

ON SEPTEMBER 2 THE NEW York Sun published a mammoth edition of 104 pages to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its founding. The issue included a reprint of the first number, which was issued by Benjamin Day on September 2, 1883. The first number of the paper which was to become such a factor in New York journalism was of four pages, each page measuring 11 1-4 by 8 inches with the type set in three wide columns.

There were other daily papers in New York at that time, but the Sun was the first penny paper to gain a foothold. Day was a printer who had worked on several of the city papers, ultimately setting up in business for himself as a commercial printer. For several years the idea of a penny paper had appealed to him, but when he mentioned the subject to his friends they laughed at him and said the thing was impossible. Others had conceived the same notion, among them one Horace Greeley, who, with a friend, started a penny paper in January, 1833. That paper lasted just three weeks.

AT THAT TIME THE Country was in the throes of one of its periodical depressions and business of every kind was at a standstill. Day found himself with a job plant on his hands and no orders. He concluded that he might as well be printing a penny paper as doing nothing, and, with the assistance of a boy he prepared and produced the first issue of the Sun. His purpose, as announced in that issue, was "to lay before the public, at a price within the reach of everyone, ALL THE NEWS OF THE DAY (the capitals are his) and at the same time to afford an advantageous medium for advertising."

THE NEWS IN THAT FIRST issue consisted of two columns of minor police paragraphs and about another column of miscellaneous items. The advertisements related to shipping, auction sales, legals and miscellaneous. It is interesting just at this time to note that the Sun of 100 years ago published the offer of a reward of \$1,000 for the apprehension of the persons who had stolen \$13,600 in bills from the mail stage between Boston and Lynn, and that the attempt of 30 convicts to escape from the Ohio state penitentiary had been frustrated. It seems that there was crime in those days.

ANOTHER FEATURE OF THE paper was an entire column entitled "New York Bank Note Table." We have our banking troubles in these days, but no one ever questions the value of a bank note. It was different then. A bank note might be worth 100 cents on the dollar or it might be worth nothing, depending on the condition of the bank which issued it. It was not safe to accept a bill without looking up its value, and I there was no way of telling how long the latest estimated value would last. The Sun's table lists one or more banks in each of twenty-odd states and gives the value of their currency. Most of the New York banks seem to have been sound, as their currency was quoted at par. Three were listed as uncertain, one at 3-4, one at 3-8—presumably 75 and 37 1-2 per cent, and one is described as "broken." In other states banks are listed as low as 5 and up into the 90's. A man might have a lot of dollar bills without having that many dollars.

NEW YORK AT THAT TIME had a population of 220,000. Under the headline "Business of New York" the Sun had this cheerful paragraph:

"Considerable business was transacted during the past month, more than any month of August for several years. The city is nearly full of strangers from all parts of this country and Europe. Many hotels are filled with strangers, and in one no less than 1,795 entries of boarders were made on its register during the past month, making 54 per day." There spoke the loyal small-town reporter!

SUNRISE AND SUNSET — which is more beautiful? We may have our preferences, for most of us less effort is required to see the sun set, but before the sun can set it must rise, and its rise is often a glorious spectacle. A recent sunrise reminded Mrs. T. A. Rees of one which she witnessed some years ago near Minto, and which impressed her so much that she commemorated it in verse. If the following lines which she wrote shall induce some reader to rise betimes and enjoy a September sunset they will have served a worthy purpose:

SEPTEMBER SUNRISE IN NORTH DAKOTA By Nellie L. Rees.

If you want to see a sunrise that
you always will remember Just come out to North Dakota;
see a sunrise in September! Every sunrise is majestic, irresistible its might; But to multiply its glories the
stage
setting must be just right. Western clouds must come a-creeping in the hours before the
dawn. Atmosphere must hold electrons
from the golden, stubbled
plains, Loosened by the blowing thresher
from the stems of ripened
grain.

You must rise up very early—quite an hour before the sun—
For the changes are so wondrous you'll not want to miss a one.
All is ready for the pageant! First
there comes a mellow glow,
Orange mingling with gray streamers, shining on the earth below.
Then a blush of rosy splendor creeps above the dark sky-
line,
Showing through the ragged
streamers in a lacy-like de
sign,
While soft rolls of richest crimson band the edges of each cloud,
Like the white-caps crest the billows, where the breakers thunder loud.

Oh, the beauty and the splendor, wave on wave of rosy light
Every moment spreading westward, chasing back the shades of night.
While deep pools of midnight blackness fill the ragged troughs between,
While to northward or to southward are clear lakes of apple green.
For the west night's lingering shadows turn to lavender and gray,
Splashed with tasseled, rosy pennants, heralding the newborn day.
Then a blaze of golden glory glows across the eastern sky,
Changing crimson waves to golden, as the moments swiftly fly.

Oh! the glory and the grandeur,
wave on wave of burnished
gold Unsurpassed by any legend fabled
fairies ever told.
Brighter grows the glowing heaven 'til a sphere of sparkling
light Rolls up from below the sky-line,
sending forth its rays most
bright. King of day, with joy we greet
you, thankful for the warmth
and cheer That your coming sheds upon us
every day through all the
year.

IN THE TESTER YEARS Section of The Herald the other day it was recorded that thirty years ago William Favershaw, who was here with his company in "The Squaw Man," addressed University faculty and students at convocation. One of the fine things about the class of drama that was presented in Grand Forks when first-class companies went regularly on the road was the opportunity that was frequently afforded University students to come in contact with some of the fine artists who adorned the stage. Favershaw was one of these.

"THE SQUAW MAN" WAS A great play, and it was presented by great actors. Aside from Favershaw himself, who was a master of his art, the girl who played the part of his Indian wife did a remarkable piece of work in filling one of the important places in the piece without uttering a word except, as I recall it, when once or twice in the course of the play she spoke a brief sentence. Her Indian father, too, who spoke only in the Indian language, was a fine and impressive figure.

THE TREASURY Department has banned the further dumping of Japanese thumb tacks. We have borne much from Japan, but a line must be drawn somewhere. We draw it at thumb tacks. Perhaps prices will go up, but if we are not willing to pay a reasonable price for our thumb tacks, carpet tacks are good enough for us.

LAZINESS CAN BE BROUGHT to such a degree of perfection that it amounts to genius, and a man who lived in our neighborhood in my boyhood seemed to have reached that point. His first name was Matt. His second name is of no consequence. I suppose he has relatives living. He was the son of a thrifty farmer, and his father and brothers were known for their energy and industry. Matt seemed to have been born, not tired, but just lazy, and his laziness was so notorious that I think our people took a certain pride in it. It is something for a community to be able to boast of having the laziest man in the world as one of its members, and that is the way they felt about it.

ONE OF THE TRADITIONS OF Matt's early life was that when his father went to town one day and left Matt to hoe corn, Matt made himself comfortable in the shade of a tree and remained there all day. His father larruped him with a hickory whipstock, but Matt took the punishment stoically. He admitted to the other boys that it hurt, but he said it was better to take a licking that lasted only a few minutes than to work all day.

AT LENGTH HIS FATHER turned him loose and he found that a certain amount of work was necessary to enable him to eat. Naturally, he sought the easiest jobs. He tried barbering, because that involved no heavy lifting, but in a country village where men shaved themselves and cut each other's hair there was not much custom for a barber without either skill or experience. He tried tailoring, because tailors sit at their work, but he couldn't make a respectable job of patching a pair of trousers. One "easy" job after another failed him, and he was driven to actual hard manual labor, of which he did as little as possible. Curiously, he was a fairly good worker when he chose to work. He could handle a buck-saw or a pitchfork as well as the next man, and, as he was a pleasant, affable fellow, without a trace of malice or viciousness in him, he could always have a job when he wanted one. He worked when he had to and loafed when he could. He seemed to have no ambition other than to dodge work.

MATT'S PASSION FOR EASE led him to invent a curious contraption for sawing wood. The buck-saw was elementary in its simplicity, but its use meant hard work. In order to make the work easier Matt built himself a frame on which the same buck-saw was hung so that it would swing back and forth, being actuated to certain rods attached to a wheel which the operator turned by hand. The thing worked, but the machine itself consumed about as much power as the saw did when used in the ordinary way. That made it twice as hard to saw with Matt's machine as without it. Nevertheless Matt had faith in his invention, and he had a certain persistence which caused him to stick to it long after its failure was obvious to everybody else. When I last knew Matt he had abandoned his machine and gone back to first principles. I suppose he enjoyed life in his quiet, lazy way, as well as many who are more forceful and ambitious.

IN CAMPBELL'S THIRD Reader, which was used in the Ontario schools sixty years ago, is a story which has interested me, not because there is anything remarkable about the story in itself, but because an incident occurring so far away, in a country wild and unknown, should have found its way into an eastern school book, with locality so definitely marked. The incident itself is said to have taken place many years before the story was written, which would place it, probably, a century or more ago.

IN BRIEF, THE STORY IS OF the fate of a traveler who set out, with Indian companions, from Sault Ste. Marie to cruise along the south shore of Lake Superior, up the St. Louis river and then to Portage across to the Mississippi. His ultimate destination was unknown. The journey up the lake was made successfully. Portages were made around the rapids of the St. Louis and the traveler and his Indian guides reached the great swamp between the St. Louis and Sandy Lake, across which the final portage was to be made. Camp was made there and the stranger fathered a quantity of wheat he supposed were roots of the sweet flag, of which he was fond, and ate them. He was taken ill, and it was found that the roots which he had eaten were of a poisonous plant, and the poor fellow died. Before his death he drew from his pocket a silver crucifix and explained to his Indian friends that they were to plant a similar emblem upon the grave which they were to dig for him. This was done, and there in the swamp, was erected a rude cross of tamarack, which stood for many years to mark the spot where the traveler had died.

DOUBTLESS THE CROSS HAS long since disappeared, but the thing that interested me particularly was that its location should be so precisely given in a story written so long ago. The swamp described, which may have been drained by this time, was on a route over which furs and merchandise were carried in the very early days of the fur trade, the portage being one of the connecting links between the Upper Mississippi valley and the Atlantic by way of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence.

IN A CARD WHICH CONTAINS personal references which will interest many Grand Forks friends Mrs. A. L. Woods writes from San Diego, Cal.: "I am visiting my son Donald and his wife. Received two Heralds which I perused with eagerness. Especially was I interested in your article on mushrooms and trees. I shall never forget the time you told my husband how to distinguish the former and the many times we enjoyed them afterwards. The names of strangers filled the columns of the paper, but that is not strange, as it is fourteen years since I left Grand Forks. But I saw a few items concerning people I knew. I am making my home in Beverly Hills since May, '32, near my son Clement, who often comes down from Ventura, and Donald, from San Diego. The weather is quite fall-like, vines turning red and leaves of deciduous trees falling."

THE LATE A. L. WOODS WILL, be remembered by older residents of the vicinity as superintendent of schools of Walsh county, later deputy state superintendent of public instruction, and at the time of his death secretary of the Grand Forks Commercial club. I had forgotten that I ever attempted to instruct him concerning mushrooms, and should be inclined to doubt it were it not for the direct testimony of Mrs. Woods, for he was an expert gardener and learned in the lore of the woods and fiends.

THERE ARE CERTAIN TESTS which are recommended for growths of the mushroom kind to determine their edibility. The common mushroom, such as is usually found in the stores, starts its growth with the top curves under and connected with the thick stem by means of a thin membrane called the veil. As the mushroom expands the veil breaks, leaving a ring around the stem. The mushroom peels easily, and the gills beneath are attached to the thick firm substance of the top which, when fresh, is quite heavy. The gills are white in the tiny buttons, then pink, and they turn brown.

THE OTHER DAY I FOUND A fungus which complied with all the specifications except as to color of gills, which were white, although the fungus was quite large and perfect in appearance. As in all other cases where there is the slightest doubt, I rejected it, although, for all I know, it was edible. My rule is: When in doubt, leave it alone.

A CLIPPING FROM A Distant friend contains a quotation from Harper's Weekly for October 10, 1857, which I have quoted in whole or in part several times, referring to the deplorable economic condition of the world nearly a century ago. When the pall of gloom settles down over us and we think things have gone beyond recovery, it is worth while to think of that expression of woe, which begins:

"IT IS A GLOOMY MOMENT in history. Not for many years— not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper, has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable at this time. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration arid panic, and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out without employment, and without the prospect of it."

THE ARTICLE THEN GOES on to describe conditions in Europe, which were apparently as bad as possible, and the description written then would fit well the conditions which exist today. All of that was before most of us were born. Yet there was recovery, and all of us have seen some mighty good times. A century hence, in some depression of that time, our great-grandchildren may comfort themselves by reading some of the gloomy estimates of the past two or three years, and may console themselves with the thought that as we got out of the mess, some way, perhaps they will be able to do so. Or will the world have learned how to avoid depressions by the end of another century?

"SPEAKING OF NARROW Escapes," said the man with the green tie, "I had one years ago that gives me goose-flesh yet. I was standing by the river fishing, and all at once I saw a big crocodile coming straight for me. I could see his eyes just above the water, his long snout and his scaly back, and his tail sort of rippled as he came along. The bank was too steep for me to climb in a hurry, and if I moved either way I would get stuck in the mud."

"But, a crocodile in the Red river!" said his friend. I never heard of such a thing."

"Neither had I. But as the thing floated closer I saw that it wasn't a crocodile at all. It was a log. The eyes were knots and the tail was trailing grass that had caught on the bark. But it was a narrow escape."

"I don't see that there was much of an escape about that," said the friend. "You weren't in any danger."

"I haven't told you all of it. I was just on the point of swearing that I would never take another drink as long as I lived. And that was forty years ago."

WHEN THE POET GRAY wrote of "the short and simple annals of the poor" he did so in no spirit of contempt for those who had been denied such opportunities as had enabled others to tread the paths of glory. He knew that beneath externals often harsh and forbidding there was sometimes real beauty, real heroism, real romance. And the poet's vision is confirmed by many passages from life itself. I am reminded of this by a booklet just published by Donald G. MacKay, one of the pioneer residents of Park River as a memorial to his parents, John and Marion MacKay, who were natives of Scotland, and who came to Canada in 1835 and settled on a farm in West Zorra, Oxford county, Ontario. The booklet deals only briefly with pioneer life in the primeval Ontario forest. Its principal theme is that of youthful struggle and romance affecting the lives of humble, but sturdy and devoted human beings.

ABOUT 1830 YOUNG JOHN MacKay was a weaver's apprentice near the village of Dornoch, Scotland. It was his ambition to become a master weaver, and to make plaids from his own patterns, so that he would "know who were his friends and clients from the very pattern of the coat they wear." Here the author in commenting makes a statement that is quite new to me. Explaining the origin of the Scottish plaids he says:

"INSTEAD OF THESE PLAIDS being the peculiar sign of the different clans, they were, in reality, originally the sign of the master weavers. Each weaver vied with his fellow tradesman to produce the most popular patterns, and then dedicated it to his own clan."

STEAM WAS BEGINNING TO take the place of hard labor, and the future of the individual weaver was becoming dark. John MacKay could see nothing in the future for him as a weaver. He consulted his sweetheart, Marion. They had heard of Canada, a new country covered with great forests. Adhere land was to be had for little money and where, by dint of hard work, one could soon own his own home. They agreed to marry and join one of the companies of emigrants who were moving to the new land.

MARION'S PARENTS approved of the marriage, but her father would not hear of the family being separated. They had always been together and they would remain together. He would sell all his possessions, and with his other children accompany the young couple to Canada.

IN DUE TIME THE SALE WAS made. The young people were soon to be married, and then, after a few weeks, they would sail. Just then John was taken ill. For weeks he was only partly conscious, and it might be months before he would be able to travel. It was proposed that the parents and younger children should go while Marion remained with John, the couple to be married and follow the next year. But Marion's father would not hear of this. He had made great sacrifices to keep his family together and he would not have them separated now. His decision was that Marion should go with the family, leaving John to join them when he could. The father's word was law, and his decision stood.

PASSAGE WAS ENGAGED, farewells were said, and the family set out for the port where their ship was almost ready to sail. Marion's departure shocked John into action. Weak as he was, he made ready to travel. He persuaded his brother to drive him to the dock, and there he overtook his sweetheart and her family. Argument and persuasion were wasted on him. He insisted on an immediate marriage and on going with the family. Consent being gained, the captain agreed to hold the ship while the marriage ceremony was performed. In the nearby manse John and Marion were made husband and wife. John was too weak to stand, and pronounced his vows seated in a chair beside his bride.

DURING THE LONG VOYAGE, which was by sail alone, John recovered, so that by the time the ship reached Quebec he was able to perform his part of the labor which was to follow. There was the slow journey up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and then the long drive of 100 miles over almost impassable woodland trails, but at length the end of the journey was reached. The rest of it is the story of pioneer life such as thousands of families lived. But what a romance the novelist could weave out of the materials in those lives.

I WONDER IF ANYONE HAS ever made a study of what the automobile is doing to human nerves. I am not thinking of the effect on nerves of accidents and near-accidents, but of the influence on nervous systems of the sustained attention which is inseparable from the driving of a car as contrasted with the lack of attention which was contrasted with the driving of a team. The subject may not be, and usually not, conscious of the difference at the time, but there is a difference which must have its influence.

FEW PERSONS DRIVE horses nowadays. Those who have driven them know that driving a team calls for only a slight degree of attention. In some sort of fashion the team will keep the road of its own accord. It will keep the road on a night so dark that the driver cannot see what is before him, and the mind of the driver may be free to wander all over creation. An occasional touch on the reins is all that is required.

THE DRIVER OF A CAR, ON the contrary, must attend to his driving continually. Not even for a second may he neglect the task of keeping his car on the right track. If he allows his attention to wander for an instant he is likely to find himself in the ditch, for no car will keep a straight course if left to itself.

IT MAY BE ARGUED THAT the experienced driver is so accustomed to his task that he does not need to think about his driving at all, and that his mind is as free as that of the teamster. This is partly true. The experienced driver does not think consciously about his driving, but, subconsciously he is thinking about it all the time. Something has been developed in which enables him to give the necessary attention to his driving without realizing that he is doing so. That means that attention has become so much a habit that it is buried beneath his conscious realization. But it is there, and actively at work all the time.

MANY TESTS HAVE BEEN made as to the effects of sustained attention in other fields, and it has been demonstrated that prolonged fixing of attention and dulls the senses. When twenty-odd million persons drive cars an average of 5,000 miles a year each, and when a considerable proportion of these are driving constantly during their business hours, with the eye taking in every inequality in the road, every direction sign, every turn and curve, and every on-coming vehicle; with the ear ready to recognize every warning sound, and with the entire nervous system alert to direct the proper muscle to make the proper motion at the right moment; and when this is continued day after day and year after year; what changes are being developed in the human machine in order that all this may be possible without affecting the conscious thinking of the individual? The automobile has revolutionized many things. Is it revolutionizing our consciousness and subconsciousness?

THE NOBLESVILLE, Indiana, Daily Ledger, which by the way, is the old home paper of former President Kane, of the University of North Dakota, runs a "Fifty Years Ago" department in which it is mentioned that fifty years ago on September 14 L. M. Wainwright took second premium in a bicycle race at Kokomo. That may have been with the high wheel, as it was sometime later that the safety bike came into general use. Wainwright became well known in both bicycle and automobile circles.

ANOTHER ITEM FROM THE same source reads: "Now is the time (September 14, 1883) the parent is heard bewailing the expensiveness of present day education, and as he goes down into his pocket to buy school books, tells how different it was in his day."

TODAY THE GRANDSON OF that same old fellow is telling how much better it was in his day, when modern innovations had not made education the intolerable burden that it is. It seems that fifty years ago people managed some how to find things to grumble about.

A NOTE RECEIVED FROM W. P. Massuri, whose address has been mislaid, reads: "My sister living in southern Missouri writes me that when their first crop of sweet corn had matured they planted again, and on September 24 they were eating fresh corn from the second crop."

TO GATHER TWO CROPS OF corn in one season is going some, but I am not sure that it could not have been done in North Dakota this year, as we had about five months without frost, and much of it was first class corn weather.

JOURNALISM, LIKE Everything else, has changed. Among other things, it is much less individual than it was once. There are now no names in journalism that stand out as did those of Dana, Greeley and Pulitzer when the men who bore them were on earth and active. The whole system has changed, and it is quite likely that in the process something of value has been lost. On the other hand, there have been some gains, and one very appreciable gain has been in the better conception of how a newspaper can best serve its readers.

IN ITS OUTLINE OF ITS Century of history published a few weeks ago the New York Sun tells of two incidents which, seen in the perspective of the years, are quite illuminating. These were the publication of the Moon Hoax and that of the Balloon Hoax.

ACCORDING TO THE STORY told by Benjamin H. Day, founder of the Sun, a writer named Richard Adams Locke came to him sometime during the year 1835, when the paper was about two years old, and proposed to write for the Sun a story of remarkable discoveries on the moon made by Sir John Frederick William Herschel, the leading astronomer of that day, and Day agreed to publish the story and pay \$300 for it. Because of the success of the story there was actually paid between \$500 and \$600.

HERSCHEL WAS AT THAT time known to have established an observatory in South Africa and to be making a study of the southern skies. With that fact for a groundwork the Sun published a brief paragraph to the effect that Herschel had just made discoveries of the most wonderful description by means of an immense telescope of an entirely new principle.

WITH THIS PREPARATION, within a few days the grand hoax itself appeared. It was in the form of an article, credited to the Supplement to the Edinburgh Journal of Science, purporting to have been written by Herschel himself, telling of the bringing of the surface of the moon within the field of vision on such an enlarged scale that objects on it could be seen as clearly as if only 100 yards away. Enumerated among these were near-bisons, unicorn-goats, beavers which built fires in their huts, and, lastly, semi-human beings classified as man-bats. The story was given verisimilitude by being written in scientific terms, a fair imitation of what a man like Herschel might have been supposed to write, for Locke was an educated man, trained at Cambridge, and familiar with scientific literature.

THE STORY WAS Swallowed whole by the public, and, even New York scientists, dubious at first, professed themselves satisfied. Copies of the Sun sold like hot cakes, and the circulation jumped away ahead of all competition. When the inevitable exposure came there was much laughter, but apparently no resentment.

THE BALLOON HOAX WAS perpetrated by Edgar Allan Poe, and that also was the result of a deliberate bargain between writer and publisher. The story, published April 13, 1844, told of the arrival on the South Carolina coast, of a steering balloon which had carried eight persons across the Atlantic in three days. The balloon was supposed to have been equipped with a screw propeller and a rudder. Poe said the passengers had intended to fly from North Wales across the English channel, but the propeller had broken down and the balloon had been carried across the Atlantic by a stiff northeast wind. The names of the passengers given were those of prominent living persons. That story, also, served as a circulation builder, and its publication was accepted as a good joke.

IN THESE DAYS YARNS LIKE those could not be put over, but a century ago the public knew little of science, and there was no wire or radio communication such as would be called into use now to verify or confute any remarkable, but improbable story. But another and more important reason is that today no reputable newspaper would undertake to play such tricks on its readers. If a Locke or a Poe should tender to a modern newspaper a story as false, but as plausible, in the light of the knowledge and the facilities of today, no matter how brilliantly his story might be written, he would be shown to the door. It took the newspaper some time to find itself and to discover its function. In the meantime, it was alternately the apostle of righteousness and the circus clown. Doubtless the newspaper is still evolving, but it has at least reached the stage where it does not attempt to play silly jokes on its readers.

I AM INDEBTED TO WALTER E. Spokesfield of Jamestown for a copy of the Stutsman County Record containing an account of the jubilee celebration held in Jamestown during the last week of September and an interesting article by Mr. Spokesfield himself on the early history of the city and county. The celebration appears to have been a success in every respect, and it brought to the city many of the pioneer residents who enjoyed nothing the progress which the city has made and the opportunity to exchange reminiscences with old friends.

MR. SPOKESFIELD, HIMSELF a pioneer and the sort of a pioneer, is well qualified to write of the history of the community. He is the author of a History of Wells County which, in addition to an outline of the history of that county, contains valuable material relating to the settlement of the whole upper James river valley as well as much material relating to the history of the state as a whole.

THE HISTORY OF THE Spokesfield family was saddened by tragedy such as overtook not a few families in pioneer days. Edmund Spokesfield, Walter's father, came from Missouri in 1882 and squatted on a claim in what was afterward to be Wells county. His family joined him the following year. In December, 1891, Mr. Spokesfield and a neighbor, J. P. Hardy, set out with a herd of cattle through the Coteaus and on the way they were overtaken by an unusually severe blizzard. Their bodies were found several days later by friends who had set out in search of them after the storm subsided. From the surroundings it appeared that Hardy had died first. Spokesfield had got a clump of bushes and had woven their tops together and piled snow around the base in the attempt to form a shelter, but he had been obliged to give up. Between the rude shelter and Hardy's body was a beaten path, indicating that Spokesfield had kept watch over the body of his friend until death had also overtaken him.

FOR MANY YEARS WALTER Spokesfield has been engaged in the railway mail service. Outside of his official duties he finds interest and entertainment in the collection and preparation of data relating to the early history of the state, especially the James river valley, with which he is most familiar.

IN THE RECORD'S STORY OF the celebration, and in Mr. Spokesfield's historical sketches there occur many names which were once familiar to me, some of which have been forgotten in the lapse of half a century. Among other interesting bits I find the following menu for the Christmas dinner in 1880 served by Proprietor D.T. Flint at the Dakota house:

Game—Buffalo Hump, hunter's style; Saddle of Venison with jelly; Loin of Elk, a la Chasseur; Saddle of James River Valley Antelope and cranberry sauce; Wild Goose with apple sauce; Buffalo Tongue a la carte; Galtine of Prairie Chicken a la jelee.

HITLER IS GOING TO HAVE Germany completely Aryan, whatever that may be. The latest regulation is that no person shall be permitted to serve as a race track rider who cannot show Aryan descent, at least as far back as his grandfather. That's likely to bar a lot of good riders.

NAZI SCHOOLBOYS IN GER-many are not to be permitted to wear their weapons in school. The boys wear habitually hunting knives with six-inch blades on which are inscribed "Blood and Honor." Other youths are not permitted to carry knives. Inasmuch as the wearing of knives is supposed to be in furtherance of the training of youth in honor and patriotism, it is difficult to see why they should be excluded from the schools, where those cardinal virtues are expected to be taught.

A CURRENT M A G A Z I N E short story has most of its plot laid in the island of Culebra, which is correctly described as a small island only a few miles east of Porto Rico. The story is written in the first person, and in it the purported writer describes in considerable detail the island itself and the mansion on it which was the home of the principal characters in the story. The mansion, a huge building w i t h forty-two rooms and a chapel, and a number of gardens and terraces, had been built, and lavishly built, in Spanish days by a young sugar planter for his Parisian bride. It had passed through a succession of ownership, and presently the whole island, with all its faded plantation magnificence, had been given to the narrator's father as a wedding present. The residence has been renovated and the sugar industry revived, and at the time of the story the owner, living with his family in the mansion in regal tropical style, was shipping 250,000 bags of sugar a year.

AS A STORY THE TALE IS just fair, and for the average reader the scenes might as well have been laid in Culebra as on any other imaginary tropical island. It would have been better, though, to give the island a fictitious name and place, for his pursuit of realism has led the writer into impossibilities.

THERE IS SUCH AN ISLAND as Culebra, but it contains no mansion and no sugar plantation. It is a tiny bit of land, perhaps five miles in extreme length, deeply indented, and almost covered with hills that just escape being mountains. Its one bit of level land, on which sugar cane might conceivably be grown, is used by the American navy for occasional marine drill and other exercises, for the navy has a dinky station on the island. The island is inhabited by less than 1,000 people, practically all blacks, who graze a few cattle on the hills and grow a few bananas, which fruit forms their chief sustenance. Scarcely anyone ever visits the island and for those who have not seen it makes as good a scene for a story as any other place. To those who have seen it its selection as the scene of a romantic plantation drama, with all the trimmings, is as incongruous as making Maple Lake the scene of a great naval battle.

A WRITER IN THE NEW York Times takes another writer to task for writing of the dull brown of autumn oaks as if the oak showed no other color. He cites the fact, with which most of those who have wandered through the woods are familiar, that some of the oaks present as brilliant autumn colors as are ever found on the maples. Both writers seem to agree that the maple is rare in that vicinity, a fact—if it is a fact—with which I was not familiar.

ON LAST SUMMER'S Vacation trip I was impressed by the manner in which the maple dominates the scene, all the way from central Minnesota as far east as Toronto. In the summer forest growth is difficult to identify at a distance, but while trees of many other varieties were seen along the roadsides and through cities and villages, the maple was found everywhere, through Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ontario. What a gorgeous parade of color one would find on that drive now, unless frost had partly bared the branches, which is scarcely likely.

OUR PRAIRIE GROVES Contain no maples, but they are by no means lacking in color in the fall. As the eastern writer says, some of the oaks present as brilliant colors as are to be found in any foliage. The Virginia creeper stands out like a pillar of fire. Where the sumach is found it gives its touch as crimson. And the yellows of the cottonwood and ash are alternately soft and brilliant as the light plays upon or through them. Autumn has a beauty of its own, which is surpassed in no other season, and our prairie country has features of beauty which are peculiar to itself.

CAPTAIN J. F. HAYES, WHO has been mentioned occasionally of late in the "Yesteryears" department of The Herald, was probably more familiar than any other man of his time with the characteristics of the Red river. For many years he had charge of the government fleet which was maintained for the purpose of keeping the river navigable, and which had head quarters at Grand Forks. The intent was to maintain a channel with a minimum depth of four feet. As seasons of low water became more frequent this became a task of increasing difficulty as there were few stretches where dredging was not necessary. The dredged channel filled quickly with silt, and it was necessary to repeat the same work over and over again, and each season provided a new crop of snags which had to be removed. As the difficulty of maintaining the channel increased the need for it diminished, for the rail roads had left little work for the river steamers to do. Appropriations for river work were curtailed and finally ceased altogether. The dredging outfit was tied up permanently, ultimately to be dismantled.

WITH THAT EXPERIENCE Captain Hayes knew the river as intimately as the farm boy knows the way through the wood lot. Because of his intimate acquaintance with the stream and his long experience on it and other rivers a remark which he once made in answer to question concerning the dangerous and treacherous character of the stream has always stuck in my mind. "The Red River of the North," he said, "is about the simplest river to fall into and to get out of any that I know."

THERE HAS GROWN UP about the Red river a tradition of danger and dark mystery. Much has been said about its whirls and eddies and the strange suction of its current which seizes even the experienced swimmer and drags him to death. Captain Hayes dismissed all this as utter nonsense. The Red river is dangerous, he said, just as any flowing stream is dangerous, and not in any greater degree. The water is of uneven depth, and because it flows the swimmer may be carried unconsciously from shallow to deep water. As to eddies, every stream has them because of the uneven contour of banks and bottom. For these reasons, said Captain Hayes, it is always more dangerous for the inexperienced persons to swim in a river than at a bathing beach where the water is of even depth and there is no current to carry him unexpectedly down stream. But as to the Red river being more dangerous than any other, the idea was dismissed as a baseless superstition.

EVIDENCES OF THE REVIVAL of bicycling have caused me to examine with unusual interest a 1894 catalogue of Cleveland bicycles. The Cleveland, manufactured by the Lozier company, was one of the high-class bicycles of that period, and it represented the most approved methods in design and construction. The manufacturers' announcement starts off:

"BICYCLE MAKING HAS been one of the most progressive industries in the country of late years. It has enlisted more ingenuity, more wealth and more enterprise than any other branch of manufacture of fine machinery for public use, and the improvements made under the stimulus of public demand have been extraordinary." That was probably not an overstatement of the facts. The bicycle industry of forty years ago was to industry in general about what automobile manufacture now is to industry of today.

IT TOOK REAL MONEY TO buy a good bicycle thirty years ago. The list price of the leading Cleveland model, No. 11, was \$150, which was also the price of the racer, Model No. 12. Other models were listed at various prices down to \$100, this being the lowest figure given in the catalogue.

ONE THING THAT Interested me was the striking similarity of the design of thirty years ago to that of today. The older models, had been heavy and awkward, carrying much unnecessary material poorly distributed. For years there had been a closer approach to scientific correctness in design and in form and general equipment the bicycle of 1894 was almost a duplicate of the bicycle of today. It had the light, scientifically braced diamond frame, chain drive, ball bearings and pneumatic tires. Since that time there have been improvements in minor detail but none in essentials except for the application of the coaster brake, which was a really important addition to the equipment.

PERSONS WHOSE CYCLING was confined to the earlier wheels find the coaster brake confusing until they have also grown accustomed to it. When I mount a wheel now, as I do occasionally, and find that the thing won't back-peddle, I don't know what to do with my feet and get all mixed up. Without coaster brake when a fellow's feet slipped off the pedals going down a steep hill, things were quite likely to happen. A front-wheel brake was of no use on a runaway bike, as its use would upend the machine and result in a grand spill.

ANYONE WHO HAS NOT YET been convinced of the importance to North Dakota of the Missouri river diversion project need only take a drive of a few hundred miles through the state. He will come home convinced that the state is in desperate need of water, and aside from general and soaking rain, which persistently refuses to come, the Missouri river is the only source from which water can be obtained. The Shyenne and James rivers are dry. Their beds contain occasional pools of water, some of which may not freeze solid, but at innumerable points along both rivers there is dry soil clear across on which one could walk without even getting his shoes muddy. There is absolutely no flow in the upper sections of either river.

NOT ONLY ARE THE RIVERS dry, but, as is to be expected, the smaller water courses are also in the same condition. Many of the old coulees which formerly were bank full during the greater part of the summer are overgrown with grass, while the beds of others are bare earth, baked hard as bricks.

IN THE CENTRAL PART OF the state, where once there were hundreds of little lakes, only a few of the larger ones remain, and those have shrunk to pitiful proportions. Lakes which occupied hundreds of acres present the appearance of sheets of ice in winter, as evaporation has left their level bottoms covered with alkali resembling a thick coating of salt.

ONCE THOSE LAKES AND streams harbored literally millions of wild fowl. Now there is not a duck to be seen. Once ducks were so numerous in Stutsman, Poster and Wells counties that members of our surveying party amused ourselves by trying our marksmanship on them with small revolvers, and quite often we could approach the birds close enough to kill one with a revolver shot. To look over those bare, dry plains now creates a feeling of desolation.

IT IS QUITE TRUE THAT the state can exist without wild fowl. But it cannot exist as a habitable area without water. Cities and villages are clamoring for water for domestic purposes and for sewage disposal. But it is not the city and village people who are the only sufferers. Farm wells have failed, and this winter it will be necessary for many farmers to haul water for their stock for many miles. Anyone who thinks that is a joke should try it.

WE HAVE A NEW PREACHER at the Methodist church in the person of Rev. Theodore Leonard. In his very youthful and unregenerate days he lived in Fargo. He has outgrown that experience handsomely, but he still has recollections. He recalls that in those days, not so long ago, there were vehicles commonly known as jag wagons, which were used for the transportation of persons who had been imprudent in their use of stimulants. Those vehicles were horse-drawn, as was the carriage of the late Judge C. A. Pollock, widely known as the father of prohibition in North Dakota. Seeing the judge approach the family residence one day in his carriage young Leonard rushed into the house with the information: "Here comes Judge Pollock in his jag wagon!"

IT WASN'T MRS. O'LEARY'S cow that set Chicago on fire more than half a century ago, according to the solemn statement of Mrs. James R. Ledwell, who was formerly Miss Catherine O'Leary, and who is now at 67 a grandmother and the sole survivor of the O'Leary family.

THE REPORT, WHICH HAS persisted through the years, is that while Mrs. O'Leary was milking her cow by the light of a lamp the animal kicked the lamp over and started the fire which burned most of the city. Mrs. Ledwell was at that time five or six years old, and she remembers the fire perfectly. She says that the family had retired for the night after all the chores had been done properly, and that they were aroused by the shouts of a neighbor late in the night. The barn was burning, and it and the city continued to burn.

MRS. LEDWELL SAYS THAT it was never known what started the fire, but the theory of the family was that a group of young fellows had been drinking beer in the barn loft and probably had thrown a lighted cigar stub which set the hay on fire. If that theory is correct the moral seems to be that one should not throw away a lighted cigar stub when drinking beer in a haymow.

IN "ERIC THE RED," A BOOK just published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Lida Siboni Hanson has produced a life-like portrait of the tenth-century Norseman who, banished from Iceland, discovered and colonized Greenland, and, through his son, Leif, became associated with the early history of the North American continent. The book is intended for junior readers, and, as such, it is a real contribution to the understanding of the period concerning which it is written and of the events which are so closely associated with American history.

OF THE STORY THE AUTHOR writes that it is taken from the old Icelandic sagas. "The skeleton," she writes, "as well as most of the flesh and blood, is historic; I have only added touches here and there which seemed to me consistent with the spirit of the Vikings and the character of Eric the Red."

THE TALE IS TOLD SIMPLY. While it adheres closely to the source material in its historical features, it glows with the colors of real life and human interest. The old chieftain is presented as a strong, sturdy character, fierce and impulsive, in keeping with the color of his hair, but possessing powers of leadership which give him dignity and power,

THE BOOK IS ONE OF Action, rather than of character delineation only, and there is plenty of stirring action in the events in which Eric participates, and in the successive voyages which his son and others made to the American mainland. Interesting and doubtless faithful descriptions are given of the customs of the early Norsemen, the structure of their dwellings, the building of their little ships, and of the transition from the worship of Thor and Wodin to acceptance of the Christian religion. The author has woven the facts of history into an interesting story which will hold the attention of her readers while at the same time it adds to their store of knowledge.

A FEW WEEKS AGO I Received from D. O'Brien of Park River a note referring to a big cottonwood tree in the vicinity of Park River. A further communication from Mr. O'Brien gives the following additional facts about this unusually large tree:

"THE TREE MEASURES 25 feet in circumference at the base and is about 8 feet in diameter and approximately 100 feet tall. Just how old it is impossible to say. Although cottonwood trees are not noted for longevity, this tree is probably 100 years old if not more. Ole Hasle, who came to Park River 49 years ago, can see little difference in the size of the tree now and nearly a half century ago. The bark has grown thicker, however, and is now about six inches thick.

"A natural opening allows a man six feet tall to easily walk inside the tree, which is hollow. Photographer Fred Hultstrand last Saturday took photographs of the tree with ten adults comfortably standing inside the tree.

"Although fire has served to help hollow out the trunk and the old veteran has been scarred by lightning and wind storms have broken off large branches it is apparently enjoying the best of health and promises to thrive for many more years."

TREES AT ANY Considerable distance from streams are having a hard time of it. Many fine groves are almost ruined, presumably because their roots have not been able to supply sufficient water to maintain the top growth, and grove after grove looks as if a great fire had passed over the plains and withered the upper halves of the trees. Trees, however, have great powers of resistance, and in all probability these same trees will show fresh new growth after the earth receives another good soaking — if it ever does.

WILL ROGERS FAILS TO SEE how the cause of peace is promoted by the friendly visit of the representative of one nation to the capital of another when the visitor arrives in a warship and is received by a fleet all armed with big guns. He imagines a call made by one neighbor on another with both parties armed to the teeth and at the same time making protestations of eternal friendship. Silly, isn't it?

PERHAPS SOME DAY A Potentate who wishes to create a sensation will visit his neighbor king or president attired in a business suit, traveling on a passenger liner instead of a battleship, and his host, not to be outdone, will receive him without the display of a uniform or the firing of a gun. That would be a real sensation.

MUSHROOM HUNTING, LIKE other forms of sport, has its interesting side-lights. The other day, prowling about in a remote corner, I had found half a dozen nice mushrooms, small but perfect in form, and perfectly white, as they had not had time to become discolored by exposure to the air. As I held them they looked exactly like a handful of bug white pebbles. Three children came along, two boys about five years old and a girl perhaps four. They watched me with interest.

"What do you do with them things?" asked one of the boys.

"Eat them," I replied.

The little girl became sympathetic.

"Aint you got nuthin' to eat at home," she asked, "so you have to pick up them stones and eat 'em?"

I NOTICE THAT PRESIDENT Kenney of the Great Northern has arranged to bring his Empire Builder train through Grand Forks on my birthday. That's nice of Mr. Kenney, and I assure him I appreciate the compliment.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO insist that crime is a disease, and that the criminal, not being responsible for the disease which he has contracted or inherited, should be given treatment instead of punishment. Petty thieving and other misdemeanors, I take it, would be placed in the same category with mumps or chicken pox, inconvenient, but not particularly dangerous, while murder and kidnapping might be compared to cancer or meningitis. The theory leads to interesting speculations.

WHATEVER MAY BE THE fact as to the relationship between crime and disease, many of our criminals, some of them notorious, present cases of arrested mental development. Posing as heroes, and worshipped as such, the "big shots" share with the little ones many of the qualities of the ignorant savage. Conspicuous among there is the love for adornment and display.

WINKLER, ONE OF CHICAGO'S notorious gangsters, appropriately shot in the back by men of his own type, perforated by more than 100 leaden pellets, was buried in an expensive casket and with him are said to have been buried \$25,000 worth of diamonds. Whether or not that was in accordance with his own wish is immaterial. It was quite in accordance with the practice of men of his character and with the entire spirit of the underworld. The gangster has the cruelty and ruthlessness of the savage and the childishness and lack of proportion of the cannibal who feels dressed up in a plug hat and a feather, though destitute of other clothing. Whether ill or well, your "heroic," "astute," "clever," "romantic" criminal is simply not all there.

THE PERIODICAL SCARCITY of game birds, it appears, is not all due to too free use of the shotgun. Disease also plays its part. The Wisconsin state conservation department recognizes cycles in the history of several of the game birds in the course of which the number of birds is periodically brought to almost nothing by disease, this decimation being followed by a period of recovery which lasts for several years.

IT IS THE BELIEF OF THE department that the peak of the ruffed grouse cycle has been reached, and a survey recently completed reveals that thousands of the birds are being killed off this year by a disease with which ticks are associated. Prairie chickens and others of that great family are affected, but the grouse are reported to be the worst sufferers.

"GROUSE CYCLES HAVE been traced back in Wisconsin for sixty years," the department said. "Ruffed grouse, commonly known as partridge, appear to be more severely affected than sharp-tailed grouse or prairie chickens. It is not unusual for 90 per cent of the total crop of ruffed grouse to be wiped out within ten days or less in a specific area from the cyclic disease."

There is little likelihood, the department said, of an open grouse season in 1934 in those countries heavily affected, but whether the entire state will have to be closed next year is problematical. Depleted counties usually have to wait two or four years for the birds to make their comeback.

Surveys in July and August indicated the most plentiful grouse crop Wisconsin has known for decades. The cyclic increase in the number of birds, together with the small kill during 1932 made the hunting prospects this year particularly bright.

THERE WERE SEVERAL Mishaps on Friday, the thirteenth. Therefore the ancient superstition that attaches to the day is justified. Friday is an unlucky day, and thirteen is an unlucky number. When the two come together there is sure to be a run of bad luck. How familiar it all sounds! There were mishaps on Thursday, and Saturday, and on all the other days of the week, but nobody counts those, because the other days are not unlucky. The big airplane crash in Indiana, in which seven persons were killed, took place on Tuesday. What if it had occurred on Friday!

THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF jesting about superstitions. Most of us laugh at the other fellow's superstitions, but are not conscious of having any of our own. Not long since I read an article in which the writer maintained that in the United States, as in other countries, superstition is general and deep-rooted. He referred to belief in various forms of witchcraft, which still persists in some localities, and to other isolated cases of fantastic belief. But his main theme was the frequent cropping up among supposedly intelligent people of evidences of belief in good and bad luck due to some supernatural influence.

AMONG OTHER THINGS HE cited the frequent references to Friday and the number thirteen, the rather common practice of walking around rather than under ladders, spitting on fish bait, crossing the fingers as a safeguard, and knocking on wood. Because most people do some of these things occasionally the writer argued that most people are still in the grip of the superstitions which were part of the common life in the middle ages.

I WAS NOT IMPRESSED BY his reasoning. It is granted that superstition still exists, but the fact that one jokes about Friday is not evidence that he believes that Friday differs from any other day in the matter of luck. One may say that a perverse animal or a balky automobile is bewitched without believing anything of the sort.

MY GRANDPARENTS, WITH whom my boyhood was spent, were firm and devoted believers in witchcraft. They had scriptural warrant for it. There was a witch of Endor, wasn't there? Then why not witches in other places? So far as I know the witches had been left behind when the family migrated to Canada, for I never learned of any traces of them being found there. But there were witches in England; lots of them.

IN THE OLD COUNTRY ONE of the family's cows was taken ill and failed to respond to the usual remedies. The case seemed to be hopeless until it was recalled that a disagreeable woman neighbor had been seen in passing to gaze intently at the cow. Plainly she had bewitched the animal. A friend skilled in such matters prepared a decoction of herbs over which he pronounced a command to the malign influence to begone mysterious passes accompanied the preparation of this charm, which was promptly administered. Almost immediately the cow showed signs of improvement, and in a day or two she had recovered completely. Obviously she had been bewitched.

NUMEROUS INSTANCES OF similar nature were recounted, so that it would have required stubborn skepticism not to be convinced. All the blossoms on an apple tree blighted, while all the other trees in the orchard produced their usual crops of fruit. That must have been a case of witchcraft,

THERE WERE ANNOYANCES of a rather minor nature which were experienced in our Canadian home which were not attributed to witches, but to some one of a number of mischievous influences which were supposed to be almost always present, but which could be counteracted in some measure by such simple precautions as the nailing of a horseshoe over the door, tarring up stairs with the left foot first, and the hanging of little bags of selected herbs at strategic points. In spite of these precautions the cream would sometimes refuse to "break" and the hens neglect to lay, but diligent observance of the rules usually kept the household running in fairly good order.

MY GRANDFATHER HAD HIS own pet beliefs, but he was not receptive to the superstitions of others. He knew that if hogs were killed during the waning of the moon the meat would shrink in cooking, whereas if the killing were done as the moon was approaching the full the meat would swell. There were neighbors who consulted the almanac to make sure that the moon was in the right phase before planting seed. This notion was regarded by grandfather with good-humored tolerance, but with utter scorn. What possible connection could the moon have with the planting of seed? The idea was absurd.

IF THE STATE OF NORTH Dakota were as populous as the state of New York its vast lignite fields would be almost as valuable as if they were underlaid with gold. Its great cities and its rich agricultural territory would be supplied with light and power, and perhaps with heat, by means of power generated at the mines and transmitted over weather-proof wires into every inhabited corner of the state. I suppose the reason why we have not now power so generated and so transmitted is that we have not now a population sufficiently large and concentrated to warrant the cost of installing the necessary equipment.

WITH A SUFFICIENTLY large and concentrated demand for electric current the obvious plan would be to generate it at the mouth of the mine. Transportation of lignite by rail involves cost disproportionate to its value as fuel. The use of lignite where it is mined would solve the problem of transportation, which is the largest item in the cost of lignite to the distant consumer. That development will doubtless have to await more intensive settlement than is likely to come to pass for a good many years.

THERE IS ANOTHER SOURCE of power which is abundant in this state, and of which but slight use has been made, namely, wind. Long before steam was harnessed the wind ground grain and pumped water for millions of people. It was the motive power for ships. Steam supplanted it for several reasons, one of them being the irregularity of wind. Holland has made more use of wind than has any other country, but quite generally steam is taking its place. Wind power was used in the old sugar mills of the West Indies, but the revolving sails have long since disappeared. Steam plants have been established, and many of the old towers upon which the sails were elevated have been waterproofed and turned into cisterns. Regularity in operation is preferred to initial cheapness of power.

THROUGHOUT THE NORTH-west there are windmills scattered here and there, used chiefly for the pumping of water, which is a service which can be performed intermittently. Yet there are ways of utilizing wind which insure practically continuous operation. The storage battery has been used effectively for this purpose, and it may be that there will be in exposed places great batteries of windmills equipped with storage facilities which will yield almost unlimited power.

IN THE UTILIZATION OF wind there have been encountered difficulties similar in nature to those experienced in the harnessing of the tides. In tidal movements there is going to waste practically unlimited power, and it is quite possible to capture and use this power in effective ways. Numerous experiments along this line have been made. Power in large volume can be generated, but while the operation of the plant when once installed costs next to nothing, the plant itself must be so bulky that its cost renders the enterprise uneconomic.

SOME WORK HAS BEEN done with sun motors. These have been installed in California, Arizona, in the Sahara and in Egypt, tropical conditions and clear skies being essential to their success. Descriptions of such plants have often been published. Essentially the plants consist of boilers in which steam is generated by the concentration upon them of the sun's rays from a wide area by means of many mirrors, the position of the mirrors being changed with the progress of the sun across the heavens. Predictions have been made that such plants would be used on a large scale in desert countries for the pumping of water, but little actual progress seems to have been made.

LARGE PREDICTIONS HAVE been made concerning the development of power as a part of the Missouri river diversion project. If in the working out of the plan there is built the great dam which is a feature of some of the designs, much power will actually be developed. But in addition to this there has been some discussion of the possibility of obtaining power from the flow of the water through the channel which will be made to conduct the water eastward. This, it seems, may be dismissed as being, if not quite impossible, of such slight consequence as not to merit serious consideration. The rivet itself may be made to supply power in abundance, but the main value of the constructed channel will be for the distribution of water to places where it is needed.

IN A SERIES OF Reminiscences published not long ago Marie Dressier tells how she achieved what is probably the most remarkable come - back in the history of public entertainment. She neglects to explain, however, that she began coming back quite early in her career. Miss Dressier was born at Coburg, a small Ontario city on the lake shore about an hour's drive east of Toronto. (I like the expression "an hour's drive," because it may mean anything from 20 to 100 miles, and if sticklers for accuracy check me up I am safe.) Marie's family name is Koerber, and she was christened Leila but for reasons satisfactory to her, and with which the public is not concerned, she took the name of an aunt, Marie Dressier. She made her first stage appearance at the age of 5 as a Cupid on a pedestal at a church festival, and she introduced an impromptu feature into the performance by falling off her perch. With the resiliency which was to make her later life she "came back" triumphantly. At 14 she was touring with a stock company, and at 20 she had a repertoire of forty operettas. She played everything from minor chorus to principal parts and was able to adapt herself to whatever there was going.

A FEW YEARS AGO THE Development of speaking pictures seemed to have shelved her for good, but she would not stay down. Today she is probably the world's most popular screen actress, and she is said to have the greatest fan mail of any person living. A recently published sketch says that her income tax for 1932 was \$40,000 and that she had to borrow against this year's salary to pay it.

THE OTHER EVENING I heard a song in what turned out to be Spanish which at first I thought to be "Old Man River." It wasn't that, but something quite different, but running through it there were stately strains almost identical with "Old Man River." I wonder whether either composer had deliberately plagiarized the other's music, or if the similarity were purely accidental. There are plenty of examples of both plagiarism, and pure coincidence.

TIN PAN ALLEY IN NEW York has been described as a place where gems from the classics are hashed up into modern jazz. It is a fact that some of the jazziest numbers that are heard today are made up largely of bits from standard operas and other classical compositions whose composers would turn over in their graves if they knew to what base uses their music is put.

SIGMUND SPAETH ANALYZES music as a pastime, and he finds 'that there are few modern tunes which can be described as strictly original in the sense of being wholly different from all others. For instance, he notes that in 1927 there was published in Paris a song named "Long Haired Mamma," by Maury Madison, with the opening measures of its chorus practically identical with "Old Man River." There may have been sub-conscious imitation, or two composers may have hit by accident on the same strains.

MR. SPAETH HAS TAKEN the once-popular tune "Yes, We Have No Bananas," all to little bits of a bar or two each, and he finds that each bit is a replica of some bit in an older composition. Rev. H. G. Klemme can identify for you every one of the borrowed measures. In "Lover, Come Back to Me," Mr. Spaeth finds measures from Tschaiaowsky, the old hymn-tune "Hamburg," "Annie Lisle," "All Alone," and "Over the Fence is Out."

WILLIAM H. WOODIN IS Secretary of the treasury, and as such he is a fairly busy man. He had always been a busy man. But he has always had time to be a musician. Many of his compositions have been given high praise by competent critics. In a recent sketch there is told an amusing story of one of his efforts. Woodin came to a friend who was associated with him in the publication of a book of music for children and produced a composition which he had just completed and which he thought was really good. The friend played it and agreed that it was good. Almost note for note it was the "Merry Widow" waltz. Somewhere in Woodin's subconscious-ness had lingered the strains of that piece until some accident had released it and he had written it thinking that it was his own.

HAVE WE A "COMPTROLLER" or a "controller" of the currency, and either way, why? The New York Times has adopted, at least temporarily, the form "controller," which will doubtless shock many of its readers. The official form, of course, is "comptroller," and a great many persons try to pronounce the word as it is spelled, which is both difficult and incorrect. Webster recognizes both spellings, but only one pronunciation, that represented by the spelling "controller." The two words, which are really one, seem to have been derived from several sources and to have had several applications. The obsolete word "compt" pronounced "count," according to Webster, meant to enumerate. The modern word "count" has taken the place of the obsolete one completely. "Comptroller" and "controller" are pronounced alike, are derived from the same sources, and have the same meanings, namely, to keep account of and to regulate or exercise supervision over. The official who is known as comptroller keeps account of matters relating to the currency and also exercises control over various phases of currency and banking. Inasmuch as only one pronunciation is recognized there is no sound reason why the archaic spelling should not be dropped.

SPELLING IS A WAYWARD and stubborn thing, anyway. Some years ago a committee of eminent persons recommended a list of 300 simplified spellings, after long and profound study and great effort. Some of them, notably "thru" and "tho," had been creeping into use for some time. Many others, such as the use of "t" for the final "ed" in a fairly long list of words, were new to the public. The list was immediately given wide publicity, together with the arguments in favor of its adoption. Among these were that the new spelling conformed more nearly to pronunciation, that much confusion would be avoided in teaching children to spell, and that the new forms would quickly become familiar and there would be no such shock as would attend an effort to adopt a phonetic form outright.

PRESIDENT THEODORE Roosevelt championed the simplified spellings and whenever he championed anything he did so without reservation. Perhaps if he had lived in this day and age he would have ordered all persons to spell in the new way in pain of death, but apparently that did not occur to him. Theodore was a rather old-fashioned fellow, after all, though few suspected it at the time. He did what he could however. He ordered that in all documents emanating from the executive departments the amended spelling be used. Complications followed. Secretaries, under-secretaries, assistant secretaries and senior and junior clerks had been trained in the old spelling, and they could not be reformed overnight. The order was withdrawn after a short time, but for months the president's own messages contained the new spellings. But it was uphill work. The country did not respond. Roosevelt could, and did, perform wonders. But he could neither compel nor persuade the people to abandon their clumsy, antiquated and illogical spelling. The tumult and the shouting died, and presently Roosevelt dropped quietly back into the good, old-fashioned, unreasonable orthography of his youth.

ONE GOOD CITIZEN WHO rejoiced mightily when Roosevelt took up the cause of simplified spelling was "Deacon" A. J. Pierce, Civil war veteran, uncompromising prohibitionist, and equally uncompromising phonetic speller. The good old deacon was as great an enthusiast as Roosevelt ever was, and one of his hobbies was the complete reformation of English spelling. He had become familiar with a system of phonetics which at one time assumed the proportions of a mild fad in which definite sound value was assigned to each letter of the alphabet, and in which a few new characters were added in order to provide for sounds not otherwise represented. All silent letters were eliminated.

THE DEACON CONDUCTED his own correspondence, which was quite voluminous, in the new form. He was addicted to the writing of long letters for publication denouncing and defying the demon Rum, and he couldn't see why they were not all printed. Occasionally, in a spirit of Christian fellowship, one would be turned out for publication by the city desk, and there would be wailing and gnashing of teeth in the composing room. The deacon was a good old soul, supremely devoted to what he conceived to be the good of society, and he never could understand why the things that he was convinced were for the good of society did not appeal to everyone else as strongly as they did to him.

MISS (OR MRS.) NELLIE M. Stoiser, of Larimore, writes: "We have been having a siege of those red box-elder bugs, more so than any other year. They seem to come in through the windows and doors in some miraculous manner. Could you give us some data on their history and habits?" I take it that the correspondent has reference to the reddish striped beetles, about three quarters of an inch long, which I have also seen described as lilac beetles. In general appearance they bear a strong resemblance to one variety of the blister beetle whose voracity is so noticeable early in the summer. I am not familiar with the history of the box elder, or lilac beetle, but I have read somewhere that it does very little harm, if any. In certain localities these bugs are unusually numerous this year. I have not seen many of them in my own neighborhood, but at Jamestown about two weeks ago I found them in great swarms. In sunny, sheltered places. They found their way into buildings in large numbers and were carried everywhere on clothing. I hope some friend who is more familiar with the ways of insects than I am will supply information concerning them. In a case of this kind we miss Max Kannooski.

DOUBTLESS MANY READERS have been puzzled by the use of the form "Mexico, D. F." in newspaper date-lines. The explanation is that the Mexican republic, like the American republic, has set apart the area occupied by its capital as a federal district, somewhat similar to our District of Columbia. The district is given a name consisting of two Spanish words meaning "federal district," and the present address is "Mexico, D. F." as we write "Washington, D. C."

A FRIEND OF MINE HAS been checking up on more or less recent changes in names of places, and he has compiled a little list which doubtless can be greatly extended. Thus the capital of Japan is no longer Tokio, but Tokyo; Peking has become Peiping; Kioto is Kyoto; and Bagdad has become Baghdad. These are chiefly differences in spelling. A few years ago the name of the Norwegian capital was changed from Christiania to Oslo, this change being a reversion to the ancient name of the city. The great city on the Bosphorus is no longer Constantinople, but Istanbul. St. Petersburg became Petrograd during the World war, and after the revolution the Soviet government changed it to Leningrad.

DURING THE WAR THE People of Berlin, a thriving manufacturing city of 30,000 and county seat of Waterloo county, Ontario, as a patriotic gesture changed the name of their town to Kitchener. A century or so ago the county was settled largely by persons of German origin, and, quite appropriately, they named their county seat Berlin. The county is still inhabited by families derived from the old German stock. To what extent ancient ties influenced local sentiment there I do not know, but there as elsewhere families of known German antecedents were subjected to suspicion, often cruel and unjust. Substitution of the name Kitchener for Berlin was one expression of the spirit that sent the young man-power of Waterloo county to the front on a scale similar to that which obtained all over Canada.

OCCASIONAL SUGGESTIONS were made during the war that another name than Bismarck be chosen for the capital of North Dakota. The name was originally chosen as a compliment to German investors in the Northern Pacific railway. As applied here it never had any political or racial significance, and it was probably due to this fact that the notion of changing the name never assumed the proportions of a movement. The idea was speedily forgotten.

PURSUANT TO THE POLICY of reviving Irish national spirit, and as one means of doing so of reviving interest in the ancient Irish language, numerous Irish place-names have been changed. Thus, the city which once was Queenstown has become Cobh. All over Russia the names of revolutionary leaders have been given to cities which once bore names associated with the czarist regime. Bown in the southern section there is the city of Stajingrad, which once was Tsarin, and the names of many Soviet leaders have been similarly honored.

NAMES OF MANY CITIES AS they appear in English are quite different from the forms used in the language of the respective countries. What is Vienna to us, for instance, is Wien to the inhabitants of Austria. Italians call their capital Roma, not Rome. Moscow, the present Russian capital, whose name has not been changed, is officially Muskova, which is probably as near as the Russian text can be rendered in English letters.

LOOKING OVER AN OLD magazine is like visiting with an old friend. Not only is the subject matter itself interesting, but each item brings up some recollection which is full of interest. I am indebted to Mrs. Ernest Kirk of East Grand Forks for an opportunity to enjoy a visit with an old friend, a Scribner's magazine of the year 1880, concerning which Mrs. Kirk says as follows: "About forty years ago this magazine, with others, came out in a "missionary barrel" which was packed by a Boston church for my father and his family. My father, Rev. W. B. Cunningham, had stations at Bellville, Niagara, Michigan and Adler, near Inkster, at that time."

THE SCRIBNER OF THAT period was not the antecedent of the present magazine of the same name, but was the predecessor of the present Century. It was published by the Scribner company and was sold to the Century company, which I think was then just organized and which changed the name of the publication to the Century. A few years later the Scribner's started a new magazine under their own name, and some litigation resulted. The new Scribner, however, continued in the field.

I WAS PARTICULARLY interested in the old magazine, because I was one of the Scribner family of subscribers during the late seventies and early eighties and I had an accumulation of several years' numbers which I kept for years, reading and re-reading them on long winter evenings on the farm, when roads were blocked and reading matter was hard to get. From my own experience I can realize something of the joy with which some missionary, away out on a frontier post, would discover in his "missionary barrel" bundle of old magazines, thrown in, perhaps, to fill up the remaining space in the barrel.

ONE OF THE ARTICLES IN the present magazine which I recall quite well is a chapter in the series on "Success With Small Fruits," by E.P. Roe. Rev. E.P. Roe became widely known as the author of "Barriers Burned Away," a novel in which was given a realistic description of the great Chicago fire. He published several other novels, each with its romance and its religious motif, none of them great literature, but all readable and popular. Besides being a preacher and novelist he was an enthusiastic and successful gardener, and he wrote an extended series of articles on small fruits for Scribner's.

IN THE FICTION OF THAT period Frances Hodgson Burnett is represented in the magazine by "Louisiana," and George W. Cable by "The Grandissimes." Eugene Schuyler has an article on Peter the Great. DuMaurier had not yet written "Trilby," but he was a famous artist, and one of the articles in the magazine is devoted to a critical study of his work.

EDISON HAD MADE REAL progress toward the completion of the incandescent lamp, but the light bulb had not yet come into use. Not until two years later was the world's first distributing station put in operation. In the meantime, there was electric light- of a sort- an one of the magazine articles gives an account of progress to date in electric lighting. The reader is told of various types of carbon arcs, with their mechanical feeds, and is informed: "A single machine and lamp giving an arc light of one thousand candle-power can now be procured for \$150."

THERE ALSO DESCRIBED outfits capable of flooding any ordinary street with light for a distance of one block. Some manufactures, it is said, turned out plants capable of supplying current for as many as 16 lamps of 2,00 candle-power for each machine, but the general preference seemed to be for smaller machines supplying one lamp each. The article continues that many owners of steam engines that were idle at night were arranging to rent the engines for lighting purposes at night. The present-day reader is thus reminded of the vast changes which have been made in the utilization of both light and mechanical power.

THERE ARE TREES WHOSE age is measured by centuries and that have attained enormous size. Others a century or so of age, are not so large, but have reached remarkable size for their age. Still others, planted by man have reached really remarkable proportions while those who planted them are still living. It is of a tree of this latter class that Dougal Ferguson of Park River writes as follows: "What you have written about trees lately interests me. I am going to let you know about a tree that I have in my grove that measures 16 feet around the trunk one and one-half feet from the ground. It was planted 50 years ago from a slip 12 inches long. The man who planted it still lives here in Park River, so we know all about it. The tree is sound all through, and for a long time it had served as a corner post and shade tree. We people from Canada call it balm of Gilead. In the east we used to pick the buds and from them make an excellent salve. I would like to know if this is not the largest tree in Walsh, Pembina or Grand Forks counties planted from a slip 50 years ago. The tree is five miles southeast of Park River, and I shall be glad to show it at any time to anyone wishing to see it."

I SHOULD : SAY THAT MR. Ferguson has a prize tree. It would be hard to find a tree of any species which has reached such a size in half a century. Think of planting a twig and living to see it, become a tree five feet through! The balm of Gilead is fairly common along our northwestern streams. It is a rapid grower, but I never knew of another so large. The buds yield a sweetish gum which attracts insects and is supposed to have healing properties.

THIS FR6M MRS. MYRTLE Collins Rendahl, formerly of Petersburg, N. D., now of Waldorf college, Forest City, Iowa: "Although I no longer can claim North Dakota as my residence, I cannot help saying how proud I was of North Dakota's exhibit at the Century of Progress. I returned just yesterday, and even though it is late in the season of the fair, North Dakota's exhibit is kept most attractive. I was genuinely pleased with it, so simple, yet so characteristic of our North Dakotans in that it portrayed our loyalty to all that is fine, including government (the capitol), our schools and churches. I was pleased with the display of our native industries. Truly, I was proud of my almost life-long home state, North Dakota."

I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT many other former residents of North Dakota have felt as Mrs. Rendahl does, and have found that a visit to the state exhibit seemed to them a good deal like a visit home. In that mood one sees a good deal more than just the specimens on display. He senses what lies behind them, and the sheaf of wheat, the bit of rock or the lump of clay has its own fascinating story to tell.

HERR HITLER BROKE HIS hammer the other day, and among those who witnessed the incident there were some superstitious enough to believe that it was an omen of disaster, a sign that he had broken his pick, as it were. At the dedication of a building Hitler was given a new hammer with which he was supposed to strike three blows as he repeated the formula provided for the occasion. As the first blow was struck the head of the hammer flew off. Hitler, shocked and amazed, turned and left the place without a word. Pictures of the dedication were to have been distributed widely, but all the cameras in the vicinity were seized and their films destroyed. It would not do to let news of such a tragedy become public. When Hitler tumbles from his pedestal, as dictators usually do, the incident of the broken hammer will be recalled, and an ancient superstition will have been justified.

THE MINNESOTA HIGHWAY commission is completing a plan for an important change in the marking of its trunk highways. The numbers of all such roads will be made to correspond to the federal numbers borne by the same roads. There will thus be avoided the confusion which arises from having the same road bear different numbers, one the federal and the other the state number. Tourists in strange territory are often confused by the double numbering which is employed. Federal) Highway No. 2, for instance, which enters Grand Forks from the west and crosses Minnesota to Duluth, is known in North Dakota only as No. 2, the federal number. But in Minnesota, although it still bears the same federal number, it is almost always known by its state number, 8. To those of us who live here this is not important, but it is confusing to the stranger. Hereafter that road will be No. 2, federal and state. The Minnesota commission is also adopting the standard colors for markers, black and white, for trunk highways, instead of the present black and yellow.

WHO KNOWS MISS HELEN Burton, formerly of Grand Forks county, and now of Peiping, China? A clipping from an unidentified New York paper to a Grand Forks friend contains a Peiping letter describing Miss Burton as "an erstwhile social worker, stenographer, boarding-house keeper, tutoress and secretary to a backsliding missionary," and giving an account of her present activities as owner of a large establishment in Peiping in which are sold objects of Oriental art. The recipient of the clipping does not know of Miss Burton, and I have been unable to find anyone who does. I shall be glad to hear from any reader who knows of Miss Burton or her family. The article describing her work follows:

"IT IS A LONG WAY FROM Grand Forks county, N. D., to Peiping, China, but a young American business woman has traveled the distance to become one of the most widely and favorably known American citizens of the Far East. The wife of the United States minister, Mrs. Nelson T. Johnson, is the first American lady in China, but she is run a close second by Miss Helen Burton, the girl from Grand Forks county. Miss Burton, operator of the Camel Bell, a unique shop dealing in things Chinese ranging from trick curios to the most precious of jades, is the only American woman who ever leased a centuries old Buddhist temple located in the famed "Western Hills," near Peiping, and transformed it into a country residence rivalling a Long Island home for comfort, and outdistancing the world's most daring futurists in the use of color.

"SHE IS THE FOSTER-Mother of three beautiful Chinese girls, for whom she has provided the most thorough-going Occidental and Oriental educations. Her town residence inside the Legation quarters is Peiping's most hospitable salon for both distinguished travelers from afar and for the interesting foreign community permanently residing here. She is probably better known and more affectionately regarded than any other foreign woman up and down the long stretch of the China coast.

"AN ERSTWHILE SOCIAL worker, stenographer, boarding-house keeper, tutoress and secretary to a backsliding missionary, Miss Burton is today accepted as one of China's first foreign authoress on Chinese objects of art and Oriental objects utilitarian. Her establishment, which does a large exporting business in addition to being a retail house of prime importance in Peiping, has connections in Paris, Moscow, Berlin, Shanghai and Manila, as well as branches of the Camel Bell at Cleveland, Ohio.; Watch Hill, Rhode Island, and Ormond Beach, Fla. The entire enterprise as it stands today developed from a tiny counter in a back corner of the Grand Hotel de Peking, selling American style, home-made candy.

"IN SEARCH OF RARE Objects for her clients, Miss Burton has traveled extensively in Java, Siam, the Philippines and the distant Provinces of China, such as Shansi and Szechuan. In her study, travels and her activity as a collector she has become an acknowledged authority on the ancient craftsmanship of Old Cathay,

"MANY A DISTINGUISHED visitor to Peiping makes cursory tours of the Forbidden City, the Temple of Heaven and the Great Wall of China, but all spend hours in the Camel Bell, admiring, learning and sometimes buying. Mere visitors and serious purchasers are made to feel equally welcome. During the recent visit of George Bernard Shaw to Peiping, a large part of the Irish dramatist's sightseeing was done at the Camel Bell. Once he was found in the Jade Room admiring precious products of Chinese artisans and artists.

"HOW DO YOU KEEP TRACK of these things?" G. B. S. asked Miss Burton. Suppose I slipped a few pieces into my pocket?' 'We'd be very happy indeed to be able to say Mr. Shaw was so captivated by our wares that he stole a couple of our jade rings,' Miss Burton replied tactfully. 'And there are plenty of people who believe it,' was the Irish wit's comeback to that one.

"WILL DURANT, Alexander Woollcott and other peregrinating Americans have learned much of what they know of China at the Camel Bell and testified to the fact in the museum's now famous guest book which is, with the years, coming to be a Who's Who of the famous among world travelers.

"IN THE CAMEL BELL MISS Burton is assisted by a staff of Chinese experts and by her Chinese foster daughters, Ma Yu-Kwel, 17; Tze-wu, 14, and Tze-wui, 13, who lend atmosphere and cheeriness to the place while they are developing into experts on Chinese art, ancient and modern."

SOME DAYS AGO, AT THE request of a correspondent, I asked for information concerning the box-elder beetle which has appeared in such great numbers in many localities this fall. Mrs. Max Kanowski, who has succeeded her husband as superintendent of parks in Grand Forks, has responded with the following informative paragraphs on the subject: "The box elder bug (*Leptocoris Trivittatus*) attracts notice more as a house hold pest than on account of injury to its food plant. The full grown bug is about one-half inch long flat, elongated and is black with red markings. A diagonal red mark crosses at about the center of each fore wing and strips of red show plainly on each side of the body and in the center of the thorax just back of the head.

"ON WARM SUNNY DAYS IN the fall they wander up and down the trunks of the trees, crawl up on brick walls, enter houses and cellars and all sorts of cracks and crevices, in search of hibernating quarters. Some years they are so numerous they are seen in hundreds on the tree trunks and on the ground. These bugs pass the winter in the adult stage in sheltered places such as rubbish piles, among stones and cracks and crevices. They appear in the spring about the time the buds begin to open and lay their eggs on the fruit, usually in groups of fruit, or the eggs are laid in the cracks in the bark of the trees. The eggs of the bug are bright red, as well as the young bugs and as they grow older they get black with red markings. These bugs feed on the sap of the box elder and maple trees and sometimes on fruit but not enough to be of any appreciable harm.

"SPRAYING A LIGHT OIL such as kerosene on the bug when they congregate in large numbers has given very satisfactory results. The oil kills the insect by coming in contact with their bodies. A nicotine or soap solution are also good as a spray. Boiling hot water is sometimes sufficient when they are in large clusters. The box elder bug nuisance may be eliminated by avoiding planting pistillate trees near buildings where the swarming insects are likely to be objectionable."

MY MENTION OF IMITATIONS and coincidences in musical composition has suggested a number of examples of H. C. Rowland, head of the music department of the University of North Dakota, who writes:

"YOUR COMMENTS IN THURSDAY'S 'That Reminds Me,' in the article regarding the seeming similarity between certain classical and operatic numbers, were, as are all your comments, of real interest. Folk song literature is greatly exploited by the comic and popular song writer. Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song' was used about twenty-five years ago as the melody for 'Put Me Upon an Island Where the Girls are Few' Shubert's immortal 'Unfinished Symphony' was hashed into a slushy sentimental ballad in 'Blossom Time,' and there are numberless other cases. However not all of these are deliberate plagiarism.

"NOVELLO'S READER, WHEN looking over the manuscript of 'Elijah' almost persuaded Mendelssohn to omit 'Oh Rest in the Lord' because of a slight similarity between it and the Scottish folksong 'Auld Robin Gray.' Mendelssohn almost agreed but finally' decided to alter one note, which solved the problem, and now nobody thinks of there being any likeness between the two tunes.

"DR. DANIEL PROTHEROE OF Chicago told me not long ago of a startling case of unconscious plagiarism in music: in his later years Dr. Joseph Parry who was in his day a famous Welsh-American composer almost published a beautiful duet. When he submitted it to some critical friends one of them said, 'That is not yours. That is a duet by one of the old Italian composers.' Parry denied ever having heard such a duet and was indignant at being accused of copying. It was finally discovered that Parry, when quite a youth, had been given this duet as an exercise. He had only used it once but it had become fixed in his memory so that I after something more than forty years he set it down almost note and thought it was the product of his own brain."

I HAVE A CHATTY LETTER from Will F. Griffin who wonders if I am the same Herald man whom he knew when he managed the Grand Forks telephone exchange several years ago. Barring the changes wrought by the passage of years I am the same fellow, and, like him, I recall those prehistoric associations with a great deal of pleasure. Mr. Griffin was one of several early managers of the local exchange who moved elsewhere and of whom most of us here have lost all trace. Mr. Griffin is no longer a telephone man. From Grand Forks he was transferred to Minneapolis, and later, with another transfer in prospect, he forsook the telephone business and took up newspaper work in which he has been engaged ever since. He says he hasn't made a hatful of money, but he has been employed most the time and has been able to eat occasionally.

HE WAS POLICE REPORTER on a San Francisco paper in the hectic days immediately after the great earthquake. (He corrects himself and calls it the fire.) For several years he columned on the Milwaukee Sentinel, and is now connected with the News at Wauwatosa, a suburb of Milwaukee which he says I likely soon to be absorbed by the city. His appearance, he writes, has changed but little except that his hair has become snow-white, which hair has a habit of doing if it is given time and does not fall out. Next time I go to Milwaukee I shall look him up. In the meantime, here's how!

MANY TIMES I HAVE REFERED to the dramatic entertainment which was enjoyed in Grand Forks in the early days and have expressed regret that the motion pictures, however great its merit may be, has been substituted so completely for the legitimate drama. Walter Hampden, one the greatest of modern actors, recalls the earlier days in a magazine article from which the following paragraphs are taken:

"THE YOUNGER GENERATION of the country at large- meaning not merely the flaming youth of today but also many folk well past 30- have little conception of the kind of amount of dramatic bare upon which their fathers fed in the Eighteen Nineties and the early Nineteen Hundreds. All of the celebrated players of those days went periodically into the byways- indeed the byways then were well-trodden ways of theatrical people. Relatively small cities in the deep South, the far West and the high North might see a score of the best metropolitan stars in a single season.

"THERE MIGHT INCLUDE Richard Mansfield in 'Cyrano de Bergerac' or 'Beau Brummell,' Mrs. Fiske in 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles' or 'Becky Sharp,' Fanny Davenport in the Sardou melodramas, Alexander Salvini in 'Ruy Blas,' Joseph Jefferson in 'Rip Van Winkle' or the 'Rivals,' E.H. Sothorn in 'Lord Chumley' or 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' Julia Marlowe in 'When Knighthood Was in Flower' and, later, Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe in plays of Shakespeare; Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in 'The Great Divide,' Viola Allen in 'The Christian,' Nat C. Goodwin in 'A Gilded Fool' or 'When We Were Twenty-one,' and occasionally John Drew, perhaps in 'Rosemary' or 'The Liars.'

"THE COUNTRY AT LARGE saw Maude Adams in 'Peter Pan' or 'The Little Minister,' De Wolf Hopper in 'Wang,' Francis Wilson in 'Erminie,' and that incomparable light-opera organization, The 'Rob Roy.' Then, too there were the stars who confined themselves mainly to the road - James O'Neill in his perennial 'Monte Cristo,' Lewis Morrison in his equally long-lived 'Faust,' Frederick Warde and Louis James, and also Robert Mantell, in their Shakespearean repertoires, Denman Thompson in 'The Old Homestead,' Stuart Robson in 'The Henrietta,' and Sol Smith Russell and Roland Reed in their delectable comedies and farces."

THE CHANGE WHICH HAS come about, and which Mr. Hampden regrets, is attributed by him only in part to the movies. Stage producers, he says, had themselves mainly to blame for the way in which the movies crowded them back into the large cities and closed them to the most profitable part of their field, the audiences which had patronized them on "the road." "The screen, they said, can never take the place of the stage, and so they failed to shape their affairs in a way to meet the impending competition. Anything would go in the sticks." Then the deluge was upon them, and backers of plays and players of no merit found the public resentful and ready to accept anything for a change.

INCREDIBLE THOUGH IT may seem to the younger element, practically every one of the famous actors mentioned by Mr. Hampden in the quoted paragraphs played in Grand Forks, if not in the plays mentioned, in others, and several of them were seen here years after year.

MISS HELEN BURTON, HEAD of an establishment in Peiping, China, dealing in Oriental works of art and described in a New York newspaper article recently quoted in this column as a former resident of Grand Forks county, is a member of a pioneer family of Bismarck, N. D., and, so far as can be learned, she never lived in Grand Forks county. Like the darkey who was asked to change a ten-dollar bill, we of Grand Forks county may appreciate the compliment implied in the New York article, even though we are unable to qualify.

MISS BURTON'S PARENTS, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Burton (I give the initials as I understood them over the phone) settled in Burleigh county in the very early days, and according to one informed homesteader not far from Bismarck. Later they moved into the city and became identified with the progressive life of the city. Mr. Burton was a director in the First National bank of Bismarck, and one friend thinks that at one time he was county superintendent of schools of Burleigh county. He died several years ago.

MRS. BURTON, AND A Married daughter, Mrs. S. H. Merritt, still live in Bismarck. Miss Helen Burton left Bismarck some twelve or fourteen years ago to enter upon the varied careers which has established her on the other side of the world as the head of an important business and an authority on many phases of Chinese life.

I SUPPOSE IT WILL BE NEWS to most readers, as it was to me, that breech-loading rifles were used in the Revolutionary war. A description of what was probably the first weapon of that type ever used is contained in a letter from J. Watts De Peyster published in the copy of Scribner's magazine for April, 1880, to which I made reference a week or two ago. I had that number of the magazine when it was published, and I recall several of the articles, but that one seems to have escaped my attention, as I do not remember it.

THE BREECH-LOADER WAS described in the English patent records of that time, and Mr. De Peyster wrote that a specimen of the weapon was then in his possession, it having been presented to an ancestor by the inventor, Major Patrick Ferguson, an officer in a Highland regiment which participated in several battles of the Revolutionary war.

THE FERGUSON RIFLE WAS loaded through a vertical aperture in the breech of the gun which was opened and closed by means of a screw plug operated by a handle on the under side of the stock. When the gun was ready for firing the plug came flush with the top of the barrel and the handle was parallel to the stock. One complete revolution lowered the plug until its top was even with the lower side of the chamber. Bullet and powder were then inserted through this opening, which was closed by a revolution of the handle. The chamber which received the charge was slightly larger than the barrel proper, so that when the piece was fired the lead bullet took the rifling of the barrel. In other respects the weapon was similar to the other flint-lock pieces in common use. Percussion caps, of course, were then unknown.

RIFLES OF THIS TYPE ARE said to have been used with good effect by the British at the Battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777, Just why the new rifle did not come into general use we are not told. Mr. De Peyster says that the specimen in his possession is in perfect condition. We are told that the piece could be loaded and discharged at the rate of seven, shots per minute.

I HAVE NEVER SEEN AN Estimate of the speed with which skilled buffalo-hunters could load, and fire their weapons, but the work was done with great rapidity. It was the practice of the hunter when the grand charge on the buffalo herd was about to begin, to fill his mouth with bullets. Then, at full gallop, after firing, he would pour a quantity of powder into the gun, shaking it down by jarring the rifle stock against the muzzle of his saddle. A bullet was then dropped in from the mouth and the piece was loaded.

TODAY THE GREAT Northern's crack passenger train, the Empire Builder, makes its first appearance in Grand Forks. Since it was placed on the road some four years ago this train has used what is known as the Surrey cutoff between Fargo and Minot, thus effecting a material saving in time on the run through North Dakota. While the east-bound train, No. 2, will continue to use the cutoff, No. 1, west-bound, is now routed through Grand Forks. This, with the addition of some other trains and certain other changes in running time, will give Grand Forks excellent, passenger, mail and express service and will be of material advantage to the city.

GRAND FORKS HAS A Special interest in the Empire Builder for the reason that one of its Pullman cars is named for a former Grand Forks citizen, George B. Winship. Mr. Winship had the distinction of being one of the only six living men to have Pullman cars named after them. In an article published about the time of the first trip of the Empire Builder, E. H. Wilde, general passenger agent of the Great Northern was credited with originating the plan of naming: which has since been followed.

THE PLAN, WHICH WAS adopted by the Pullman company, provided that no name of any car should be duplicated; that no living man's name should be used without his permission; and that the names of no more than six living persons should be used in naming cars. The six persons so honored were Col. Chas. A. Lindbergh, of world-wide fame; George F. Baker, internationally known financier; John F. Stevens, former chief engineer of the Great Northern and of the Panama canal; General W. C. Brown, retired army officer of Denver; General Hugh S. Scott, retired army officer who played an important part in Indian affairs throughout the west; and George B. Winship, Red river valley pioneer and founder of the Grand Forks Herald, then living in San Diego, Cal. The "Lindbergh" is used on the Pennsylvania road. All the others are on the Great Northern.

I AM SURE THAT THERE was no single incident in his entire career from which George B. Winship derived greater satisfaction than from the naming of one of the Empire Builder cars for him. In a personal letter received in January, 1930, he wrote:

"THE GREAT NORTHERN Pullman car incident last summer was one of the bright spots of the year. It gave me a wonderful thrill which caused the blood to pulsate through my system in a most intoxicating way. The distinction is something I cannot account for. Yesterday I received another thriller in the form of a letter and clipping from President Budd, a copy of which I herewith enclose. My vanity and egotism are so expanded that I could not refrain from getting copies printed for circulation among my friends, and my attentions come from the president, two vice-presidents and general agents. They sent me pictures of the George B. Winship car, together with a brief biographical sketch, and I am informed that my picture and biography hang in the car where those who wish may learn something about the poor lone newspaperman of forty-five years ago who undertook to take an independent stand on public questions, and who, at one time, was on the 'non-persona grata' list of the G. N."

MR. WINSHIP AND JAMES J. Hill were warm personal friends, but there were times when Winship felt that the policies supported by Hill were detrimental to the public interest. On those occasions he did not hesitate to oppose them to the limit of his ability. Then neither personal friendship nor private interest counted. It was no small thing for him, therefore, to find himself after the lapse of years, given the cordial and unstinted recognition which came to him. Until the day of his death he looked forward to riding "back home" to Grand Forks, making the journey on the Empire Builder train and in the George B. Winship car. The fates ruled otherwise, but there are some of us, at least, who will be reminded by the occasional visits of that car to Grand Forks of a man who was in the finest sense of the word an empire builder, and who, himself, grew in stature as the years mellowed and ripened his character.

IN AN ARTICLE IN THE NEW York Times magazine Mrs. John S. Sheppard, a member of the New York state Alcoholic Beverage Control board discusses the problems which are certain to arise after repeal of the eighteenth amendment. Among other things she outlines the provisions which have been made for liquor control in many of the states. The article in the main is informative and useful, but the description of the situation in North Dakota is inaccurate. Concerning North Dakota she writes: "Another state which has adopted a plan of eliminating private profit is North Dakota. The North Dakota law, which goes into effect today (October 22) gives permission to operate municipal liquor stores to any incorporated city, town or village having a regular police department . . ." and so forth.

MRS. SHEPPARD HAS Confused the beer statute enacted by the legislature last winter with the initiated law which was approved at the special election in September. Neither law made provision for the sale of anything but beer. The former law made provision for the sale of beer only under conditions as described by the writer. That law, however, was repealed by the September vote. The law enacted in September, and which is now in force, provides for the sale of beer only by any resident of the state engaged in lawful business who pays the required state and municipal fees.

AT PRESENT NORTH Dakota has no law providing for the sale of alcoholic beverages other than beer. On the contrary, the state has laws specifically prohibiting the sale of such beverages, and these laws will remain in effect until they are specifically repealed, regardless of the fate of the eighteenth amendment.

I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR inaccuracies in the Times magazine, which is an interesting and valuable publication, but in another article I find a statement which has been specifically denied on what would usually be accepted as the best evidence. In an article on the two Roosevelts Allan Nevin, writing of the early part of the first Roosevelt administration, has this: "Within the first five weeks occurred the famous dinner (not luncheon) with Booker T. Washington in the White House—a dinner creditable to Roosevelt's heart if not to his discretion." The parentheses are the author's, not mine.

IT WILL BE REMEMBERED that there was a flurry of excitement over a dinner which was said to have been given by President Theodore Roosevelt to Booker T. Washington, the negro president of Tuskegee. Neither of the two men paid any attention to the comment at the time, but current rumor changed the alleged dinner to a luncheon, which seemed to be accepted by the objectors as somewhat reprehensible. Years later, however, there was published a statement from Washington himself in which his version of the incident was given,

ACCORDING TO THIS Statement Washington had been asked by Roosevelt to obtain information as to the desirability of a certain man who was under consideration for a federal appointment. Washington made the inquiry and came to Washington to report, arriving just before the president's luncheon hour. The president invited to join him at luncheon so that they might discuss the matter over the meal. Washington excused himself, saying that he had had breakfast on the train just before arriving. Washington therefore made his report to the president while the latter ate, but did not join him at the meal.

WASHINGTON SAID THAT AS a matter of fact, he had not had breakfast and was in good shape for a hearty meal. He realized, however, that for him to join the president at the table would be sure to bring criticism upon the president, therefore he sought to avoid this by fibbing about his breakfast. That is the story as Booker T. Washington told it. Not the luncheon which he said did not take place had been turned back into a dinner.

A GOOD MANY YEARS AGO A northern man who had spent some time with friends in Tuskegee wrote interestingly of the attitude of cultured southern people toward such negroes as Booker Washington. He found that his friends had great respect and admiration for the colored leader, and that when they met him they greeted him cordially as "Dr." or "Professor" Washington, but that never by any chance did they address him as "Mr." Washington. "Mister" was for social equals.