

Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

He is dead! The great bard of Norway. He passed away the 26th of April surrounded by his family in Paris, France, far from the towering peaks, and rushing mountain streams of the land he loved. Bjornstjerne Bjornson was the most representative of the Norwegians of the present age, and his influence is the most widely scattered, that has left its mark upon the people of his race. The two greatest poets of Norway, that have created a world-literature, are dead. It is said Henrik Ibsen is more in the imagination of the world but Bjornson in the blood of his own people. Ibsen has formed a peculiar rank of old warriors, who on account of one or another defect (Fate) can not realize their great ideas—Cattina, Fru Inger, Brand, Julian, Rosmersholm, The Master Builder, The People's Enemy—Napoleon, who was shot and crippled in the first battle. —The struggle between desire and ability. "The wastefulness of a genius and the doom of Society."—These are more or less the moldings of Ibsen's character. Bjornson had also with great sympathy lived himself into the tragic lives of his leading characters and their fate, as, Sigurd Slembe, Adolph Lang, Paul Lange, —but he creates defeat more as an encouragement than as an accusation; not as a sceptical partaker in the procession of life, but as one who takes time to dwell, until we discover why so much happiness is wasted on the march; as a leader that does not stay for obstacles, unless it be to find the road that leads further on.

Bjornson takes an interest in seeing strong, fine characters develop, under the struggle between the outer and inner hindrances, and how adversities may help us to win. These tragically fallen characters are not voices that accuse us, instead they become pathfinders. They are stimulating, and do not live in our memories alone, but also in our works.

Bjornson was a born leader and organizer, with the great hope of self-help for man. This is the secret of Bjornson's bright and Ibsen's dark views on life. In Ibsen's works all family, political as well as religious relations, prove a great failure, but with Bjornson the associations that end the most tragically, often do this with a satisfaction that offsets everything else.

His dramatical figures struggle with the greatest of obstacles, but sooner or later does that great love burst forth, with fervent strength, which elevates everything and makes it more pleasant to live.

Bjornson, like Shakespeare, of all trials and sins, forces forth the human power—we make this imaginary life our own, and this gives Sigurd Slembe and his mother at the parting moment, compensation for everything. There he pictures a mother who opens her arms to all that suffer even though it be a harmful person, —a criminal,—as she says: "My child! My erring child!" After a bitter struggle his characters meet on the path of love. Through all Bjornson's lyrics rings the melody: "Love thy neighbor, thou Christian soul!" Nothing higher than this doctrine has any culture brought forth —Bjornson's dreams of all work for humanity were great. This world is full of woe, sickness, pauperism inheritances for the lead and habits of mankind, but he thought there was a panacea for it all, and therefore did he raise his voice at all times for upbuilding of solid foundations in the faith that the virtues of humanity would live and develop amidst all ills.

He says:
"Hvad Du evner kast af
i det nærmeste krav,"
and he did.

He was robust and wholesome physically and mentally, and always eager for fight—

"Dog fred er ei det beste, men at
man noget vil!"—

Therefore, because he was strong and ungainly, did he often hit a miss. He did not often look before he would leap—this shows itself in his articles and speeches. He has from his early childhood deeply loved his fatherland. The songs and folk lore which he has written will ever live in the heart of his people. He at

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McKIBBIN HA

Many a man is judged by the
We pride ourselves on the high
lence of style, and superior finish
carry. In those minute detail
dimensions which are so easily
hats excel. We can assure you
becoming hat, in either soft or

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one time wrote to a friend, after the rumor reached him, that he intended to make Germany his home, and these were his words: "I will live in Norway, I want to lick, and be licked in Norway, I want to sing, and die in Norway. Be sure about that." The last, however, did not come to pass, but this we know that his heart was in that land to which he paid such a glowing tribute in giving and teaching the people his true and beautiful National Hymn.

"Ja, vi elsker dette landet,
som det stiger frem,
furet, veirbidt over vandet,
med de tusind hjem.
Elsker, elsker det og tænker
paa vor Far og Mor
og den sagnat som sjenker
Dromme paa vor Jord."
—T.

A Valuable Crop.

Corn is a valuable crop in that the cultivation given it kills weeds, saves up moisture in the soil for the next year's crop; in fact it has about as good an effect on the soil as the summer fallow and in addition gives a valuable feed, both of fodder and grain. At the N. D. Agricultural College it has been found that growing grain three years and corn one year gives as much grain as growing the grain the four years, and leaves the soil in a much better condition as to weeds.

Every North Dakota farmer ought to try some corn. It will do better in the state than most people imagine. It is important that it be planted early. This will depend some on the season but in general May 10, is a good time. Get seed that has good vitality as it will then stand to be frozen back in case a late frost should come.

Much can be done to get the soil warmed up and ready for early planting. In case it is to be planted on fall plowing, which is the best kind of preparation, then harrow as early as the soil is dry enough. This will warm up the soil and also help germinate the weeds so that they can be killed before corn planting. It will also save some work in cultivating, and will result in a cleaner field.