugar for the day, a ceremony involving in some homes, a parade of silver salvers, specially made scissors, all laid out on the polished surface of the dining-room table with much fluttering about of busy femininity over this important and delicate task.