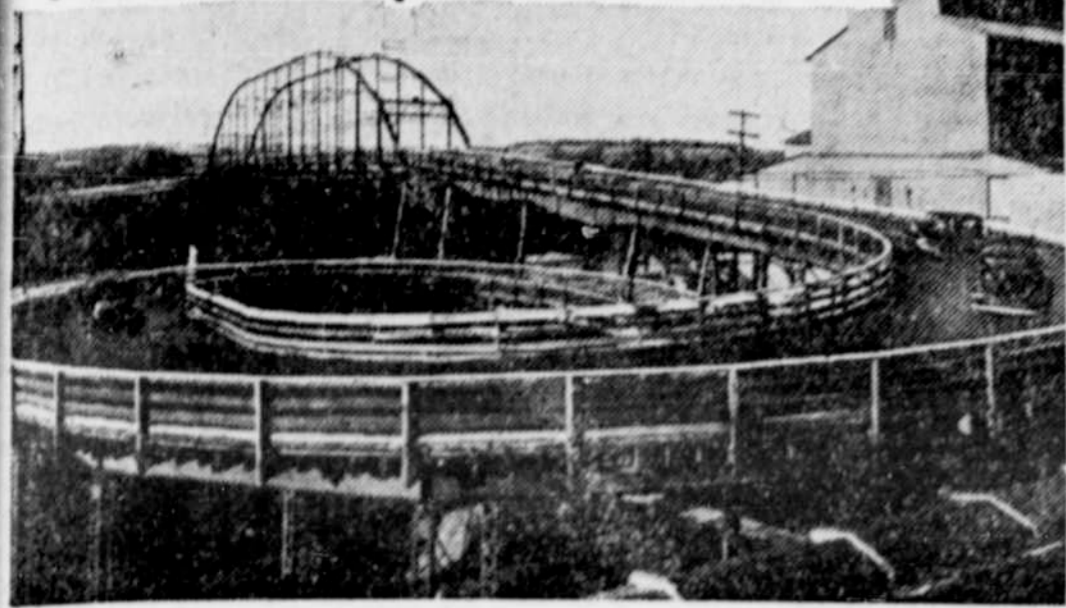


The Gopher State



A Minnesota Idea of a Bridge Approach.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

MINNESOTA is unique among the states in its drainage system. It sends water to three widely separated seas, through the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, through the Red river and its tributaries to Hudson bay; and through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. And no other state has as many lakes within its borders. There are more than 10,000 of them.

The map of the state reveals that Minnesota is cut into two vast triangles by a diagonal line running from the northeast corner (where the Red river flows out northward) down the southeast corner (where the Mississippi flows out southward). Imagine the upper triangle painted green, and the lower triangle painted yellow, and presto! you have the state roughly divided into its natural forest and prairie parts.

The green triangle, before the lumberman came, was in general a huge pine forest, and begins to be so again. The yellow triangle, before the farmer came, was grassland "like the billows of a great sea, majestic and limitless"; now it is fields, with wind-breaks of planted trees to shelter the red barns and white farmhouses.

The diagonal line that divides these triangles has its significance, too. It marks the chief trade route through the state and also a wandering barrier of deciduous woods, now carved up to make way for farms and cities, which everywhere separates the pinelands from the prairies.

Broader toward the south where it attaches to the deciduous woods of Wisconsin, it dwindles to a thin scattering of stunted trees toward the north—the final outpost of the hard-wood forest of eastern America.

As the ends of this diagonal mark the low exits of the state's two principal rivers, the outer corners of the two triangles mark the state's highest ground. At the outer corner of the yellow triangle the plateau known as Coteau des Prairies just crosses, dividing the Missouri from the Mississippi basins with its immense gradual swell. In the outer corner of the green triangle, the "Arrowhead Country" above Lake Superior, are the Sawtooth mountains and the Misquah hills, rocky, choked in forest.

Climate is "Continental."

The climate of this pair of triangles is a grief to those who resent surprises. It is "continental" in the most emphatic sense. Temperatures range in a mild year through 120 degrees; in a year with a real wallop to it, as high as 165. In consequence, the native of outdoor habits must maintain a wardrobe that includes everything from the shortest of swimming shorts to the longest of long woollens.

Lake Superior, it is true, tends to temper the winds of the region around it, but not to the shorn lamb; no, no. Thanks to the proximity of that deep reservoir of pure icewater, a grouchy visitor has been heard to complain that the coldest winter he ever spent was one summer in Duluth!

Nor are the blessings of ample rainfall to be taken for granted. Of late years the yellow triangle, commonly less rainy and much less

snowy than the green, has involuntarily tried the experiment of getting along with next to no moisture at all. In fact, Minnesota has weather to please all tastes, in strong doses which, as a rule, stimulate rather than kill.

The Nineteenth century marked an immense change in Minnesota. The white man arrived in numbers to establish himself in a country where it was easier to make a living than in the one he had come from. This was not a very noble purpose in one way, and it led to many injustices to the existing inhabitants, both men and animals.

Yet the annals of the pioneer invasion reveal, too, a deep longing in those people for the good life, for they were certainly ready to undergo discomforts that were sordid and hardships that were killing in their high hopes for the future in a new land.

There was much to be done, for the white man always insists on altering nature to suit his own views. But energy was the characteristic of the age. With rifle, ax, and plow, and later with money, miracles were wrought.

Its Animal Population.

For one thing, the status of the native animals was drastically changed. In the yellow triangle, marvelously fertile for wheat, the buffalo, antelope and coyote were agricultural impossibilities. The first two were exterminated; the remnants of the coyote tribe retreated to the green triangle, altered their habits to suit a woods environment, and became "brush wolves."

The deer, whose natural home was the diagonal woods barrier, also retreated into the green triangle. The lumberjack, by hewing down the greater part of the pine there, did the deer a favor, for the birch and aspen that supplanted it made a home to their liking; in fact, in it they thrive and multiply.

Though one would not slight the luscious vast potato fields, and other agriculture of the green triangle, it has in general been rebellious in the farmer's hands and so remains essentially a forest and game refuge to this day.

True, the trapper and sportsman have drastically diminished the number of its natural citizens, such as the timber wolf, otter, fisher, and lynx.

But the beaver still builds his dams there; the black bear may be spied fishing with his paws when the fish run into the streams; the porcupine in large numbers yet gnaws the jack pine bark, and travels a path, winding through the snowy groves, looks as neat and regular as if some one had rolled a heavy truck tire there. And the snowshoe rabbit, whose favorite diet is the pine seedlings set out by government foresters, travels the winter drifts on his padded legs.

The American elk, or wapiti, is extinct in Minnesota. The caribou is almost so; a herd is sometimes seen in the remote fastnesses of the great swamp of Beltrami county, north of Red lake. But the moose, in the Arrowhead country, survives in fair numbers.

Canoe travelers often see the noble monster at lunch in some lake, his body submerged for protection against flies, his lips curling around the water illy shoots that make a

dainty hot-weather salad for this giant among American mammals. But he is wisely a shy animal.

Lots of Good Fishing.

Fish and fowl likewise have had to adjust themselves to their new neighbor, the white man.

A game-fish paradise has a way of retreating when the sportsman finds it. Thus the greedy now must go to the border lakes to catch a boatload of pike in an afternoon. But this does not mean that there is not famous fishing elsewhere.

The muskellunge of such lakes as Mantrap, or the fighting small-mouth bass of White Earth, and the many other fish of a thousand waters, make tall fish stories annually, which, in spite of the low repute of fish stories, are essentially true. Certainly they reflect justly the fun that ancient sport provides.

And the Minnesota citizen almost anywhere may go out after supper and hook a black bass or a mess of crapples, or, in not more than a day's drive, reach lakes in whose 200-foot depths the noble lake trout can be caught on lines of spun Monel wire.

Of the original game-bird inhabitants of the state only the grouse can now be called abundant, and its abundance wanes and waxes in cycles. This ruffed grouse is the characteristic bird of the green triangle. Tame, richly speckled and ruffed, it provides a voice for the wilderness in the accelerated thud of its wings drumming on some hollow log, a mysterious music that the forest muffles as if to hold secret.

Thanks to ill-considered drainage and the advance of the farmer, the wild duck's breeding grounds in Minnesota are largely lost to it; the black V's of its spring flight go for the most part beyond the border into Canada. Nor has the prairie chicken been very clever in adapting itself to life on the farm and as a target.

But the introduction of a partly parasitic bird, the ring-necked pheasant, which does not scruple to help itself to the farmer's corn to pay for serving as his autumn target, has proved a huge success. That fantastically colored bird, looking fitter to stand among the exotic blossoms painted on some Chinese screen than among the prairie sunflowers, nevertheless has made itself completely at home in the yellow triangle. Its voice has become that area's voice, the harsh double cry "like the clashing of two sabers."

Another bird, too tough and clever often to be shot, gives voice to Minnesota's lakes. This is the loon, whose melancholy cry on some black lake shaggy with overhanging pines, when the moon sets and the winds are down, speak in the accent of truly great poetry. The man who has heard it never forgets that wilderness music to his dying day.

As for small birds, such as the woodsman's friend, the chickadee, or that wine-red winter visitor whispering its clear song, the pine grosbeak from the North, or the horned lark that brings the earliest music of spring to frozen February fields—they are far too numerous even to be mentioned here.

My Neighbor

▼ ▼ Says: ▼ ▼

Garden flowers should be cut early in the morning or in the evening. Place in water so that stems may be filled. Flowers will then last longer when brought into the house.

• • •
If fish, fried potatoes or bacon, are placed on brown paper before being put on the serving platter, the grease and unattractiveness are avoided.

• • •
If you add flour to your blueberry pies, shake in a little salt with the flour. It will improve the flavor, as blueberries are naturally flat in taste.

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Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by
JEAN NEWTON

A "WOMAN'S WORLD"

"MY FATHER wants me to come out in society now that I am through college, but I hate the thought of being shown off like a prize steer and then waiting for some girl to come along and propose to me. Why can't men have as full lives as women and amount to something in the world?"

How's that for turning the table? It is just one of the quips in an article appearing in a magazine on the fate of men in the woman's world that we are supposed to be approaching!

Another: Young men out hunting for work are "told quite plainly that the organization has no openings for male applicants who are not stenographers!"

Also "very few of the young men who obtained jobs as stenographers or secretaries ever move on to higher or better positions. And single men find it all too easy to dedicate themselves to the women for whom they work!"

Lest some fearful young man envision with horror such a "wom-

an's world"—around 1950, if you please—it might be well to examine the facts upon which a humorist builds this burlesque.

What are they? Simply that women are on their way to equality with men—social and economic as well as intellectual. That's all, I don't know any women who would look with joy upon a world such as the above quips describe. Neither do they relish a world which condemns the woman of ability to lead the contingent life of "assistant to" some man, or wait for a man to pick her out for the honor of marrying him.

Though we have come far in the last fifty years toward equality and ending discrimination on the base of our sex, there is still a long, long road ahead before that will be realized in all its implications!

Socially women are still far from enjoying the complete independence of men. And economically—well, \$50 a week still pays many a woman in a \$10,000 a year man's job.

So much for any fears of a "woman's world!"

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Bedtime Story

by Thornton W. Burgess



BILLY MINK FINDS SOME QUEER FENCES

When something new and strange you find, Watch out! To danger be not blind.

THE trouble with a great many people is that they are heedless. When they find something new and strange they forget everything but their curiosity. Because of this they walk right straight into trouble. It happens over and over again.

But Billy Mink isn't this kind of a person. My, my, I should say not!



When Billy Came to This Place He Discovered Something Queer.

He never has been. If he had he would have lost that beautiful brown coat of his long ago, and there would be no Billy Mink. Billy has his share of curiosity, but with it he possesses a great big bump of suspicion. When he finds anything new and strange he wants to learn all about it. But right away he is suspicious of it.

After he had discovered the trap set for him at the entrance to one of his favorite holes in the Laughing Brook and had fooled the trapper by getting the fish the trapper had placed in that hole, Billy went on up the Laughing Brook to see what else he could discover. Not very far above that place there was a steep bank on each side of the Laughing Brook. Along the foot of each bank was a narrow strip of level ground between the bank and the water. You see, at this season of the year the water in the Laughing Brook was low.

When Billy came to this place he

discovered something queer. It was a little fence. It ran from the foot of the bank straight out into the Laughing Brook to where the water became deep. Midway in this little fence was a gateway just big enough to slip through comfortably. Billy looked across to the other side of the Laughing Brook. Over there was another little fence just like this one, and that little fence had an opening in it.

"Huh!" said Billy. "Huh! Those fences are something new. They were not here when I came down the Laughing Brook yesterday. I wonder what they are for. If it were not for those two little openings I would have to either climb the bank or swim around the ends of those fences, and that would be bothersome. I can go through that little opening there as easy as rolling off a log, but I'm not going to do it. No, sir, I'm not going to do it. There is something wrong about those fences. They look to me as if they had been built just to make me go through one of those little gateways. If that's the case, I'm not going to do it."

So Billy plunged into the Laughing Brook and swam out in the deep water around the end of the little fence. Then very carefully he approached the little opening from that side. The more he looked at it, the less he liked it. Right in the middle of that little opening were some wet dead leaves. "Ha, ha!" said Billy. "Another trap!"

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Some Petting Good, School Teacher Says

Philadelphia.—Lillian K. Wyman, Philadelphia high school teacher, told the Pennsylvania Association of Deans of Women, that "a little petting would do some college girls a lot of good."

No one disputed the point with Mrs. Wyman, but startled glances were exchanged. Mrs. Wyman asserted that "petting" would overcome girls' inferiority complexes. "Some girls go through four years of school life never raising their eyes from the ground," she said.