

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT IS MADE to Paul Southworth Bliss for a copy of his latest book, "The Rye Is the Sea," which, in addition to its literary content, has novel features which are thus described by the author in his foreword:

"THE Burlap binding is the gunny-sack of agriculture. The bag of which this binding is a part has held in its time wheat and corn. The paper used is ordinary wrapping paper. The binding was done by persons who have had their training in Works Progress Administration library-book repair projects. The press is an old style Chandler and Price jobber.

"THE AUTHOR'S PURPOSE IN using this method in book production is the stimulation of home arts—an attempt to regain from the highly efficient machine some of the handicraft joys that are in danger of being lost. Any poet, really seeking publication, need not sigh in vain. He can now find competent bookbinders in every community—and if he be genuinely in earnest he can do the work himself."

COLONEL BLISS IS AN Artist who paints pictures with words as another artist paints them with strokes of color on a canvas, and with a few deft touches he can depict the color of a flower, the glistening of a celestial constellation or the glory of a sunset. In form his verse is modernistic, a single word often constituting a line. He does not escape the appearance of artificiality which seems to be inherent in that form, but he does better with it than do many other authors who break poor prose up into one-word lines and call it poetry. In many of his poems this author has achieved a sense of rhythm with a single word, which is no small achievement.

THE PRESENT VOLUME, IN addition to a collection of verse, contains two prose sketches, "Hunting Begins at Forty," and "Fishing Begins at Forty," which are sprightly accounts of mild hunting and fishing adventures in Canada.

THE EUROPEAN SHORT wave radio station must have on its staff either many announcers speaking as many languages or a few who are masters of several languages each. In this country our programs are usually limited to English, which occupies most of the time and is understood generally throughout the continent, and I French, for the benefit of some of the Canadian listeners, and Spanish, for those across the southern border.

NO SUCH LIMITED LIST OF languages will suffice the high-powered European station, for many different language groups are packed in close together. A booklet giving programs of the short wave station in Rome lists a wide variety of languages. Thus on one evening there is a talk in Arabic, followed by news in German, French, Spanish and English, and, of course, Italian. On another program Hindustani is used, and on another Portuguese. This variety runs through the programs, month by month.

LISTENING TO AN Announcer whose language one does not understand has its good points. At times I have enjoyed an announcer speaking from Mexico City speaking, of course, in Spanish. Rarely could I understand a word, but the man had a pleasing voice and a rapid-fire delivery which was quite fetching. Often I chuckled, and if it happened to be in the wrong place, what difference did it make? I enjoyed the conversation of that Mexican much more than a lot of other talks that I did understand, and esthetically the effect was much more satisfactory than that derived from some numbers that are called musical.

ACCORDING TO Information dug out of the records by Representative Sol Bloom, the sum of 30 dollars was paid a scrivener for transcribing and engrossing the text of the constitution of the United States. This was the amount paid to one Jacob Shallus, a clerk of the Pennsylvania state assembly. The work is understood to have been completed between a Saturday afternoon and a Monday morning. The document contains in the neighborhood of 5,000 words. Today it could be typewritten and carbon-copied in a couple of hours for five dollars or so.

IT TOOK THE FOUNDING Fathers all summer to get those 5,000 words together. Now a constitution containing as many words could easily be got together in an afternoon, and there are those who seem to believe that they could make a better job of it than was done by the convention 150 years ago. A student remarked in class that he thought the proverbs of Solomon had been greatly overrated, and that almost anyone could write proverbs as good. "Write a few," said his professor.

PROFESSOR ALBERT Johannsen, geologist of the University of Chicago, makes a side line of collecting dime novels. Perhaps he has discovered a relationship between the antiquities of nature and the antiquities of literature. Anyway, he has collected more than 6,000 specimens of the dime novel, and he is looking for more. He intends to examine and classify them scientifically, and to appraise, if he can, their influence on the life and literature of the period in which they flourished and of the years which have followed.

THERE WAS A TIME, NOT SO very long ago, when the reading of dime novels was considered by many worthy persons to be about the best possible preparation for a future in the nether regions. It seems strange that this should have been so, because stories similar in all essentials to those which were condemned when published in yellow covers often passed muster in the family circle when presented in a little different form.

THE TYPICAL DIME NOVEL was quite similar in form and content to the typical western yarn of today, or the western movie. Men rode on horseback instead of in automobiles. Indians figured more largely in the stories, because they figured more largely in real life. There were numerous differences in detail because the mechanics of life were different. But the villain was always a villain without any redeeming features, the hero was perfection in looks and character. Dastardly plots were always foiled; right triumphed; virtue was rewarded; and crime brought its fitting punishment.

STORIES WHICH WERE ON A different plane from those which used train robbery and Indian fighting and crime in the great cities as material for the production of thrills were adventure stories by such writers as Burt L. Standish—in real life Gilbert Patten—who wrote the Frank Merriwell series, and the Peter Parley, Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger books, and the Elsie books for girls. Those were generally permitted, even by those who saw nothing but wickedness in the typical dime novel.

FOR A BOOK TO BE Described as a novel brought it once under suspicion. If it had a different name it might be all right. There were Sunday school libraries upon which had been unloaded masses of literary trash and in which sickly sentimentality was substituted for the bold ruggedness of the dime novel. Doubts were sometimes entertained as to the truthfulness of those stories, which were novels of the cheapest and sloppiest kind, but the explanation given was that while the stories were not literally true, they were "founded on fact," which was sufficient to take off the curse.

IN MANY HOMES "Tom Sawyer was considered highly immoral. "Robinson Crusoe" usually passed muster because of its moral sentiment, and there were many who believed the "Swiss Family Robinson" a perfectly veracious story of the strange experiences of the worthy pastor and his family in their tree-top house.

THE PROFESSOR WHO HAS undertaken to explore this field has set for himself an interesting task. He will probably find that youth has not changed greatly in spirit, and that the appeals to it which bring a response today differ only in form from those which were successful half a century ago.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS the first president of the United States to visit Grand Forks, and, while this is his first visit to the city proper, he came close enough on one other occasion at least to see the smoke stacks of Grand Forks. That was on his return from the West two years ago, when his train stopped at the junction just west of the city to make the turn south. At that time he had spent two or three hours at Devils Lake looking over the possibilities involved in the Missouri diversion project. Up to that time the weather had been dry for weeks, but the president obligingly brought a shower with him.

WHILE GRAND FORKS HAS entertained no president before, the city has been most hospitable to presidential candidates, several of whom, representing both major and subsidiary parties, have been greeted by immense Grand Forks crowds.

THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL candidate to visit Grand Forks was William J. Bryan, and his first visit here was not in the "cross of gold" campaign, when, as he put it, he "first began to run for president," but in his second campaign, that of 1900, when he "paramount-ed" the issue of imperialism. Bryan's meeting was held in the ball park just west of the city, and there were more thousands of people present than anyone could count. One of A. I. Hunter's livery teams had been engaged to take the distinguished guest from the train to the speaking platform. (Those were horse - and - buggy days). Half-way to the ball park the team balked, and I think another team had to be substituted. Hunter, a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, was accused of having deliberately chosen a balky team for that service, a charge which he denied indignantly. He always maintained that it was the horses' own idea.

IN 1904 GRAND FORKS WAS not included in the schedule of either Theodore Roosevelt or Judge Parker, and during that campaign Mr. Bryan, like Bre'r Rabbit "lay low." But in the campaign of 1908 the city enjoyed the genial presence of William H. Taft, who, unaccustomed to speaking out of doors, had strained his vocal cords and was suffering from hoarseness. It was not during that campaign, but a year or two later, when, as president, he addressed a record-breaking crowd at the Minnesota state fair, that Mr. Taft said he had discovered that one of the functions of a president of the United States was "to increase the gate receipts."

NEXT CAME THE TAFT-Wilson-Roosevelt campaign of 1912. Wilson did not appear here, nor did Taft, but Bryan spoke in Grand Forks in support of Wilson, in<sup>1</sup> whose interest he had brought in certain resolutions at the Baltimore convention, as he reported it, "on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays," and whose nomination his support had made possible. The Republican party was split in two, and Bryan, speaking to a crowd that filled the city auditorium and ran over into the street, rubbed salt and vinegar into the wounds of both factions. For 16 years he had been beaten and buffeted by the Republicans, and now, with victory in plain sight, how he did enjoy his revenge! There was an element of pathos about it, too. While his party was to be victorious, the prize for which he had striven so long was to go to another, and the laurels were to be placed on another brow.

THAT CAMPAIGN BROUGHT Theodore Roosevelt to Grand Forks for the first and only time. A considerable number of Grand Forks people had joined the Bull Moose movement and maintained an active organization here. Roosevelt's Dakota territory background gave him standing as a North Dakota man, and his strong personal qualities made a powerful appeal to the people of a prairie state. Thousands came to see and hear the man whom they knew affectionately and admiringly as "Teddy."

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1916 brought to Grand Forks Charles Evans Hughes, who had resigned his position as a justice of the United States supreme court to accept the Republican nomination for president. Mr. Hughes started out under the handicap of a reputation as an intellectual giant and personal iceberg, and the committee in charge of his tour seemed determined to maintain that tradition. He was fenced in and guarded and made as unapproachable as possible. A personal interview, which required about as much negotiation as the borrowing of a million dollars, revealed him as a very human being who welcomed human contacts, interested in places and people, keen of observation, and with a decided capacity for quiet humor.

IN 1920 GOVERNOR COX OF Ohio, Democratic candidate for president, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, candidate on the same ticket for vice president, visited North Dakota. Mr. Roosevelt made a few stops en route through the state over the Northern Pacific, but he did not reach Grand Forks. Governor Cox arrived in Grand Forks on the morning of Tuesday, September 7, and addressed a meeting at the courthouse, where he was introduced by J. F. T. O'Connor, who was then opposing Governor Frazier in the gubernatorial race. The crowd that greeted Governor Cox was as large as could have been expected in view of the earliness of the hour, but because of the time no effort had been made to arrange an elaborate demonstration.

HUGES WAS THE LAST OF the major-party candidates to visit Grand Forks. Senator Borah, on one occasion a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, delivered an evening address in Grand Forks, but he was less well known then than now, and his visit attracted little attention. Senator LaFollette the elder had a large following in North Dakota, and he addressed at least two big meetings in Grand Forks. One of those was the Metropolitan theater when LaFollette spoke for four or five solid hours, much of the time with one foot on the piano in the orchestra pit. Senator Hansbrough occupied a conspicuous seat in a lodge, and when LaFollette read the names of senators who had voted against certain amendments to an administration bill, and repeated the roll-call after describing amendment after amendment, every eye was fixed on Hansbrough, for he was one of those who had voted to defeat the LaFollette amendments.

MANY SHADES OF POLITICAL opinion have been represented by eminent men who have spoken in Grand Forks. Each had a certain following in the city and adjacent territory, and the views of each have been vigorously opposed by other local groups. But the reception given each has been cordial and enthusiastic and each has been accorded an attentive and respectful hearing. There has been no failure of courtesy in the reception of these honored guests, and, fortunately, the stay of not one of them has

been marred by the improper act of even an irresponsible individual. May the record of the city in this respect remain unblemished, and may President Roosevelt carry from Grand Forks only the most pleasant impressions of the city and its people.

SUNDAY NIGHT'S DISPLAY of northern lights, which set the sky ablaze, may have revived in some minds the old superstition that an auroral display is intended as a warning of dire calamity to come. That belief is probably as old as man's intelligence. Primitive man regarded with awe all the celestial bodies, but fear of them gradually subsided as they were seen to move regularly in their accustomed places. An eclipse of sun or moon was regarded with terror because it was a departure from the usual course, and when nature without warning sent jets of flame across the sky it was only natural to suppose that the display presaged some superlative disaster.

THOSE WHO WATCHER THE display on Sunday night and then thought of President Roosevelt's "approaching visit to Grand Forks may have been reminded of Aytoun's lines supposed to have been uttered by the watchers in Edinburgh as the awaited word from the Battlefield of Flodden: All night long the northern streamers

Shot across the trembling sky: Fearful lights that never becken

Save when kings or heroes die.

It is gratifying that the supposed omen of ill fortune proved unreliable on this occasion.

MY INQUIRY AS TO THE meaning of the word "Inish," which appears as a prefix to several Irish place names has brought several responses. Sister Mary Amata, of St. Michael's hospital, supplies this excerpt from a work entitled "Irish Names of Places," by Dr. P. W. Joyce, which seems to cover the subject quite completely: "Inis,- Inish, Ennis, and Inch—modern forms of Inis an island. The most common word for an island is Inis, genitive Inse, Insi or Innse, cognate with Welsh ynys. It is also applied in all parts of Ireland to the holm, or low flat meadow along a river; and a meadow of this kind is generally called an Inch among the English speaking people, especially in the south.

"This however, is obviously a secondary application, and the word must have been originally applied to islands formed by the branching of rivers, but while many of these, by gradual changes in the river course, lost the character of islands, they retained the name. It is difficult to understand how, in the course of ages, the word Inis, would in this manner gradually come to be applied to river meadows in general, without any reference to actual insulation.

"THE PRINCIPAL FORMS OF this word are Inis, Inish, Ennis, and Inch, which give names to a vast number of places in every part of Ireland; but whether, in any individual case, the word means an island or a river holm must be determined by the physical configuration of the place.

"In many instances places that were insulated when the names were imposed are now no longer so, in consequence of the drainage of the surrounding marshes or lakes; as in the case of Inishargy where the initial c has dropped out by aspiration. Inis and Inish are forms most generally used and are the common appellations of the islands round the coast and in the lakes and rivers; they are also applied like Inch to river meadows.

INISHNAGOR IN DONEGAL and Sligo, is a very descriptive names, signifying the river meadow of the corrs or cranes; there are several places in both north and south called Enniskeen and Inish-keen, in Irish Iniscasin (Four Masters) beautiful island or river holm.

"The word Inch often occurs in the end of names, as in Coolnahinch, the corner or angle of the island or river meadow. Sometimes it is contracted as in Cleenish, an island near Enniskillen, which should be called Cleeninis i. e. sloping land.

THERE IS A PARISH NEAR Downpatrick, taking its name from an old church, now called Inch, i. e. the island, because it was built on a small island or peninsula, on the west side of Strangford Lough. The full name is Iniscourcy; and as it is a historical fact that an abbey was founded there by John de Courcy about the year 1180, it is not to be wondered at the Harris (in his History of Down), and Archfall, fell into the error of believing that the name was derived from him. But an earlier monastery existed there, called Inis-Cumhsraigh (Inishcooscry), Cooscragh's island, long before John de Courcy was born; and this name was gradually corrupted to Inishcourcy, both on account of the curious similarity of sound, and of that chief's connection with the place."

SIMILAR INFORMATION comes from Professor H. C. Rowland, of the U. N. D. music department, who, although Welsh rather than Irish, is familiar with the similarity between many Welsh and Irish forms, both being Gaelic. Professor Rowland knows of several cases in which the Welsh word for island has persisted, although the former islands are not now separated from the main land.

A DIFFERENT VERSION comes from Stuart R. Campbell, of Park River, who writes:

"In your column in the Herald I notice you ask any Irishman to give the meaning of the word "Innis."

"This is a Gaelic word, and the Gaelic dictionary I have gives it:

"Innis—v.—to tell."

"So it is very likely used as the Indians in Manitoba and North Dakota used to call the Q'appelle river in Manitoba "the river that calls," or as "talking Mountain" etc. You know the old celts had quite an imagination concerning the peculiarities of nature. I am not Irish, but Gaelic is much the same, whether in Ireland or Invernessire."

FURTHER REFERENCE TO Mr. Campbell's letter will be made later. I may be permitted to suggest that the two dictionaries are dealing with two words, nearly alike in form, different in meaning. I have often wondered what was the significance of the word "Inch," as applied to the "last inch of Perth," where occurred the bloody duel which practically wip-

ed out two Highland clans.

IN YESTERDAY'S COLUMN I quoted part of a letter received from Stuart R. Campbell, of Park River, with reference to the meaning of the Gaelic word "Inish," or "Inn is." Mr. Campbell is a native of Grand Forks, the son of Peter Campbell, who came to this city in the early eighties from Harriston, Ont. His mother came from Port Elgin, Ont. Mr. Campbell has contributed to the interest of many Scottish gatherings by his performance on the bagpipe, and he recalls his association with the late Dr. Wilson, of Grand Forks, another artist on that instrument.

MR. CAMPBELL ENCLOSES A page from a pipers magazine en-titled "Piping and Dancing," containing an article entitled "The History of the Haggis." The author of that amusing sketch, Harry Argyle, of Victoria, insists that the haggis is an animal, and he gives in verse too long to be reproduced here a story of the hunting of that ferocious beast. The opening stanza of the veracious chronicle reads:

Twilight in Strath Hallidale,  
To North of Sutherland, The braes were braying softly,  
And the hills looked simply  
grand. But all was not so peaceful  
As those two lines seemed to  
say, For deep down in a gloomy glen  
A savage haggis lay. I can't describe that horrid scene  
As that fierce form lay there, Curled like a ball, and snarling oft,  
With long and bristling hair! Around about amongst the rocks  
Were piles of bleaching bones; Skulls grinning wide and shin-bones white  
Lay midst the mould green stones.

WHEN IT BECAME KNOWN that an untamed haggis was in the vicinity the clans gathered and surrounded the monster, but the upshot of it all was that the hunt was called off because the sheriff of Caithness warned the hunters that they were not allowed to kill a haggis out of season.

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S new play, "The Star Wagon," which had its premiere on Broadway last week, is reviewed in The New York Times by Brooks Atkinson, who describes this as one of Anderson's most interesting plays. The critic does not wax enthusiastic over the plot, but he says "What absorbs an audience is the power Mr. Anderson has to create vital characters, write lively scenes and scribble robust conversation. He can manage a flight of fancy by preserving his common sense about people. And the people of 'The Star Wagon' are some of the best he has gathered under his dramatic roof."

CAN AN ELEPHANT TIP-TOE? George Denman, for many years head elephant trainer for the Ringling-Barnum and Bailey circus, who died in Connecticut last week at the age of 66, insisted that one of them could and did. The story is that while the circus was in winter quarters years ago the steward began to miss quantities of food from the bins kept near the elephants' shed.

The door was locked from the outside and since the elephants were chained each night it was agreed that they could not have been taking the food. Deafy, the name by which Denman was known, wasn't sure, enough, so one night he hid in the elephant shed to watch. No food was taken that night nor the next night.

On the third night, while he dozed lightly in his hiding place, he was awakened by a noise in the herd. He saw a small elephant pulling its iron stake from the ground with its trunk. Then, as he always claimed, she tip-toed down the line to the bins, where for 15 minutes she ate steadily. She then tip-toed back to her place and actually put the stake back in the ground with her trunk.

ON NUMEROUS OCCASIONS Sinclair Lewis has displayed a tendency to take both himself and the rest of the world more seriously than the circumstances warranted. In other words, he has seemed deficient in that saving sense of humor which enables one to see things in their true proportions. He has given another example of this tendency in his caustic comment on an interview given by Hannen Swaffer, a British writer who has come to look over the American scene.

MR. SWAFFER, WHO, FOR all I know, may be a person as undesirable as his name is peculiar, announced to the assembled reporters, with his tongue in his cheek and a twinkle in his eye, that he intended to make a search for the "typical western American town," of which he had seen and heard many descriptions. He itemized some of the features of that mythical town, and into that description he packed something of vulgarity and a great deal of crudeness. He said: "It is a place, I'm told, where they learn their manners out of books and grow charm by mail order."

HAVING INDICATED THE kind of crude, raw, uncultured place which he intended to seek, Mr. Swaffer indicated that he had no idea where it might be found, and he expressed strong doubt of its existence. He was just poking a bit of quiet fun at the American picture as he had often seen it drawn.

MR. LEWIS IMMEDIATELY became violently angry, so angry that he couldn't see the point of the joke at all. He thought that Swaffer was giving in good faith a description which he was actually holding up to mild ridicule. And Sinclair Lewis rushed patriotically to the defense of his beloved United States with the convincing statement that Swaffer had once been slapped in the face by a chorus girl.

MR. SWAFFER DID NOT indicate in what course of study he had found the descriptions of the American small town which he held up to derision, but if he had happened to read a book called "Main Street," by one Sinclair Lewis, he would have found there all the information he needed. In that book Mr. Lewis attributed seriously to the American small mid-west town (which happened to be his home town, Sauk Center, Minnesota) the rawness and crudity the conception of which the Englishman with the queer name dismissed with a jest.

ED. HOWE, THE BELOVED newspaperman whose common sense and homely philosophy made him famous, closed his eyes the other night to open them no more. He embodied the spirit and outlook of the common man, and he may be described as being the common man raised to the nth degree. He held in contempt all that savored of pomp and sham. He had the rare ability to express in simple language the thoughts that ran through the minds of millions of "men on the street" who have not his power of expression. I have understood that Mrs. C. H. Howard, for many years a resident of Grand Forks, was Ed. Howe's sister.

THE WEATHER MAN WAS kind to Grand Forks. If he had given us Tuesday's weather on Monday, what a dismal affair the president's visit would have been!

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has to deal with many perplexing problems. One of them is what became of the other bird's egg. In an article written for a nature magazine no less a person than the premier of Great Britain tells of having watched the building and occupancy of its nest by a titmouse. Three eggs were laid, but one day one of them was missing and everyone at No. 10 Downing" street wondered what had become of it. Clearly this IS a case for Scotland Yard.

THE SPECIAL Correspondent of The New York Times, who preceded the presidential train to Grand Forks, writes with some evidence of surprise of the interest shown in the president's visit in North Dakota, "traditionally a Republican state," and especially of the elaborate preparations which he found being made in Grand Forks, as he had understood that the president's political following was proportionately less in the eastern than in the western part of the state.

THE TRADITION THAT North Dakota is a Republican state is fairly well borne out by the facts, although it would be unsafe for a politician to rely on that tradition in a given campaign. North Dakota has shown its ability to change front politically with great rapidity and considerable emphasis. On the basis of votes cast in the early presidential and gubernatorial campaigns, there appeared to be in the state about two -Republicans to one Democrat. Nevertheless, North Dakota sent one Democrat to the United States senate, a performance which gave the Democrats control of the senate at a critical period. And three times the state elected one of its Democratic citizens, John Burke, governor.

AND THE STATE HAS Exhibited singular open mindedness politically in presidential campaigns. McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt carried North Dakota without difficulty, as did Taft in 1908. But the Taft vote in 1912 could scarcely be detected with a microscope, as most of the vote was divided between "Teddy" and Wilson. Wilson carried the state by a few votes in 1916. Harding carried it in 1920, and Coolidge by a narrow margin in 1924. So that while the tradition of Republicanism exists in North Dakota, there is no blind adherence to it.

BUT, IT IS A MISTAKE TO estimate the size of a man's political following by the reception accorded him when he visits a city, especially if that man happens to be president of the United States. A president is the nation's First Citizen and chief magistrate. A visit from him is an event. Regardless of their political opinions, people wish to see and hear him. And they conceive it to be in keeping with the character of the occasion to show their appreciation by their presence, the adornment of their streets, and other evidences of cordiality. North Dakota Republicans turned out in great numbers to greet a Democratic president, just as North Dakota Democrats would turn out in great numbers to greet a Republican president. That's the kind of folks we are out here.

DOWN IN MEXICO THERE is a bug that flies at the rate of 818 miles an hour. It is the Cephonomyia, a fly whose principal business it seems to be to lay eggs in the hide of deer, greatly to the inconvenience of the deer. And, as the fly can travel several times as fast as the deer, it has all the advantage. Scientists who have checked the speed of this insect declare it to be the swiftest living thing that moves. At the rate of 1,200 feet a second this fly leaves the hum of its own wings behind, and, presumably, it would be unable to hear the sound which it makes unless it should wait for the sound to catch up.

THE CITIES OF NIAGARA Falls and Westchester, both in New York state, are disputing over the honor of being the original home of that seductive drink, the cocktail. The honor of inventing the cocktail is accorded without dispute to Betsey Flanagan Hustler, a patriotic barmaid of Revolutionary times, who decorated the bottles behind her bar with feathers from the tails of roosters which colonial soldiers captured from the British. It was from these bottles that Betsey poured the liquids used in mixing her drinks, and it was from the use of the feathers that the cocktail derived its name. Fennimore Cooper places Betsey and her cocktails in Westchester, but the Niagara Falls people insist that she lived there, and are arranging to build her a monument. Naturally, this is bitterly resented in Westchester, and the dispute has already reached impressive proportions.

IS IT TRUE THAT DEER shed their antlers every year? This question is often asked by persons unfamiliar with the characteristics and habits of deer, and when assured that antlers are shed every year they are often incredulous, finding it difficult to believe that such enormous growths as the antlers of moose can be grown in one season. The subject is treated in an article by Frank Oberhansley, a naturalist employed in Yellowstone park, who writes of it as follows:

"ELK ANTLERS STIMULATE many questions on the part of visitors to Yellowstone Park. Some one is forever wanting to know where he can secure some "elk horns" or how many dead elk were necessary to provide the "makings" for the antler house at Mammoth. After close scrutiny of this structure, one visitor inquired as to the type of roots used in its construction. For the reader who is not familiar with the major facts relating to horns and antlers the following is offered.

"ONLY ONE ANIMAL IN THE world sheds his horns naturally and this is the American antelope (*Catilocarpidae Americana*). This statement will immediately bring forth the challenge from many, "What about the deer, elk, and moose?" The answer lies in the fact that there is a distinct difference between horns and antlers. Horns are outgrowths of the skin similar to nails, claws, and hair, while antlers are true bone growths, exposed parts of the skeleton.

"IN THE CASE OF THE ELK (*Cervus canadensis*), the antlers are shed from late winter to early spring. A few spike bulls were observed carrying the antlers this year until late in May. Just what is the direct cause of the actual shedding is unknown, Perhaps the new growth has something to do with it, or it may be that the bony tissue attaching the antler to the skull becomes dead and incapable of further supporting this great weight firmly. At any rate, there is some physiological change which causes the antler to drop at the correct season,

"ALMOST IMMEDIATELY After the old antlers are shed new ones begin to replace them. From the beginning these new antlers are very blunt. Covered with a velvet-like tissue and richly supplied with blood vessels and nerves, they are comparatively soft and highly sensitive. The profuse blood supply enables the antlers to grow at an alarming rate until by September 1 they are fully mature. During the growing state the antlers are said to be "in the velvet" and when the growth is completed the velvet is commonly shed by rubbing the head against a small tree and exposing the true bony antler. Some maintain this rubbing is for the purpose of sharpening the antlers preparatory to the fighting incident to the mating season. Personally, I believe it to be a natural means of relieving an irritation incident to a stricture of the nerves and blood vessels at the base of the antler where a ring of bone solidifies and chokes off any further supply of raw materials.

"AS SOON AS THE VELVET IS shed the bulls are ready to fight for the possession of a harem. Although the antlers are fully formed, they are still green and occasionally in the initial clashes between two bulls, the antlers may be sprung slightly so that they may become locked tightly and death comes to both combatants. The shedding of the velvet is coincident with the mating instinct which brings the two sexes together again in the fall. As the season progresses the antlers become increasingly dead tissue until the final shedding when the process is repeated.

"THE ANTELOPE SHEDS HIS horns in the late fall. In this case the outer sheath only is shed leaving a bony core. At this time he may be said to have antlers similar in structure at least to those of elk, since they are true bone. Coarse black hair soon covers this bony core and eventually these become cemented together with a chitinous like material to form the true horny sheath. As stated earlier, no other animal sheds its horns."

HUGH A. RORKE, A FORMER resident of Grand Forks, writes from Los Angeles, which has been his home for some time, of the thrill that it gave him to learn that his old home town was to be visited by the president of the United States, and of the part played in making the arrangements by his old friend J. F. T. O'Connor, known to the nation as comptroller of the currency, but to the president of the United States and a host of Grand Forks people as "Jefty."

MR. RORKE DESCRIBES O'Connor's high standing in California and mentions especially the enthusiasm with which his recent Constitution day address was received there. O'Connor, he says, is the man who is frequently mentioned for governor of California.

FOLLOWING A CONFERENCE called by the governors of Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota and held at Fargo in 1935, there was created an interstate committee for the study of water problems in the Red river drainage basin. That committee's report has been transmitted to the president and has been made public by the National Resources committee.

The report, of 80 large printed pages, presents a comprehensive survey of both the physical and economic features of the Red River valley. It presents figures relating to the physical characteristics of soil, temperature, precipitation, evaporation and other features bearing on water supply. It applies these facts to the agricultural and commercial possibilities of the area and makes specific recommendations for improvement of water conditions.

FOR THE CONSERVATION OF the water supplied by rainfall within the territory there is proposed the raising of the levels of the Ottertail lakes and Red lake, the building of one or more large dams in the Cheyenne river, and the building of many small dams on the smaller tributaries of the Red river.

THE REPORT ALSO GIVES the text of the compact by which the three states have created the tri-state commission and given it control over boundary waters and their tributaries except in what is known as the Ottertail system. Residents of that section brought to bear sufficient pressure on the Minnesota legislature to prevent inclusion of those waters in the tri-state scheme.

WHEN THE DUCK SEASON opens the largest migration of wild ducks seen in three years will be heading southward, but authorities on the subject say that the increase will be nothing to become excited about. It is said that America's wild ducks hit the bottom of the worst wild fowl depression in 1934, reaching at that time where it seemed that almost any change must be for the better.

HEAVIER RAINFALL, IN THE northern states has resulted in material improvement, and compared with 1936 Minnesota reports an increase of 50 per cent, mainly of teal, Nebraska and North Dakota 25 per cent each, and South Dakota 50 per cent.

THERE IS NO PROSPECT that the United States will ever resume its position as a breeding ground for wild ducks. Effects of drouth may be partially offset by later rains, but of the 70,000,000 acres of former breeding grounds since occupied for agriculture, only a small part will be given back to the ducks. Henceforth Canada will be the great breeding ground. This year, despite the drouth which has affected portions of Saskatchewan and Alberta there is reported a material increase in Canada's duck output this year.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC ON American railroads during the first six months of this year amounted to the equivalent of one person traveling 11,671,028,000 miles, and this was done without the death of a single passenger by accident. That makes it appear that it is safer to travel by train than to stay at home, which is a conclusion reached by Mark Twain many years ago.

A CORRESPONDENT Suggests the republication of this little article which he clipped from a current magazine:

"INSTEAD OF PURCHASING a tube of tooth paste with the money his father had given him, a 16-year old boy played a slot machine that stood in the store.

"To his dismay, the one armed mechanical bandit devoured his money and he had nothing to show his father for the funds that had been entrusted to his care. Knowing what the consequences would be when he returned home empty handed, he picked up a tube of tooth paste and hurried out of the store.

"When the merchant indignantly appeared in court to sign a petition for the boy's arrest, the judge said, "You who put that slot machine on display are responsible for this boys' delinquency, and I regret that I do not have the authority to impose a fine on you".

AS IF THERE WERENT enough things to worry about, with the Spanish civil war, Japan's invasion of China, the Black appointment to the Supreme Court and an approaching session of congress, a spirited controversy is waging in the east over the proper way to harvest potatoes. It started with an editorial in The New York Times on the potato industry in Aroostook county, Maine. In that article the writer referred to Maine potatoes being "yanked" out of the ground.

THAT BROUGHT A LETTER from a man in Connecticut who said that he had lived in Maine, ridiculing the ignorance of a writer who would tell of "yanking" potatoes out of the ground, as if the tubers were actually picked from plants that had been torn up by hand. Potatoes, he said, are turned out of the ground by powerful machinery and afterward picked off the ground. That writer said that he knew of no exercise that excels potato picking in the speed and effectiveness with which it can reduce the human body to a mass of aching tissues, strained muscles and weary flesh. But, he said, those who become inured to the strain, and expert in the matter, perform amazing feats of speed and endurance. He cited the case of one little Frenchman who picked 105 barrels in a day, and he traveled on his knees.

THEN ALONG CAME A MAN from New York City who insisted that potatoes are neither yanked nor picked, but hoed out of the ground. Here is his version:

"Potatoes, IN may say, for the benefit of your readers who reside neither in Maine nor Idaho, are not picked. They are hoed with a three-tined hoe with a short handle, at the cost of considerable backache. The soil around the roots of the plant is desiccated with much care, and if the tubers —roots to you—are speared with the tines of the hoe the farmer's comments are extremely acid."

ON THE OTHER HAND, GO into a hardware store and ask for a potato fork, and what will you get? A fork with five or six flat tines, sharpened at the ends, obviously designed for digging. If that doesn't prove that potatoes are neither yanked, picked nor hoed, but dug, what does it prove. Some of our farmers who grow potatoes by the square mile may be interested in the idea of getting them out of the ground with a three-tined hoe.

YESTERDAY, OCTOBER 11, according to the official record, William Budge, one of the three or four surviving members of the North Dakota constitutional convention, reached the ripe age of 85 years. That is a long time to live, and William Budge has lived a full and eventful life.

BORN IN THE ORKNEY Islands he came to the Red river valley by the northern route and entered the United States at Pembina. There he and young George B. Winship became acquaintances, and there was established a friendship which lasted through the years, and which proved superior to all the changes of time and circumstance.

THE TWO MEN OPERATED the stage station at Turtle river until Mr. Winship moved to St. Paul. Soon afterward Mr. Budge moved to Grand Forks, where he became one of the influential men of the city, territory and state. He operated on a large scale in merchandise and real estate, and there were few enterprises of the young city in which he did not have a hand. He served as a member of the constitutional convention, as postmaster of the city, and as regent of the State University, He was one of that gallant band through whose efforts the University was kept in operation when its closing seemed inevitable.

LATER MR. BUDGE SPENT several years in fruit growing in Oregon, and he is now living a quiet, retired life in California, enjoying the society of the many North Dakota friends whom he meets, and maintaining a lively interest in the state which was for so many years his home.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S visit to Grand Forks, which attracted a crowd of many thousands, has directed attention to some other local events which, if they did not draw presidential-size crowds, nevertheless aroused considerable interest. One of these was the visit of the World's Fair Agricultural commissioners during the Columbian exposition in Chicago in 1893. During that big fair someone conceived the idea of having representatives of as many countries as possible make a tour of the United States to observe the agricultural methods then in vogue, and especially to see the evidence of nature's bounty in the agricultural middle west, where bonanza farming was just getting into its stride. Foreign governments welcomed the idea and appointed commissioners to make the tour. Grand Forks was one of the stopping places, and the visitors were given the best that the city had in the way of welcome.

WHEN PRESIDENT Roosevelt visited the city every minute detail of the local program had been worked out carefully in advance. It was required that every arrangement proposed by the local committee receive the approval of the Washington official in charge. The exact spot where the train was to stop was marked out to the last inch. The route of the parade was specified, and no deviation from it was permitted. Precise arrangements were made for every stop, and nothing was left to chance or later arrangement.

NO SUCH MINUTE Arrangements had been made for the reception of the foreign commissioners. A local committee had arranged to meet them with carriages, but nobody at the other end had anything to do with the local arrangements. When the special train arrived it was necessary to fit a trainload of distinguished visitors into a program of which they knew nothing, and to do so with as little confusion as possible.

THE MAN UPON WHOM THIS responsibility rested was Major William E. Curtis, staff correspondent of The Chicago Record. Major Curtis (I never knew how he came by his military title) was a genius. He had traveled all over the world, had interviewed princes and potentates and captains of industry in almost every country. He spoke several languages fluently, and he could organize an orderly gathering out of apparently hopeless elements.

CURTIS WAS IN CHARGE OF the World's Fair party, in which there were Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Turks, Hindus, and, for all I know, Eskimos, many of them with their secretaries and interpreters, and many unable to speak a word of English. Curtis had them well trained by the time he got them here, although it was difficult to make them stay put. However, Curtis managed to keep them together, and he completed the tour without losing a man.

AT THE STATION, WHEN the train arrived, Curtis met all the local committeemen, who were there with freshly-groomed horses and shining carriages. Curtis had a memory on which the name of each man whom he met registered permanently. In a few minutes he knew every local committeeman by name and was on intimate terms with him. Then he began to distribute his charges, assigning perhaps the Japanese commissioner and the Italian to George B. Clifford, the Turk and the Frenchman to Carl Gowran, and so on, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it he had them all loaded in and under way.

THE COMMISSIONERS DIDN'T see much agriculture in the city of Grand Forks, but they had a good time. From here they went to the Elk Valley farm at Larimore, where they saw 47 binders at work at one time in the same field in the same field and were feasted on prairie chicken.

THE TOUR WAS A FINE thing for the commissioners, and doubtless some of them picked up valuable information. Also, it helped to attract attention to the new west, which was what the local people wanted. But the thing that has stuck in my mind all these years is the manner in which Curtis handled such a cosmopolitan crowd and fitted its members into local programs here and there, when many of his arrangements had to be made on the spur of the moment and he had no secret service department to shape things up for him.

FIFTEEN OR 20 YEARS After the tour of the World's Fair Agricultural commissioners through the United States this country was visited by another commission for purposes of study. That was the Japanese commercial commission, consisting of a body of Japanese captains of industry, finance and commerce, who wished to make a study of the entire economic set-up of the United States. That party spent the better part of a day at Grand Forks, and the commissioners were driven about the city and through the adjacent farming district on a chilly autumn day.

HEADING THE PARTY WAS Baron Shibusaya, who occupied a position in Japan similar to that of J. Pierpont Morgan in the United States. Often he was characterized as the Grand Old Man of Japanese business. He was a short, stocky man, well along in years, but full of vigor, and quite destitute of English. Differences in language made conversation between hosts and guests rather difficult. None of the Grand Forks people knew any Japanese, but most of the Japanese knew a few words of English, and occasionally the French language served as ground on which both could meet. And, when verbal communication failed it was always possible to revert to first principles and resort to the sign language. One of the local men observed to another in the same group that certain fungus growths along the roadside looked like mushrooms. A Japanese in the group looked puzzled for a moment, then his face lit up and he exclaimed "champignons!" He had discovered that the French and English words meant the same thing.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING features of the day was the Baroness Shibusaya standing on the hub of a wagon wheel as she peered over the edge into the wagon box to see what was going on inside. The party pulled up on a threshing machine on the Richards farm south of the city where barley was being threshed. Grain from the machine was flowing through a spout into a deep grain tank, the mouth of which was invisible from the ground. Many of the men climbed up to see the grain delivered, which, after all, was not a remarkable sight. The baroness, who must have been over 70, very short, slight and wrinkled, but as active as a kitten, was intensely interested in what was happening inside that wagon box. She walked around the wagon and inspected it from all sides, but the mystery remained unsolved. As she looked longly upward some of the bystanders volunteered to give her a lift so that she could see over the top. She accepted the offer immediately, and was helped to a perch on the rear wheel where she could see the barley flowing into the tank. She was as pleased as any child could be with a new toy, and I have no doubt that little incident was one of the high lights of her visit to America. The old lady was a good sport.

THE MEMBERS OF THAT party made many contacts which were valuable both to them and to American business men. Baron Shibusaya spoke through an interpreter at the various stops, and he impressed those who heard him by his grasp of business principles and his knowledge of business conditions throughout the world.

EVERY LITTLE WHILE I hear someone ask "Why don't they light the entrances to the University campus?" and I have never been able to discover a plausible reason why this is not done. At night it is difficult to see either entrance, and next to impossible to tell which is which. A light on each of the four brick pillars would be artistically correct and a great convenience to everyone. Inasmuch as the University operates its own electric plant the cost of additional current would be negligible, and surely there is plenty of labor available for installation.

SHARP-WITTED YOUNGSTERS in New York turned the congestion attendant on the baseball World's Series to good account when they found an opportunity to sell four nickels for a quarter. Persons without nickels to drop into the turnstiles go to the change booth near by to get change. During the crowded period there might be a line of 100 or more waiting for change. Boys had supplied themselves with nickels which they sold four for a quarter, and the purchaser was relieved of the necessity of standing in line while several trains went by. The lads did a land-office business and made a profit of 25 per cent on their investment. There are persons who say the profit system is all wrong, but those youngsters don't think so.

MANY BOYS OF AN EARLIER generation were equally resourceful. Many years ago George K. Munro, whose home was at Peterboro, Ontario, went with a boy companion to Bellville, to attend a big homecoming celebration. It had occurred to them that badges would be in demand, so they had a stamp made, bought a lot of ribbon and printed a lot of badges by hand. They sold them at 10 cents each and found a good market for them. Thriftily, they took along their stamp and a roll of uncut ribbon, and when their original supply of badges ran out they went off to a quiet spot and printed another lot, which also were sold. The boys made the expenses of their trip and something over.

GRAND FORKS AUTOISTS ON the way to Bemidji on Sunday afternoon were treated to an interesting and unusual sight. It was a perfect fall afternoon, the warm sunlight broken by occasional clouds overhead whose shadows threw into relief the brilliant coloring of the foliage which was touched by the sun. Away to the northeast hung a dense black cloud well above the horizon, and against that dark background appeared a mass of color which seemed like burning vapor arising from the tree-tops. It was brilliantly colored with reds, blues and greens and their several variations, and for several miles there was speculation as to what it could be. At last the mysterious flame-colored spectacle proved to be the base of a rainbow, perfect in formation, as far as it went, but with all the upper part of the arc missing. A light rain was in progress in the distance, and the reflection from the raindrops was limited to a narrow band just above the tree-tops.

POSSIBLY FROM THE Evaporation from the narrow belt of light rain, possibly from other causes, drivers on Sunday night east of Bemidji, in the Detroit Lakes vicinity, and elsewhere in that general area, found themselves traveling through fog so dense that at times it was impenetrable by beams from the head-lights, and it was necessary to slow down to a snail's pace for fear of collision with a cow, an unlighted wagon, or a car on the wrong side of the road. Perhaps the little rain had nothing to do with it, as unusually heavy rains in that section have left the ground well saturated. Anyway, it was some fog.

I HAVE MENTIONED THE individuality of trees, a subject which I find quite interesting. An ash in my back yard kept all its leaves long after other ash trees in the neighborhood had lost almost all of theirs. Monday evening all the leaves were in place. Tuesday morning every leaf was gone and the tree was as bare as in midwinter save for the seed pods that remained. It would suit me if that tree bore no seeds, for they become scattered all over the lot, and it seems that every seed sprouts and produces an embryo tree. And a young ash makes a determined struggle for existence. It sends its roots away down deep, and quite a yank is required to remove it. And, while trees of almost any kind are desirable in their proper place, one can't have them growing all over the lot.

A BOOKLET PUBLISHED BY one of the broadcasting companies gives the texts of several addresses given over the air by speakers on various subjects. In the current booklet is the text of an address on "A Garden Without Work," by Ruth Cross, a talented and successful New England gardener. Perhaps you heard it. I didn't, but I found the address most interesting.

AT THE OUTSET MISS CROSS admits that the title of her address is to some extent an exaggeration, for strictly speaking there is no such thing as a garden without work. But the address does give many interesting suggestions as to methods of handling the garden so as to minimize labor. Among other things, Miss Cross thinks that for the amateur gardener who wishes a garden for color and comfort rather than for scientific experimentation, and whose time is limited, it is well to stick pretty closely to species and strains of proven health and hardihood for the locality where they are to be grown. That seems like good advice. As a matter of fact, many of the "common" varieties of garden plants and flowers are fully as beautiful as are their "improved" variations. Of course, as the latter are likely to be more difficult to grow, one is conscious of a real achievement if he manages to pull them through a season. But a thing is not necessarily desirable because it is new and rare, or because it is difficult to grow.

THERE IS ALWAYS Inspiration in such a gathering as that which was held at Pembina on Wednesday to pay tribute to the memory of Joseph Rolette. There are brought to the surface bits of forgotten history which ought to be preserved, and new light is shed on the lives of those sturdy men and devoted women who gave form to a society which was just being created. The recounting of their deeds, the description of their environment and the sketches given of their character help to bring them back from the land of myth and shadow and reveal them as human beings, with human powers, human hopes and ambitions, and their percentage of human failings. In the new perspective they remain of heroic proportions, but they are brought nearer to their successors of today in sympathetic relationship.

JOE ROLETTE WAS A MAN of unusual qualities. The incident of his saving the capital of Minnesota for St. Paul is the one concerning which he has been most widely known. It has been said that he stole the bill which would have moved the capital to St. Peter, a statement which is denied with some show of indignation by those who wish to remove a cloud from his reputation. In his defense it is said that as chairman of the committee to which the bill was referred he merely pocketed the bill so that it was never heard from again.

WHAT ARE THE EXACT facts may be left for the historians to determine, but the original and popular version is more in keeping with what is known of the character of that rugged frontiersman. He was an active participant in frontier politics when the rules of that game were exceedingly flexible. He was a man of great resourcefulness who demonstrated on many occasions his ability to find unexpected ways of achieving a desired purpose. And he was a man of infinite jest to whose sense of humor the tricking of political opponents by the ruse attributed to him would appeal with great force. And, if it is true historically that he didn't "steal" the capital bill we may be assured that it was because he didn't think it necessary.

ROLETTE, HOWEVER, WAS distinguished for more things than the stealing of legislative bills. He had received a good education in New York before the spirit of adventure brought him west. He was a born leader and organizer. With nothing to serve as his guide he created a transportation system which ran through 500 miles of wilderness and which transported property valued at millions of dollars through territory where, in addition to the natural obstacles to be overcome there was always danger from raids by hostile Indians. By means of infinite tact Rolette kept on good terms with friendly Indians and his known resourcefulness and determination overawed those who would willingly have taken to the war path. It was by no mere chance that he was chosen to aid in the formation of the great state of Minnesota, or that he became one of the founders of what was to become the state of North Dakota.

PEMBINA, THE SCENE OF Rolette's activities for half a century, is a historic spot. One of the important posts of the great fur trade, it was the scene of the first white settlement in North Dakota. It was there that the first customs house was established and the first public school was started in what is now North Dakota. That school was taught by Frank Wardwell, who for many years published one of the very early newspapers of the territory. For many years Pembina was the site of a military fort, the need for which along the border disappeared many years ago. Through the activities of men and women of culture, ability and devotion Pembina has played its part well in the development of the state, and the descendants of the pioneers who made it their home have every reason to feel that in their ancestry they have something which can satisfy and inspire, something out of which can be constructed an ideal toward which to strive.

THERE IS IN PROGRESS IN New York a sort of treasure hunt in reverse. Instead of people hunting for treasure the holders of the treasure are hunting for the people to whom it belongs. An advertisement by one of the savings banks describes the effort that is being made to discover the owners of nearly 2,000 accounts in which there have been no deposits or withdrawals during the past fifteen years. The total amount involved in these accounts exceeds \$150,000.

WHEN THE REQUEST WAS made through a series of advertisements that the owners of these dormant accounts come forward, identify themselves and establish their claims there were some curious results. One depositor, whose balance was \$3,046, dropped in and collected, explaining that he had forgotten all about the account until reminded by seeing his name in the paper. Imagine "just forgetting" an account of \$3,046! An ex-service man established his right to \$50 which he had given up as lost. When he went overseas he had a small balance in another bank. During the war the bank was merged with the one which now advertises. On his return from the war the soldier went to the address of his old bank to collect, found the place closed, and concluded that the bank had failed and that his money was gone. Publication of the list of depositors wanted set him right. A woman living in England and who made good her claim wrote that she had changed her name twice and lived in three countries since doing business with the bank.

WHILE MOST OF THE Dormant accounts are fairly recent, there are others of long standing. One was opened 99 years ago. In several there has been no transaction for nearly 100 years. One stands in the name of a rug merchant who was last heard of in Delhi, India. It is supposed that he went into the mountains with gold with which to buy rugs and was there murdered. One account which had a credit of \$754 when the last transaction was made, and which has been built up by accumulated earnings to \$7,048. Under the New York state law all sums in these accounts remaining unclaimed in December will be turned over to the state, but owners may still collect from the state if they can establish the validity of their claims.

IT IS OFTEN SAID THAT IN the world today the poor boy has no chance, and it is sometimes said that the United States is the only country in which the poor boy has an opportunity to get ahead. In contradiction of this it is recalled that Hitler, head of the German nation, was a paper-hanger only a few years ago, and some of his enemies say he was not a very good one. Mussolini is the son of an obscure blacksmith. Lloyd George was a penniless Welsh lad. And Koki Hiroti, Japan's foreign minister, is the son of a stonecutter.

EVERY YEAR, ABOUT THE anniversary of Chicago's great fire, the case of Mrs. O'Leary's cow comes up for discussion. The time-honored tradition is that the cow started the fire by kicking over a lantern. Members of the O'Leary family, jealous of the cow's reputation, have denied this and have ascribed the fire to various other causes. A few years ago it was reported that the fire started in an adjoining barn and was supposed to have been caused by a disturbance at a beer party being held in the building by unknown persons. A Chicago business man, Charles H. Cohen, lived in the O'Leary neighborhood as a boy, and he says that on the night of the fire he saw the barn burn and the fire spread, and when things had cooled down a little he inspected the ruins of the barn. There he found the dead cow, but no evidence of lamp or lantern.

AN OLD SAYING, BEARING on the sequence of events, had it that for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for many of a horse the rider was lost; and for want of the rider the battle was lost. That was no more remarkable than what happened in Buffalo the other day when Halbert DeFreest had all his teeth out. Feeling a little faint as he drove home he pulled in toward the curb and hit a light pole, which fell, carrying eleven other poles down with it. All the lights in the neighborhood went out, an electric standard exploded, the power was cut off from eight industrial plants, and 4,000 men were temporarily thrown out of work. Obviously the acts of all those 4,000 men would be influenced in some way by their temporary holiday, and the train of events started by the pulling of Mr. DeFreest's teeth is still running and it will run until the crack of doom.

WORLD'S FAIRS HAVE Exerted a decided influence on architecture in both design and construction. It was years after the Crystal Palace exposition in London before the first real skyscraper was built, but that first of all world's fairs did at least turn attention to steel as a building material, and the interest thus aroused was increased by the spectacular use of steel in the Eiffel tower in Paris. The recent exposition in Chicago brought to attention new architectural types—some of them horrible—and many new building materials. One feature of the coming fair at New York will be the idealized country village.

IN AN ARTICLE Descriptive of the plans for this feature it is said that the designers will seek to retain the simplicity and dignity of early colonial village architecture. A lot of nonsense has been written about early colonial architecture. I take it that the purpose of architecture is to combine beauty with utility, and that before the word "architecture" can properly be applied to the building of any locality or period such building must have been undertaken with the conscious purpose to make it pleasing to the eye as well as commodious, comfortable and convenient. From that standpoint much of the early building in this country—or in any other country, for that matter—was not architecture at all.

THE FIRST CONCERN OF the colonial builder was to provide four walls and a roof to shelter his family from the elements. The appearance of the structure did not concern him. He wanted something solid, substantial and weatherproof, and something which could be put together with the greatest possible economy of labor, for he was a busy man and the work of clearing his land and cultivating his crops could not be delayed. His dwelling was apt to be anything but a thing of beauty.

ONE OF THE MAGAZINES has several pictures of old New England houses, with other pictures showing how the addition of a few modern touches can bring them up to date without impairing their essential architectural qualities. One picture is of the house which was the home of John and Pricilla Alden and the descriptive text says, "Its utter simplicity is typical of the Massachusetts farm houses of that day, and its general character has been adapted over and over again throughout the country ever since."

"UTTER SIMPLICITY" IS right. Nothing could be simpler. The main part of the house resembles an immense drygoods box with a roof over it, and a smaller drygoods box has been attached as an L. That is all there is to it. Probably Pricilla planted a few flowers and trained some shrubs to break the bleak bareness of the structure, but there is nothing about the appearance of the building to admire or to copy. Millions! of other houses very much like it have been built, not from any desire to copy or adapt, but because four walls and a roof represent the irreducible minimum in construction labor and expense.

SOME OF THOSE OLD houses did become beautiful, even though their designers had no architectural skill and paid no attention to beauty in their planning. To the original bare box there might be added an L on one side and a leanto on the other, to accommodate the needs of a growing family. Shrubs and flowers were used consciously for embellishment. Trees spread their branches around the building and softened its harsh lines. The building took on the mellow tints of age, and that which was built with no thought other than that of bare utility became a thing to delight the soul of an artist.

THERE ARE SOME FINE Examples of real architecture in the colonies, north and south, but the average backwoodsman was neither an architect nor an artist, and his dwelling was no more representative of architectural design, than was the tar-papered claim: shanty of the prairie homesteader.

I HAVE BEEN REMINDED that I agreed to find out what suede is, and then I forgot all about it. The question arose during inspection and admiration of a beautiful suede coat, and somebody asked, "What is suede, anyway?" There was general agreement that it isn't an animal. We had all heard of elephants, and antelope, and oxen, but never of suedes, and everyone wondered from what kind of critter the leather known as suede is obtained.

I CONSULTED ONE OF MR. Webster's interesting volumes and found this definition:

Suede. (F., Sweden.) Swedish glove leather, — usually made from lambskins tanned with willow bark.

That seemed to be all right, as far as it went, but it lacked completeness. I investigated further.

DOWN AT THE LUGGAGE Shop, where they know all about leather, I was told that "suede" is a trade name which is applied to several different kinds of leather, sheep, goat, antelope, and even calf, which is tanned by special process and reversed, that is, turned the other side out from the way that the animal is in the habit of wearing it. Antelope hide is excellent for this purpose, but most of the suede leather of commerce is made from goatskin, the goat being first cousin to the antelope. Where great strength and durability are required calfskin is often used. One may conclude from Webster's definition that the suede process originated in Sweden.

WHILE I THINK OF IT I AM going to recommend to city authorities here and elsewhere a different method of installing those pipes through which access is had to the shut-off valves of water and other connections. The customary method is to have these pipes end in a cap which is supposed to be finished flush with the sidewalk. Presently the walk settles, or perhaps the ground heaves and the pipe projects an inch or two above the walk, just enough to insure a nasty fall and provide material for a damage suit against the city. All this is needless. The pipe leading to the valve should end several inches below the sidewalk level. Then a larger pipe, with the usual cap, could be fitted over it in the form of a sleeve, and, finished flush with the walk and made part of it, it would never project above the walk. The additional cost wouldn't amount to more than a few cents per installation and it would prevent many a sprained ankle or broken leg.

IT MAY INTEREST PERSONS who participated in the gold rush to Dawson City in the late nineties and then quit the place cold to know that the streets of the almost abandoned city have been found to be paved with gold, not in any very large quantities, but gold, nevertheless. Now a town of about a thousand souls, Dawson was in the heyday of the famous Klondike gold rush a city of about 40,000 population. The original miners delved for gold with picks and shovels and washed out their "pay dirt" in rockers or sluices. Today huge hydraulic dredges are in operation in the Klondike area and the salvage of gold has become a fine art. The variety of odds and ends picked up by these mammoth machines includes large quantities of bird shot, bullets, cartridges, odd pieces of metal, in addition to the occasional watch, ring, knife, and guns of all sizes and shapes. At one time all this junk was simply thrown away, but a few years ago an engineer in charge of the recovery process in an experimental mood decided to treat several hundred pounds of bullets, shot and small pieces of metal. As a result of this experiment pure gold worth several hundred dollars was recovered, and now all bullets, shells, and bits of metal are carefully salvaged and treated to extract every last bit of wealth.

F. T. ROAT, A WELL-KNOWN painter in Grand Forks years ago, but who now divides his time between his property at Lake Plantagenet and winter quarters in Bemidji, journeyed to Grand Forks partly to get a glimpse of President Roosevelt. The visit recalled to him visits of other distinguished visitors, among them William J. Bryan and former President Theodore Roosevelt. In her weekly column in The Northland times, of Bemidji, Mrs. Roat recalls that on the occasion of the Roosevelt visit Mr. Roat, dressed in painter's garb, gave a vigorous yell when the carriage in which Roosevelt rode approached, and in return received a personal salute from the great man. I recall that for some years after safety bicycles became the usual thing, Mr. Roat made his trips back and forth on one of those contraptions with a big wheel at the rear and a little one in front which was operated by a ratchet gear with the pedals moving up and down instead of round and round.

ONE OF THE FEATURES OF Leif Erikson day in South Dakota was the reading in many of the high schools of the state of an address on Leif Erikson and his discovery of America. That address, by Dr. Richard Beck, of the University of North Dakota, was delivered at Sioux Falls on October 9, 1936, and it created such a favorable impression that it was published by the Augsburg publishing house of Minneapolis, and copies were supplied for the use of the South Dakota high schools this year.

THE ADDRESS CONTAINS valuable historical material in its account of the migrations which led successively to the colonization of Iceland and Greenland. Dr. Beck points out that it was to escape from oppression which violated their liberties that enterprising and liberty-loving Norsemen made for themselves new homes in Iceland and there established the parliament which has had the longest continuous existence of any in the world.

AN OUTLINE IS GIVEN IN the address of the origin and development of Icelandic literature, which began to take form in the songs sung and stories told of the mighty deeds performed by some of those who had left the continent for their new home and of their ancestors in the "brave days of old." In this form much history was preserved which otherwise would have been lost. Traditions thus preserved were presently reduced to writing, and those writings, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, have proven a treasure-house for students.

IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT in a society so constituted emphasis should be placed on the heroic, and through all that early Icelandic literature runs the glorification of great deeds and the inculcation of the spirit that the incidents of life, and even life itself, are of little consequence compared with worthiness in the achievement of great deeds.

IT WAS IN SUCH AN Atmosphere that young Leif Erikson was born and reared, and his career as an intrepid sailor, whether in the discovery of a continent or in carrying the message of Christianity to his people, is an expression of the spirit of the old Vikings who, marauders though they were at times, were also constructive agents in the development of civilization.

DR. BECK TREATS OF THE historical evidence relating to the landing of Erikson and his companions on North American soil. He finds the facts of his discovery and of subsequent expeditions for purposes of colonization well authenticated. But hostility of the natives made it impossible for the newcomers to maintain their little colony. They returned home, and for many years the story of the first white colony on American soil remained a mere tradition, the facts relating to which have been pieced together, little by little, by the painstaking research of modern historians.

DR. WORKMAN, A Massachusetts surgeon and physician, died last week at the age of 90. While 90 is a great age, many men reach it, and there is nothing specially remarkable in such longevity. But Dr. Workman had an unusual career. After practicing his profession for some 20 years he retired because of ill health. Ten years later he was climbing the Himalayas and riding a bicycle all over India and Ceylon. Within a few years he and his wife rode their bicycles 1,800 miles in Ceylon, 1,500 miles in Java and 1,400 miles in India, much of the distance through territory unknown to explorers and geographers. They were the first persons to climb several lofty peaks, and Dr. Workman, with two guides, made one ascent of 23,394 feet. Altogether he made seven expeditions into the Himalayas, each time exploring territory formerly unknown. The last of these mountain-climbing expeditions was in 1911 when he was 64 years old. Not a bad record for a man who had been obliged to quit work in middle life because of ill health.

AIR TRANSPORT COMPANIES have been trying to convince the people that travel by air is the safest of all methods of getting around. Two of the 19 persons who lost their lives in the crash a few days ago in the Wyoming mountains were photographers engaged in making pictures for a film showing the safety of air travel.

Railroad people insist that one is safer traveling on a train than walking on the street or lying in bed at home, and the figures on accidents of all kinds seem to bear out this contention. The Red Cross has been collecting facts relating to all sorts of accidents, and it finds that there are more fatal accidents in bedrooms than are caused by auto mobiles, and that statistically a cool, quiet barn on a farm is a more dangerous place than a factory where belts and pulleys are whitting all day.

AUTOMOBILE FATALITIES last year for the nation numbered 37,800; while people killed by accidents in their homes totalled 38,500. Safety drives in industries and utilities have reduced accidents until the deaths last year were 2,300 while on the farm, where safety is only now being taught by the Red Cross, annual death toll was 4,500.

The bedroom is shown by safety experts to be the most dangerous room in the house, largely due to falls and walking in the dark. On the farm, machinery causes the greatest number of accidental deaths, with injury by animals ranking second.

WE ARE TOLD THAT THE plane which crashed in Wyoming was flying at an elevation of 10,000 feet, nearly two miles, which seems quite a distance up in the air. But elevations are stated in distance above the sea level, not in distance above the surrounding terrain. Hence, in mountainous country a plane flying at 10,000 feet may be flying quite low with reference to the visible landscape. Most of Yellowstone park, for instance, is more than a mile above sea level and parts of it approach the height of two miles. Grand Forks is about sea level, hence a plane flying at 1,000 feet would seem to be little more than missing the taller buildings.

ONE NEWSPAPER, Commenting on the offers of certain genealogical concerns to trace one's ancestry to nobility some generations back suggests that the task ought not to be difficult provided the ancestry can be traced at all, for one could scarcely go very far back without bumping into "nobility." It is figured out that the person now living is descended from 18 ancestors who lived during the Revolution, and from 512 at the time of the Mayflower. Going back a few centuries one's ancestors at the time of the signing of Magna Charta would number 524,000, and back a few centuries more they would number billions. Those dizzy figures would be correct except for the fact that in the earlier centuries there were not enough people in the world to supply that vast number of ancestors. Inter-marriage accounts for the discrepancy and gives many of us common ancestry. Thus the social star and the man who carries out the ashes may be descended from the same duke or ditch-digger who lived a few centuries ago.

HAVING DISPOSED OF THE subject of suede leather in a previous column, we pass now to the subject of rabbit skins.

Calling attention to one phase of the economic value of wildlife in general, the American Wildlife Institute lists more than 60 common trade names under which rabbit and hare pelts find their way to the fur market. Beneath such high-sounding names as Baltic White Fox, Chinchillette, Mendoza. Baltic White Fox is nothing more than natural rabbit or natural White Hare. Beaver and Polar Seal, for instance, will be found a rabbit or hare skin. Chinchillette is chinchilla-dyed rabbit. When the pelt of the rabbit is sheared and beaver-dyed, it becomes Mendoza Beaver and Polar Seal skin comes not from the Polar branch of the circus and stage-struck family but is merely rabbit, dyed and treated to resemble the skin of a northern fish eater.

RABBIT PELTS, AFTER Different treatments and under various other trade names, reach the market in imitation fox, leopard, lion, tiger, mole, ermine, sable, mink, muskrat and squirrel. Of course, rabbit and hare pelts are not the only skins that assume other forms on the fur market. The pelts of many other wildlife animals have their values enhanced by careful treatment to make them resemble the fur of some more rare specimen. So vast is the field that a survey by the United States Biological Survey credits the nation's wildlife with supplying \$150,000,000 worth of fur and meat each year.

A BULLETIN FROM THE weather bureau gives interesting information concerning the methods in use— experimentally, at present—for recording atmospheric conditions in advance of anticipated hurricanes. The upper air is s o u n d e d by means of small balloons which, b e i n g released, soar to a height of approximately 10 miles. At about that height the balloons burst, and the recording instruments drop b a c k to earth, their fall broken by a frame work of bamboo sticks. On their passage through the air the instruments automatically record temperature, pressure and humidity. Attached to each framework are red streamers intended to attract the attention of passers by. A reward of three dollars is paid for the return of each set of instruments to the weather bureau at Washington, D. C.

USE OF THESE DEVICES IS confined to the states bordering on the Atlantic and the Gulf, as it is through these states that hurricanes usually pass. While storms of hurricane intensity may move in from the ocean at any time, their occurrence except in spring and fall is exceedingly rare. The hurricane season for this year is considered over.

ONE OF THE OLD BELIEFS associated with Halloween is that concerning the white hare. According to the legend a maiden, having loved not wisely, but too well, died of a broken heart. Her spirit returned in the form of a white hare one Halloween. Ever since Halloween has been a fateful night for faithless lovers whose sweethearts have died because of their deception. On some Halloween, it is said, the faithless one will see a ghostly white hare, invisible to all but himself, and then it will be the undertaker and the hearse for him. It is not recorded whether or not the sinner can avert his doom by keeping his eyes shut on Halloween.

LISTS OF COMMODITIES Carried in the cargoes might be supposed to make dry reading, but there is an element of interest them, nevertheless. Such lists are published in the columns of commercial journals published at the big seaports. One such list, attracting passing attention, enumerates thousands of items arriving on the holds of several vessels which docked one day at New York. There are given the name of the ship, the port from which she sailed, description of the shipment and name of the consignee.

THUS, ON THE STEAMSHIP Washington, from Hamburg, came cases, barrels, bags or other packages containing cabbage seed, port wine, mustard seed, sausages, many cases of canned fish, 10 cases of fish hooks, white clover seed, umbrellas, buttons, rosaries, and a vast quantity of other commodities. Havre sent quantities of chestnuts, chicory, bristles and laces. A shipment of red fox skins came from Southampton. On another ship, from Mombosa, Africa, came four cases of rifles, perhaps part of some returning hunter's equipment. From Rotterdam, as might be expected, came many shipments of bulbs, also a case of wooden shoes, and shipments of cheese, oil paintings and steel magnets.

FOURTEEN BAGS OF SESAME seed arrived from Port Sudan, reminding one of Ali Baba and his "open sesame." Calcutta sent pig iron, lizard skins, tea and buffalo hides. There were shipments of geranium oil from Algiers and Tunis, much olive oil from Italian ports, cases, barrels and butts of wine from Cadiz, goatskins, canary seed, coriander seed and sheep casings from Casablanca.

THERE MAY BE NOTHING very inspiring about such a list, but it does set one thinking. There is scarcely a country not represented. Shipments of unfamiliar goods come from the most distant parts of the earth to take their places on the shelves of our merchants or in the stores of raw material in our factories, to appear later in the equipment of our homes or our places of business. Perhaps we could get along without the rest of the world, but when we think of how we draw on distant countries for so many things that contribute to our convenience and comfort, it appears that if we should shut ourselves within our own walls we should find the going pretty tough.

PRAIRIE PHANTASY, A Little book of poems by Frances Vegtasa, a North Dakota writer, comes from the press of Dorrance, Philadelphia, as the latest number on that company's list of contemporary poets. The verses, many of which have been published in current magazines of poetry, are brief, usually dealing with a single thought, usually modernistic in form, although some approach the conventional. The following is in the more conventional form:

**THE SECRET OF A TREE.** I, too, am life, O tree, Must you keep secrets from me. Cannot I, as you, Each year be made anew?

Teach me to be unfeeling Through winter days, Tell me what pleasure there lies In rocking birds to sleep And embracing skies.

You do not answer, tree; Why should you be that proud? For you are chained to earth And I am free.

And while you rustle In the self-same place,  
May I not, some day, If I choose, fly away?

FROM A FRIEND AT GILBY comes a copy of the Christian World, of London, England, containing a reproduction of an article published in the same paper August 25, 1887 bearing on controversies relating to railroad building in the Red river valley 50 years ago. The paragraph reads:

"WE VENTURE TO DOUBT whether Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, will be permitted to employ British Regulars to coerce the Manitobans. Not even the consideration that such troops, if placed at Winnipeg, would be ready for the service of the Empire in the event of war in India should induce Lord Salisbury, to allow the citizens of Manitoba to be mowed down by British soldiers merely because the Dominion and Provincial Government cannot agree about the Red River Railway. It may be very annoying to the Dominion Government to find the Manitobans bent on constructing a railway that will lead direct into the United States, and must of necessity divert traffic from the Canadian Pacific Railway; but to coerce them by force of arms to use the latter is not a policy that will obtain much support in this country."

I IMAGINE IT WILL BE NEWS to a good many people that Sir John Macdonald ever intended to send soldiers to Winnipeg to prevent the building of a railway to the American border. I never heard of the plan before. Sir John Macdonald, as Conservative premier of Canada, had participated in the making of plans for the building of the Canadian Pacific, and the whole railway plan became a political issue. Probably the Canadian Pacific people did not take kindly to the building of a road which might intercept part of their traffic, and controversy may have arisen over that project, but it does not seem probable that there was ever any intent to use military force to prevent the building of the road. The second Riel rebellion was quite recent, and conditions were by no means settled. It seems probable that there had been discussion of sending regulars to Winnipeg as a safeguard against further outbreaks, and that some British writer had got this mixed with the railroad controversy.

MRS. WALTER LIPPMAN IS suing her husband, the famous political writer, for divorce, charging extreme cruelty. Mr. Lippmann, she says in her complaint, "is shrewd and quick in his mental processes, commands a vocabulary virtually unlimited, is a facile veteran in the use of invective and development of criticism, a phase of his equipment that he constantly uses in administering verbal punishment upon complainant." It seems, too, that the lady had quite a vocabulary of her own.

EARLY IN THE SEASON this column contained a review of a book by Carl O. Williams entitled "Thralldom in Ancient Iceland." I found the book both informative and interesting and wrote of it from that stand-point. Mr. Williams has expressed appreciation of the review, but he fears that certain statements in the review may tend to give an incorrect impression of the book. The particular statements to which he takes exception are these: Numerous anecdotes, gathered from the scanty records, are given to shed light on the social customs and economic conditions of ancient Iceland."

"The book lacks order and continuity."

"It contains material for a fascinating volume."

Concerning these statements Mr. Williams writes as follows:

"ANECDOTES, IN THE strictest sense, mean unpublished items that refer to incidents, events, or likable foibles (of curious interest) of some notable person told with the intent to amuse or please. There may be one or two anecdotes in the book; however, these shed very little light. The material — happenings, situations, relations between master and slave, etc.—is drawn from the historic sagas. They give a truthful picture of the ancient times. The laws of ancient Iceland reinforce the saga material. These two bodies—sagas and laws—dovetail and give us one unified picture of thralldom and the thralls. The background and connections of the material have been recorded in my work so as to enable the reader to judge for himself.

"AS TO THE LACK OF ORDER and continuity, may it be stated that the book is divided into three parts. Part I, Actual Thralldom (chapters 1 and 2) takes up thralldom in the Eddic poems as a sort of introduction to the more solid material. Social conditions and classes are contrasted and depicted. Chapters 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 deal with thralldom in the sagas and laws. Under this head are discussed sources, price, number and names of thralls; uses and treatment of thralls; their appearance and physical and mental qualities (these traits are derived from the uses and treatment, hence they are discussed at this point); what the masters thought and said about their thralls; the thrall as a chattel and as a criminal (as such he was considered to be a human being). Finally thralls' alleged rights receive attention.

"PART II (CHAPTERS 10, 11, 12) takes up the transition period, during which slavery for debt quite generally occurs. The process of liberation is very illuminating. The duration of slavery and the attitude of the church towards thralldom are taken up here. It seems to be the proper place to do so since the church had been active for over two hundred years when thralldom disappeared.

"PART III, WHICH DEALS IN a general way with the proletariat of the time, connects ancient society to that of the present day. Thus it would seem that my book has order: actual thralldom, transition from thralldom to freedom, and finally the proletariat or free working class.

"AS TO CONTINUITY, THE material has been carefully organized. Care has been taken not to make violence on the material. It gives its own testimony. No pell-mell procedure is in evidence. There is quite a thread of continuity: the thrall is pictured in all his activities from the beginning of his servitude to the time of liberation.

"THRALDOM IN ANCIENT Iceland is a scientific study of interest to the students of social evolution and of the history of slavery. Slavery is not a subject for a fascinating volume. To fascinate is to deprive the reader or listener of the power to think or act for himself. Such is not the aim of my work. It appeals to serious thinking and calm deliberation. Fascinating is a term highly cherished by those who believe in magic and sleight-of-hand performances. It is derived from the Latin word *fascinum*, which means "the casting of a spell upon," i. e., "bewitching;" it has also the meaning of *membrum virile*. Thus "bewitching" and "sexual power" are at the root of the term "fascinating." Thralldom is a degree of cannibalism. It is an inhuman situation."

IN RESPECT TO "ORDER and continuity," the difference between the author and the reviewer seems to be one of judgment, and on that point the discussion may remain "as is." With reference to "anecdotes" and "fascination" the difference is one of definition. The dictionaries give several definitions of each word. As used in the review the words were intended in the sense in which they are commonly used in conversation, as illustrated in these Webster definitions:

"Anecdote—A particular or detached incident or fact of an interesting nature."

"Fascinate—To charm; to captivate."

AS NOTED BEFORE, I FOUND the book very interesting, and I can recommend it heartily to students of ancient Icelandic life.

RENEWING HIS Subscription to The Herald S. T. Witmer, of Bathgate, writes from Stuart, Florida, where he is spending the winter: "The papers here have no news from God's country, so do not interest me. After seeing the country we passed through on our way down here, I am more convinced than ever that North Dakota (the Red river valley) is a state we can well be proud of. We find the people here most friendly, and look forward to enjoying our winter here."

THE LATE LORD Rutherford discovered the method of "smashing the atom and thereby made it possible to transmute one element into another. Thus, in the laboratory, a baser metal can be transformed into gold. But Lord Rutherford said that he did not anticipate that the value of gold, or of any other material, would be greatly affected by his discoveries. The process of transmutation is too costly to be applied on a large scale in actual practice. So the value, whatever it is, of those billions of dollars' worth of gold which the government has buried in caverns in the Kentucky mountains, will remain unchanged. And if the bottom should drop out of the caverns and the gold go with it, just how much worse off would the world be?

THERE WERE 118 MOTOR vehicle deaths in North Dakota in 1935 and 140 in 1936, an increase of 17.8 per cent. Motor vehicle deaths per 100,000 population numbered were 19.9. Accidental deaths from all causes in the state numbered 384 in 1935 and 526 in 1936, an increase of 36.4 per cent. Such deaths per 100,000 population numbered 74.8 last year. Thus motor casualties account for more than 25 per cent of all accidental deaths in the state.

AFTER JANUARY 1 EVERY dog owner in Denmark will be required to take out insurance to cover damages which may be done by his dog. An act providing for this was passed by the legislature last May, and the insurance companies are having a time figuring out rates for such insurance. The article conveying this information does not say whether the damage against which insurance must be carried includes only injuries from dog bites or covers also such things as scratching up flower beds and frightening people out of their wits. How can they fix a price on the nervous shock and mental anguish caused by the sudden rush and ferocious growl of an infuriated animal resembling a wolf, even if the brute doesn't bite?

A FARMER FRIEND OF MINE and quarrelsome and it wasn't safe watchdog. The animal was ugly and quarrelsome and it wasn't safe for even a neighbor to approach its owners home. During a threshing period there was a shortage of sacks and a new teamster was sent with a team and wagon to the home granary two miles away for an extra supply. Old Shep knew the team, but he didn't know the man, and made a rush for him when he approached the granary. He didn't bite. He just stood guard. He wouldn't let that man near the granary nor would he let him get into the wagon again. Neither would he let him walk away. Threshing proceedings were suspended until the dog's owner came to see what was holding up his messenger. A dog of that kind may be valuable, but I should consider him a nuisance and a menace.

J. H. GILLESPIE, WHO IS mayor of Carlisle, Ark., returned home one evening after listening to a radio broadcast at the home of a friend. He had no sooner reached his house than he was summoned to the phone by his friend who excitedly reported that his car had been stolen. Mr. Gillespie's indignation was aroused. He not only had his public duty to perform but he was also the agent who insured the stolen automobile. "I will come right over," he said. "We'll notify the constable and sheriff. Nobody is going to get away with stealing automobiles while I am mayor of this town." Pulling up to the curb in front of his friend's house, Mr. Gillespie was greeted with a broad smile. "Thanks, Joe, for returning my car; that's what I call service."

A DAY OR TWO AGO I Quoted a paragraph from an ancient number of the Christian World, of London, England, telling of the reported threat that British regular troops might be brought to Winnipeg in order that the building of a railroad from Winnipeg to the boundary might be prevented by force. I was unable to recall any incident of that kind, and it appeared that the writer of the article must have got his facts mixed. Dan Sinclair has given me some information which may shed light on the subject.

IT APPEARS THAT WHEN the Northern Pacific was building its line between Pembina and Winnipeg the Canadian Pacific people objected strenuously to the building of a road which would compete with their own, and various means were employed to obstruct the progress of the work. When the Northern Pacific builders reached a point near Winnipeg where it was necessary to cross the Canadian Pacific tracks they found guards there to prevent the cutting of the rails. According to Sinclair's recollection court proceedings were instituted and there were injunctions and other legal steps, all of which delayed the crossing. In the meantime popular feeling ran high, as each group had its active partisans. In order to prevent a violent outburst troops from Winnipeg were stationed for a time in the vicinity of the crossing. Sinclair thinks that the dominion government may have considered sending troops from Ottawa as an emergency measure, although apparently this was not done. During the temporary absence of guards one night the Canadian Pacific rails were cut and the new crossing rails were put in place, and that ended the disturbance.

IN THE BUILDING OF ITS Winnipeg branch from the main line the Northern Pacific was engaged in a continual struggle. The Great Northern objected to having its line at Crookston crossed, and for a week or so a yard engine was kept constantly in motion back and forth at the point selected for the crossing, and in that case, also, there was the threat of actual war. There are now living at various points in the northwest men who at that time were employed along the Great Northern lines who say that they were called in from their respective areas to defend their company at the seat of war near Crookston. As in the Winnipeg case there were legal proceedings, and the nearest approach to bloodshed was when attorneys for the two companies shook their fists at each other during court hearings.

THIS WEEK'S FARMER, THE well-known agricultural magazine, of St. Paul, is a Dakota edition of the publication, featuring progress in agricultural and allied lines in the two Dakotas. Occupying the entire front page of the business men's section is an article about the Dakota Auto company, of Grand Forks, with a portrait of its president, E. J. Severson, illustrations of the company's business place, and a statement by Mr. Severson relating to business conditions in this territory.

APPLICANTS FOR POSITIONS as canvassers of votes at the forthcoming city election in New York are being fingerprinted in order to make sure that no persons with criminal records obtain those positions. Seems as though they're getting mighty particular down there. According to what we have read about some city elections in New York there must have been times when persons with criminal records were at a premium.

DISCUSSING WAR AND peace, one of De Maupassant's characters is quoted as saying:  
"Under a king we have foreign wars; under a republic we have civil wars."

The main thing was to have wars of some kind.

Then there was the old English innkeeper during the Napoleonic wars who had heard rumors of peace. He didn't hold to any such newfangled notion. Things were all right as they were, he thought, and he couldn't see why the government couldn't let well enough alone. He took no stock in this peace that they were talking about.

A SCIENTIST HAS JUST Returned from Guatemala reporting his discovery of a tribe in that not very remote region whose members had never heard of the United States of America. Living on the American continent, with streams of traffic passing close by, they were in complete ignorance of events which have made history and with which every schoolboy in the United States is familiar. To them King George and the Revolution were meaningless words. Washington was a name which they had never heard pronounced. They had never heard of the ringing of the Liberty Bell or the framing of the Constitution which was to make secure the liberties of men. They didn't know that the United States had annexed by force a large part of the Mexico of which their country was a part, or that a short time later the people victorious in that struggle spent four years killing each other off in a civil war.

CONCERNING MORE RECENT events they were ignorant that the United States won the World war, or that there had been such a war. Neither the Ku Klux Klan nor the supreme court meant anything to them, and they were deplorably ignorant of the existence of their "good neighbor," Mr. Roosevelt. What an ignorant lot!

YET THE SCIENTIST FOUND those benighted people fairly well satisfied with themselves, the conditions of their existence and their state of culture. A few years after Columbus their territory was overrun by Spaniards. With the soldiers who harried and massacred them came priests who tried to Christianize them. But the soldiers marched on and the priests moved to other fields, and the people speedily went native again. Evidences of the labors of the missionaries are found in the fact that Christian names have been given the tribal gods who are worshipped as of old.

THESE ISOLATED Mountain dwellers seem to be survivals of the ancient Maya civilization. They use the Mayan calendar, in which the year consists of 18 months of 20 days each. The four or five days left over are used in repentance for the sins committed in the other 360 days, which seems to be a convenient arrangement. Another excellent idea of theirs is a general holiday of 35 days in midsummer, in which no one does any work and all have a good time. One advantage of this arrangement is that no one thinks of engaging in a strike, sit-down or otherwise, during the rest of the year, and there are other advantages of a month's absolute holiday in midsummer which will be apparent to anyone. The scientist who discovered these interesting people has told them of the existence of the United States, but it is to be hoped that he was cautious in telling<sup>1</sup> them about our tricks and our manners. They might imitate us!

OPTOMETRISTS ARE Sponsoring a program for the painting on highways of an orange-yellow guide strip at the right hand, or outer edge of the pavement as well as in the center. It is pointed out that in night driving the driver, in facing approaching headlights, the driver is taught to guide his car well to the right of the center of the guide strip. But often the edge is ragged, or the shoulder is elevated or soft, and the driver is afraid to approach too close, unable to see the edge he is apt to crowd too close to the center. With a guide strip on his right he would be able to judge his position more accurately. Painting a guide strip along the outer edge would be a great improvement.

IN THE EXAMINATION OF persons for jury duty in the Montague case at Elizabethtown, N. Y., a prospective juror was asked:

"Would you be governed by the evidence in deciding whether to vote to convict or to acquit?"

"I'd vote to acquit him," promptly responded the candidate.

He was excused.

LATEST INFORMATION THAT the duke and duchess of Windsor will travel to the Pacific coast by "a northern route" has got us all a-twitter. The duke has said that his visit to this country will be wholly without political significance, but if the duke should draw bigger crowds than the president drew in the same territory, wouldn't there be repercussions and reverberations both political and social? Anyway, if the duke should come this way and be induced to stop off at Grand Forks, we could show him the biggest pile of sugar beets he ever laid eyes on.

I WONDER IF ANY OF THE operators in the telephone exchange know what a slip passer is—or was. I didn't until I read about the career of Peter J. Kelly, now a traffic superintendent for the New York Telephone company, who is celebrating the completion of 50 years in telephone service. As a lad of 14 back in 1887 Kelly started working for the telephone company, and he has been at it ever since.

PETE KELLY SPENT HIS first years with the company as a "slip passer," a job that since has gone into limbo under modern efficiency. As overseer today of the vast intricacies of mechanical dialing of numbers, he recalls that in the early days it required seven persons to hook up a call through two central offices.

HERE IS HOW IT WORKED. When a subscriber cranked a telephone at home, a mechanical signal clicked at the exchange office. An operator wrote down both the caller's number and the called number on a slip of paper and hung it on a hook.

IT WAS THE JOB OF THE slip passer to snatch the slips from the hook and sprint with them to a "trunk operator" in the center of the room while the subscriber waited patiently on the wire. The trunk operator then called out the numbers on the slip to a switchman who connected the subscriber with the exchange office of the number to be called. Over a separate circuit the trunk operator then called an operator in the other exchange and asked that the trunk line be connected to the number to be called.

There was plenty of foot-work in the slip-passer's job and young Pete wore soft slippers to reduce the noise that might reach the ear of the waiting subscriber on the wire. Occasionally they could hear the shouting of operators and switchmen during rush hours.

EDITORS OF THE OFFICIAL New York state guide book prepared as a WPA project have achieved a marvel of condensation. In the preparation of material for the book some 300 writers got together between 8 and 10 million words. This vast quantity of material has been condensed to 350,000 words, which are to be published in a volume of 500 pages for the instruction and entertainment of tourists who travel to and fro through the state.

THE NEWSPAPER TERM FOR condensation is "boiling down. Boiling is practiced in every newspaper office, and some editors are adepts at it. In the process they sometimes rasp the sensibilities of ambitious reports and incur the undying enmity of writers of letters to the editor who protest that their letters of information, indignation or exhortation are utterly spoiled by the unsympathetic and unintelligent blue pencil of the editor. That undying enmity has been known to last as long as a week. But long before the boiling down process has eliminated 95 per cent of the original content the whole thing is consigned to the waste-basket, which removed it from the "boiled" class and places it in that of "killed."

HOWEVER, THE OTHER Millions of words assembled by the 300 writers will not be completely lost. While they will not appear in the main volume a considerable proportion of them will be published in separate sectional volumes. Guide books for every state are being prepared by WPA writers. The tourist who undertakes a comprehensive tour of the United States may have to provide himself with a trailer to accommodate the library of guide books which he must have if he is to be thoroughly informed concerning the country through which he travels, its history, agriculture, industries and points of interest.

AT LEAST A PART OF THE Spanish civil war has been suspended temporarily because of a flood. The river in the vicinity overflowed its banks and flooded all the level land and both armies were forced to discontinue their interesting task of killing each other off and devote themselves instead to the business of getting out of the water. If there were any way of turning floods loose at strategic points all over, Spain the peace which all the nations have been unable to achieve might be brought about.

FOR SOME REASON THE plight of the two armies in Spain recalls a yarn that was once current concerning the first battle of Bull Run in the American civil war. Unionists generally described the battle as a draw. Confederates claimed a victory. But there was a rumor that both armies, being composed of raw and inexperienced troops, became scared and ran away. It would be dangerous to tell that to anyone who actually participated in the affray on either side.

CHEMISTS HAVE NOW Isolated the substance which gives to oysters their peculiar flavor and there is now talk of manufacturing tablets strongly impregnated with oyster essence in the expectation that these will serve the purpose of real oysters. The columnist of the London Morning Post is scandalized by this irreverent manner of dealing with oysters, and writes:

"CONCENTRATED, INDEED! As though the essential charm of the oyster were not the delicate remoteness of its flavor, the faintest breath of the sea, a whiff from the mermaids' caverns as elusive as that of a beanfield in the dusk!

"Who wants his oysters in tablet form? Can you see yourself sitting down to a dozen tablets, carefully dabbling them in lemon juice and Tabasco sauce, and thanking your stars that at last there is an 'r' in the month?

"The oyster is not a mere flavor; it is a rite, a sacrifice, whether lifted decorously from the half shell or zestfully delved for in the steak and kidney pudding."

SINCLAIR LEWIS THINKS there is now no place in the world where the Duke of Windsor can be useful. He describes the duke as "a member of a fine old Anglo-German family who has learned to speak English pretty well. As to the duke's usefulness, we must wait and see. It is true that he is of German stock, but the family's German residence is so far back that it must be pretty well acclimated in Britain by this time.

EDWARD'S GREAT - GRAND-mother was Victoria. Her grandfather was George III of unhappy memory, and his great-grandfather was George I, the elector of Hanover who came over to be king of Great Britain. The first George spoke no English, and his son made a poor job of the language. But since then the members of the family seem to have got along fairly well with their English. They ought to have been able to manage it in eight or nine generations.

IF YOU SHOULD BE SO thoughtless as to attempt to pass a bad check in a Chicago hotel you would be likely to be caught at it. But whether caught or not, after the first attempt it wouldn't be wise to attempt any similar trick on any other Chicago hotel. Those hotels have an intercommunicating teletype system by means of which any attempt at fraud at one hotel is immediately reported to the others, with full description of the person making the attempt. Therefore the crook should be sure of winning the first time, for he is not likely to have another chance.

THE BALTIMORE SUN Recently reported two occurrences in which quick thinking foiled attempted robberies. The messenger of a Philadelphia manufacturer was returning from the bank recently with a \$1,322 payroll. A thug hit him with a blackjack and snatched a package from under his arm. At a hospital where he was taken for treatment, he pulled the money out of an inside pocket and explained that the package was a dummy he had prepared to fool holdup men.

IN THE CASHIER'S CAGE OF a Shenandoah (Pa.) concern, a clerk was making up a \$7,500 payroll when a bandit thrust a pistol in the window and ordered him to hand over the money. The clerk with a show of reluctance handed him a stack of empty envelopes. The thug took the envelopes and ran. He was caught later.