

WHEN MARK TWAIN WAS I urged to take out an insurance policy to protect him from risk of accident while on the train trip for which he had just bought a ticket he declined, saying that he thought that instead he would take out a policy for the following day. The agent couldn't understand this, and Mark explained that he had been looking over the statistics and had discovered that by far the greatest number of accidents occurred to people while they were at home, so he concluded that it was more dangerous to stay at home than to travel.

JUST NOW WE ARE Shocked by the number of deaths resulting from automobile accidents. Some statistician who has devoted considerable time to the subject compares automobile fatalities with deaths in war. According to his figures there were in the United States 388,936 deaths resulting directly from automobile accidents in the past fifteen years. And the record shows that in all the wars in which the United States has been engaged there were 244,357 American soldiers killed outright or fatally wounded on the field of battle. Probably Mark Twain would conclude that it is less dangerous to go to war than to ride in an automobile.

BUT THAT IS NOT THE worst of it. It seems to be almost as dangerous to stay at home as it is to go joy-riding. In the year 1934 there were 36,000 persons killed by or in motor cars, and in the same year 34,500 persons were killed in accidents at home. Mark Twain would still be in favor of an accident insurance policy to cover the risk incurred in the home, which is usually considered the safest of all places.

A STUDY OF DEATHS Resulting from accidents in the home over a four year period by the Kansas department of health revealed that 39 per cent of the fatal falls in the home were in the bedroom, 21 per cent in the living room, 16 per cent on stairs or steps, 6 per cent in the dining room, 4 per cent in the bathroom, and 3 per cent in other places. Some interesting conclusions may be reached from that study. Clearly, if one must stay at home, he should avoid the bedrooms as much as possible. And apparently the safest place of all is the bathroom. The slippery tub, and the cake of soap on the floor are less to be feared than the hidden dangers that lurk in every corner of the bedroom.

A CORRESPONDENT WHO wishes to remain anonymous submits the following, which is welcomed:

"THE STORY IN 'THAT Reminds Me' about punctuation and pauses reminds me of a small boy who was learning to read. He was studying aloud at home one evening and his parents were astonished to hear him repeat frequently, between phrases, 'Tommy, shut your jaws, count one.' They questioned him and were further mystified by his statement that his teacher required the older children to say those words often when they went through their reading exercises. The parents decided to speak to the teacher about the matter and learned that the pupils were taught, when they came to the punctuation mark, to say, 'Comma, shortest pause, count one.' The small boy may have had one of the often undetected cases of defective hearing.

"ALLITERATION IS NOT Considered one of the higher forms of literary art, but there are some very interesting instances of such style. I recall one rhyming composition (it can't be called a poem) made up of thirteen couplets, each of the twenty-six lines beginning with a different letter, in proper alphabetical order, and every word in each line beginning with the same letter. I remember the first four lines only, as follows:

"An Austrian army awfully arrayed Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade ; Cruel Cossacks cannonading come
Dealing destruction's devastating
doom;"
Perhaps one of your readers can supply the remaining lines.

"IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT the poets and song-writers have more influence in shaping the destiny of nations than have the statesmen. A familiar quotation is 'If I may make the songs of a nation I care not who writes its laws.' In this period of international tension, we all need to be reminded of the poems dealing with the futility of war and with the perfidy of its accompanying propaganda. Many years ago the Youth's Companion published a short poem, written in a style that suggested the rhythm of the drumbeat, the refrain at the close of each stanza being something like this:

"Saying, 'Come, come, come, unto death.'"

The object of the poet seemed to be to strip the glamour and appeal from martial music. If that poem can be found I should like to see it republished."

THE ALLITERATIVE LINES to which the correspondent refers and which are quoted in part were , quoted in this column two or three years ago. I can't lay my hand on them at this moment, but as soon as I find them I will send the writer a copy, or, if others are interested, will republish them.

THE NEW YORK SUN'S Washington bureau seems to be engaged in digging up instances of "boon-doggling," a term which has not attained general circulation in this section, but which is in common use in the east to describe the kind of relief work which is devoted to the killing of time in utterly useless and unproductive activities. As an example of this the Sun publishes the following: "The unemployed in Grand Forks, N. D., may not be able to afford the coal necessary to keep them warm during the frigid months to come, but if they can persuade some charitable souls to give them a pair of skates or a toboggan they can face the rigors of the northern winter unafraid.

"In an attempt to ameliorate their sufferings, the Works Progress administration has decided to embark on an \$8,156 project calling for the construction of skating rinks and toboggan slides."

INASMUCH AS THERE ARE persons in every community who have no regular employment and can obtain none, and who must be maintained at public expense, the question then becomes whether those persons shall receive a straight handout, without doing anything in return for it, or shall be expected to perform work of some kind. If it is decided that work shall be provided, wherever this is possible, the construction of skating, rinks and toboggan slides seems to fall fairly within the classification of "useful work." It is certainly of greater public benefit than much of the work that has been assigned to recipients of relief in the past.

LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES 50 years ago was by no means the dull, drab existence which it is sometimes thought to have been. Neighbors were far apart, it is true, but they were neighbors, just the same, and while it took a long time for them to reach each other by the means of conveyance then available, they did manage to get together and have royal good times. In the winter, between odds and ends of farm chores, hauling I hay and getting in firewood, there was time for visiting, and those were real visits which often included all the members of the family and lasted all day. If a blizzard set in, unless it was imperative that someone would go home to look after the stock, the visit might be extended into two or three days. Beds were improvised, on the floor or in any other convenient place, and there was lots of hilarity and great consumption of provisions until the storm blew itself out.

A BOTTINEAU Correspondent sends the following account of an early gathering which was more than an ordinary visit, and which partook of the form of a more formal entertainment:

"THE FIRST Entertainment given in Bottineau county, as told by Mrs. Duncan McBain, was an evening of December 31, 1883 at the home of her father, Squire William Stewart, three miles from the present city of Bottineau. The lower floor of the house was unpartitioned and largest in the community. The "social" was a free for all to see 1883 out and 1884 in with the county invited. Special invitations were sent to Father Brunell, Tarus priest and his parishioners³ but the snow was so deep, Mrs. McBain said, the French could not make it.

"THE SETTLERS WERE gathered in horse sleds, babies and all. Nearly everyone of the Bottineau community was there and on time. Mrs. McBain has a list of some 75 names.

"THE PROGRAM SHOWS, opening address by the genial squire. There were old time dialogues and readings, Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight not being forgotten. Three "small boys" sang, Dem Golden Slippers, accompanied by Miss Greig, the school teacher on her melodeon, brought from her home for the occasion. The small boys are Willie Stewart, now living near the old home, Willie Greig, pioneer violinist and Fufton Kinley, now a leading physician.

"THE THREE STEWART girls sang an old Canadian New Year song as the clock was striking for 1884. There was a "general handshake" and a "sumptuous repast" was had from the baskets the ladies had provided. The hostess supplied the beverages and whatever the baskets lacked. Auld Lang Syne was joined in and the folk left in time for the men to do the morning chores.

I HAVE JUST SAID GOODBYE to an old friend whose closing hours exemplified, it seems to me, the way in which it was intended that men should die. Hugh Quigley, born 86 years ago, had lived a life whose incidents were paralleled by incidents in the lives of many other pioneers. As lumberman, steamboat man and settler in the Red river valley he had his share of early adventure and hard labor, experiences which called for courage and fortitude, and which were met in manful fashion. He rose to no heights of place and power, but lived quietly, frugally and unostentatiously, and when he felt that his days were numbered he prepared himself quietly for sleep.

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN on the terror, the grimness, the mystery of death. These things concerned Hugh Quigley not at all. He did not shrink from death, nor did he seek it as a relief from a troubled existence. Instead, he approached it as the normal rounding out of a life which had been carried through the full span of years and had been filled with interesting experiences. In his strong frame there was no suggestion of disease, but, having served its time and performed its work, the body must be laid aside. In his last conscious moments this man greeted friends as cheerfully, humorously and naturally as if he were preparing merely for a night's sleep. He felt that he had lived a full life, and that it was now time for him to go, and in his smiling welcome of death there was no trace of fear or sadness. It was an inspiration to feel the last cordial grasp of his hand, and to exchange a jest with him, after his familiar fashion, on the eve of his departure.

THIS BEING THE Centenary of Mark Twain, the year has been marked by the publication of several biographies of the great humorist and analyses of his character. There has been a lot of probing into the life of Mark Twain, and great effort has been put forth to make of him a man of mystery. A recent biography by Edward Wagenknecht seems from a review just read to be a much better balanced work than many of the mystical studies heretofore published. Wagenknecht examines the abstruse theories which have been presented, and brushed them aside as unsound and worthless. He finds Mark Twain much the kind of person that he has been supposed to be by those who have read him, not as a philosophical study, but for pure enjoyment, a many-sided man with a never-failing sense of humor, whose erratic moods might be bitterly satirical at one moment and tearfully sentimental at the next, but a man, withal, who described life powerfully because he described it naturally. The Wagenknecht biography should be fine reading.

I WONDER HOW MANY persons there are in Grand Forks who attended the opening of the Metropolitan theatre by Emma Abbott in November, 1890. Harry McNicol tells me that as a youngster on that occasion he did odd jobs around the stage entrance, as a boy carries water to the elephants at the circus, and was smuggled into the theater by the stage manager through the basement. My friend John Johnson, the Seventh avenue grocer, was then a lad fresh from Sweden, clerking for James Rae, the tea man, who ran the grocery now operated by Col-ton-Wilder. John hadn't much money, but he had to go to the show, and he paid \$2.50 for a seat in the very top row of the gallery.

MECHANICALLY - MINDED fathers have many happy hours ahead of them at the approaching Christmas season, provided they have the price to pay for the mechanical toys which will be on sale this year. The toy manufacturers have done themselves proud in designing mechanical toys, and there are to be on display electrical and mechanical gadgets of almost every imaginable kind. There was a time when Dad soon wearied of the Jack-in-the-box or the walking bear that he bought for little Johnny, but this year, the toys will be so fascinating that they will keep a parent busy with them for many days. Little Johnny will have to do a lot of waiting.

THIS BEING A GILBERT AND Sullivan year, one thinks, inevitably, of "Pinafore," whether he "it or not, and he hears bits of it quite often. And, with a national election approaching, one must think a b o u t politics, whether he likes politics or not. And for me there is close association of politics with "Pinafore," because I never had more fun in one evening than I had many years ago when I heard a clever satire on current politics sung to the tuneful music of "Pinafore."

THAT HAPPENED IN Canada sometime in the late seventies. I have forgotten which party was in power at the time, but Sir John A. Macdonald was the Conservative leader and the Liberals were headed by Alexander Mackenzie. Conspicuous among the political leaders were Edward Blake, who afterward represented an Irish constituency in the British parliament, Sir Leonard Tilley, Dr. Charles Tupper, who later had a Sir attached to his name, and Oliver Mowat, for many years premier of Ontario. Among the burning issues were the building of the Canadian Pacific railway and the new, or proposed, protective tariff policy

"PINAFORE" W A S N O T more than a year or so old and had become the rage. Some genius took the libretto, wrote another just like it in form and for the original plot substituted one of his own imagining in which the political issues of the day were screamingly burlesqued. The piece was staged by the McDowell Opera company, an excellent musical organization and the Principal characters were made up as life-like caricatures of the country's best known politicians.

THE POLITICIANS WERE well known all over the country from published portraits, cartoons and personal appearance, and the audience saw on the stage grotesque, but easily recognizable living images of politicians whom they had supported or opposed and heard them sing to Sullivan's¹ music the absurdities which the librettist had written for them. The effect was riotous in its fun.

I HAVE WONDERED OFTEN why some clever chap didn't prepare a similar satire on American politics, adapting it to the music of something as well known and as popular as "Pinafore." It is quite true that something of the sort is done in a sketchy way at the annual Gridiron club dinners in Washington, but those are skits, and not intended for a full evening's entertainment. Moreover, the Gridiron club dinners are private, and the proceedings are not intended for the public eye and ear.

THE OPPORTUNITIES F O R burlesque and satire in such a production as I have attempted to describe are unlimited. Under no circumstances should I think it proper to burlesque the president of the United States in such a parody, but with a very few possible exceptions, all the rest of our public men would be fair game—Democrats clamoring at the pie counter, Republicans trying to crowd them away, the parade of alphabetical institutions, the cogitations of the brain trust, Morgenthau trying to argue a deficit out of existence, General Johnson thundering anathemas right and left, Borah shaking the moth balls out of his Republicanism just before each election, Nye spiking cannon and wetting down gunpowder. Frazier sinking the navy and abolishing the army, Richberg, Ickes, McCarl, LaFollette and the rest of them at their respective specialties—what a riotous evening we could have with it all!

This suggestion is not copyrighted, and anyone is at liberty to work out the idea without asking permission or giving credit. If the thing is ever put on I'll be tickled to buy a ticket.

THE NEW YORK STATE Supreme court has refused to issue an order prohibiting the use of the Bible in the public schools. The court finds that there is no violation of the constitution in the use of the Bible in the schools for its morals, its ethics, its historical background and its superb literature. The court goes a step further and says that it is not its function to prescribe the public school curriculum. School authorities, says the court, should have some discretionary power over what shall be taught in the schools.

ONE OF THE MOST Impressive things that has been done in radio was the broadcast on Saturday evening inaugurating the campaign for a memorial to W i l l Rogers. The millions who had seen Rogers on the stage or the screen, who h a d heard his voice over the air or had read his homely and pungent writings have mourned the tragic death of the man whom they had come to regard as a personal friend and the plan to establish a suitable memorial as a symbol of their affection for him and their appreciation of his service is one which appeals to every worthy sentiment.

NOT ONLY HAD ROGERS Appealed powerfully to this great human constituency, but in his work he had come in contact with and been associated with men and women in every conceivable walk of life. Because of his wide experience as a public entertainer it was appropriate that persons prominently identified with the stage and the screen should have an important part in the program in his honor, and because of his intimate association with public men and women they too had an appropriate place on the program.

ON NO OTHER PROGRAM, IT is safe to say, have there been celebrities equal in number and variety of interest to those who spoke on Saturday night. George M. Cohan served as master of ceremonies in New York. Irvin S. Cobb performed a similar duty on the Pacific coast. Messages were read from President Roosevelt and the Prince of Wales. Herbert Hoover spoke with profound feeling. Lady Nancy Astor, the Virginia girl who is now a member of the British parliament, spoke with an accent as English as if she had been born in London. Eddie Rickenbacker and Frank Hawkes, with whom Rogers had flown thousands of miles, paid eloquent tribute. Billie Burke, to whom Rogers had been friend, counselor and brother, spoke with manifest emotion and closed her warm tribute with a sob. Fred Stone, associate of Rogers for years, and his most intimate man friend, spoke feelingly of his love and sorrow. No such sincere, warm-hearted tribute has been paid to any other man by such a group of notables.

FOR MANY YEARS THE Relationship between Fred Stone and Rogers had been intimate and affectionate. The two had troupe together long before either had made a national reputation, and ii was quite in keeping with his regard for his friend that on one occasion when Stone was incapacitated by an accident that Rogers cancelled all his engagements and carried on as Stone's substitute in the show for which Stone was billed.

STONE IS NOW IN THE Movies, playing a character part opposite Katherine Hepburn. His appearance on the screen will remind many Grand Forks people of his appearance here years ago in "The Wizard of Oz" and other plays. More recently, in 1912 or 1913, Stone was here in a private capacity, but the fair was on and Fred could not keep out, born trooper that he was, and he gave a show that was a show. Stone was then with that famous musical comedy team of Montgomery and Stone. His partner Dave Montgomery was still alive, and they were fresh from their triumphs in "The Wizard of Oz," "The Red Mill," and "The Old Town."

AT THAT TIME STONE MADE it a habit to learn a new stunt every summer. Eccentric dancing, playing a trombone, rope walking, fancy roller skating, rope spinning and several other accomplishments were listed in his repertoire.

Before producing "The Old Town," Stone had gone out to the Cheyenne Ranch in Wyoming to learn rope spinning. The ranch was run by "Dad" Irwin, who had the "Cheyenne Ranch Wild West Show."

In 1912 that show was engaged to play at the Grand Forks fair. Stone was spending a few weeks vacation with his old friend, Irwin. Naturally he helped out with the show.

IN GRAND FORKS AT EACH performance, he did his rope spinning dance, which began with an eccentric dance and a rope spinning exhibition, and ended with Stone standing on his head and one shoulder spinning the rope around his feet as he spun around on his head and shoulder.

He also appeared on a horse in the grand entrance and sang with a cowboy quartet. In those days Montgomery and Stone were enough to guarantee the success of any show, but now Dave is dead and Fred is playing character parts in the movies.

SOME YEARS AGO I Attended a dinner in Palm Beach, Florida, where, in contrast to the good natured chaff and banter which characterized all the rest of the speech - making, a Florida speaker had the poor-taste to scold the northern guests, seriously and whiningly, for what he described as the deliberate unfriendliness of the north toward Florida. Reports of Florida disasters, major and minor, he said, were given prominence in northern newspapers for the deliberate purpose of injuring the reputation of the beautiful State of Flowers. A northern man who followed—I think he was from Illinois—referred jokingly to sectional rivalry, and said that even the fair state of Florida was not free from it. "Only this morning," he said, "every daily paper in Florida has scare headlines over the story of a cold wave in the north, magnifying a mere spell of winter weather into a great disaster." The reply, in which the speaker had his facts exactly right, brought down the house.

OF LATE DAKOTANS HAVE had reason to congratulate themselves on the fact that they live in a section where the land had not acquired the habit of crinkling up and shaking things to pieces, or where equatorial winds wreck buildings and pile up the ocean on the streets of cities, which happened at Miami the other day. And even the brisk fires, such as sweep the hills around Los Angeles occasionally. Of the latter Fred Redick writes as follows:

"WE SURE HAD A HECTIC day out here on October 23. It really started at 10 P. M. on October 22, when a 50-mile wind hit San Fernando valley. There was no let-up all night, and when daylight came it had increased to 56 miles per hour. I was up about 5, and looking out of my window saw the heavy black smoke of a terrible fire in the mountains about 30 miles east of us. In a short time the news flash on the radio told us that the fire was in the mountains back of Altadena and had then hit the residence section and was burning fiercely.

"LATER IN THE DAY TWO more were reported, one near La-Crescent in the Big Tijunga district, about 15 miles across the valley and to the east from the gas station, and the other in the Malibu district west and a little south of us about 18 miles away. The way the smoke was rolling up we knew the fire was bad. The wind and dust were terrific, but worse across the valley on the San Fernando side.

"IN THE AFTERNOON THE wind changed, and for an hour the smoke of burning wood, grass and brush reached us. The report by radio said they might have to move the patients from Olive View Sanitarium a mile or more back of the town of San Fernando. The blaze, however, was some two miles away, and with a thousand men fighting it, it was finally headed off.

"WHILE THE FIRE IN AND near Altadena was bad enough ,the one in the Malibu district was worse. Thousands of acres were burned over, and a stiff fight was made to save the three million dollars' worth of movie stars' homes on Malibu beach. Some 1,500 men were used, but with little success during the first two days in the canyons, but the beach colony was saved, although many fine homes in the canyons were burned, over an area of 50,000 acres, which may be increased. Several days later the Malibu fire was still burning fiercely.

"THE WEATHER BEFORE and at the time of the fire was fiercely hot, with the thermometer standing at 90 for the hottest part of the day, although the nights still remained cool. Mr. Palmer, publisher of the Hollywood News,, told me that he had word to get his belongings out of his cabin near Seminole Hot Springs within five hours.

"ON THE MORNING OF THE 26th Mrs. Redick told me that we had a slight earthquake shock, just before 7. I told her I had felt nothing at the station. Imagine my surprise when I found in the morning paper the following statement from Charlie McGonegal:

"I WAS STANDING IN MY yard just a few minutes before 7 A. M., McGonegal said. First I felt a severe earth movement which lasted about five seconds. Looking over towards Mount Gray-back, near where the St. Andreas Fault lies, I saw great clouds of dust pouring out of the mountains from that region. I was convinced that I had witnessed an earthquake, first hand, and that it had centered in that vicinity."

Although all of the four shocks, which occurred between 6:56 and 7:28 A. M., were described as minor in character, they were sufficiently sharp in certain areas to rout dwellers from their homes and to rattle dishes. Riverside, San Bernardino, Imperial Valley points, Long Beach and some eastern suburbs of Los Angeles reported the shocks.

A COPY OF THE Lethbridge, Alberta, Herald contains an article which John Haney has marked for my attention, complaining of the dearth of Canadian news in American papers. Thus, the Lethbridge paper is informed that on the day following Canada's recent general election a Spokane paper, published quite near the Canadian border; in a territory in which are many former Canadians, failed to publish a word about the election. At the same time a Lethbridge man then in Los Angeles was unable to find a word in any Los Angeles paper about the Canadian election.

THE ARTICLE GOES ON with a general criticism of the American attitude toward Canadian news, and says that this is in contrast to the attitude of Canadian papers toward happenings in the United States. This alleged neglect of Canadian affairs, however, says the Herald, is not confined to American papers, but is shared by those in Great Britain which seldom find in Canadian events anything which seems to them worthy of attention.

THAT THE CANADIAN PRESS gives more space to American and British news than American and British papers give to Canadian news is undoubtedly true. While a complete and satisfactory explanation of this fact would be next to impossible, a partial explanation lies, undoubtedly in disparity of populations and hence in the volume of what is considered news and also in the fact that separate political organizations tend to maintain interest largely within national boundaries.

BRITISH INATTENTION TO Canadian affairs has long been a subject of discussion. Something like seventy years ago Judge Haliburton, a Nova Scotian writer of some note, wrote at considerable length on the same subject, contrasting the British attitude toward Americans with that toward Canadians. The American business or professional man visiting in England, he said, was received as an equal, a citizen of a nation of equal standing with that of Britain herself, while the Canadian of equal quality was regarded as a mere colonial, and therefore an inferior. That was written, of course, when Canada had a mere handful of people, and long before she had achieved her present status as an independent nation, an important figure in the world's economy, and having a real voice in international affairs.

THE LETHBRIDGE PAPER also has an interesting character sketch of Mackenzie King, Canada's new Liberal premier, who is described as the exact opposite in temperament and method of his predecessor and rival, R. B. Bennett. Bennett is described as a man of strong convictions who acts instantly and vigorously on his beliefs, regardless of consequences. King, with convictions equally clear, withholds action until by means of compromise and conciliation he has developed a policy which will receive support, although it may differ materially from his personal preference.

THIS DESCRIPTION OF KING is especially interesting in view of his ancestry. He is the grandson of William Lyon Mackenzie, who was one of the leaders of the Canadian rebellion of just about a century ago, and a man to whom caution and compromise were unknown. Mackenzie was a fire-eater who tried to translate into immediate action whatever convictions he had formed. He headed a rebellion which, in its immediate effects, was a dismal failure, although ultimately it was instrumental in causing the removal of abuses of which Canadians of that day complained.

IT IS RATHER INTERESTING in that connection to speculate on what would have resulted if the uprising of the American colonials had been suppressed. Probable some of the leaders would have "hanged together," as Franklin suggested, but it is practically certain that before long reforms would have been instituted which would have been certain to most of the colonists. It is to be remembered that the original objective in that struggle was not separation from Great Britain, but the reform of glaring abuses.

NORTH DAKOTANS WHO listen to Chicago radio stations. after the first of next March will be confused, for a time, by the fact that after that date Chicago will be using eastern standard instead of central time as at present. That change will go into effect next March unless something happens meanwhile to a resolution authorizing it just adopted by the Chicago city council. The effect will be that of applying daylight savings schedules to Chicago the year around. The whole subject of time has been greatly complicated by the spinning of the earth on its axis. If the spinning should cease there would be no further need for clocks and watches. It would always be noon, or 2 o'clock in the morning, or some other time, depending on the locality where one found himself. But, as the earth continues to revolve, time changes with its movement. The sun rises over New York before it rises over Chicago, and sets at Denver before it sets at San Francisco, and people must adjust themselves to that condition as best they can.

PRIOR TO THE CREATION of time zones the whole subject of time was in great confusion. There was a difference of approximately one minute in actual time for every fifteen miles east or west. A town might adhere strictly to its own local time, and visitors from neighboring places would find their watches fast or slow. Or it might use the time of the nearest railway terminal, which many did, and if there were two terminals in opposite directions there was confusion again.

ALONG IN THE SEVENTIES Sanford Fleming, a Canadian engineer, suggested the division of the country into zones so spaced that the current time within each zone would be the same and just one hour different from the time in the next zone. The idea was ridiculed at first, then was considered seriously, and presently an international commission was created to put the plan into effect. The zoning system was established in 1884. It was vigorously opposed and unscathingly denounced by many devout persons who held that it was an interference with divine ordinances by which time had been established. Probably there are still some who object to it on that ground, persons who forget that while the planets move in accordance with the laws of the universe, watches and clocks, hours and minutes, weeks and months, and inventions of man, designed for his own convenience.

TIME ZONES ARE 15 Degrees wide, and are numbered each way from the base meridian of longitude to Greenwich, England. Ours, known as the central zone, is based on the 90th meridian, which passes a little west of Chicago, and almost directly through St. Louis and New Orleans. For general convenience the zone boundaries have been made irregular, and some areas which belong technically in one zone have been placed in the adjacent one. The central zone includes Detroit, but does not include Windsor, Ontario, just across the river. The western edge of this zone passes between Bismarck and Mandan. In Chicago standard time is approximately true time, and the adoption of eastern time by Chicago is an arbitrary step which is not likely to be followed by other cities in the zone. Therefore, if the plan sticks, Chicago will stick out like a sore thumb in the timing system.

IN THE EARLY DAYS THE zoning system was attacked in the courts in cases involving the termination of contracts, serving of notices, and so forth, but I think without exception the courts sustained the plan. There are still related questions left undetermined. If Chicago, without other authority than a council resolution can set its clocks permanently an hour ahead, and make that the legal time, why not two hours, or six? Daylight saving was made uniform throughout the United States as a federal war measure. Where it has been used since the war it has usually been under some form of state authorization. Some states, prohibit it altogether.

CANADA'S NEW GOVERNOR general, Lord Tweedsmuir, was until recently plain John Buchan, a commoner without a handle to his name and it may take time for some Canadians to become accustomed to the title. John Buchan has been widely known in Great Britain, and to some extent in Canada as a writer of entertaining fiction and especially across the water his books have enjoyed great popularity. To the general public he has been better known as a writer than a public man.

CANADA'S GOVERNOR General is the personal representative of the king, and under the amended forms governing the relations of Great Britain with the British possessions in the rest of the world, he is neither the appointee nor the employee of the British parliament. Until recently while the British dominions were in all domestic matters independent, their status was technically that of bodies subordinate to the British parliament, and the governor general was the representative, not of the king, but of the British government. Since the war that status has been definitely changed. Each dominion is now recognized as the equal in all respects of the mother country, and sovereignty of King George is the sole link which binds those independent sovereignties together.

THE POSITION OF Governor general being one of dignity, it was doubtless considered inappropriate that it should be held by a commoner, therefore when it was decided that John Buchan was the right man for the position, a title was conferred on him, with all the trimmings. In his devotion to literary pursuits he had a distinguished predecessor in Lord Dufferin, who was governor general in the seventies, and who afterward held a similar position in India. He wielded a pen deftly, and produced a very interesting book on Iceland entitled "Letters from High Latitudes." Shortly after assuming office Lord Dufferin visited Manitoba, and as there was no railroad to that territory, he came by rail to Fisher's Landing, where he embarked on a river steamer for Winnipeg.

NEW YORK IS HAVING A campaign for the suppression of unnecessary noise, and the ban has been placed on many noise-making activities which have caused Manhattan to resemble a boiler shop at certain hours. Attention has been given among other things to automobile horns and the fellow who honks his horn without good cause is due for trouble.

ONE MAN WHO CONSIDERS the horn chiefly a nuisance is Barney Oldfield, famous auto racer. Oldfield denounces the practice of sounding a horn to warn pedestrians out of the way. He says that instead of sounding the horn with his hand the driver should press on the brake with his foot. He condemns, also, the driver who sounds his horn at the fellow ahead when the latter does not start promptly when the light changes from red to green. As to blowing a horn to call the attention of persons in a dwelling, Oldfield would prohibit it altogether, as he says that is what door bells are for.

THE ANTI-NOISE AGITATION has reached the point where some persons are urging that horns be abolished altogether. That plan, however, meets with scant general favor, for it is recognized that the horn is much abused, there is still a legitimate place for it as an emergency instrument.

SPEAKING OF WEATHER, which we do quite often, winter seems to have set in earnest. Early November snow usually disappears before the end of the month, but it will take a lot of mild weather to remove the snow that has fallen these past few days. Those who predicted a mild, open winter, seem to have another guess coming, but their faith in the signs will not be disturbed in the least by the fact that their predictions have gone haywire this time.

AMONG THE QUEER HOMES to be found in out-of-the-way places, one of the queerest is that occupied by Leo Plant of Roseau, Minn., who lives in an old churn. Plant, now aged 65, was employed several years ago as handy man around a Roseau creamery. When the creamery suspended operations he inherited a mammoth make churn which had been part of the creamery's equipment, and with considerable ingenuity he rigged up the churn as a residence, and he has occupied it during the past four years. A picture shows Plant looking out of the doorway of his home, which is merely one of the openings through which cream was introduced into the churn and through which butter was withdrawn. Within the churn are the owner's crude bed, an oil stove, clock and other bits of furniture. As another evidence of originality, Plant has refused to go on relief.

A CHEESE WEIGHING 12500 pounds is on its way to Washington, a present to President Roosevelt from the cheese makers of Wisconsin. When Jimmie Walker was mayor of New York a cheese of similar Brobdignagian size was given to him. When the gift had been bestowed in due form Jimmie gazed at the huge mountain of cheese, then whispered to an aide, "Go get me a cracker."

SOMEONE IN CHICAGO HAS suggested that now that the city council has moved Chicago into the Eastern time zone, the Chicago council should adopt a moonlight-saving ordinance, thus conserving all the light there is. Such starlight as is left over would be negligible.

IN BUILDING THE GREAT Grand Coulee dam on the Columbia the government proposes to conserve and use a great quantity of power that has hitherto been running to waste. The prospective utilization through irrigation of considerable areas of desert, or near desert land, is attractive to one group of people, but those of another group are wondering what is going to happen to the salmon which have been accustomed to spawn away up the Columbia. Slides and staircases are being provided for them, but nobody knows whether or not the fish will use these artificial facilities. Salmon are exceedingly notional, and it would be a poor stroke of business to trade a great salmon industry for a few thousand acres of irrigated land, when it is difficult to ends meet on land already made available by nature.

ANOTHER PROBLEM TO which the answer is not known is what effect the building of the proposed canal across Florida will have on the water supply of the state. The citrus industry, the vegetable growing industry, and, in fact, all the agricultural industries of the greater part of the state are completely dependent on underground water. Fears are entertained that the proposed canal, cutting through the elevation in the central part of the state, will drain away the water, or that the admission of sea water will so affect the underground supply as to render it unfit for either plant or domestic use. It is possible to lay too heavy a hand on nature.

ONE OF THE Incongruities of radio as pointed out by one writer is that often the same voice which has just given a dignified and artistic announcement of a symphony program will be in the next breath and with equal dignity set forth the merits of a dentrifice or the pleasing properties of a corn cure.

JOHN AASEN, CIRCUS GIANT, born in North Dakota, is ill in a Los Angeles hospital, suffering, so the doctors say, from a malady induced by the same improper gland development which was responsi-for his abnormal growth. In a few weeks his weight dropped from 460 to 300 pounds. From his name it may be concluded that Aasen is of Dutch origin. Usually Hollanders are pictured as short and stout, but it is a rather curious fact that of the tall, slim giants shown in recent years, a majority seem to have been born in Holland or to be of Dutch extraction.

IN A DISCUSSION OF DEAN Thormodsgard's address on "Statelessness" before the Fortnightly club a short time ago there was raised the question whether or not a state can confer the elective franchise on aliens who have not become citizens of the United States. The state of North Dakota did exactly that in 1889. In the original constitution of the state among those listed as qualified electors are: Citizens of the United States; and persons of foreign birth who shall have declared their intention to become citizens one year and not more than six years prior to such election, conformably to the naturalization laws of the United States.

DURING THE NEXT SEVEN years foreign-born residents of North Dakota voted on their "first papers" if they wished to do so. The legislature of 1895 submitted to the people a constitutional amendment restricting the franchise to citizens. That amendment was approved by popular vote in 1896 and is now the law of the state. Before its adoption prospective citizens voted on mere declaration at state and congressional elections in 1890, 1892, 1894 and 1896 and in the presidential elections of 1892 and 1896. The federal constitution does not concern itself with the elective franchise in the several states except in the provisions prohibiting discrimination as to sex, race, etc., and that persons voting for congressmen shall have the same qualifications required of those voting for members of the most numerous body of the state legislature. Apparently there is nothing to prevent a state from conferring the franchise on an alien the day after his arrival, without any declaration whatever.

BEARING ON THE QUESTION of automobile accidents is the story of an incident of last summer which, for a moment, was breathtaking. On an eastern highway, crowded with traffic, a group of about a dozen cars were traveling south, while approaching them was a similar group coming in the opposite direction. The pavement was smooth, level and wide. The speed of all the cars was about 60 miles an hour. When the leading cars of the two groups were within about 200 feet of each other the left rear tire of the north-bound car blew out with a loud bang. The car swerved across the road, swerved the other way, was brought under control, passed by and was pulled up on the shoulder of the road.

IF THAT BLOW-OUT HAD Occurred a moment later the car would have swung broadside on into the lead car coming in the opposite direction. Inevitably those two would have piled up. What would have happened to the rest of the cars in the two processions is problematical. They were all running pretty close together. For a moment there was a vision of one grand smash, with two dozen cars piled up in a heap.

THE FIRST OBVIOUS SAFE-guards suggested by that incident is to use only tires that are known to be in first class condition. That is not a perfect protection, for a bad puncture, against which no one can protect himself, may produce all the sudden effects of a blow-out. The second point is to keep far enough from the car ahead to be able to stop in time in case of accident. Again, this will not afford perfect protection, for occasionally one car must meet or pass another on the road.

IN AN ARTICLE Descriptive of Harar, one of the important Ethiopian cities, it is said that "the governor has torn breeches in the walls in order to make it possible for the inhabitants to flee." It is not explained what bearing the governor's torn breeches have on the walls, or on the flight of the population. There are many mysteries in Ethiopia.

"ACCORDING TO FREUD," says the Minneapolis Journal, "dreams are the fulfillment of wishes." But did Freud ever dream of starting to catch a train with a score of obstacles interrupting his journey to the station, then, finding that the train had just pulled out, discover that in his haste to start he had neglected to put any clothes on? In a dream like that what sort of wishes are fulfilled?

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE New York Times, who is himself a resident of New York, welcomes the suggestion made by Premier King, of Canada, that John W. Dafoe, editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, be named as Canadian minister there. As the premier has the power of appointment, the matter awaits only the acceptance of Mr. Dafoe. Perhaps the most outstanding figure in Canadian journalism, Mr. Dafoe is regarded with warm neighborly interest in Grand Forks, where he has many friends. Concerning him the New York correspondent writes:

TRAINED IN THE Traditions of old-fashioned British liberalism of the school of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill and Richard Cobden, he has for many years valiantly fought the high tariff policies that have afflicted the Canadian farmers. His newspaper has become one of the most influential in Canada because it has resolutely adhered to sound economic principles and has rejected the high-taxation, trade-restriction and currency-inflation schemes with which the Conservative politicians have been experimenting. It is to be hoped that he will be able to accept the appointment to the Washington post."

IN AN EFFORT TO MAKE some headway toward solution of the parking problem, with which every city in the country has to deal, the New York authorities are attempting strict enforcement of the parking regulations, which provide, among other things, that no car may remain parked in one place anywhere in the city for more than an hour. Protests have been made by persons who have been in the habit of parking all day on streets remote from the main centers, but the authorities take the position that the streets are there for purposes of traffic and not for storage. As a matter of fact, why should a car owner store his car on the street all day when the merchant would be arrested for storing his bales and boxes there?

SERGEANT JOHN A. Johanson, who was retired the other day from the regular army at Governor's island, New York, in addition to the record of many years of honorable service, has the distinction of being the only soldier to have his moustache praised in General Orders. Unmoved by changing styles in facial adornment, Sergeant Johanson through all these years has kept his heavy handlebar moustache well brushed and artistically turned up at the ends, which makes him as striking a military figure as any in the Middle Ages. And, in recognition of that splendid feature, this paragraph was included in General Orders on the occasion of the sergeant's retirement:

"IT WOULD SEEM TO BE appropriate at this time to mention that Sergeant Johanson is one of the few surviving members of that fine old school of enlisted men, symbolized not only by outstanding wearing of immaculate uniforms, but, in addition, by the military moustache which so distinguished the service over a quarter of a century ago. Thus Sergeant Johanson became a conspicuous figure in the metropolitan area to the great credit of the United States army."

THE CORPORATION Operating the Gorge railway at Niagara has applied for permission to wind up its affairs and go out of business. One news dispatch on the subject inaccurately describes the railway as running under the falls, which is a belief held by many who have not visited the place. The railway was built, not under the falls, but along the gorge; for several miles below the falls, the roadway in many places being hewn out of the face of the perpendicular precipice and almost overhanging the turbulent waters below. Several bad rock slides occurred recently, and with the prospect of more it was decided that the road was too dangerous to operate longer.

IN 1929 EDDIE CANTOR Acted as broker for Will Rogers and bought some stock for him in the New York exchange. In a week Rogers wired: "What kind of stock was that you bought me? It went down. Get rid of it. We actors got no right to be looking for easy pickings." Cantor just subscribed \$1,000 to the Rogers memorial fund.

WHILE THE EARLY AND heavy snow is not as hard on the birds as a sleet storm would be, it has covered up a lot of their food. Sleet covers everything with a coating of ice, and after such storms as have occurred two or three times in recent years, every bud and every cluster of weed seed is locked away from the birds. Weed seeds and similar food are still available, but the birds which have found their food close to the groups are out of luck. A little food scattered now and then will; keep many birds from starving.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING characters of a century ago was John Chapman, who, for nearly half a century, tramped back and forth from Massachusetts to Missouri, usually barefooted, wearing a tin pan for a hat and a coffee sack for an upper garment, preaching the gospel as he understood it, and scattering apple seeds. It was because of this latter practice that he became known to residents of the vast territory which he traversed as "Johnny Appleseed."

JOHNNY APPLESEED HAS become a legendary character, to many entirely mythical, but he was a very real person. A sketch of his history is given in the current issue of the National Republic. According to a record recently discovered, he was born at Leominster, Massachusetts, September 26 1774, and died near Fort Wayne Indiana, March 11, 1845. In religious faith he was a follower of Swedenborg, and at the age of 18 he began his missionary journeys through the great west, telling of the New Jerusalem to those who would hear, accepting the hospitality of settlers when it was offered, sleeping out of doors if no other shelter were near, and living chiefly on cornmeal mush which he cooked in his stewpan hat. In all his wanderings he carried with him a bag of apple seeds or a bundle of apple seedlings, and his line of travel was dotted with innumerable little nurseries around which he built fences, and which he tended carefully.

THE FOLLOWING Paragraphs are selected from the National Republic's account of this remarkable man:

"There were times when Johnny Appleseed wore only one shoe and carried the other. He did this, some say, to make his shoes last longer. Hiram Porter, who knew Johnny, writing in the Fort Wayne Sentinel, declares Johnny had a marked temper. Whenever he stumbled it would make him so mad that he would pull the shoe off that foot and walk all day with one shoe off to punish himself. William Dawson says Johnny wore one foot covered the other bare, to chastise it for a transgression.

"THOUSANDS OF TODAY'S orchards in the Middlewest are due to Johnny Appleseed's foresight and priceless service. Filling his leather bag with seeds from the cider presses of New York and Pennsylvania, he trudged over the mountains into Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Illinois and Missouri, pushing ahead of the army of land-conquering settlers. Sometimes he paddled down the streams in a hollow log chinked with mud and tree-moss; at other times he rode an old horse; but usually he walked, carrying his burden. It is said that he planted his first nursery on George's Run, Jefferson county, Ohio. Generally, Johnny Appleseed selected loamy ground along banks of streams. With his broad-blade pickaxe he, dug up the saplings and planted his seeds in the soft mold. After enclosing the nursery with a brush fence he went away. A year later he returned, tended the growing seedlings and planted new nurseries.

AS FOR TEMPERANCE Johnny Appleseed was neither a teetotaler nor a seeker after the likker jug. He took a very practical view on temperance. John W. Dawson, who knew Johnny, writing in the Fort Wayne Sentinel of October 23, 1871, says Johnny Appleseed was regarded as a temperate man, and so he was, but occasionally he would take a drain of spirits to keep him a little warm as he said. Still another who knew Johnny said he was a constant consumer of snuff and had beautiful teeth.

"IN HIS INTENSE ZEAL TO do good for others Johnny Appleseed not only brought news right fresh from Heaven but, according to the thoughts of some pioneers brought a plague right straight from the devil's workshop. Believing in the medicinal virtues of pennyroyal, hoarhound, catnip, rattlesnake root, Johnny for years had carried supplies of these seeds to the pioneer housewives. Somehow he got the notion that the pesky dog-fennel was a weed calculated to cure muckland malaria—then rightly called buck-agger. So kind-hearted Johnny collected a great supply of dog-fennel seeds and sowed them along corduroy roads and around settler's cabins. Presently, the country was a victim of the weed's evil-smelling blossoms. On account of its almost unkillable roots Buckeye and Hoosier farmers, for 75 years afterwards, fought the dog-fennel and remembered Johnny Appleseed's good intentions.

"STRANGELY ENOUGH Johnny Appleseed, unarmed, roamed the forests and was never annoyed by the Indians. In fact, in his coffee-sack cloak and mush-pan cap, the Indians regarded him as a great medicine man, a superman. They admired him because he stoically endured pain. Johnny would stick pins into his flesh and never wince. He treated wounds by burning them with a hot iron and then salving the wound as a burn. So Johnny gained the Indians' confidence. They told him their secrets. They taught him how to tie a hammock between treetops and use it as a swing. And then merrily swinging from the tree-tops Johnny Appleseed sang many a song of his own composing; songs which dipped into the wells of literature, history, and philosophy—for Johnny Appleseed was a cultured, highly educated man.

"ONE SNOWY NIGHT HE built a campfire near the end of a hollow log, intending to use the log for sleeping quarters. But he found a bear and her cubs asleep in it. So Johnny quietly crawled out, moved his fire to the other end and slept on the snow. On another occasion he had his camp fire going when he noticed that mosquitoes flew into the flames. Johnny put out the fire and remarked, God forbid that I should build a fire for my comfort, that should be the means of destroying any of His creatures. A third time, Johnny, barefooted as usual, was working with his mowing scythe when a surprised rattlesnake struck at him. In telling of 'the affair Johnny said, poor fellow! He only touched me once, when I in my ungodly passion, put the heel of my scythe on him and went home. Some time after I went there for my scythe, and there lay the poor fellow dead."

FRANK HAWKES, FAMOUS aviator, is making a solo flight of 25,000 miles across the country on behalf of the Will Rogers memorial fund, subscriptions to which will be received during the next few weeks by the Grand Forks Herald, in common with almost all the other daily papers in the country. All the money subscribed will be devoted directly to financing the memorial, no deduction being made for expenses. All costs connected with the launching of the enterprise will be defrayed privately.

HAWKES WAS FOR YEARS an intimate friend of Rogers, and piloted planes on many a long trip with the humorist-philosopher as passenger. Not long ago Hawkes piloted Rogers on a tour of 15,000 miles on which Rogers gave entertainments daily for a relief fund. Crowds greeted Rogers everywhere, and sometimes several shows were given in one day. Hawkes says that at none of these entertainments did Rogers fail to make a substantial personal contribution in cash. On this tour, a tribute to the memory of his friend, Hawkes will visit 25 states in 24 days.

JUST A FEW YEARS AGO Hawkes accompanied the endurance flight which checked in at Grand Forks on a tour of the northwest. His flight, coming from Duluth and starting for Winnipeg, was aptly compared to that of a bullet from a gun. Crowds watched his take-off for Winnipeg, and his swift flight into the northern distance. When his plane had become a mere speck and then disappeared, after about five minutes, one onlooker asked another "Can you see him yet?" "See him!" exclaimed the other, "Hell, no! He's in Winnipeg by this time."

WE ARE ACCUSTOMED TO think of mechanized farming as having originated in the United States and being almost restricted to this country, with its great open spaces and correspondingly large farms. But the fact is that power farming was done in Europe, and especially in Great Britain, about as early as in the United States, if not earlier. Long before the advent of the gasoline engine plowing was done on a considerable scale in England by steam power. In those early attempts the plowing was done, not by means of tractors, but with stationary engines. The engine was stationed at one end of the field, and over its drum went an endless chain which operated through pulleys anchored at each end of the field. A gang plow was attached to the chain and was thus drawn back and forth, the anchors being shifted at the end of each trip.

WHILE IT IS TRUE THAT the average size of British farms is small, there are many of considerable size. On the occasion of the recent international soil congress at Oxford, England, delegates visited many British farms and observed their method of operation. One of these, owned by a Mr. Gibson, of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, is described as a small farm, of 115 acres. Another, at Laurencekirk midway between Aberdeen and Perth—perhaps some of our Scottish friends will know the locality—is owned by John Mackie, consists of 750 acres, and is fully mechanized. That would be a fair-sized farm even in a prairie country.

ON THE GIBSON FARM there is followed a seven-year rotation, the order being turnips, potatoes, oats or barley, and four years of grass. On the Mackie farm the reported yields are, for oats, 80 to 100 bushels per acre, wheat, 45 to 50 bushels, potatoes 335 bushels per acre, sugar beets, 12 tons. The average yield of wheat in the United States is less than 15 bushels per acre.

THE ABOVE MENTIONED farms have been in continuous use for generations, and there is land in Great Britain which has been in continuous use ever since the Roman occupation nearly two thousand years ago and is still producing excellent crops. The explanation, of course, lies in more intensive cultivation, liberal use of fertilizer and rotation which conserves and restores natural plant foods in the soil.

LAST WEEK AN APPLE TREE in a penthouse garden in New York City bloomed for the second time this year. Roses, violets and dandelions were in blossom in several places in New York City and suburbs and across the river in New Jersey a cherry tree put forth blossoms and forsythia and spirea were found blooming freely in several gardens. In River side park, Grand Forks, Mrs. Harry Randal found a live fly and an active mosquito in the house, two spiders spinning webs on the porch, and two robins hopping about merrily in the snow out on the lawn. One may argue from these phenomena that this is to be a mild, open winter, but with roads blocked with snow and temperature away down below zero, it's a little difficult to believe it.

WILL HAYS, DICTATOR OF the movies, has just received word of the delivery at his California ranch two horses which were promised him by Will Rogers; two days before Rogers took off on his fatal trip to Alaska. At that time Rogers drove Hays out to his own ranch to instruct him concerning barns, fences and other ranch lore, and as they parted Rogers insisted that he would send his friend two horses, just the kind that he wanted him to have. Hays did not suppose that amid all the details of getting away his friend could have thought of that promise, but he has learned that it was remembered, and that Mrs. Rogers had been asked to look after the gift, which she has done.

FRIENDS OF WILL ROGERS are invited to send to the Memorial commission, through the Herald, the best joke that they can recall having been made by Rogers. Nobody can be sure of selecting the finest flower from a garden full of perfect blossoms, but I am volunteering my recollection of one of Rogers' jokes which at the time was to me irresistibly funny.

IT WAS WHEN ROGERS made his personal appearance at the Grand Forks auditorium. He had gone through a program of some length, and then, stepping toward the footlights, he nodded in an embarrassed way, and said "That's all." Nobody moved. He shifted to the other foot, hitched himself uncomfortably, and repeated, somewhat louder, "That's all." Still nobody moved, Rogers, seemingly overcome with confusion, said "I said that's all, I wish you'd go home now, if you don't mind."

The people didn't go home. Instead they cheered and applauded, until Rogers sat down cross-legged at the edge of the platform and gave them another fifteen minutes of mirth.

I READ "TOM SAWYER" when I was quite a youngster, shortly after the book was published. I read and re-read it, forward, backward and sideways, until my copy was in tatters. "Huckleberry Finn" wasn't published until nine or ten years later, and it was some time before I got around to it. Of the two books I think the critics unanimously give preference to "Huckleberry Finn," but because I soaked myself full of it when I was young, "Tom Sawyer" has remained my favorite. I wonder how many readers of Mark Twain know that both books were banned from the Brooklyn public library because they were not supposed to be fit reading for youth. I discovered that fact only the other day.

THE BAN WAS NOT absolute, but upon the recommendation of a young woman librarian the books were removed from the children's department. The young lady had urged their total exclusion because of their "courseness, deceitfulness and mischievous practices." The chief librarian, Asa Don Dickinson, protested against the board's action, and wrote to Mark Twain, asking him to write something in defense of his work. Mark wrote the librarian, but in strict confidence, and Mark's characteristic letter has just been made public by Professor Dickinson. It reads as follows:

DEAR SIR:

"I am greatly troubled by what you say. I wrote Tom Sawyer & Huck Finn for adults exclusively, & it always distressed me when I find that boys and girls have been allowed access to them. The mind that becomes soiled in youth can never again be washed clean. I know this by my own experience, & to this day I cherish an unappeased bitterness against the unfaithful guardians of my young life, who not only permitted but compelled me to read an unexpurgated Bible through before I was 15 years old. None can do that and ever draw a clean sweet breath again on this side of the grave. Ask that young lady—she will tell you so.

"Most honestly do I wish I could say a softening word or two in defense of Huck's character, since you wish it, but really in my opinion it is no better than God's (in the Ahab & 97 others), & those of Solomon, & Satan, & the rest of the sacred brotherhood.

"If there is an Unexpurgated in the Children's Department, won't you please help that young woman remove Tom & Huck from that questionable companionship? Sincerely yours, S. L. CLEMENS.
I shall not show your letter to any one—it is safe with me."

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN" WAS also regarded with stern disfavor at Concord, Mass., and concerning the reception of the book there the author wrote:

"When Huck appeared, the public library of Concord flung him out indignantly, partly because he was a liar, and partly because after deep meditation and careful deliberation he decided that if he'd got to betray Jim or go to hell, he would rather go to hell—which was profanity, and those Concord purists couldn't stand it."

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS IS A long time for a man to do business in one community. Max Rabinovich has just completed forty-eight years of continuous business activity in Grand Forks, and he has celebrated the occasion in a fitting manner by opening to the public his jewelry store, remodeled, refurnished and redecorated, a veritable palace for the display of the p r e c i o u s wares in stock. The new exterior is of plate glass and polished Cararra marble, whose black lustre lends dignity to the setting. Black is likewise used in all the interior backgrounds, greatly enhancing the beauty of pieces displayed.

THE RABINOVICH STORE has been operated under considerable difficulty during the weeks of remodeling, and it is naturally a source of gratification to its proprietor that he is now able to meet his friends in quarters as nearly perfect as artistry can make them. No less gratifying are the evidences of friendship and respect which the occasion has brought forth. Gifts of flowers and messages of congratulation were showered upon Mr. Rabinovich by local friends, and by business firms whose valued customer Mr. Rabinovich has been for many years. All this must be exceedingly pleasing to the man who can look back on so many years of activity in which there has been a full share of struggle and hardship, and in which a gratifying measure of success has been achieved. Personal congratulations and good wishes are hereby added to the host that have already been received.

WHILE MORE OF THE Early residents of North Dakota came from the middle west than from the far east, New England contributed its quota, and not a few of our families sprang from stock which inhabited the New England states away back in colonial times. A newspaper from that section has all the qualities of the old home paper. A copy of the Middletown, Connecticut, Press, just received, celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that paper, and contains material gleaned from the history of that locality during nearly 300 years.

AS IN ALL NEW ENGLAND, the church in Connecticut is of almost equal antiquity with the settlement of the country. It is quite appropriate, therefore, that in a summary of the history of the locality first place should be given to the church. The first church to be established in Middletown was the First Church of Christ, which was organized just 267 years ago and has been in continuous operation ever since. In all that time the church has been served by but twelve pastors. One minister, Dr. Azel Washburn Hazen, served for 47 years. William Russell served for 46 years. Long tenure of office was not confined to the church. Jabez Hamlin, first mayor of Middletown, held that office for 60 years, and served as deacon of the church for 30 years.

WOODROW WILSON, WHILE faculty member and football coach at Wesleyan, was a member of First Church, and his daughter, who afterward became Mrs. William G. McAdoo, was baptized there. There is a tradition that the first building occupied by the church society was a log structure, which seems probable, but no one knows where that building stood. One edifice was used for 73 years. Other church societies in Middletown are almost equally venerable.

MANY NEWSPAPERS HAVE been established for campaign purposes, but seldom has that fact been announced. The Middletown Press was established as a campaign paper, and said so frankly. While the fiftieth anniversary is being celebrated this year, the Press was established in 1884, as an independent Democratic paper supporting Cleveland for president, and the announcement was made in the first issue that the paper would be published "during the campaign." It has lasted for fifty years, and is still going strong.

MIDDLETOWN WAS Organized as a city in 1784, and the first ordinance passed by the new city council contained a provision "restraining swine and geese from going at large in the city." Those people were determined to have the streets kept free for traffic, or know the reason why.

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER A car left Grand Forks for Winnipeg with four persons on board, the owner and a friend who intended to drive east through Canada to the Atlantic returning through the United States, and a local couple who accompanied them as far as Winnipeg, to return by train the following day. Everything went as planned. The tourists bade their friends goodbye as the latter boarded the train for Grand Forks, and then the long trip east was started.

AT A CANADIAN Immigration office in New Brunswick, when the tourists presented themselves to clear for their return to American territory, they presented the certificate which they had received on their entry at Emerson. The immigration agent looked the certificate over and asked "Where are the other two?" He was assured that there were only two in the party. "But this certificate," he said, "is for the entry of a car with four passengers. What became of the others?" It was explained that the other two had returned directly from Winnipeg. But there was no record of that fact. For a time it seemed that the tourists might be required to remain in Canada until they produced the passengers who had disappeared so mysteriously. However, after many searching questions had been asked and the names and street address of the missing passengers had been recorded, and documents certifying to the facts had been signed with all solemnity, the tourists were permitted to proceed. But it appears that if you take a passenger into Canada and for any reason return without him, you should obtain a receipt for him from some authority.

ONE PROVISION IN THE new trade treaty with Canada which is in line with common sense is that in which the Canadian government agrees to promote legislation permitting Canadians visiting in the United States to take home free of duty purchases amounting to \$100 if made for personal use. Americans visiting Canada have enjoyed that privilege for years, but there has been no corresponding legislation in Canada. The provision ought to be reciprocal. It is a courtesy which ought to work both ways. Some commodities can be bought to better advantage on one side of the border than on the other, but aside from that factor, people visiting at a distance, especially in a neighboring country, often like to make small purchases as souvenirs of the trip. As Premier King has a big parliamentary majority in his vest pocket he should have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary legislation on this point.

AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF "The Star Spangled Banner," penned by the famous author, Francis Scott Key, was sold at auction in York the other day for \$5,-300. The original copy of the song, which was written during the bombardment of Fort Henry, is not known to be in existence, but the copy from which the first printing was made is in a collection in Baltimore. Five other copies of the song, written by the author, are known to exist, and the one just sold is one of these.

BARONESS ORCZY, WHO wrote "The Scarlet Pimpernel," entertained a group in London the other day with a story of her experiences. The name which she has attached to her literary work is that of her Hungarian family, although for some years she has been Mrs. Montagu Barstow, wife of an English clergyman. In early life she wrote short stories with scenes laid in London, and her publishers asked her to write a series of stories with scenes laid in various places in Great Britain. Pursuant to this request she wrote a story which had as one of its main incidents a coroner's inquest in Glasgow. Within a few days she received more than 500 letters, and her publishers received about an equal number, saying that there was no such thing as a coroner's inquest in Scotland.

IT TOOK HER A LONG TIME to market "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Publisher after publisher returned the manuscript with a polite note of regret. At length one publisher said that in the case of an unknown writer he always sent the manuscript to his mother, who lived in a village in Cornwall, because her taste represented the public taste. Apparently the lady liked "The Scarlet Pimpernel," because the publishers took the book.

WHAT AN AMAZING THING is memory! An incident, perhaps trivial, an orator's sentence, a bit of verse, makes its impression on t h e consciousness. Other impressions a r e made, thousands of them, one after another, and for months or years there may have been no occasion to recall the earlier one. T h e n, without warning, a demand is made for it, and from all the billions of impressions that have been made meanwhile, that particular one is selected instantly and accurately. Why is it that one impression can be recalled so clearly, while another can be recaptured only after a lot of coaxing and prodding? Why is it that an old poem can be recalled only in disconnected fragments, but as each fragment suggests another, the whole poem is recreated and every line of it is remembered distinctly?

NOT LONG AGO I RECEIVED an inquiry concerning the alliterative lines beginning: "An Austrian army, awfully arrayed." I mentioned that I had published the entire production some years ago, and that at some convenient time I would repeat it for the benefit of those who might be interested. I have dug up the lines, and here they are again:

A n Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
B oldly, by battery, besieged Belgrade ;
C ossack commanders, cannonading, come,
D ealing destruction's devastating doom;
E very endeavor engineers essay
F or fame, for fortune, forming furious fray;
G aunt gunners grapple, giving gashes good;
H eaves high his head heroic hardihood.
I brahim, Islam, Ishmael, imps in ill,
J ostle John Jarlovitz, Jem, Joe, Jack, Jill;
K ick kindling Knutsoff, kings' kinsmen kill;
L abor low levels loftiest, longest lines;
M en march, 'mid moles, 'mid mounds, 'mid murderous mines.
N ow nightfall's near, now needful nature nods,
O pposed, opposing, overcoming odds.
P oor peasants, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Q uite quaking, "Quarter, quarter!" quickly quest.
R eason returns, recalls redundant rage,
S aves sinking soldiers, softens signers sage.
T ruce, Turkey, truce!! truce treach'rous train!
U nwise, u n j u s t , unmerciful Ukraine.
V anish, vile vengeance! vanish, victory vain!
W isdom wails war, wails warring words. What were
X erxes, Xantippe, X i m e n e s, Xavier?
Y et Yasse's you thy e yield your youthful yest;
Z ealously, z a n i e s , zealously, zeal's zest.

THAT, SO FAR AS I KNOW, IS the best example of alliteration in the language, I have seen its qualities enumerated as: Perfect alliteration, all the words in each line having the same initial letter; good versification, meter and rhythm throughout being good, if not perfect; correct grammatical construction; and a fairly accurate record of an actual incident. The copy from which I published the text more than five years ago was obtained from Miss Charlotte Ever-son, and it had been clipped from an old magazine. The lines were credited there to H. Southgate's "Many Thoughts on Many Things," but the author's name was not given.

IN CONNECTION WITH THIS jingle there is an amusing incident in which John Masefield, British poet laureate, figures. A friend in Delhi, India, wrote Masefield asking if he could supply the "poem." Masefield thought he knew it, but found that he could recall it only down to the H's. He published an appeal for a complete copy in the London Times. He was swamped with replies and wrote, thanking everybody, asking that they desist, and concluding with this couplet of his own: "Ah, Authors answer; all aid. Arrest!

Britannia's bard's brow's being bruised, but blest."

I suggest that Masefield's couplet isn't as good as the work of the unknown bard.

I HAVE JUST BEEN Looking through a new book on the American constitution. Just now a great deal of attention is being devoted to the constitution. There are those who think, it should be modified in some particulars. Others think it should stand forever unchanged in the slightest particular. Still others seem to think that the whole thing should be scrapped and thrown onto the junk pile. A great many foolish things are being said and done with reference to it. And with all of this, the constitution remains to many a strange and mysterious document, of superhuman origin, with magical qualities for good or evil.

"CONSTITUTIONALISM" IS A work by James Mussatti, former instructor in history at the University of Southern California, and published by the Richard Black Publishing company, of Los Angeles, which supplies a very real present need. Innumerable works on the American constitution have been written, and it might be supposed that the subject has already been thoroughly covered from every conceivable standpoint. Some of those works are scholarly and informative, and for the student they are invaluable. But the scholarly book intended for students, dealing, as it must, with a vast volume of detail, much of which is technical, is not read by the general public. There are works of a different type, intended for popular consumption, which are written for the purpose of supporting theories, or which are completely lacking in the background of the constitution, which must be understood if the constitution itself is to be understood. In this little work Professor Mussatti presents a history and analysis of the constitution in language which the man on the street can understand, and in form which sets forth its essential principles clearly and distinctly.

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF the work is devoted to the English background of the constitution. The reader is taken back to the days of King John and is told briefly of the struggle between that monarch and his nobles, out of which came the Great Charter under which the basis of human beings were given formal recognition and the limitations of law were placed on the powers of the king.

THE SIGNING OF MAGNA Charta did not end the struggle for liberty in England. Kings still sought to place themselves above the law, and the people continued to resist attempted encroachment on their liberties. In another historic moment Charles Stuart was compelled to sign the Petition of Right, and when he still remained obdurate, he died under the headsman's ax Forty years later, after banishing another Stuart, the people secured the Bill of Rights, another step in the establishment of liberty.

THE FRAMERS OF THE Constitution were familiar with this history, and with its treatment by eminent writers of the period. They were familiar, too, with the history of popular government in the colonies, to which another chapter is devoted, and which formed an important part in the background of the constitution.

THERE ARE CHAPTERS ON the development of the idea of union, the drafting of the first state constitutions, the imperfect union under the Articles of Confederation, and an admirable account of the constitutional convention. In this latter we are told of the perplexing problems which the convention had to face, of the conflict of opinion which developed over various provisions, and of the compromises which were made to bring about final agreement.

THESE CHAPTERS ARE Followed by an excellent summary of the principles presented in the constitution itself, of the Bill of Rights and subsequent amendments and an appendix in which are enumerated the rights guaranteed to each individual by the constitution, a list of all chief justices and associate justices of the supreme court, and a list of all the decisions of the supreme court declaring acts of congress or parts thereof unconstitutional. Of these there have been 64, mostly relating to questions of form, many of them unanimous. In view of the reference often made to 5 to 4 decisions of the supreme court it is interesting to note that in the entire history of the nation there have been only ten decisions invalidating acts of congress which were rendered by votes of 5 to 4.

REV. DR. J. G. MOORE WAS one of the audience that enjoyed the entertainment given at the auditorium several years ago by Will Rogers and among the witticisms of the entertainer this stands out in his memory: Traffic congestion was becoming a perplexing problem and the task of finding parking space for cars on city streets was one of increasing difficulty. Rogers said he had a simple and perfect solution. "Just keep off the streets and highways all cars that aren't paid for," he said, "and you will have no more trouble with congestion."

ADMIRAL JELlicoe IS DEAD. To most of us the announcement means merely the passing of another of the World war commanders, whose achievements, by this time, are but dimly remembered. But the admiral's death recalls to me an interesting evening nearly eleven years ago. The battleship California, flagship of the Battle Fleet, with the rest of the fleet in formation, was steaming up the Atlantic, swinging almost imperceptibly in the quiet ocean swell. Admiral Robison, in command of the Battle Fleet, was entertaining informally about a dozen of the ship's officers, and the eight civilian guests, in his mess room. The battle of Jutland, in which Admiral Jellicoe, had been in charge of the British fleet, was under discussion.

JELlicoe, IN COMMAND OF the British Grand Fleet, with Beatty in command of the cruiser squadron, had been sent to intercept the German fleet, which was known to have been ordered into the open. In the encounter which ensued there was heavy firing, and severe casualties were suffered on both sides, the British losses being the greater. The German fleet was not destroyed, but neither did it make good its purpose to win command of the sea. It made good its escape into its home waters, and there it remained bottled up during the remaining months of the war. Did Jellicoe accomplish what he might have accomplished, and was he to be praised or blamed? Those were questions over which naval men disputed, and over which, probably, they will continue to dispute for some time.

THE PROBLEM OF THE Battle of Jutland was discussed in all its aspects on that evening in Admiral Robison's quarters. Charts showing all the fleet movements and the relative position of ships at various stages of the battle covered the long mess table, and every movement was discussed by officers who had grown gray in the service and by young lieutenants who were full of fire and enthusiasm.

WHILE MOST OF THE Discussion was so much Greek to the civilians present, it was agreed there, as I think it has been agreed everywhere, that if Jellicoe had done certain things which he did not do, he could have cut off of the German shipping, and won the German retreat, destroyed most a decisive victory instead of participating in a drawn battle.

THE GENERAL TENDENCY, especially among the younger officers, was to criticize Jellicoe for lack of resourcefulness and initiative. Admiral Robison listened attentively, offering occasional remarks which served to bring out more discussion, but expressing no opinion. When the discussion seemed to have run its course he said something like this:

IT IS ONE THING FOR US TO sit here with these charts before us, after it is all over, and with the full knowledge of all the circumstances before us, and in the light of that knowledge say what should have been done. It is quite different matter for a commander, with the knowledge then available to Jellicoe, and with the responsibility that rested on him, to determine a course of action. If Jellicoe had known then what we know now he could have won a decisive victory. But he was under orders not to risk the destruction of his fleet, for that would have been fatal to the Allied cause. To win that battle he must have made moves which now appear perfectly safe, but which to him at that time would have seemed tremendously hazardous, and he preferred a drawn battle to the chances of a catastrophe. I am inclined to think he was right."

THAT, IN SUBSTANCE, WAS the comment of a man who had spent his life in the naval service, who was at that time but one step removed from supreme command, which he attained a year later, and who recognized the responsibility which rested on him as the servant of his country and director of its armed forces at sea. His influence was used to sober the judgment and curb the impatience of youth, and his generous estimate mander, in another service, was of the behavior of another com-in keeping with the honorable traditions which we like to associate without naval service.

MOST OF US ARE INCLINED to take for granted the land on which we live. During our own experience the land, with its hills streams, plains and valleys, has, remained about as it was when we first knew it and even though perceptible changes may have occurred in particular cases we are apt to regard these as exceptional, and having little relationship to the earth itself which, in the main, seems permanent and immovable.

WHEN THE GEOLOGIST Examines the earth, he adjusts his conceptions of time, and to him the period covered by a human life becomes but an instant in the great scheme of creation, and millions of years become his units of time. Then the earth becomes to him a vast mass of plastic material, influenced by innumerable forces which change its form, being built, torn down and rebuilt; and leaving in its own structure the record of changes which have taken place within and upon it.

IN "MONTANA, THE Geological Story," Daniel E. Willard, has completed the third in a series of fascinating studies of the structure of the earth, a series which began with "The Story of the Prairies," which dealt with the building of the great plains of North Dakota, and which was continued in "The Story of the North Star State,"¹ which dealt in a similar way with the "geological history of Minnesota.

IN THIS LATER WORK MR. Willard has depicted nature at work on a magnificent scale, rearing the mountain ranges which traverse Montana, and which, in spite of their apparent immovability, have given evidence in the recent earthquake in the Helena area, that the process of construction is still in progress.

IN THIS, AS IN ALL OF HIS works, Mr. Willard has approached the subject from the standpoint of one who has a real interest in it, who understands that the story of the rocks and mountains and streams is closely related to the life of human beings now on the planet and he has presented the results of his studies in a manner which appeals to the non-scientific reader as well as to the scientific student who is in search of specific facts on which to build his own conclusions.

"MONTANA, THE Geological Story," is an appropriate companion for the other two books in this fine group. Together they make an admirable story of the physical building of a vast area of the great central west. The recent work, published by the author, is priced, like the others, at \$2.50, and the three may be obtained for \$6.00 from Mr. Willard, Railway Building, St. Paul.

WITH THE APPROACH OF the Christmas season attention is directed toward Christmas cards. While the sending of cards on special occasions is a very ancient custom, the Christmas card custom in anything like its present form, is relatively new. So far as is now known it was inaugurated 89 years ago by Sir Henry Cole, an English baronet, who commissioned J. C. Horsley, a well known artist of that day, to design for him a Christmas card, of which copies were made and sent to his friends. The idea took hold. It was encouraged by Prince Albert, and presently Christmas cards were being sent generally, not only in Great Britain, but on the continent. In America the custom dates from 1875, when Louis Prang, a German lithographer who had migrated to the United States after the revolution of 1848, and had conducted his business at Roxbury, Mass., began the manufacture of cards for American trade.

WHILE COLE DESERVES full credit for the initiation of a beautiful custom, the Christmas card like everything else has its 'ancestors.' Early in the nineteenth century, Valentine and Birthday greeting cards were in common use in England. Saint's day cards had been in use in Germany as early as the fifteenth century. These were cards that one sent not on a person's birthday, but on the day of the Saint for whom they were named. Of course in many cases the Saint's day and the birthday must have been the same, and so we can see the birthday cards evolved quite naturally out of the Saint's day card. How the Saint's day card originated can also be surmised. In Pagan days in Rome, at the Lupercalia in honor of Pan and Juno, young men and young women drew the names of their lovers for the ensuing year from an urn. This feast was held on the 14th of February, which later in Christian times, became St. Valentine's day.

ONE OF THE MOST Argumentative men whom I ever knew was a fine old German storekeeper whose store for years was the rendezvous of villagers and farmers and the forum where the problems of the universe were discussed with interest and profound gravity. Always my German friend was the center of such discussions and the leader in them. If customers came, as they did occasionally and there was no one else at hand to wait on them, he would serve them as quickly as he could, then hasten to pick up the thread of the argument. On a blustery winter day he was in his element. Men from the neighborhood would gather around the big stove at the rear of the store, and in such weather they would be there for all day, with just a little time out for meals. There were few interruptions from customers, and those were quickly disposed of. In an atmosphere blue with tobacco smoke the group would discuss philosophy, religion, politics and science, on all of which subjects my friend had original, positive and unshakable opinions which he defied any man to controvert.

I OFTEN ADMIRED AND Envied the readiness and finality with which the old gentleman could and did dispose of the arguments of his adversaries. In an attempt to demolish my friend's hypothesis an opponent might cite the statements of eminent specialists. He might produce tables of statistics. He might give an arithmetical demonstration or draw upon torical records from Caesar down to the current moment. In all of this my friend remained as calm and as fixed as the rock of Gibraltar. And when the attempted refutation was over, he brushed it all aside with a wave of his hand and the simple declaration: "I don't believe it."

I NEVER KNEW A DEBATER who could stand up long against that utter and unqualified disbelief. One shot of it would stagger him, but he might recover temporarily. Two would make him groggy. Three or four would reduce him to helpless pulp.

BUT FORMULA OF MY German friend has brought me great comfort. I encounter many things which I know are not so, but which I am not able to argue out of existence. Often they are given plausible appearance, and things which I know must be unsubstantial are given the similitude of weight and substance. There is where I find the perfect place of my friend's devastating formula. Does someone maintain that the moon is made of green cheese, that one may lift himself by his boot-straps, that one can make himself rich by squandering his money, that one can burn a candle at both ends very long without coming to the middle? He may have demonstrations through which I am not able to see. It doesn't matter. I just think of my German friend, wave my hand, and say "I don't believe it."

SOME DAYS AGO I Referred to John Aasen, the young North Dakota giant whose illness caused him to lose 160 pounds within a few weeks, as probably of Dutch origin. That brought from my friend Peter Haugen, of Reynolds, the following rebuke:

"Fancy a man having lived among the Norwegians of the northwest as long as you have, and then classifying John Aasen, by his name, as being a Dutchman! It is to laugh."

I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO have known better, but I didn't. I suppose the fact that several circus giants have come from Holland caused me to overlook the fact that while the double occurs quite often in Holland it is also common on the Norwegian language. I have learned definitely that Aasen is of Norwegian origin. I believe he was born in North Dakota.

EGGERT ERLENDSON of Grafton sends in a clipping containing the following paragraph concerning Will Rogers, in which the writer, Reg. Manning, of the Phoenix, Arizona, Republic, has caught something of the spirit and manner of the famed humorist:

As He'd Have Said It. 'Say, don't you feel bad—I always knew I'd have to make this Trip sometime, and there's no pilot I'd rather make it with than Old Wiley. Who do you think I run into up here—Knut Rockne—remember that old rascal—and Flo—(Flo Zeigfeld)golly! Was glad to see him again—and my mighty good friend, Nick Longworth, and, oh yes, Cal, I mustn't forget Cal—there's so many of my old cronies that I can't name 'em all here. Well, we certainly had a fine visit. I'm going to have my hands full renewing old acquaintances,

"I'm going to kinder miss congress—I always got a big kick out of kiddin' 'em—but they're a pretty fine bunch of fellers when you get to know 'em.

I gotta get back to my blatherin'
—and when you make this Trip I'll
be seeing you. "Yours

"WILL ROGERS."

ONE OF THE VOLUMES which will grace the international book-shelf of the Buenos Aires, Argentina, Rotary club, is "Soldiers of the Plains," by P. E. Byrne, of Bismarck. The book was selected recently by a committee of the Bismarck Rotary club as that club's contribution to the collection which is being made by the South American club. It is believed that the work will be of special interest in the southern republic because in its treatment of its Indian population Argentina faces some of the problems with which the United States has had to deal, and it is of Indian life and character, and of the treatment of Indians by white men in the United States that Mr. Byrne's book treats.

"SOLDIERS OF THE PLAINS" was published several years ago, and about the time of its publication it was reviewed in this column. In it Mr. Byrne treats of the Indian as a human being rather than a wild animal, and his long struggle to maintain himself against the encroachment of strangers upon his domain is treated sympathetically by the author.

CONSIDERABLE SPACE IS devoted to the battle of the Little Big Horn and the events leading up to it. Unsprangly the trappings of romance which have been thrown around the events of that period are stripped away and innumerable facts are cited to show that the Indians who destroyed Custer and his command on that fateful day nearly 60 years ago were making a last stand in defense of their homes and their rights after having been despoiled, tricked and defrauded with sordid callousness until they had learned to expect nothing but evil at the hands of the white man.

CUSTER, AS SHOWN BY THE record which Mr. Byrne cites, was engaged in no romantic adventure when he met his death, but under the orders of his government he was on a mission of extermination, and his own foolishness, and, presumably, his passion for applause, led him to disregard orders and commit inexcusable military blunders which resulted in the destruction of his entire command. In contrast, high praise is given to several of the Indian leaders who exhibited both courage and skill and achieved apparent impossibilities, although at length overwhelmed by superior numbers and unlimited resources.

MR. BYRNE WAS BORN IN Ireland and came to the United States as a lad of 10 or 12 years of age. As a young man he lived for some time in Grand Forks, and some of his friends here think that it was in Grand Forks that he became a naturalized American citizen. He has been a fine citizen and is thoroughly familiar with the lore of the northwest, where he has lived so many years. While "Soldiers of the Plains" is his only published book, he has written many articles dealing with frontier life and Indian character.

THAT THE INTERNATIONAL Peace Garden in the Turtle mountains is more than a mere local enterprise is indicated by the fact that the New York Times recently devoted two columns to an article descriptive of its origin, its purpose and its possibilities by Donald Creighton, president of the Peace Garden organization, together with a landscape plan. Such recognition of the garden plan by a paper such as the New York Times is encouraging to those who have labored hard for the development of this symbol of peace and friendship.

NO EFFORT HAS BEEN made to crowd the development of the garden or to over-play publicity with reference to it. Yet substantial progress has already been made, and the work is going on. A permanent CCC camp has been established at the garden, and the campers are now engaged in brushing, road construction and such other work as can be done in winter.

AN ENTIRE COMMUNITY does not often adopt children, and the village of Ardoch has not done exactly that, but at two gatherings held recently at Ardoch local residents indicated their approval of and friendly interest in the adoption of two children, a boy and a girl, by Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Hart, for many years residents of the community. On each occasion a purse was presented to Mrs. Hart as evidence of neighborly interest and of a desire to participate in some measure in an act altogether praiseworthy.

THANKSGIVING DAY serves as a convenient peg on which to hang recollections. The season calls for some special observance, and an event which occurred on that day in some earlier year is therefore likely to be fixed rather sharply in one's memory. Outstanding among such events in the memory of those who have long been residents of this locality is the great storm of Thanksgiving day, 1896, which prevented the arrival of many persons for expected family gatherings and prolonged the stay of many who had arrived. In that storm snow was piled into drifts of unbelievable height; low buildings on the prairie were buried out of sight; and thousands of young trees in farm groves were broken and destroyed by the weight of the settling snow later in the season.

MORE GENERAL. AND MORE pleasing are the recollections of family gatherings, year after year, where abundance of roast turkey and pumpkin pie symbolized the expansive good cheer that pervaded the occasion. And there is a spirit of thankfulness which, though it may express itself in curious ways, is nevertheless very real. A Grand Forks lady who wishes to be known only as Viola, has expressed something of that spirit in the following lines:

THANKSGIVING.

We thank thee, God,—but in our littleness
Our gratitude is not commensurate
With all thy mighty powers that blend and bless
A world submerged in ego, sin, and hate;
And day by day we see the glorious sun
Soar upwards — onwards — giving heat and light,
Forgetfully receiving one by one
The zest of day and glories of the night.
For "Life" and "Love," for food and fertile land,
For cooling waters, sweet refreshing sleep,
For mysteries man may not understand,
Thy firmament, thy restless raging deep,
For miracles of Nature's vast domain
And sight to see her beauties all around,
For power to hear the songbirds sweet refrain,
To feast our souls on greatness so profound,
For boundless mercy, health and happiness;
We humbly bow—Oh, turn us not away.
Forgive, oh God, our wanton sin-fulness
As we unite in thankfulness to day. "VIOLA."

THE PUBLICATION OF A new book by Mark Twain at this time, when the author had been dead for years, is an event which is bound to attract some attention. Such a book is "Slovenly Peter," a translation from the German of "Struwelpeter" which is now published for the first time. The original work was written, and illustrated with his own drawings, in 1844 by Dr. Heinrich Hofmann, of Berlin.

DR. HOFMANN SOUGHT A book for his 3-year-old son, and found none that suited him. Therefore he wrote one of his own. The book became popular, and several editions in English were published. During residence with his family in Berlin, when funds were low and the outlook not especially bright, Mark Twain made his own translation in his own whimsical way, and on Christmas morning his children found the manuscript, wrapped up by their father, and decorated with a red ribbon, under the Christmas tree. Seated by the tree Mark then read the verses to the children, who were convulsed with laughter. The book, now released for publication, has been given a preface by the author's daughter, Clara Clemens.

ONE OF THE FEATURE Articles in "Real America," a Chicago magazine is entitled "Birth Pangs of a Third Party," by Glenn R. Parson. Glenn Parson was for several years a member of the Herald staff. Later he operated the radio station at Minot, and he is now on the copy desk of the Chicago Daily Times. In the magazine article he draws on years of contact with North Dakota politics and public men.

IN HIS ESTIMATE OF THE so-called progressive movement in North Dakota Parson writes that "it was conceived in graft, born of chicanery, nurtured by demagogues for their own advancement, but it has moved forward steadily until it is now a lusty, brawling youth of 20 years." The prediction is made that in spite of the handicaps which it has had to overcome, the movement will ultimately succeed "with a leadership that can act as well as talk." Thumbnail sketches—not always flattering—are given of several well-known North Dakota politicians, and the reader is told that "For political acumen, sincerity of purpose and true liberalism Senator Nye stands head and shoulders above all other North Dakota politicians, but he is operating under a severe handicap."

GRAND FORKS WAS Shocked on Wednesday to learn of the death, without warning, so far as the general public was concerned, of Dr. H. G. Woutat, for many years one of the leading physicians of the city. Coming to Grand Forks a young man, Dr. Woutat exhibited qualities which won for him both high professional standing and warm personal friendship. A diligent student, he kept in close touch with the progress of his profession and was a distinct asset to that profession in his city and state. Broad-minded and public-spirited, he was an active participant in 'worth-while community movements. His intimates knew him as a man of quiet tastes, of genial humor, and as a lover of the works of nature as seen in the magic of growing things. His leisure hours were spent most happily among his flowers, and in a quiet way he did much to enhance the beauty of the city. He will be remembered for his fine qualities and useful work, and he will be sadly missed.

THE GRAND FORKS ROTARY club has made an interesting contribution to the international bookshelf of the Buenos Aires club in presenting a copy of Dr. James Grassick's "History of Medicine in North Dakota." That book, published some time ago, gives a faithful account of the progress of medical knowledge and practice in North Dakota from pioneer days down to the present period. In those few years remarkable changes were made, and no man is better qualified than Dr. Grassick to deal with the subject, for in his own experience he participated in that development, and he is familiar with all that entered into it.

SOUTHERN READERS WHO have an opportunity to peruse that work will learn under what difficult conditions the art of healing was practiced on the northern plains in the early days of settlement. They will have presented to them graphic pictures of the faithful ministrations of the, pioneer physicians, often at the risk of their own lives, in flood and tempest and bitter cold, of the crude improvisations with whose assistance difficult and critical surgical operations were performed, of the struggle which those early practitioners made to bring to their work the best that science had to offer, and of the splendid success with which that work was achieved. They will learn of the determined attack made in this state on the great white plague, a battle in which Dr. Grassick himself has been a forceful and enthusiastic leader. And they will be charged by the modesty, imagination and humor with which these facts are presented, qualities which make what might otherwise have been a dry scientific treatise as thrilling as a novel. Such a book merits a place in any library.

THE NORTH DAKOTA PRESS association is to be congratulated on the success of its president, M. H. Graham, of Devils Lake, in obtaining the consent of Colonel Frank Knox, publisher of the Chicago Daily News, to be guest speaker at the association's annual meeting in Grand Forks, January 10 and 11. The time originally set for the meeting was January 17 and 18, but in order to fit in with Colonel Knox's arrangements the date has been moved forward for one week.

THE ATTENDANCE OF Colonel Knox at this meeting will be of special interest to the newspaper people of the state because of the speaker's long and successful newspaper career. For years the Chicago Daily News has been recognized as one of the outstanding newspapers of the country, conspicuous for the comprehensiveness of its news service, for the sound discrimination shown in the selection of its material, and for the independence and clarity of thought shown in its editorial treatment of public questions. The traditions of the newspaper, so long established, have been followed and strengthened under the management of Colonel Knox.

IN ADDITION TO HIS Leadership in the newspaper field, Colonel Knox is recognized as a potential Republican candidate for president next year. His clear thinking, his independence and his public spirit have attracted to him the attention of many leaders of public opinion, and on this account his visit to Grand Forks will be of unusual interest to the general public. His address will be the outstanding feature of the meeting of the state Press association.

REPORTS THAT RAMSAY MacDonald may be elected to the British parliament by a constituency in which there is a vacancy is a reminder of one interesting difference between British and American electoral methods. In Great Britain constituency may be represented in parliament by a member who does not live in it, and who need never have set foot in it. Not only is this permissible but it is a practice which is quite common. Gladstone, for instance, an Englishman born and bred, and who never lived anywhere but in England, was for many years member of parliament for a district in Scotland.

RAMSAY MacDonald WAS defeated in his own district in the late British election. A vacancy having occurred in another district which is considered favorable to him, he may become a candidate if or that seat, be elected, and continue to serve. As against the familiar arguments in favor of representation by residents only, advocates of non-resident representation point to the fact that under the latter system a man of outstanding qualities is not debarred from public service by the fact that the people of his own district happen to belong to a different political party.

A FACT TO WHICH Attention is seldom given is that under the American constitution a member of the federal house of representatives need not be a resident of the district which elects him. The only constitutional requirement is set forth in this paragraph:

"No person shall be a representative who shall not have attained the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that state in which he shall be chosen."

Thus the people of one congressional district may, if they choose, elect a resident of another district as their representative, so far as the federal constitution is concerned.

ANOTHER ELECTION Practice which is unfamiliar in this country, but which once was general both in Great Britain and in the dominions, is that of the use of a property qualification. Accompanying that, and growing out of it, was the practice of dual or multiple voting. Where that system prevailed, the voter might vote in every district in which he owned property, provided he could visit them all on election day.

MANY OTHER CANADIANS, now living in North Dakota, can recall the practice in their former home cities years ago. In a city election the voter might vote for alderman in each ward in which he owned property, but as the mayor was elected at large he could vote only once for mayor. At each polling place he was given the ballot for alderman in that ward, and was asked "Have you voted for mayor?" If he said that he had not he was given a ballot for mayor and a record was made of the fact that he had voted for mayor at that place. If he chose to lie about it he could vote for mayor in each ward. But if he did the fact was pretty certain to be discovered, and the consequences for him would be exceedingly unpleasant. In my own town I never knew of anyone taking that chance.

EXPERIMENTS WERE MADE not long since with the front-wheel drive and the four-wheel drive for passenger cars, but neither idea became popular. There has also been discussion of the rear-engine plan, but little has been done about it. But what a man as eminent as William B. Stout, noted airplane designer, writes favorably of the rear-engine drive in the Scientific American, it seems likely that we shall hear more of it. In support of the plan of putting the engine at the rear rather than at the front of the car Mr. Stout maintains that the change will give better vision from all angles, will make the car lighter and more efficient yet safer, the ride will be easier and the body more roomy without sacrificing maneuverability. That may all be true, but when one is headed for post, or another car, all that stuff at the front end does seem to give a certain measure of protection.