

I DO NOT FIND IT POSSIBLE to read all the economic relief plans with which I am brought in contact by mail or otherwise. There are thousands of them. I do glance over many of them, however, and quite often I find something interesting. The latest plan to be received provides for the sale of three million dollars' worth of stock, upon which annual dividends of four million dollars are to be paid for twenty years. The stock, I gather, is to be sold to the general public to provide the funds necessary for the working out of the beneficent purpose of the plan. I read that far, but did not find it necessary to read further. I am now thinking up some cute things to say to the fellow who comes around to sell me some of that stock. Won't he feel small when I get through with him! That is, if I don't forget what I was going to say.

I AM NOT QUITE SURE JUST what the authorities call a killing frost. There are some things that will be killed by even a trace of frost, while no amount of freezing will freeze some others. I suppose, however, that what is considered a killing frost is one severe enough, not merely to color foliage and perhaps shrivel its edges, but to stop the growth of all but extra hardy vegetation.

THIS IS INTENDED FOR publication on October 1, and unless there is something different in the meantime we shall have entered October without a real killing frost, so far as this particular section is concerned. Some of the tender annuals, growing in exposed places, are gone.

HARKING BACK TO THE OLD days, I planted some balsams last spring. The balsam is so old-fashioned that it has been pretty well forgotten, but it is a fine old flower, just the same. It is a vigorous grower, and this year its long stalks were literally packed with immense blossoms, rose-like in form, and some of them in color. It comes in pink, rose, purple, white and attractively variegated, and when in full bloom it is about as showy a plant as we have.

THE BALSAMS ARE Finished. Even a light frost affects them, as their stems and leaves contain much water. But they have served their purpose and owe me nothing. Tomato plants are notoriously tender, but aside from a little darkening of the edges of a few of the leaves, mine are as fresh and green as they were a month ago. The few green tomatoes that remain are sound and hard and show not the slightest trace of frost.

FOR OUR CLIMATE THE Zinnia is a most satisfactory annual. Given a fair chance it attains enormous size, and while quite brittle, if grown in masses or on the shelter of buildings or shrubbery, it suffers little from wind. And the zinnias are blooming away as if it were July.

THE SNAPDRAGON IS another satisfactory flower. It will bloom through quite heavy frost, and I have known individual plants to live through winter where there was an early and heavy covering of snow. This is unusual in this climate, and I don't think it would pay to try to keep plants over for blooming the next year.

THIS HAS NOT BEEN A GOOD year for dahlias, but I have heard of some plants that are blooming splendidly since the rains have freshened things up. One of the problems of the city gardener is that of keeping dahlia tubers over winter. The heated basement is almost certain to be too dry and too warm. If the tubers are packed in dry sand and not given a little moisture that will shrivel and become worthless. If they are kept moist they are likely to grow.

THE MODERN BASEMENT IS a vast improvement over the old cellar for purposes of comfort and convenience. It has become a regular part of the house. But for keeping flower bulbs, potatoes and other vegetables, it does not compare with the old cellar with its absence of heat and its earth floor, which provided just the right touch of moisture. With such cellar, potatoes stored in October can be taken out fresh and sound in June. The farmer, with his outside potato cellar, has the ideal place for winter storage.

THIS FALL I HAVE SEEN farmers pitting potatoes for the first time in a good many years. The pit is an ancient institution, and a very good one for its purpose, and if it is well built its contents will keep perfectly through the most severe winter weather. There are methods of building pits on which the county agent will be an excellent authority. Back east some of our farmers pitted their winter apples, and the fruit came out in excellent condition late in the spring.

WILLIAM G. MILNE OP Sheyenne, N. D., was interested in the reference in this column to the fragments of wood which were taken from wells on the Bye farm in Bentru township, because he was reminded thereby of an experience of his own, and there was revived in his mind the question of how long seeds may remain dormant and then sprout. In 1917 Mr. Milne bored a well on his farm, striking water at about 53 feet. The augur passed through the usual strata of loam, clay, slate rock, and water was reached in 18 inches of sand. At this point the well was curbed with a steel curb. Next year it was found that sand had worked up 8 feet in the well, so the curbing was drawn and the boring continued 4 feet through the sand into blue clay of putty-like consistence, which Mr. Milne compares to the clay used at the Grand Forks brick plant.

ALL THE EARTH WHICH had been taken from the well in 1917 has been removed, but the pile of earth taken out in 1918 raised two kinds of plants which, as their species was unknown, were classified as weeds. One of these resembled the familiar portulacca, but the blossoms, white tinged with pink. The other resembled the new fern mustard, but with a small blue flower only about a quarter of an inch in diameter. All of these plants were destroyed for fear that they might spread and prove to be noxious.

MR. MILNE WANTS TO know how long those seeds had lain in the earth more than 50 feet deep, and how they got there.

I SUPPOSE NOBODY KNOWS exactly how long it is possible for life to remain in a seed. It is known that much depends on the seed. Some of our familiar garden seeds deteriorate greatly in two or three years and die completely if kept a little longer. Others retain their vitality for many years, but I think it is pretty well understood that none of our known seeds retain vitality for anything like the thousands of years which were required to build up 50 feet of soil on the plains of North Dakota.

SOME OF OUR OLDER people may remember the "Egyptian" wheat that was peddled a good many years ago. The story was that kernels of wheat found entombed with an Egyptian mummy has been planted grew, and from these has been produced the seed then placed on the market as a superior variety. The explanation was that in the dry air of Egypt the seed had retained its vitality for 4,000 years. The yarn was exploded, and it was shown that the wheat peddled under such representations was ordinary wheat, of not particular value and of no great longevity.

WHILE THERE IS NOT RECORD of life persisting in seed for any such length of time, there are instances which make one wonder. I quoted for what it is worth the following paragraphs from the New York Times magazine of September 25:

"FROM TIME TO TIME controversy breaks out over the possibility of stored or buried seeds germinating after long periods, but scientists generally are skeptical of these cases. Evidence for the possibility, however, has recently been added by the director of Kew Gardens, London, who reports a remarkable incident.

"A kind of Japanese lotus was discovered in a peat deposit in Manchuria and some of its fruits were sent to the British museum. A seed sent to Kew was carefully tended and a plant successfully raised. Estimates based on erosion and vegetation near the spot where the seeds were found indicate that they are more than a century old and may even be four centuries, or older."

MR. MILNE AND A BROTHER have what they have been told is the finest private collection of fossils in the state, for nearly 50 years they have been adding to it and it contains many interesting specimens. Among these are specimens of rock containing sea shells and petrified water creatures which were taken from a basement excavation for a school house seven or eight years ago. The place from which these were taken is 1564 feet above sea level according to the government survey.

INCIDENTALLY MR. MILNE, whom I have never seen, invites me to visit him and look over his collection. The invitation, he writes, is good for any week end, and he assures me of ample sleeping accommodations. As the old Scot in the story said: "That's what I call the height of hospitality, and I shall try to order my affairs so that I can take advantage of it."

WITHIN THE PAST FEW days I have come within a foot or two of running over two pheasants. On each occasion the bird was on or close to the wheel track, and while it moved out of the way it did so in a leisurely manner, taking plenty of time, and showing no sign of concern over the approach of such a monster as an automobile must have seemed to be. This is quite characteristic of the pheasant, which, apparently, should make the bird an easy prey to the hunter whose instincts are those of the butcher rather than of the sportsman. And there are those who would not hesitate to shoot a bird on the ground. Nevertheless, O. L. Spencer, who knows a lot more about game birds than I do, says that pheasants will thrive and multiply in densely settled areas where prairie chickens would be driven away.

SHOOTING GAME BIRDS Except on the wing is an unpardonable offense, of course. However, something depends on the sort of weapon used and the surrounding circumstances. Fifty years ago things were different. In the upper James river valley there were scarcely any settlers, the country was full of ponds and little lakes, and all the coolies were full. Ducks were so plentiful that it was no sport to shoot them, and campers shot them more to vary their bill of fare than with any idea of sport. I confess to having shot at them with a revolver, and to having brought down an occasional one in this manner, which means that they were pretty close. I never managed to hit one on the wing with a revolver.

IT IS CURIOUS' TO NOTE what scruples sometimes surround our practice in killing things. Take the humble and pestiferous gopher for instance. Without compunction we poison him, and shooting him with a revolver or a 22 rifle is passable sport. Yet I never run down a gopher on the road if I can help it. It seems like taking an unfair advantage. And sometimes it's difficult to avoid them.

FOR ALL THEIR WARINESS ducks make serious, and sometimes fatal mistakes. The oiling of our roads creates a new problem for the game conservationist. There are reports of ducks crippling, and, sometimes killing themselves, by alighting on those hard-surfaced roads, the explanation being that the birds have been deceived by the shimmer of the sun shining on the road into the belief that the surface they saw was water.

A FEW DAYS AGO SOME OF us visited the mouth of the Turtle river in company with Mr. and Mrs. William Bain, whose farm, is close by, and which includes a lovely picnic spot right at the mouth of the Turtle. The river drains an area extending from away west of Larimore, near which city it is joined by the Elk river, clear across the rest of the county, and enormous coulees empty into it, when they have any water. Yet today the Turtle river is discharging into the Red a quantity of water not much greater than would be discharged through an ordinary garden hose under city pressure. There must be numerous springs along the way, but practically all of the water which they supply is lost by evaporation before it reaches the mouth of the Red river.

ONE OF THE CURIOSITIES of that neighborhood is the quantity of water that is held in the Marais all summer long. While the water level is much lower than usual, Mr. Bain tells me that in his neighborhood the Marais is ten feet deep in places, and it is now supplying water for stock for farmers who haul it many miles, their wells having gone dry.

THE RED' RIVER VALLEY IS marked by a number of water courses which seem to indicate that at one time the section was drained by a sort of delta system with many channels wandering hither and yon instead of by a stream well defined, though terribly crooked, like the Red. One such channel starts at the Red river south of Bygland, wanders around near Fisher, continues north of the Red Lake river until it connects with the Red again some ten miles north of Grand Forks, and on the North Dakota side it keeps on northwesterly to the Turtle. On the farther side of the Turtle it continues for several miles-until it reaches the Red again, having crossed three rivers meantime.

THIS CHANNEL IS NOT NOW continuous, being broken here and there by flats and marshes, but its general direction is plain, suggesting the probability that at one time it was either the main channel or one of several channels of the Red.

IF IT IS TRUE THAT DUCKS sometimes mistake the glistening surface of an oil-surfaced road for water and dive to their death on it, ducks are still not alone in having trouble with roads so finished. Human beings have troubles of another sort. The gravel road or the concrete highway is trying to the eyes on a sunny day because of light color, and there are drivers who cannot stand the glare from such a surface for more than an hour or so without suffering from eye strain. In this respect the oiled surface affords welcome relief. The dark color absorbs most of the light, and even when the surface is given a polish by constant traffic its color prevents much of the light from being reflected.

THAT IS ALL, RIGHT IN THE daytime. But at night, when one needs all the light there is, the light surface is just what one wants. With lights in good condition the gravel or concrete surface is plenty light enough for all purposes, and the borders of the driveway show up distinctly. With the oiled surface it is different. All the light from one's lamps seems to soak in and one needs to watch closely to make sure that he is anywhere on the road.

RECOGNIZING THIS Difficulty road builders have adopted the practice of painting a light-colored band down the center of the driveway, and this is a decided help. While the road itself is not rendered any more distinct, one can follow the light band with reasonable assurance that he is all right.

THE OIL MIX SURFACE seems to be giving pretty general satisfaction. It is the result of much experiment, the first step in which was the mere sprinkling of the surface with oil. That was not satisfactory. A road so treated would remain in fine condition for a short time, then the surface would glaze and the thin glaze would break and the loose gravel beneath would give way, resulting in dangerous pot holes.

WISCONSIN BUILT A GREAT many of such roads a few years ago and I have been told that many of those roads were made over three times before a fairly satisfactory surface was obtained. In each case the sprinkling treatment was used, and when a sufficient body of treated material had been built up a fairly durable surface resulted. The modern practice is that of mixing the oil and gravel together before distributing, and when the work is done under proper conditions the results are generally satisfactory. The Emerson-Winnipeg road, which was surfaced in this manner, after there had been some experimenting with less costly methods, seems now to be standing up well. Such a road requires little expenditure for maintenance, and is free from dust. In point of durability and cost it is midway between gravel and concrete.

ON ANY OF OUR LEVEL highways in the shimmering sunlight the mirage is a noticeable feature, and one is constantly approaching what appear to be pools of water, which vanish mysteriously as they are approached. On the open prairie, unbroken by roads, groves or buildings, sunlight plays some strange tricks. Over in the central part of the state, before settlement had broken it up, I have often found it impossible for some time to determine whether the pretty lake that I saw ahead of me was real or imaginary, so clear were its outlines, and so perfectly did the trembling light rays imitate the undulation of little waves. There are many stories of travelers on the desert being lured on by these phantom lakes until they became hopelessly lost and worn out in the effort to reach water that did not exist.

OUR FINEST MIRAGES ARE seen in the winter about sunrise. Then the noticeable feature is not the appearance of non-existent bodies of water, but the apparent raising of the horizon until. It is possible to see over the tops of buildings and groves which are ordinarily far above the line of vision. On such a morning, when the conditions are right, a person standing on the level plain seems to be on an eminence overlooking a broad valley, with ordinarily invisible objects clearly distinguishable in the distance.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

WELL, WE HAVE HAD OUR first "killing" frost. It occurred on the morning of October 5, a date which, while by no means unprecedented, is unusually late. I have discussed the matter of frosts with Professor Simpson, who represents the United States weather bureau at the University of North Dakota, and I have learned from him something of how frosts are classified officially. The weather bureau divides frosts for the purpose of its reports and forecasts into three classes, "light," "heavy," and "killing." While temperature is measured by the thermometer, no thermometer can indicate what the temperature may be at points other, than that where it is estimated, but by the variations shown by the thermometer at one spot a close estimate can be made of temperatures in known positions elsewhere. The weather bureau instruments on the University campus are contained in a box-like structure about 10 feet above ground level so constructed that the instruments, while subjected to the free movement of air, are not exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

ACCORDING TO THE Official classification a light frost is one which may appear in some localities as a white frost and which may injure very tender vegetation. When the University thermometer reads anywhere between 38 and 32 above zero we are given a record of light frost, because, while there may be no general evidence of frost, it is known that in spots there will be slight touches of it.

A HEAVY FROST IS CLASSED as one which is severe enough to leave traces on more hardy growths and to cause some damage to the standard crops grown in the vicinity. Such frosts are found when the University readings are between 32 and 28.

A KILLING FROST IS Defined as one which is severe enough actually to kill a considerable proportion of the standard crops of the locality, and such a frost is reported when the thermometer ranges anywhere below 29.

THUS IT IS NOT NECESSARY for the observer, in order to determine whether or not there has been a killing frost, to examine vegetation to see how greatly it has been injured, if at all. The fact that the thermometer, occupying a certain definite position, registers 28 or lower is sufficient. Under those conditions it is certain that at many places in the vicinity ordinary crops will have their growth permanently checked.

THERE IS, OF COURSE, WIDE variation in the prevalence of frost in a given locality. Elevation has much to do with it. Exposure to wind is an important factor. Exposed growth may be killed by frost while in the same vicinity even tender vegetation sheltered by groves or shrubbery may escape even a sign of injury.

OUR FIRST KILLING FROST this year came somewhat later than usual. The season has been exceptional, further, because of the absence of what are termed heavy frosts until an unusually late date. This has given us a much longer season than usual of colored foliage. Quite often a heavy frost occurs before the leaves begin to color, and in that case most of the trees may be stripped in a day and the rest of the fall we have bare branches instead of the splendid coloring which we have enjoyed this year.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN IN A dull, dreary fall that Bryant wrote:

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year."

But what a different picture he gives us in "Autumn Woods:"

Ere, in the northern gale, The summer tresses of the trees
are gone, The woods of Autumn, all around
our vale, Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold, In their wide sweep, the colored
landscape round
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

And far in heaven the while, The sun, that sends that gale to
wander here, Pours out on the fair earth his
quiet smile,— The sweetest of the year.

THERE HAVE BEEN Innumerable descriptions of conditions in Russia under the Soviet regime, most of them written by observers from other countries, and many of them giving evidence of rapid and cursory observation rather than real study and of a desire to s u b s t a n t i a t e substantiate rather than to ascertain the real truth. Occasionally there come bits of information from o t h e r sources which indicate in a more convincing way the conditions under which the Russian peasantry exist. About fifteen years ago there came to the vicinity of Buxton, Traill county, from the Ukraine district two young Russians, Dan Sedenko and Sam Schevchenko. Seven years later Dan sent for his wife, Sam's sister, who then joined him. All were industrious and capable, and soon they were able to start farming for themselves. Three years ago Sam's house caught fire, and in the excitement and labor of putting out the blaze Sam was so overcome by smoke and gas that he died within a short time.

THE SISTER, MRS. DAN SEdenko, obtained the appointment of O, J_o Sorlie as administrator, and Mr. Sorlie closed the estate in the regular way. It developed that Sam's father and mother were living in Russia, and, they being legal heirs, it was necessary to get into communication with them. Mrs. Sedenko said that she had received letters from her parents saying that they did not want the money, that it would be of no use to them over there, and that the government would take it away from them. All that they asked was that five kilograms of salted butter and five kilograms of rice be sent to them.

ON THIS ADVICE MR, SOR-lie caused a power of attorney to be sent to the parents to be signed before a notary. This entailed considerable correspondence, and it developed that the desired official acknowledgement could not be obtained unless the heirs would agree to turn over to the Russian government one-fourth of the estate. This was refused, and in lieu of the notarial acknowledgement there was obtained a statement from the parents signed in the presence of witnesses waiving all their claims. On this basis the estate was settled and the proceeds of the estate were turned over to Mrs. Sedenko, sister of the deceased.

DURING THIS TIME SEVER-al letters were received by Mrs. Sedenko from a brother in Russia and from other Russian friends. Translations of two of these have been furnished me by Mr. Sorlie with permission to publish. These letters, it is to be remembered, were not written for purposes of propaganda. They are the simple messages of relative to relative and friend to friend, dealing with the homely affairs of everyday life, and revealing, as no scholarly document could do, the pitiful conditions under which some people hold up as a model.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER is one received by Mrs. Sedenko from a brother. Another from a friend will follow in a later issue:

December 22nd, 1931.

"Dear Sister:

"I am sending you bad news, our mother died Monday morning, November 9th and we buried her in the evening, Thursday, November 10th. Mother died without illness. She simply went to sleep and did not wake up. Besides old age, her strength was cut down by starvation. Dunkie (caretaker) did not feed our elders well, and in the village there is not enough bread and so it is bad now.

"BEFORE MOTHER DIED she asked for a piece of pork fat, Father went and after searching all the village he came without it. I heard that when mama died she was so skinny that she looked like a skeleton. She was buried by her daughter. I was late for the funeral as I received the telegram on the tenth, besides missed the change of trains and got there on the 12th. Father is very skinny and looks very old. Before mother died he had a fall and does not feel at all well. During the funeral he could not go to the cemetery because of his weakness. I don't think Father will live long.

°I AM VERY SORRY FOR mamma that she had such a terrible life without a single bright day. If Father dies there will be no one left out of our family in Russia except me and you in the U. S. A.

"WRITE ME NOW OFTENER as it is a great relief to read your letters.

"AT THIS MOMENT WITH ME is my son and he is interrupting my writing asking me to go with him to bed and tell him fairy tales. He knows already that he has a little cousin in the U. S. A. and her name is Olia Sedenko and he also knows that I am writing a letter here. Wadik (son) will soon be four years old, and speaks as clearly as a grown up and knows many rhymes. How old is Olia? How is Daniel's health."

THE SECOND OF THE TWO letters from friends in Russia to Mrs. Dan Sedenko of Buxton, and to which I referred last week, reads as follows:

"I went to see your father on New Year's day to read to him your letters, but he was out, I went to the neighbor's house and there I found your father who went up there to ask for some bread and milk, and he looked like he had starved a long time and he said that he had no bread for two weeks, he was very weak before he came here and had to stop and rest five times. I spent three hours with him and read him all your letters and when I started home he said, let us say goodbye because I don't think I'll be able to live long.

"ON JAN. 3D YOUR FATHER took the confession and Holy communion, I was not there but out of the village. The news was told me by the deacon of the church. In any case if father dies I will write you a letter, if only you get it because I see you don't get many letters from us and your letters often come torn.

"THE WEATHER HERE IS not cold now, the neighbors are working hauling sugar to the station. There is plenty of work but everybody is working for nothing.

"THE PRICE OF GRAIN IS good but no butter, and neither I nor my neighbors have a single pound of bread. One pound of sugar cost 2 rubles; 1 pound of pork 5 rubles. Textile goods are practically impossible to find. A coat cost 50 rubles; petrol 25 rubles per pound; matches 10 coppers per box; a cow 300 rubles; horses are used for sugar and soap.

"I RECEIVED THE NEEDLES you sent me. The postman spread the news over the village and the people at once started to run for me and asked me to sell them some. My daughter broke two and now only three needles are left. Some others asked me to write to you to send some more needles, though they have no sewing machine, but want to trade them, my advice is not to send them, but you know better.

"I HAVE TO QUIT AND STAY here as long as they will let me stay in my house, because now the (government) send out the owners to other houses, and life is terrible.

"MY BEST REGARDS TO YOU my dear 'brother' and 'sister' and all of your children. Thank you for your Christmas greeting and best wishes. We wish you the same in our turn.

"I WISH TO INFORM YOU that we received your presents for the children, I also wish to say to you 'sister' that your mother died, but I cannot tell you the exact date because I cannot even remember what happened yesterday on account of our starvation.

"WE HAD BREAD BUT THE government commission came and ordered us to give it to them, I told them what am I going to do with my six children, but they said it was not their business. We live under these conditions now, they (government) take everything they see we have and we cannot object as they take us to court. To buy bread is impossible, because the market is closed and I do not know how we are going to exist any further. You live up there and eat as much as you want, but for us it is the end.

"NOW THEN DAVIE (LITTLE daughter) has her ribbons which you sent her, she may not want the cat any more. We would like to have your picture and see you all."

THE STATEMENT OF PRICES given in this letter is meaningless without knowledge of the Value of the ruble. After the revolution the Russian ruble depreciated until it had practically no value, due to the expedient of flooding the country with paper, an expedient which is sometimes strongly urged in this country. Later steps were taken to stabilize the new ruble, and my recollection is that it was fixed at about 50 cents, gold. I have been unable to find a recent quotation. If the 50-cent valuation holds the price of a pound of sugar in that Ukrainian district would be \$1.00 and of a cow \$150.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE excitement in the village over the arrival of a few needles sheds a whole flood of light on Russian living conditions. The reference to horses being used for "sugar and soap" presumably relates to the methods employed by the Soviet government to force the peasants to adopt collective farming in which the tractor takes the place of the horse. Apparently the horses of individual peasants are seized, their fat used in the manufacture of soap and their bones in the preparation of material for clarifying sugar, a purpose for which train loads of buffalo bones were shipped from North Dakota fifty years ago.

IN THE FORMER LETTER reference was made to the demand of a little child for fairy stories, and in the present one to the taking of communion by the old man in anticipation of death. The Soviet government has undertaken to build a materialistic state and to banish from the minds of the people all thought except of material things. Yet, after fifteen years of diligent effort toward this end there are still Russian children who believe in fairies and love them, and older people who still cling to their belief in God.

HERE IS A LETTER FROM Mrs. West. R. Mutchler, of Aneta, which will interest gardeners who have had trouble in storing their dahlias: "Your column contains many things of interest and I rarely fail to read it. Your comments on flowers and shrubs are always interesting. Your remarks on storing dahlias prompted me to write this, because I have tried so many different ways and have discarded them in favor of the method which I now use with success, and which, so far as I have been able to discover, is not mentioned in growers' catalogs.

"I HAVE RAISED SEVERAL hundred clumps a year and have had as high as 40 named varieties, some of them most difficult keepers. The ordinary deep red decorative type, variety known as Pride of Shelby, is an easy keeper, and I have several others of like nature, but when I want to be sure and winter my better dahlias I divide the clumps in the fall, leaving one eye to a tuber. I discard all broken or wobbly necks. Then I pack all the tubers of one variety in a pail or box and see that they are covered with fine soil which is neither very moist nor too dry.

IN THIS WAY I CAN PACK away a lot of varieties using little 'space. I set the boxes or pails on top of each other and leave them until spring planting time. If the tuber has part of the stem attached lay it sideways and completely cover with soil otherwise it will dry out.

"MANY DAHLIA LOVERS become discouraged in raising this beautiful and versatile flower on account of storing difficulties. I am sure if they tried dividing the clumps as soon as dug instead of letting them wither, as they invariably do even if covered with sand or soil, dahlia lovers could keep their pet varieties over a long period of years."

I AM SURE MRS. Mutchler's letter will be read with interest, especially as I believe the method which she uses successfully is not generally employed. There are some points on which I hope Mrs. Mutchler will furnish additional information. For instance, one of the great troubles experienced by city dwellers who garden on a small scale arises from the temperature and aridity of their basements. (This reference to basement aridity has no bearing on the 18th amendment.)

THE AVERAGE BASEMENT, with weather-proof walls and concrete floor and containing a furnace, is commonly used for laundry and other domestic purposes, and its winter temperature is apt to be somewhere around 60. The air is also much drier than in the old cellar with earth floor and no heat.

UNDER THESE CONDITIONS apples and vegetables will shrivel if left exposed to the air, and if vegetables are packed in earth they still shrivel unless the earth is moistened occasionally. If there is moisture the temperature is high enough to cause sprouting. I am wondering how Mrs. Mutchler overcomes these difficulties, and whether her storage space is cooler and moister than her regular basement.

LAST WINTER I STORED dahlia tubers in sand, keeping them in the coolest corner of the basement and applying a little water occasionally. Some of the tubers came through all right, some shriveled, and some sprouted badly,

IT IS INTERESTING TO watch the reaction of the various flowering plants to the weather. The tender ones are gone of course, but some are still struggling bravely against the inevitable. Many of the snapdragons have an attitude of defiance, standing strong and erect and bearing their blossoms gallantly as if they intended to bloom all winter. A gladiolus whose late bloom was on the point of opening has wilted since Sunday night's frost. A few petunias still carry their blossoms, but most of them have given up the struggle. There are still calendulas here and there which the frost seems not to have injured. Hibiscus plants grown from seed planted last spring have been blooming right along, and Sunday night's freeze was the first one that seemed to affect them. High-bush cranberries are dead ripe and as translucent as the jelly which may be made from them. The berries are still firm, notwithstanding the frost.

THIS AIR THAT IS PASSED out of us seems to be delivered in chunks, some very cold, and some less cold. Grand Forks people returning from a Sunday drive reported that for a dozen miles west of Northwood the groves, of which there are many in that locality, showed not a sign of frost, the foliage being as green as in summer, while on each side many of the trees were bare. Just what protected that one locality is not apparent.

I NOTICE THAT MR. McIntyre, who runs the column over to the right, is in Venice, and having a wonderful time, of course. But I'll bet he will not have as thrilling an adventure as befell a friend of mine, a certain Mrs. Blank, in that same city of Venice a few years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Blank and two or three personal friends were members of a party of two or three dozen people who were touring Europe, and in the natural course of events they arrived in Venice. Arriving late they retired at once and next morning after breakfast the party started out to see the sights.

MRS. BLANK HAD BEEN seeing sights for quite some time. She had enjoyed seeing castles and cathedrals, museums and art galleries, and she had enjoyed the company into which she had been cast, but just at that moment she didn't want any more castles or museums, and she didn't want to be in a crowd. For a little while she just wanted to be by herself and to poke alone into whatever little odd corners attracted her, to go places and see things that would interest nobody else.

ACCORDINGLY SHE TOLD her husband that she didn't feel like touring that morning, but that he was to go out with the party and enjoy himself while she looked after her wardrobe and wrote some letters. It was so arranged. The party went off, leaving Mrs. Blank to her domestic duties and her correspondence. As soon as they were out of sight Mrs. Blank grabbed her hat and started on her great adventure.

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH Venice is derived from pictures of the Grand Canal and of people feeding the pigeons at St. Mark's, but Mrs. Blank tells me that there are other places in it equally interesting. Moreover, it isn't quite all canals. There are places where one may walk through twisted streets and where cabs carry their passengers, quite as in more inland cities.

MRS. BLANK ELECTED TO walk, and within a few minutes she was in what appeared to be another world. Little stores bordered narrow streets which turned in the most unexpected directions and presented pictures full of human interest, even if they did lack the stately magnificence of the standard paintings. In those stores there were interesting trifles, some of whose vendors knew a word or two of English while others were innocent of any such accomplishment.

IT WAS A FASCINATING Expedition. Mrs. Blank looked into a window here and made a trifling purchase there, the transaction usually being conducted by the sign language. The beauty of it was that there was nobody to guide or direct, nobody to hurry her along, nobody to delay her when she wished to go to the end of a street and turn a corner to look at some fascinating bit of local color.

TIME PASSED, AND MRS. Blank realized that she must be getting back to her hotel. She started to retrace her steps, but the streets did not look the same. At a certain corner had she turned to the right or the left? She couldn't remember. She had paid no attention to points of the compass and had no idea whether the hotel were north, south, east or west. She had just wandered happily along. After several futile attempts to get her bearings she realized that she was lost.

I HAVE BEEN LOST IN A few great cities and have always enjoyed the experience. But they were American cities in which I could always find those who spoke my own language. I have found this possible even in New York, which has a dialect and an accent of its own, unlike anything else on earth. So, in a pinch, I could ask my way and be set right. Moreover, I always knew what hotel or what street it was that I wished to reach. Mrs. Blank did not speak or understand the language of Venice, and she herself did not know the name of what she wished to find.

HOTEL AND SIMILAR Arrangements had been made for her by someone else. She did not know the name of the hotel which she hoped to find, nor that of the street on which she stood. She had seen the hotel from the street and remembered something of its appearance. She felt certain that she would recognize it if she saw it again, but of seeing it again she was not at all certain. There she was, lost, and even if she could make herself understood she could not tell where she wished to go.

PANIC SEIZED HER. SHE felt like running around in circles and uttering strange cries. Restraining that impulse she hailed (the first cab that she saw. Then she was sorry she had, for the driver looked like a bandit and she felt sure he carried a stiletto. I However the man spoke a few words of English, and she made him understand that she wished to go to hotels. At first it was difficult to get this over. Hotel? No, hotels. What hotels? How many hotels? All of them; one, two, three, ever so many hotels; hotels all over, everywhere; and stop in front of every one.

WITH A GESTURE INDICTING that the ways of Americans were too deep for him the driver started going to hotels and stopping before each while his fare took a look. Three hotels were thus visited without result. At the fourth the passenger uttered a cry of joy, for there was her own hotel!

NOW, WHEN MRS. BLANK goes touring, she commits the name of her hotel to memory learns to spell it backward and forward, and also learns the name of the street on which it is situated.

THIEF RIVER FALLS, WHICH is just now celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the arrival of the Great Northern railway, was a lively village even before the railway arrived, for, while its lack of railway facilities restricted its early development as a market town, it was an important point on the great water Way that carried billions of feet of lumber from the great pine forests of northern Minnesota to the agricultural area of the Red River Valley and western North Dakota. In that vast territory, dotted with its myriad lakes and threaded by innumerable streams, thousands of men worked each winter cutting Norway and white pine and rolling the great logs down river banks to be floated in the spring to the mills that were to saw them into boards and dimension stuff. Two great water routes were available for the great log drives that kept the mills busy. One, meandering uncertainly through hundreds of miles of forest, headed toward the Gulf of Mexico by way of the Mississippi. The other, equally tortuous, ultimately reached Hudson's bay by way of the Red Lake river and its tributaries, Red river, Lake Winnipeg and the Nelson river.

THERE ARE PLACES WHERE the headwaters of these great drainage systems almost touch, where the rain that falls on one side of a low ridge flows into the Mississippi system and that which falls on the other side, only a few yards away, is destined to flow north. Thief River Falls, being on the northward system, was a station on the loggin route that led from the forests to the Red River Valley.

W H I L E THE SMALLER towns along the way had their small mills which provided the adjacent districts with lumber, the principal mills in this system were at Crookston and Grand Forks. In the very early days many of the logs were rafted all the way to Winnipeg.

RED LAKE WAS THE Center of a great logging industry. While the area immediately around the lake was included in the Indian reservation and commercial logging was excluded, numerous small streams draining a more distant area enter the lake and near each of these were lumber camps which were scenes of activity all winter, Logs cut along those streams were floated to Red Lake, rafted across it, and then floated down the Red Lake river to Crookston or Grand Forks. Entering the Red Lake river from the south near Thief River Falls is the Clearwater, which drains the great Fosston-Bagley area, and fifty years ago the Clearwater was one of the great logging streams of the continent.

FARMERS FROM THE RED River Valley found profitable employment for their teams in the woods in the winter, and much of the unattached labor in the district was transient only in the fact that it alternated between the lumber woods in the winter and the prairie farms in the summer. Thousands of men swung, pendulum-like, between the two districts. They were accustomed to hard work and rough fare. There were wild spirits among them, but from among them were developed some of the finest families of the Northwest.

AS THE TIMBER IN THE area tributary to the Red River Valley became thinned out the logging industry moved farther and farther east, and many of the teams from this section were sent into the Mississippi territory, hauling logs that were to supply the Minneapolis mills. Grand Rapids was for some years an important lumbering center, having important mills of its own, as well as being headquarters for supplying lumber camps. This was true also of Bemidji, whose big mills were in full operation until just a few years ago.

THE GRAND FORKS MILL continued in operation for several years after rafting had been abandoned because of low water. Logs cut along the Red Lake river and its tributaries were floated to the nearest railway point, loaded on cars, hauled to East Grand Forks, and at a point about opposite the present sugar factory the cars were switched on a siding which ran down to the river where they were dumped, to be floated to the mill and hauled, up by automatic lifts as they were needed to keep the big gang saws going.

THERE WAS MUCH THAT was picturesque about the northern lumber industry. It had its own traditions, its code of ethics, and as strong and rugged a personnel as ever engaged in any industry.

AMONG THE THINGS FOR which County Commissioner John E. Nuss has been grateful for thirty-odd years is the mysterious influence that caused him to refrain from pulling the nose of another man when he was strongly tempted to do so and when, as he still feels, he had ample provocation to justify such a performance. It was away back in the nineties, when John was dividing his time between the hardware store and general supervision of the tin shop at the rear, that a young chap who introduced himself as Eddie Callahan (the first name is correct, but the last name may not be accurate) applied for a job as tinner. There was plenty of work on hand and another man was needed, so Eddie was employed.

THREE WEEKS WENT BY. John had no occasion to come into close contact with Eddie, who, it developed later, had been employed by the foreman at minor jobs around the establishment, and who had presented himself regularly for his pay check. He seemed to be a pleasant lad, and everything went smoothly.

ONE DAY C. F. SIMS, LOCAL superintendent of the Minneapolis and Northern Elevator company, came in with an order for a simple job of tin work which he needed as soon as possible. John took the order and agreed to have it finished by a certain time a day or two ahead. Going to the shop he found Eddie there alone and turned the job over to him with necessary instructions.

SOME TIME LATER JOHN had occasion to visit the tin shop and found that the work had not been started. Urging speed he left, to return later and find Eddie with a sheet of tin before him, but with no actual work done. Again urging haste John departed. Again he returned, and still Eddie was there, looking at the same sheet of tin, upon which he had made a few marks.

JOHN INQUIRED WHAT ALL the delay was about, and Eddie replied that he was just figuring the job out. It was plain, straight work, which any novice could do without figuring, and an explanation of the situation dawned on John. Approaching Eddie he looked him in the eye and said "Your're no tinner."

RETURNING THE LOOK without flinching, and with a cheerful grin, Eddie inquired "Who told ye?"

JOHN BEGAN TO BOIL Internally. Here this young imposter had been posing as a tinner and drawing tinner's wages for three weeks when he knew nothing about the business and he had the impudence to grin and say "Who told ye?"

RELATING THE Experience the other day John said: "I was mad clear through. Eddie's nose was right in front of me within easy reach, and how I did want to pull it! I was just going to do it, but something seemed to tell me that I had better not, and I didn't. I just told him to go to the office and get his time and get out."

A SHORT TIME AFTERWARD John happened to come across a copy of a Montreal paper, and on the sporting page was a picture of a young pugilist labeled, "Eddie Something-or-other, champion bantam weight of eastern Canada." The picture was an excellent one of John's bogus tinner.

IT DEVELOPED LATER THAT Eddie was a professional pugilist who had come to Grand Forks in the hope of getting a match, under assumed identity, with one of the fighters who followed in the train of Paddy McDonnell, the Duluth contractor who did the first paving that was done in Grand Forks. In his younger days Paddy himself had been a ring performer of no mean ability, arid, while debarred by age from active participation in such sports, he had never lost his taste for them. He promoted and refereed numerous boxing and wrestling bouts, and in his entourage there were always those who were ready to promote or participate in a match. One of his employes here was Dan McMillan, a professional wrestler, who picked up several matches before it was discovered that while he went under his true name, he was really a famous wrestler rather than the operator of a grading machine, in which character he appeared here.

EDDIE HAD HOPED, IN HIS character as a tinner, to get a match with one of McDonnell's fighting acquaintances and to give the other fellow's backers the surprise of their lives. He never succeeded in making such a match. But in telling the story John remarked: "Suppose I had started to pull that fellow's nose. Can you imagine what would have happened to me?"

INNUMERABLE Celebrations and festivals, anniversary and otherwise, have been held in various communities in the northwest, and many of them have been decidedly successful, but taking them all through, I think that none has been more thoroughly satisfactory to all concerned than the four-day celebration held last week at Thief River Falls, Minnesota. Organized around the fortieth anniversary of the coming of the first railroad, the celebration naturally featured the customs, activities and associations of pioneer days, and the outstanding feature of the whole affair was the manner in which townspeople and country people alike entered into the spirit of the occasion and rivaled each other in the interest which they displayed in making the affair a success.

MENTION HAS BEEN MADE in the news dispatches of the "whisker club" and the "bonnet and bustle club" whose reproductions of the facial adornment and feminine styles of forty years ago provided picturesque touches. But there were also other features, less spectacular, but reminiscent in an equally interesting way of the old days. Business houses had donated the use of window space for the display of souvenirs of the early settlement. There were displayed spinning wheels with which yarn had been spun for clothing and looms on which that yarn had been woven into cloth. A unique exhibit was of a spinning wheel so built and mounted that the entire floor-space occupied was only a little more than the diameter of the wheel. I had never seen a wheel of that particular type before. All of the other wheels displayed were of the type familiar to most of us, all were operated by foot power. I have never seen in the northwest one of the high wheels which was once in common use in the east, a wheel perhaps five feet in diameter, without treadle, but kept in motion by a touch of the spinner's hand as she stepped gracefully back and forth at her work.

ANOTHER INTERESTING Exhibit, and one of which there are few examples in the northwest was a grain, cradle, which, as older readers know, is essentially a scythe above which is a framework of "fingers" almost as long as the scythe blade, and standing parallel to it. It was with such an implement that practically all grain was cut prior to the advent of the harvester, and while McCormick invented his harvester a century ago, the cradle was in common use for many years thereafter.

THERE WERE ON Exhibition specimens of old silverware which have been in the families of their present owners for generations. Ancient rifles and pistols, innumerable samples of wonderful needlework, and hats and gowns of many years ago which, according to credible information furnished me, are being approached more and more closely by the attire of today.

DAYS WHEN OXEN provided most of the motive power of the vicinity were recalled by several ox-yokes, single and double. The double ox-yoke, as some younger readers may not be aware, consisted of a heavy wooden beam long enough to reach across the necks of two oxen standing side by side, with the under side shaped to fit the curve of the animal's necks and shoulders, and the center of which a chain was fastened with which to haul the load. The yoke was fastened to the neck of each animal by a light wooden bow which passed under the neck of the animal and up through holes in the yoke, being secured in position by pine. The single yoke was merely a section built for one ox. The entire appliance was usually fashioned by the farmer from timber found on his own place.

ONE OF THE GUESTS AT THE Friday evening banquet was Mrs. Jens Offerdahl, of Middle River, who came with her husband in 1889 from Brown county, in southern Minnesota. The family equipment was conveyed on a wagon hauled by oxen with Mr. Holt as driver, while Mrs. Offerdahl walked behind driving the other cattle. In that way she covered the entire distance on foot.

J. B. MUSSEY, WHO started the first newspaper in Thief River Falls, told of his interest in the extension of the railway from St. Hilaire, and of his clipping an article from a Minneapolis paper advocating such extension with the purpose of publishing it in his own paper. Most of the type was set for this purpose, when R. A. Wilkinson, representative of the railway, then the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, spoke to him about the article and asked if he would be willing to publish it. Without revealing that he already had the type almost ready for his paper, Mr. Mussey said that he would be glad to do so, and after a little "conversation" Wilkinson paid him \$100 for the advertising, when he was expecting to publish the article simply for the good of the cause.

THROUGHOUT, THE FOUR days there were programs bearing on the early history and later development of the territory, with sufficient comedy to enliven the proceedings, and these were enjoyed by thousands. But entirely apart from the formal features the impression left with me was that of a community whose members were enjoying to the limit the revival of old memories, the cementing of old friendships and the strengthening of a spirit of unity which cannot fail to bear fruit for many years.

IN A CHANCE DISCUSSION OF names the other day mention was made of the custom, quite common at least among English-speaking peoples, of using surnames as individual or baptismal names. The talk turned on presidential names, and I was somewhat interested in checking over the list to see to what extent this practice had prevailed in the naming of the children who afterwards became first presidents of the nation. I find that of the thirty men who have been presidents of the United States, nine have been known by titled commonly used as family names. These were Martin Van Buren, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, Rutherford B. Hayes, Chester A. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge.

THE NAME "MARTIN" MAY be considered as much an individual as a family name. If it is classified strictly as an individual name we have the fact that the republic had been in existence 66 years before it had a president with a surname used as a first name. Most of the presidents in this class have served since the war. Exceptions may be made in the cases of Cleveland and Wilson, if the intent of the parents is considered, for the former was baptized Stephen Grover and the latter Thomas Woodrow. Each chose to drop his first name altogether and be known by his second. Exercising a similar discretion President Hoover long since abandoned his middle name Clark.

THERE IS, OF COURSE, NO exact division between baptismal and family names, both being used interchangeably. There are thousands of families known as James, Thomas, Abraham, and so forth, although those names were originally used solely to designate individuals, while the surname was used to describe the occupation, estate or other attribute of the family. Given names have often become surnames through the practice of describing the individual as "son of" his father by the use of such prefixes as "Mac," "Fitz" and "O." In some cases the prefix has stuck, while in others it has been dropped. I knew a farmer back east named Hartley Hartley, which we youngsters though was about the last word in economy.

A PAWNBROKER AT BUTTE, Montana, has a pin on the head of which is inscribed the entire Lord's prayer in characters which are quite legible under a strong glass. The work took the engraver three years to complete. The inscription is in 12 lines and has 65 words and 254 letters.

SOMEWHERE IN MY Archives I have an ordinary postal card which I received more than fifty years ago from W. J. McHaffie, now of Helena, Montana, and at that time of Brantford, Ont., on which are written 1548 words. Will worked in a book store and he and I chummed and got into mischief together. After I left that part of the country we kept up an occasional correspondence and one day I received that card from him. I never was much of a penman, but I thought if he could do a trick like that, I could, so I sat down and wrote him 2000 words on a card just like his. I'll bet he hasn't got his now.

W. E. DeLano TELLS ME A story which I shall repeat without mentioning the name of the man chiefly concerned. I'd like to use his name, but if I did he'd murder me. Years and years ago, when DeLano was collecting for a business firm in town, a man came into the store a few days before Christmas and wanted to buy a teakettle as a present for his wife. He had no money, but promised to pay as soon as he could. DeLano knew that the man had the reputation of being slow pay or worse, and he conveyed that information to the member of the firm who was doing the selling. Nevertheless, the man got the teakettle. The boss then turned to DeLano and said: "DeLano, this ain't credit; it's Christmas!"

HERE IS A LITTLE Arithmetical problem which may interest some of those who are interested in working out puzzles: A spider in the southeast corner of a room, on the floor, wishes to get to the northwest corner of the ceiling. The room is 12 feet long, 8 feet wide and 8 feet high. What is the shortest route between the two points, and what is the distance?

IN A LETTER TO COUNTY Agent Page Dr. J. E. Engstad urges the stacking or other storing of corn fodder in the fall rather than the practice of leaving the shocks in the field to be used in the winter. On the basis of his own experience as a physician Dr. Engstad says that the practice of leaving corn in fields until winter is responsible for much illness, and that many cases of tuberculosis are directly attributable to it. Recovery of corn from deep snow, he points out, is heavy and exhausting work, and those who engage in it, shoveling deep snow and releasing the stalks from the frozen earth are likely to become overheated and in the subsequent chilling process they are peculiarly susceptible to disease. He refers to the practice followed by the farmers of Wisconsin where he formerly lived, where corn is almost universally stacked or placed in rows against fences where it will be accessible.

REPLYING TO THIS LETTER Mr. Page writes: "This is an angle that I have never heard presented before and certainly another strong-argument for the use of the trench silo or shocking the corn if farmers do not find it practical to make silage. Of course, it is a ridiculous notion that corn cannot safely be stacked. Numerous farmers in Grand Forks county do this by standing the corn against the fence or in long tepee shaped rows. Sometimes they lay the bundles horizontal and build a narrow stack which serves very well. However, because of less waste and improved feeding value of corn silage, we have been trying to encourage the farmers to dig trench silos for the storage of their corn. It can be stored in trench silos either cut or whole. As a result of extension work in the state and the county, there are now thousands of these trench silos in use. I do not have a check on the number in the county but believe there are at least three hundred of these silos scattered throughout the county. Last year Brenna township alone had twelve trench silos. We are still hammering away on the idea and more trench silos were dug this fall than any single year in the past. I hope it will only be a few years until very little corn will be left standing."

MENTION OF CORN USUALLY sends my thoughts back to my boyhood, for corn was one of the staple crops of southern Ontario, although the climate there varies so greatly with slight differences in latitude that in the northern tier of counties corn was not considered desirable as a major crop.

CORN WAS INVARIABLY planted by hand when I first knew about it. A hoe was used for making the little depressions in which the seed was to be dropped. The seed was carried in a sack or pail, six kernels were dropped to each hill and the hoe was used for covering. It looked like slow work, but two men and a boy, working long hours, could plant a lot of corn in a day.

I REMEMBER THE FIRST planters that were ever seen in our vicinity. In form they resembled the little hand potato planters that are sometimes found in the hardware stores, and it was from the corn planter that the potato planter was developed. Our store carried a supply of such corn planters, which were regarded with great admiration and which sold for \$1.50 each.

THE CORN THAT IS USUALLY grown in the west, and which, I am informed, is a superior variety, doesn't look like corn to me because it isn't yellow and is dented on one end. The corn with which I was familiar was the yellow flint and my early experience fixed the type in my mind. Perhaps the eastern farmers are also growing dent corn now, but it never looks quite right to me.

ACCORDING TO TRADITION the eastern Indians often fertilized their corn with fish, planting a shamm fish or two in each hill with the seed. Fish were more plentiful then than they are now in most sections, and anyway the Indians didn't raise corn by the square mile.

THAT REMINDS ME

TODAY AND YESTERDAY BY W. P. DAVIES

A CORRESPONDENT ASKS for the publication of the poem "The Death of the Flowers," which the writer thinks, is by Tennyson. The poem is by Wm. Cullen Bryant, and has appeared in many school readers. While it is quite familiar there may be other readers who have not access to it who would like to give it room in their scrap books. Here it is:

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the
saddest of the year, Of wailing winds, arid naked woods,
and meadows brown and
sear. Heaped in the hollows of the
grove, the withered leaves He
dead; They rustle to the eddying gust,
and to the rabbit's treat. The robin and the wren are flown,
and from the shrubs the jay, And from the wood-top calls the
crow, through all the livelong day.

Where are the flowers, the fair
young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood In brighter light and softer airs, a
beauteous sisterhood? Alas! they all are in their graves,
the gentle race of flowers Are lying in their lowly beds, with
the fair and good of ours. The rain is falling where they lie,
but the cold November rain, Calls not, from out the gloomy
earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
they perished long ago, And the briar-rose and the Orchid
died amid the summer glow; But on the hill the golden-rod, and
the aster in the wood And the yellow sun-flower by the
brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the still, cold
heaven, as falls the plague
on men, And the brightness of their smile
was gone, from upland, glade
and glen.

And now, when comes the calm,
mild day, as still such days
will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
from out their winter home; When the sound of dropping nuts
is heard, though all the trees
are still, And twinkle in the smoky light the
waters of the rill, The south wind searches for the
flowers whose fragrance late
he bore, And sighs to find them in the wood
and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her
youthful beauty died, The fair, meek blossoms that grew
up and faded by my side; In the cold, moist earth we laid
her, when the forest cast the
leaf, And we wept that one so lovely
should have a life so brief; Yet not unmeet it was that one,
like that young friend of
ours, So gentle and so beautiful, should
perish with the flowers.

IN THIS POEM IS FOUND Expression of that love of nature which characterized so much of Bryant's writing. There are also suggestions of the thought which finds its lofty expression in "Thanatopsis." The reference in the last stanza to "one who in her youthful beauty died" is understood to be to Bryant's sister, who was the loved companion of his boyhood, but who died in early life of a pulmonary disease. Bryant himself suffered from the same malady, but succeeded in conquering it by means of vigorous exercise, outdoor life and exemplary habits.

IN FORM AND SPIRIT THE poem fits perfectly the weather of the past few days. But we are cheered by the poet's faith, as by our own experience, that still the "calm, mild days" will come.

WELL, TURN ABOUT IS FAIR play. Two years ago Grand Forks had the most severe sleet storm in its history, while the rest of the state escaped. This year the rest of the state had the storm and Grand Forks was untouched. Of course in neither case was Grand Forks city alone set apart, but a small strip of territory of which Grand Forks is the center was given a line of weather of its own. Our storm of two years ago started on Saturday, November 15 with a cold rain which continued most of Sunday. But on Saturday night the temperature dropped just enough to cause the rain which fell to freeze to whatever it touched and everything became heavily coated with ice.

THE SPECTACLE WHICH was spread before us on Monday morning when the clouds had drifted away and the sun shone from a clear sky was one of dazzling beauty, to be preserved on thousands of films as photographs of it were taken from every conceivable angle. I suppose our friends farther west have been busy in like manner during the past few days.

I HAVE TWO PHOTOGRAPHS Which illustrate the remarkably rapid growth of the Chinese elm. In the spring of 1930 I had a small Chinese elm set out in the back yard. It flourished during the summer, and by fall it was about my own height, with a bushy top and a stem about the size of a broomstick. The sleet came and loaded down the top and the slender trunk bent over until the top rested on the ground and froze fast, the trunk forming a perfect arch. It seemed that the shock must be fatal, but I loosened the top carefully, broke the ice away, straightened the trunk and braced it well during the next season. I took a photo of the little tree standing on its head, which I considered quite a novelty.

I HAVE ANOTHER PICTURE of that tree taken about two weeks ago. It is now more than 14 feet tall, with a trunk three to four inches in diameter, and while there are certain little kinks in it, left by the storm, it is almost straight. I should say that the top measures eight feet across. That growth was made in two years. My neighbor, Kroll, has several which are somewhat older than mine, and which spread well across the berm on which they stand.

I HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT the Chinese elm is not hardy in this climate but thus far I have seen no indication of winter killing. Again I have been told that the belief that the tree is not hardy results from experience with some of the early plants grown from imported seed which had not been selected with proper discrimination.

ACCORDING TO THIS information the seed first brought to this country was collected in low areas in China where the trees were accustomed to almost tropical heat, and that trees from such seed were decidedly not hardy. Later, according to my informant, seed was gathered from trees growing on the mountain sides under more rigorous conditions. That seed has produced strains that are perfectly hardy here.

IT APPEARS THAT WITH the Chinese elm, as with some other of our trees, there may be occasional winter killing of twig tips if the fall is unusually wet and warm. In that case growth is stimulated until just before severe freezing weather, and the extreme tips of the tender shoots are quite likely to be nipped. No harm is done, however, as the dead growth soon drops off and other growth soon takes its place.

I AM BORROWING A PUZZLE from a stray newspaper clipping in the hope that it may interest those who are mathematically inclined. It is an example in long division in which letters are used instead of figures. It is arranged this way:

NTD) VOIPUGNE (ODOUN

IEO

TTP

NTD

UUU

IEO

NDVG

NPIU

DPIN

DPON

TPE

THE IDEA IS TO EXAMINE the several operations of multiplication and subtraction as indicated in the example, and from this examination discover what numeral each letter represents. The nine numerals, with the letter representing zero, which placed in consecutive order, make a three-word sentence.

THEO. O. DOKKEN, OP Reynolds, has been examining the spider problem and writes as follows: The shortest route for the spider from lower southeast corner to northwest would be the diagonal distance between these two points, which is 16.4 feet. If the spider is compelled to crawl on the floor to the opposite corner and then up to northwest (upper) corner the distance would be the length of the hypotenuse of this angle, 14.4 feet, plus 8 feet, or 22.4 feet." Perhaps I didn't make the problem clear the first time. I will state it again:

A SPIDER IN THE SOUTH-east corner of a room, on the floor, wishes to get to the northwest corner of the ceiling. The room is 12 feet long, 8 feet wide and 8 feet high. What is the shortest route between the two points, and what is the distance?

JUMPING OR MOVING IN ANY manner through the air in a straight line from corner to corner is ruled out. The spider must crawl in the ordinary manner, on walls, floor or ceiling. Mr. Dokken hasn't got the right answer yet. There is a shorter route. Try again. There is no trick or catch in the problem. It's perfectly straight goods. To facilitate description let it be supposed that the length of the room is north and south.

WHAT A TREASURE WE should consider the dandelion if it were not such an infernal nuisance. I have just found one in full bloom in my lawn after all these frosts. With every other kind of blossom gone it nestles close in the dense turf, as fresh and golden-yellow as in June. It is one of the first blossoms to greet the advancing sun, and about the last to bid him au revoir. And it is au revoir, and not goodbye, for they will certainly meet again—unless I dig this one up—for the dandelion is perennial and irreplaceable. The grass may wither, the trees may droop their parched branches, the very earth may become almost incandescent under the first sunshine of July, but the dandelion just digs deeper, sits tight and comes up smiling. There surely could have been no dandelions in Scotland when Burns lived or he would have immortalized the dandelion as he did the daisy. How I hate them! And admire them!

ONE OF OUR INTERESTING flowering plants is the hollyhock, a perennial which, although it yields to the early fall frosts, shows remarkable persistence in putting out new growth long after the weather has turned cold. This fall certain hollyhock tops which withered after the first real freeze were cut off, leaving about two feet of the lower growth which had not yet turned brown. Since then the lower stalks have been putting forth new foliage, and a few blossoms have appeared on this new growth. The leaves are as green as ever, notwithstanding the fact that the plants are on a western exposure where the cold night wind strikes them with full force.

STORIES COME FROM THE western part of the state of wild ducks being rendered unable to fly because of being loaded down with ice from the recent sleet storm, and here is a really remarkable story of ducks being rendered helpless by the accumulation of alkali on their feathers. I wonder if someone has not mistaken ice for alkali.

I AM NOT DISPUTING THE alkali story, but it seems at least likely that there has been a mistake. Not much water remains on a duck's back at one time, and the evaporation of the quantity that could stay there would leave only a mere trace of alkali. Later wettings would dissolve and remove the alkali first deposited.

IT IS WELL KNOWN, However, that ice will collect on birds' feathers, sometimes in sufficient quantity to impede flight. I may have told at some other time of how my first pair of pigeons almost failed to reach home after a flight because they had become loaded down with ice in a sleet storm. I had bought the birds from a boy friend and kept them confined until they had hatched their first brood. Feeling confident that they would not leave their young I opened their coop and watched them enjoy their liberty. Presently they flew off in the direction of their former home.

That was in the morning and I saw nothing of the birds until late afternoon. At least I saw them coming, flying low and very slowly. The * day had been misty and the mist formed ice wherever it touched. The poor birds were, covered with ice and were almost exhausted, but they had fought their way through the storm to their young. I have since heard often of ducks being encased in ice during sleet storms and have seen domestic fowl similarly weighed down.

5JC * *

AN ERROR OCCURRED IN the arrangement of the letters in the long division puzzle, but it seems not to be important, as the puzzle has been solved in spite of the error. If any reader tries it and finds himself in difficulties on account of the misplacement of letters he can straighten matters, out by shifting everything below the first line one space to the right. Thus the letters I E O should fall directly under the let-j ters V 01.

I HAVE EXAMINED WITH NO little interest the diamond jubilee number of the Atlantic Monthly, just published. Seventy-five years is five years longer than the scriptural span of human life, although few of us are willing to drop out when that limit has been reached. It is still longer, relatively, in magazine life, for, of the vast number of magazines which have been launched during the past seventy-five years, the Atlantic stands almost alone in having entered upon its third quarter-century hale and vigorous, still in the fresh vigor of youth, and still faithful to the splendid traditions of the past.

THERE IS A WEALTH OF history in the cover page of the first number, which is reproduced in the present issue. There the publishers make their bow to the public in the number for November, 1857. The publication is there described as Phillips, Sampson & Company's New Magazine, Devoted to Literature, Art and Politics. Its aim in each of these departments is set forth, and there is subjoined a list of literary persons interested in the enterprise. And what a list that is! Was ever another magazine launched under the auspices of so large a group so many of whose names stand so high on the roll of fame after three-quarters of a century? Read the list:

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William C. Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, Rev. F. H. Hedge, D. D., Nathaniel Hawthorne, John G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James R. Lowell, J. Lothrop Motley, George William Curtis, Herman Melville, Prof. C. C. Felton, Prof. P. J. Child, E. P. Whipple, Edmund Quincy, Thomas W. Parsons, J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, Mrs. Pike, Miss Rose Terry, Wilkie Collins, G. Ruffini, Shirley Brooks, E. M. Whitty, James Hannay, C. W. Philleo.

IN AN ANNIVERSARY Article Bliss Perry, only surviving former editor of the magazine, says: "Some of these names have quite lost their glory in the course of seventy-five years. All of them, except Melville, Emerson, and perhaps Hawthorne, are marked down today as inactive Securities by the brisk young men who watch the ticker and assure us that American literature really began about 1906. Or was it 1917?" But Professor Perry says that to one writer, at least, those early editors and contributors still seem a living and friendly company. I am sure that in that respect Professor Perry will find himself one of a great company to whom those names mean both companionship and inspiration.

IN ITS CONTENTS THIS Anniversary number represents the performance of the difficult task of selecting from a mine of incalculable wealth a few gems which shall be fairly representative of its treasures. There are published, not the contents of the first number, but selections from many numbers, down almost to the present, which are fairly representative of the spirit which has governed the magazine, and which the present editor, Ellery Sedgwick, treats reverently as a living influence, growing in strength with the years, and imposing on each successive generation the responsibilities of stewardship and trust.

ONE OF THE ARTICLES RE-published is that famous one by Oliver Wendell Holmes, "My Hunt After 'The Captain.'" In that the poet and "autocrat" tells of his search for his son, later for many years supreme court justice Holmes, who had been seriously wounded in a Civil war battle, and whose whereabouts remained undiscovered through a long heartbreaking search until the father at last could say "for this our son and brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found."

ONE FINDS THERE "THE Fool's prayer," by Edward Rowland Sill, published in 1879; an essay "On Being Human," by Woodrow Wilson, dated 1897; one on "Expression," by John Burroughs, published in 1890, which in form and spirit so greatly resembled Emerson that the editor searched through everything of Emerson's that he could find to make sure that it had not been stolen; two sonnets by John Masefield, dated 1915; an essay by Margaret Prescott Montague, 1916, and other selections, interesting and each representing something of the spirit of the time in which it was published.

IN THE LIST OF EDITORS there are great names—not many names altogether for such a long period. Beginning with James Russell Lowell we have then Fields, Howells, Aldrich, Scudder, Page, Perry and now Sedgwick, who has guided the destinies of the magazine longer than any other. It is a noble list, and these men and their associates have maintained through all these years, through financial panics and war and turmoil, as well as through the more pleasant paths which they have trodden, a body of tradition and a unity of spirit which makes the Atlantic the truly great magazine that it is.

A FEW DAYS AGO IN Mentioning a certain matter to me, W. E. DeLano mentioned having been engaged in making collections as part of his duties some years ago. That reminded another man of an adventure which must have been decidedly interesting to at least two of the parties concerned. At that particular time DeLano was working for the firm of Barnes & Nuss. John Nuss sent him out to see what he could do about getting a little something on an account which was regarded as just about hopeless. The amount was small, but the debtor had shown not the slightest interest in making payment. In fact, he had been quite disagreeable about it, and he was, moreover, a tough, hard-boiled specimen with whom it was not desirable to have a controversy.

DeLano TOOK THE BILL AND started out on his errand. After a short time he returned with a black eye, but no money. He reported to Nuss that his call had been completely unsuccessful. John looked him over and said, in a tone of voice which DeLano didn't like:

"You didn't do very much, did you?"

"What more could I do?" demanded DeLano indignantly.

As a matter of fact, John didn't know what more could be done, but the question demanded an answer. So, with as straight a face as he could muster, he said:

"Well, you only got one black eye."

DeLano SEEMED ON THE point of exploding, but he didn't. He kept himself admirably under control, and after giving the situation some thought he turned and left the store. In fifteen minutes he was back, this time with the money for the bill, and still with only one black eye. He never would tell what had happened to the other fellow.

I HAVE RECEIVED SEVERAL replies to both the spider problem and the long division puzzle. In order to give interested readers a change to rack their brains a little longer I shall not give the answers today.

H. Z. MITCHELL, WHO, AS HE has mentioned occasionally in speeches which many readers doubtless have heard, lives at Bemidji where he edits the Daily Pioneer, writes:

"WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT darn spider you started on his travels across the room in the middle of the week? Though I consider myself an expert tourist router I have to admit that the spider's trip is like a trip through northern Minnesota—there are eight or nine ways you can reach your destination without loss of time or mileage, and they are all squally beautiful. I can't figure out a detour that will save him any steps. Is that the catch?"

THERE ISN'T ANY CATCH, unless it is in the use of the word 'shortest.' As a matter of fact, there are two routes, equally short, and shorter than any of the others. Thus far only one correct answer to that one has been received.

IN ORDER TO GIVE THE class in long division something to do, here's another:

BCN) CUGNUBDB (AOORUK

AOU

BDON

NOG

BDRU

NOC

NGB

UCK

BBOD

BBBA

GUB

GGR

AG

The answer to this is one word of ten letters.

THIS SORT OF EXERCISE while vastly more simple, suggests the puzzles which are found in Poe's "Gold Bug" and in at least one of the Sherlock Holmes stories—I have forgotten which. Poe is often described as the originator of the mystery story, and there is a tradition that his solution of the mystery in the Gold Bug story is about the last word in logical analysis. I suppose it is heretical to suggest a weakness in such a classic, but I cannot escape the guilty feeling that I am a heretic. Without questioning the general merit of the story or the ingenuity of the problem and its solution, I have always felt that there were soft spots which as brilliant a writer as Poe should have avoided.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE of the late Carl C. Gowran which could not be given publicity during his lifetime illustrates his conscientious rectitude and the meticulous order in which he handled every subject entrusted to his charge. In the course of years Mr. Gowran had been made custodian of numerous funds raised for benevolent purposes of many kinds. On several occasions small balances from such funds were left in his hands after the purposes for which the funds had been raised had been accomplished. To redistribute these funds among the contributors on a pro rata basis was impracticable, and at the time no suitable method of disposal presented itself. Each of these balances was banked and carried as a separate account, drawing interest meanwhile. Months ago Mr. Gowran called together a group of his friends who might be considered fairly representative of the groups originally interested in the collection of these funds, presented a statement of the several accounts, showing that the accumulation of interest had doubled some of the balances originally in his hands and materially increased all of them, and proposed that the entire fund be now devoted to the relief of human need under direction which would insure its wise use. The fact that such a fund existed was news to all who were consulted. The scrupulous conservation of trifling balances had in the course of years resulted in the accumulation of a really substantial sum. The course which Mr. Gowran recommended was approved and many a needy person was helped.

ALL OF THIS WAS characteristic of the man. Carl Gowran was one of our most public spirited citizens, and at the same time completely retiring and self-effacing. Always willing to do his share and more than his share, in the promotion of any useful movement he avoided the lime-light and preferred that others should occupy the center of the stage.

A MALADY FROM WHICH HE had suffered for years, and which ultimately resulted in his death, made it necessary for him to limit his activities in order that his strength might not be too severely taxed. His life, although quiet, had been active. Throughout his business career he had been a model of industry and he enjoyed the associations and recreations which appeal to wholesome men. He felt keenly the restrictions which he found it necessary to impose on himself, but concerning all this he kept his own counsel. He made no complaint and there was no change in the cheerfulness with which he greeted his friends and carried on such work as his physical condition permitted him to undertake.

HE WAS A MAN OF Generous impulses, quick to respond to a cry for help, quick to penetrate a sham, and ready to fight, if need be, for a friend.

LOOKING OVER HERALD files of thirty-odd years ago I find that on October 19, 1899, there were 201 students registered at the University of North Dakota, a number greater by 27, according to the article, than the registration at the corresponding date a year earlier. And the article notes with every appearance of satisfaction that students were still coming in. Yet, thirty-three years ago we considered the University quite an institution, not only in the quality of its work, but in point of numbers.

I FIND, TOO, THAT IN THE following year the water problem was a serious one throughout the Northwest. The low stage of the rivers had caused such concentration of undesirable material that the city filter was overtaxed and people were complaining bitterly of the abominable taste of the city water. Everywhere wells were going dry and farmers were hauling water for stock. It was expected that the Minneapolis mills would be obliged to shut down because it was impossible to float logs down the Mississippi.

IT APPEARS THAT NO WAY has yet been discovered to overcome all the difficulties that arise from low water. A few days ago a friend from Minneapolis asked me if we had any trouble in Grand Forks with the taste of our city water. I said that occasionally when the supply was scant it became necessary to treat the water to an extent which left a slight taste and odor in the water.

"YOU OUGHT TO TASTE THE water in Minneapolis just now," he said. "It's just awful. The cold water is bad, but when you turn on the hot water faucet the smell of it is enough to drive you out of the house." That made me feel rather good. Not that I have any thing against Minneapolis, but I was glad to have unprejudiced testimony to the fact that Grand Forks is not the only city when the water smells and tastes when the powers that be have denied us our usual river flow.

THE VISIT OF SIR HARRY Lauder and his company to Grand Forks revived memories of the days when "trouper" were frequent visitors to the city, and when they followed, at least in part, the route followed by the Lauder company. I asked a member of the company from what direction they had come. He was unable to answer until he had consulted the schedule. He found that the company had come from Duluth to Fargo, to Grand Forks. From here they would go to Winnipeg, thence to Brandon, Regina and other Canadian cities and so on to Vancouver.

THAT WAS QUITE IN LINE with the old trouping practice. I can remember that when I was a youngster and learned that there were people whose business kept them on the road most of the time, stopping only a night at a place, and with nothing to do but sing songs or do a little acting for a couple of hours, I thought what a fine life that would be and how they must enjoy seeing so much country. I learned later that actors and concert people do not see so much country as one might suppose, and that what they do see does not interest them, greatly. One wearies of looking at country through car windows, and the time spent on trains is more often devoted to reading, sleep, needlework or card games than to looking at the landscape. The business of stage people is on the stage and acting, rehearsing and a multitude of details involve real work and lots of it. Geographical considerations assume minor importance-or drop out of sight altogether.

ONCE AT A CIRCUS, WHILE wandering about the grounds, I found a group of canvasmen and stake drivers taking it easy after the tents were up and everything was ready for the performance. One chap, as he arranged a quantity of hay for a comfortable couch, wondered what place this was. Another volunteered that he had heard somebody say something about Grand Forks. "Wonder where Grand Forks is," said one. "Damfino" said the man with the hay as he snuggled down for a snooze. And he didn't care, either. That attitude, I think, is typical of those who are constantly on the move and who do not need to keep track of their whereabouts.

OUR LAUDER FRIENDS followed the route that was commonly traveled 30 or 40 years ago except that few of the earlier companies went west from Winnipeg. The Northern Pacific was the favorite road between east and west for those making northern territory because its towns were larger than those on the Great Northern. Coming westward from the Twin Cities or Duluth the companies stopped at Fargo, then went north to Winnipeg, which was a good show town, and returned to the main line at Fargo, playing Grand Forks going north or south. That is why Grand Forks had theatrical attractions which were quite out of reach of almost any other place of its size in the country.

I HAPPENED THE OTHER day to open a file at a theatrical announcement for the winter of 1899-1900. It was not at all a complete list, but it mentioned some of the outstanding attractions already booked for the season. The list included Modjeska in "Macbeth"; two of Hoyt's farces, "A Stranger in New York" and "A Milk White Flag;" Edwin Mayo in "Pudd'nhead Wilson;" Eddie Foy in "Hotel Topsy Turvy;" Black Patti, a famous colored soprano; Hal Reid in "Human Hearts," Carter's scenic melodrama "Remember the Maine;" the Neill Stock company in repertoire; Howard Hall in "A Soldier of the Empire;" and Charles Frohman's "Sowing the Wind."

NOT INCLUDED IN THAT preliminary announcement, but appearing on May 29, 1900, was Kellar, the famous magician, in one of whose features two prominent local physicians figured. Kellar volunteered to release himself after being bound as securely as anyone could bind himself. According to the story Drs. Wheeler and Taylor were selected to do the binding because of their knowledge of anatomy. They tied the magician to the best of their ability, with due regard to joints and tendons, "but in spite of their knowledge of anatomy and their skill in tying knots Kellar freed himself in a moment without apparent effort. Kellar was one of the really great magicians, ranking with Hermann Houdin, Houdini and Thurston.