

THE TRAGIC STORY OF GELLERT, Llewellyn's faithful dog, is naturally familiar to H. C. Rowland, of the University music department, for Mr. Rowland lived within a few miles of Bedd Gelert, the reputed burial place of the dog, which, according to legend, was given to the Welsh prince by King John of England. The story of the dog is told in a book entitled "Wild Wales, Its People, Language and Scenery," by George Borrow, a copy of which Mr. Rowland had lent me, and which I am sure I shall find interesting. There is a poetical version of the story in Welsh, but the English translation which he had has disappeared. As a substitute he has made his own English translation in verse.

THE STORY OF GELLERT HAS INTERESTED Mrs. J. E. Eastgate, of Larimore, who tells why in the following letter: "In your column 'That Reminds Me' of today's issue, I read with great interest your reference to the story of "Gellert." Only last week I got out a story book of my brothers 'The Childrens Hour' to read that story to my little grandson. The book was printed in 1882 and the book a Christmas gift to my brother from H. L. Pitts in, 1883 who lived in Grand Forks many years. He and his father jointly owned a hardware store in Niagara — where my family lived — in fact our house was the first built in the townsite and still stands in the original form. Most of the materials came from Niagara county, New York, and housed many of the early pioneers. Eating places then just weren't. I'm happy to enclose the story in poem form from the musty pages of the old book."

I WAS GLAD TO SEE THE COPY which Mrs. Eastgate sent, and to check it against my dim recollection of the poem in my school reader. There are in it lines I and phrases which are familiar, and I am satisfied that the two are the same. The poem is quite long, but two or three stanzas may be familiar to former pupils in Canadian schools who remember it more distinctly than I do. The first stanza reads:

The spearmen heard the bugle sound, And cheer'ly smiled the morn;  
And many a dog and many a hound Attend Llewellyn's horn.  
And still he blew a louder blast,  
And gave a louder cheer. "Come, Gelert! why art thou the last  
Llewefyn's horn to hear?"

THE STORY CONTINUES WITH THE description of the appearance of the dog, smeared with blood, and of the father's search for the child.

He called the child — no voice replied;  
He searched with terror wild; Blood! blood! he found on every side,  
But nowhere found his child!  
"Hell-hound! By thee my child's devoured!"  
The frantic father cried; And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gelert's side.

THEN COMES THE DESCRIPTION of Llewellyn's joy at finding his child unhurt, and his remorse that he has slain his faithful dog. Gelert was buried in a "gallant tomb", which the spearman or forester could never pass unmoved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,  
And oft, as evening fell, In fancy's piercing sounds would hear  
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

SIGMUND SPAETH'S CONVERSATION about music brought consolation and satisfaction to me, for I am one of those who love music, yet know nothing about it technically. Being thus handicapped I have carried about an inferiority complex, for I have had it rubbed in to me that I am a hopeless outsider, permitted to gaze at a respectful distance upon the delectable viands displayed on a well-spread table, but forever debarred from tasting their delicious flavor, which is reserved for the select few whom the gods have endowed with musical super-sensibility.

DR. SPAETH HAS EXPLODED THIS idea, for he tells me that I am one of some 130,000,000 Americans whose musical equipment is very similar to my own, the number of persons who can qualify as real musicians or technically grounded lovers of music being limited to about 1 per cent of the nation's population. That being the case I can stick out my chest in the consciousness that musically I am very much like my neighbors, and if someone sneers at me for enjoying a simple melody, I can say: "Well, what of it? What business is it of yours? I have a right to enjoy what I like, and I'm going to do it.

AN ACCOMPLISHED MUSICIAN himself, Dr. Spaeth by no means scorns the kind of music appreciation which many of us are unable to share. On the contrary, he knows, and says, that there is incalculable value and abiding satisfaction in that understanding of music which, through natural talent and intensive training, enables one to appreciate and enjoy shades of color and form in music which escape the uninitiated, to identify instantly this or that brief passage from a great symphony, and to discriminate unerringly in the technic of composer and performer. But all that is for the few. And no one need hesitate to admit that he does not belong to that charged circle or practice the contemptible snobbery of posing falsely as one of its members.

IN MANY RESPECTS MUSIC RESEMBLES literature. Bacon wrote: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." And some are torn to bits just to see what makes them tick. Dr. Lyman Abbott once wrote that he had mentioned to a sophisticated young friend a book that he was reading. "What do you read it for?" asked the friend. Dr. Abbott was mystified and asked that the question be explained. "Do you read it for style, or for information, or what?" asked the girl. "I read it," was the reply, "because I like

MANY YOUNG PERSONS HAVE been subjected to an approach to literature which induced in them a hatred of literature from which they never recovered. Before being given an opportunity to read and enjoy they have been dry, tasteless facts about literature and literary people. They have been expected to dissect and analyze the flower before enjoying its beauty and fragrance, and before their clinical study was completed, beauty and fragrance for them were gone.

I ONCE HEARD A VIOLINIST SEVERELY criticized because of the manner in which he handled his bow. The player's wrist, said the critic, was not properly flexible. Maybe it wasn't, but I didn't know the difference. To me the sounds that he got from that fiddle were completely satisfying. I was interested in the sound, not in the manner in which it was produced. I read a book and enjoy it. Someone tells me that it isn't artistic, that it doesn't meet certain technical requirements that somebody has prescribed. I don't care a hoot. Like Dr. Abbott, I read it because I like it. Similarly, I like the kind of music that I like, and I expect to go on liking it. I wish I were able to appreciate much music that is completely beyond me, but because I am not I shall not deny myself the satisfaction of enjoying that which I can appreciate.

A FEW YEARS AGO THERE WAS A fair prospect for the world-wide adoption of the so-called world calendar within a short time. Of late little has been heard of the proposed change, but the subject has by no means been abandoned. The World Calendar association maintains its organization, and occasionally one sees evidence of its activity. An Independence day message has just been sent out by its president, who urges that this Fourth of July be a day rededicated to the principles of freedom and democracy. Rather curiously, the president of the society, Miss Elizabeth Achelis, of New York, asks that on this occasion America's voice shall "ring out with courage and conviction for this new order of time—the World Calendar—based on the pattern of democracy, and let our country carry forward the cause of freedom."

IT IS A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO SEE just what connection there is between freedom and democracy and changing the calendar. The enthusiastic president explains that under the new calendar "every individual time unit, the day, week, month and quarter-year or season, is free to function within its own field; all are coequal with one another, and all combine and co-operate in forming one whole and complete calendar." "Here," she says, "is another example of democracy."

THAT IS ALL VERY PRETTY, AND it must have taken a lively imagination to figure it out, but it doesn't appear that our present antiquated and clumsy calendar obstructs the processes of democracy very much. We shall probably worry along with it, at least until the war is over. If it had not been for the war the new calendar might, perhaps, have been in force by this time. Actually it was hoped, and with some reason, that it would be generally adopted by January 1, 1939, as that year began on Sunday and the change could be effected with the least possible disturbance. But in the years immediately preceding 1939 clouds of war hung heavy over the world and attention was directed to matters of more immediate and vital importance than calendar changes.

JUST TO KEEP THE SUBJECT fresh, the world calendar provides for a system in which any given day of the month will fall on the same day of the week perpetually, and that all the quarters shall be of equal length, together with some other obviously advantageous features. Each quarter will consist of two months of 30 days and one of 31 days. To take care of the 365th day there will be one day between the last of December and the first of January known as, "year day," which will not be considered a day of the month or week. In leap year a similar day will be inserted between June and July. The plan was approved by the League of Nations and by many public, business, scientific and religious bodies, but there is small prospect that we shall take time out to give the subject serious consideration while we have a war on our hands.

THE ROBIN IS A PUGNACIOUS bird in its attitude toward other small feathered creatures, but it doesn't often attack a human being. But Superintendent Schroeder has one in tree at his home that has developed unusual ferocity. While it was building its nest the bird was no bolder than robins usually are, but since its young were hatched whoever approaches the nest does so at his peril. It actually pecked Mr. Schroeder on the arm when he approached too near.

THEN THERE IS THE CRACKLE that flies savagely at early morning pedestrians on Walnut street. I haven't learned whether that bird has a nest in the vicinity, but probably it has.

IF ONE WERE ASKED TO NAME, off-hand the dominions of the British empire, he would almost certainly overlook one, namely, the Isle of Man, a bit of land in the Irish sea, measuring 33 miles in length, and about 12 at its widest point. A brief news paragraph announcing the resignation of the only woman ever to occupy a seat in the Manx parliament serves as a reminder that on that tiny island over which the British flag flies there exists a government distinct from that of Britain itself, and that there the people, some 50,000 in number, under the sovereignty of the king of England, make their own laws, have their separate judicial system, and can thumb their noses at English and Scots alike.

THE EXISTENCE OF MAN AS A separate political unit is one of the anomalies of which there are several other examples within that strange structure known as the British empire. The islands of Jersey, Alderney, Guernsey and Sark and other familiar examples. A generation ago Hall Caine in his books "The Deemseer" and "The Manxman" made the island of Man and its people familiar to many who until that time had scarcely heard of its place. Under control successively of Celts, Scandinavians and English, the island has had a checkered history, but the people have maintained a large measure of political independence of which, quite naturally, they are exceedingly proud.

IT SEEMS TO ME UNFORTUNATE that not more discrimination is shown by commentators on nepotism in congress between what is sound and reasonable and what is discreditable. Clearly there is no excuse for the member of Congress who makes use of his position to fill public offices with members of his family or with his own personal friends who draw fat salaries and do no work. That is just as clearly theft as if the money were stolen directly from the treasury vaults. And it is sad to say that there are too many just such cases.

ENTIRELY DIFFERENT IS THE case of the congressman who employs a relative as secretary when that relative performs faithfully all the duties of that position. The duties of a member of congress are such that he has need for clerical assistance. That fact is recognized, and provision is properly made for such assistance and funds are provided to take care of its necessary cost. And there is no legitimate ground for criticism if the member places in a position of confidence and responsibility a member of his own family who can perform the work better than anyone else. It is the abuse of the practice which is to be condemned.

WEDNESDAY WAS PAY DAY FOR men in the armed forces of the United States, and privates were then entitled to receive \$50 for their last month's service. The measure increasing pay did not become a law until the middle of June, but it was made retroactive to the first of the month.

MEL. BACHELLER WANTS TO know what's the use of a sun dial when we have daylight saving. North is north, he insists, no matter what the government says about it. And one may ask, also, what's the use of a sun dial when there's no sun. The way things have been running the sun doesn't shine long enough at one time for a fellow to set his watch by it.

ST. LOUIS REPORTS THE MISSOURI at its highest stage since 1903. A lot of that water must have gone down through North Dakota. Just now the state is in no great need of water, but if we could have a lot of the surplus stored up in various reservoirs within the state it might come handy later on. And the people along the lower reaches of the river would still have all they want. It is in that way that the Missouri diversion project is expected to work.

**PROBABLY I HAVE ABOUT THE** average degree of curiosity. I like to know what's going on, and why. I should like to know what presidents and premiers talk about when they meet, and just what is to be the next move in the war. But I do not join in the criticism of political and military leaders for keeping their own counsel when matters of state and grand strategy are under consideration. If some of the criticisms that have been made are to be taken at their face value the world should have been informed some weeks ago that Molotov was about to visit Washington to talk things over with President Roosevelt, and when the two men met their conversations should have been megaphoned to the public. Churchill's meeting with Roosevelt should likewise have been broadcast, and conferences between the heads of governments and their department heads should be given full publicity.

**EVEN IN PRIVATE BUSINESS** things are not conducted in that way. Always before decisions are reached a few men meet and exchange opinions; tentative suggestions are made, examined and often abandoned; and discussion among the few heads to the formulation of plans which may or may not be accepted by those whose business it is to decide. But the preliminaries are necessarily private. Much more necessary is it that conferences be held in private when they relate to the tremendous issues of war. We can't conduct the war like a town meeting. Somebody must make decisions and assume responsibility for them, and it will be well if the rest of us curb our impatience as well as we lean while important decisions are being made,

**A FRIEND SAID TO ME: "I HAVE** just been talking to Blank, and he's having an awful time. He has the idea that the sole purpose of this war should be to enable him to make more money in his business, and because it isn't working out that way he's sore. Actually, he isn't making as much money as usual, and he wants something. Fortunately that attitude is not general, but examples of it are to be found here and there. Those who feel that way are in for a long period of disappointment. We are in this war in order that the man above quoted, with all others may be free to exercise the right to think and speak and act, to conduct his business according to his best judgment and the limits of his capacity, and to derive from it the legitimate rewards of his own industry and enterprise.

**THOSE RIGHTS ARE BEING MEN**aced by gigantic force. In their defense sacrifices are being made and blood is being shed. For the time being business is not as usual, nor should anyone expect it to be. No man should expect to benefit financially from the war any more than he should expect to benefit from flood, fire or earthquake.

**IT SEEMS THAT THE TASK OF** obtaining a birth certificate is wrapped up in needless quantity of red tape. Of course all births ought to be registered when and where they occur, and if they were it would be a fairly simple matter to obtain a certificate. But not all births were registered, and in many cases there are no written records of any kind to prove the fact of birth, nor are there living persons who can testify to the fact of their own knowledge.

**IN SUCH A CASE WHAT IS TO BE** done? The individual is here. Manifestly he was born. He has been known for years as a resident of his community and the fact of his birth there is generally accepted and has never been questioned. All the presumptive evidence is in his favor. Then why not issue him a certificate on the strength of that evidence instead of demanding things which are often impossible. If it be objected that evidence based on common reputation may prove untrustworthy, one may reply that any evidence may prove false. Declarants may be mistaken about anything. And if by chance some person who is known to have lived practically all his life in the United States is given a certificate describing him as American-born when in fact he was born in Scotland, or Poland, or elsewhere, what harm is done? The testimony of credible witnesses should be accepted in the absence of evidence to the contrary.

DALE HARRISON IN HIS SUNDAY Column over in the other corner, told of the multiplicity of taxes that people have to pay and said there are only two or three months in the year when the people of New York City do not have to pay taxes. He referred, not to such imposts as the sales tax, which is paid with every purchase, or to those invisible taxes which are included in the price of goods, but to those which are paid at definitely prescribed times.

Harrison's list is an appalling one, but to the taxpayers there is some comfort in the thought that few persons, if any, have to pay all the taxes that he lists. Checking over the taxes that a Grand Forks man has to pay I find that the list of tax dates is not so very large for the private individual who is not subject to business and similar taxes. There are three taxes which one can pay on the same day if he has funds where with to pay them. These are the federal income tax, state income tax and general tax for state, county and local purposes. These may be paid periodically, but they may also be paid by writing three checks in the same day. The license tax on one's car may be paid on January 1, and the federal stamp car tax on July 1, and those are all. The person who operates a business, of course, is in a different situation. Charges for city water, telephone and electricity are not taxes, but pay ment for a commodity or service.

IN ANOTHER SUNDAY COLUMN Pearson and Allen told of the undignified behavior of Senator O'Daniel of Texas in his campaign for re-election, who seems to have adopted all the cheap tin-horn methods that he could think of to commend himself to the voters for another term. The mail has just brought me a clipping from the Congressional Record Carrying the text of remarks by Senator Ellender of Louisiana. The Louisiana senator exhibited a rubber doll which he said he had received from a 5-year-old girl in his state as her contribution to the rubber campaign. He read a letter purporting to have been written by the child, tout which was manifestly the work of an older person, but was mawkishly sentimental, and quoted verbatim the inscription scrawled on the doll's hands and feet.

With the clipping came this comment from the friend who sent it:

"Isn't this a hell of a note for a member of the 'greatest deliberative body in the world?'"

That about covers it for both Senator Ellender and Senator O'Daniel.

THERE IS A SORT OF INFANTILE mentality which seems to be shared by the imbecile who has been doing stunts in an airplane over the city of Grand Forks for several evenings in succession. I suppose the performer has been the same on the several occasions. I hope there isn't more than one of him. There are a few persons who, probably, will never grow up, who imagine that an airplane is a toy, and who, when they get in the air can't resist the temptation to play with it, regardless of the quiet, comfort and safety of other people. Occasionally this results in somebody being killed, but that doesn't stop it.

I SUPPOSE THERE HAVE ALWAYS been such cases of perverted humor. Probably as long as there have been boats there have been fools who thought it a cute trick to rock them. In the horse-and-buggy days a familiar figure was the comedian who raced his horse pell-mell down the village streets and enjoyed seeing chickens, dogs and children scampering out of his way. Sometimes they didn't quite get out of the way. The early bicycle days had their scorchers who performed in a similar manner. There are still nit-wits who drive cars at breakneck speed through city streets, with horns screaming a warning to people to get out of the way. And now a few of such humorists have taken to the air. It's a pity that every city and village hasn't an anti-aircraft outfit.

ACCORDING TO A WASHINGTON story those of us who drink tea will soon see getting the material for that beverage in a roundabout manner. The British government, we are told, is to buy all the tea for both Britain and the United States. That intended for this country will be sold to the American government, which will apportion it to domestic distributors on the basis of their needs. The retail trade will be supplied as usual from those distributors. According to present plans, and on the basis of present prices, our government and that of Britain as well will have to write off some losses. In both countries maximum retail prices are fixed, and the world price is about 5 cents higher than the price at which it would be possible to retail within the legal limit. The two governments, therefore, are expected to stand the resultant loss.

ONE OF THE WAR'S DEVELOPMENTS is the use of nettles for the manufacture of paper. Farmers in Scotland are planting nettles for that purpose and an Edinburgh firm offers to buy 1,000 tons of nettles at a price which in American terms would be about \$40 a ton. Someone suggests that paper made from nettles would be suitable for books of a severely critical nature. Has anyone thought of the thistle for this purpose?

DOES THE LADY IN ONE OF THE old songs intend to hang her heart or her harp on a weeping-willow tree? Ann Brooks has written a book entitled "Hang My Heart." The title, she says, is taken from a line in the old song, "There is a tavern in the town." Most of us have understood that the mournful lady in the song intended to hang her harp on the tree, but Miss Brooks says she heard it the other way. I think her friends must have got the line twisted. In the King James version the psalmist says "We hanged our harps upon the willows." And what more appropriate gesture of sadness could there be? However, if Miss Brooks wishes to have somebody hang her heart on a tree she is quite welcome.

OFF AND ON I HAVE READ MANY mystery stories and have enjoyed most of them, although some of them have exasperated me by the complications and impossibilities which the authors have dragged in by the ears. The Sherlock Holmes stories are generally considered to stand at the head of mystery stories and I have devoured a lot of them, to my great enjoyment. But even Conan Doyle hasn't avoided the unnatural and artificial. In the current number of the Reader's Digest there is reproduced one of the old Sherlock Holmes stories, "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," which in my former reading I had overlooked. Having read it now, I consider it very poor stuff, with due respect to the memory of Conan Doyle. The method employed by the villain for his intended murders places too strong a strain on the reader's credulity.

PROBABLY THE CONAN DOYLE story to which reference is most frequently made is "The Hound of the Baskervilles." It's many years since I read it, but I have never had for it the admiration which many others have expressed. It has seemed to me that in order to exploit the deductive skill of his hero, the author had imagined utterly impossible conditions. It's a fine thing that not all of us like the same things in books. If we did, and the authors wrote to fit the universal taste, what monotony there would be in literature!

A NOTE ON THE HABITS OF OWLS reminds me of a belief current in my boyhood that if one moves in a circle around a perched owl the bird will follow the person with its eyes, turning its head until it wrings its own neck. I tried it a time or two with an owl perched on a stump. I made the circuit many times, and the owl never took its eyes off me, so far as I could see, but it didn't wring its neck, I couldn't figure out why.

THANKS TO F. H. LOUDENBACK for his contribution of strawberries and delphinium. As to the size of the berries, I can say only that one makes a big mouthful, and in flavor they are perfect. The quality of these berries is another example of the superior flavor of northern grown fruits over those grown in more southern latitudes. The delphinium blossoms are remarkable in color and size. While they last they will be on exhibition in the Herald editorial rooms. The display of delphinium at the Loudenback nursery on Minnesota Point is a sight worth driving miles to see.

DURING THE FORMER WORLD war, and nearly a year before the United States got into the fight, Mrs. Nelson Berg of 415 Cottonwood street, canned a quantity of blueberries. One can of the lot remained unused, and as the years passed that can of blueberries became a sort of souvenir. Now, in World war II, that can of fruit, put up in 1916, is still intact. Mrs. Berg says she doesn't know how long she will keep it—perhaps forever. Let's hope another World war doesn't come along before it is used.

A CARD FROM MRS. PAUL NUSS brings salutations in Esperanto from the Esperanto congress in Detroit. Without any knowledge of Esperanto, I can work out the meaning of the salutation.

BIRDS HAVE WAYS THAT ARE INTERESTING, and sometimes irritating and exasperating. At the Krueger home, 1126 Cottonwood, a pair of wrens went to housekeeping in a bird house on the premises. The birds attended to their duties faithfully, one of them covering the eggs while the other enlivened the air with song. A few days ago, young birds were heard peeping as if in distress, and occasionally the head of one would appear as if the little one were about to leave the nest. The parent birds were nowhere to be seen. After a wait over night in the hope that the parents would return the nest was examined and in it were found six dead little birds.

I THOUGHT IT STRANGE THAT birds should abandon their young in that way, but a friend of the Kruegers told them that the practice is described in a book that he has. There it is stated that wrens often start a new nest before their young are able to take care of themselves, in which case the little ones are likely to perish. As a means of guarding against this the book recommends the building of double wren houses. If that is done and the birds wish to start a new batch they are likely to feed the fledglings while getting the new nest started.

THIS SPRING A WREN STARTED building in the wren house in my back yard, worked industriously for a day or two, then disappeared. At intervals it returned for a day or two and then was gone. It never finished the job, and hasn't shown up for a week or 10 days. Mrs. E. J. Lander tells me that a pair of wrens in her yard have been acting in just that way. I wonder if some peculiarity in the season has affected the routine of bird life.

ALSON G. FRAZER OF CROOKSTON writes of the great farm organization, the National Grange, as it existed in the early days. Mr. Frazer's home was at Mount Pleasant, but he neglects to mention the state. His parents were Quakers of the liberal group and were early Grange members. His mother was president of the local Grange for many years, after joining the organization in 1870. The store was at the home of a neighbor farmer, and they bought Arbuckle's coffee for 10 cents a pound when the ordinary price was 12 cents. They got 12 pounds of sugar for a dollar instead of the 10 pounds sold by the other stores.

MR. FRAZER SAYS HE NEVER heard of a bicycle in those days, but one man had a velocipede with the front wheel about 4 feet high and the rear one about 16 inches. That would be the early bicycle which preceded the modern "safety" wheel. The front wheels ranged from 48 inches to 60 inches in diameter.

"TOM SAWYER" WAS AND IS ONE of my favorite books, though I have not read it for years. In my teens I devoured it, and most of its incidents are still fresh in my mind. The book appealed to me as a boy because it seemed that it might have been written of my own neighborhood and my own companions. It had in it the elements of the universal.

Often I have thought of re-reading "Tom Sawyer," but I haven't done it. Perhaps I never shall. I am a little afraid to tackle it. Mark Twain has been written about and analyzed as few other men have been. He had the quality of genius, and genius invites examination in order that we may discover wherein and why it differs from mediocrity. Not only has the character of Mark Twain been examined with microscopic care, but his writings have been searched for evidences of purpose and for indications of the philosophy to which he was committed and which he wished to teach.

ALL OF THIS IS INTERESTING, AND doubtless some of it is valuable. But if I were to read "Tom Sawyer" again, and while doing so should feel that all through the book the writer is trying to expound a social philosophy, that he is trying to teach me something, that between the lines runs the record of a life of frustration, much of the flavor of the book that once delighted me would be lost.

I PREFER TO THINK OF THE BOOK as a rollicking story of boyish ambition and adventure, melodramatic in spots, it is true, but in the main a faithful interpretation of human nature in its formative period. Tom Sawyer and his companions thought and acted much as the boys whom I knew thought and acted, and with due deference to the analysts I cling to the belief that Mark Twain wrote the book out of the fullness of his own knowledge of boy life and because in him the habit of story telling was irrepresible. I think he would have been greatly surprised to learn that in it he had been expounding a philosophy.

IF THE PARK AUTHORITIES APPROVE a curtain is to be hung in front of Coney island to screen the view of its lights from the sea. According to plans the curtain is to be 18 feet high and four blocks long. Its estimated cost is \$50,000, and its cost will be defrayed by local taxation. Local taxpayers are said to approve the project, as they are confronted with the choice between that and having their business curtailed by the dimming of lights. Conceivably a curtain 18 feet high may screen the lights from submarines and surface vessels, but what's to hinder the pilot of a plane from looking over the top?

A NEWS DISPATCH FROM MALTA, Montana, suggests that there are fortunes to be made in the raising of Angora rabbits for their fur. According to the story

The wartime demand for Angora wool to line mittens, helmets and socks for high-altitude fliers and other wartime needs has sent the price of the rabbit wool skyrocketing to \$5.35 a pound for No. 1 grade.

A female Angora rabbit, the breeders said, will produce about \$5 worth of wool and will have an average of 21 youngsters a year who will do likewise.

GEORGE MILLER, ONE OF THE LOCAL breeders, said that his Angora rabbits make him a net annual profit of \$46.35 each after paying all costs of feeding and raising and that his profits on a small investment soared to 1,500 per cent in a year.

The adult Angora rabbits are sheared five times a year and yield an average of 14 ounces of wool.

BEFORE PLUNGING HEADLONG into the rabbit business one may usefully reflect on what happened to the Belgian hare craze of a few years ago.

IN HER BOOK "PAUL REVERE AND the world he lived in," Esther Forbes tells how a lock of Washington's hair came to be preserved among the precious relics of the Masonic order of which the first president had long been a member. The grand lodge instructed Paul Revere and two others to write a letter of condolence to Mrs. Washington asking that she permit a lock of her husband's hair to be kept in an urn to be provided for that purpose. The request was granted, and Revere prepared the receptacle, a beautifully worked creation of gold, smaller than a pepper shaker, and in that little container a lock of Washington's hair is kept.

THE PHRASE "TOO LITTLE AND too late" has become a familiar expression of late. It was used by Lloyd George in a speech condemning the Chamberlain government for dilatoriness in dealing with Germany, and many have supposed that it was originated by the fiery little Welshman. Someone has, discovered that it is several years older than this war. In an article in Current History in 1935 Allan Nevins wrote:

"THE FORMER ALLIES BLUNDERed in the past by offering Germany too little and offering even that little too late."

NEVADA, SMALLEST STATE IN THE union in population, stands first in the list of states for quantity of old rubber collected and turned in for use by the government. Probably the people of Nevada have been energetic in collecting old rubber, and for that they are entitled to commendation. Probably, also, they had more old rubber lying around loose than those of other states had.

AS A RULE THE DRIVE YIELDED more rubber per capita in the sparsely settled states than in the more populous ones. The reason for that is, apparently, that dealers in the populous centers have been collecting rubber right along for reprocessing, the quantity available to them making it worth while. On the other hand, the rubber available to the dealer in the small village consisted only of an occasional old tire. The volume was too small to be of any use. Therefore old tires were allowed to accumulate on farms and on back lots. When the drive came along there was an object in digging up that old stuff.

MOST OF THE BEST OLD RUBBER is in used inner tubes. The rubber itself is of good quality, and it is relatively free from extraneous material. It can be used for many purposes for which other rubber is unsuitable. I have been told that a few dealers have been sorting out inner tubes from the general mass of the collections and intending to hold it for a price of 5 cents a pound. The scheme seems to have failed. The government will pay \$25 per ton and no more for waste rubber, inner tubes included. The dealers can sell at that price, or they may keep the tubes, temporarily, and one of these days the government will step in and take them, whether or not. It is always a pleasure to see a scheme like that kick back on the fellow who starts it in order to put something over on the government.

THOSE STRAWBERRIES TO WHICH I referred the other day and which came from the Loudenback nursery, are of a special variety originated at the University of Minnesota. They have not yet been named. Mr. Loudenback has only a few plants, and from these he is training runners for new plants, and he expects to have a marketable supply another year. Mr. Loudenback says that the finest berries harvested from his regular commercial plot are picked from among big weeds. Heavy rains in the spring flooded that part of the ground so that it was impossible to do any weeding until the season was well advanced. The berries there are much better than the others. Those who have picked wild strawberries know that the largest berries are usually found where they have at least partial shade from trees or moderately tall grass. One of the pleasant accompaniments of the Fourth of July used to be new potatoes, green peas and shortcake made with wild strawberries. What a meal!

**WAR NEWS DURING THE WEEK** has been mixed in character. On the Russian front things have not been going well from the standpoint of the United Nations. In Egypt the march of Rommel toward Alexandria and the canal has been checked, a fact which affords at least some ground for satisfaction. The Russians have continued to fight magnificently, but the pressure against their lines has been too great to withstand, and Hitler is said to have thrown a million men into the effort which he is making to smash Russian resistance and clear the way into the Caucasus.

**A YEAR AGO HITLER MADE TRE**mendous gains during the first few weeks of his assault on Russia, and his spokesmen declared time and again that Russian resistance was completely shattered and that only the job of mopping up remained. The rest of the world fully expected Moscow to be occupied before winter and practically all the Russian railways to be in German hands. But the Russians held their ground and then drove the enemy back many miles, and when this spring Hitler had to begin his offensive all over again, fine Russians are now being forced back, but they are still fighting and fighting hard.

**EVERYONE UNDERSTANDS THAT** an attack on Germany from the West would be of incalculable assistance to Russia. That such an attack is in the making we may be sure, but nothing is more certain than that an attempt to invade Germany without sufficient man power and sufficient equipment to afford reasonable prospect of success would be only of temporary assistance to Russia and might easily be fatal to the cause of the United Nations. Another thing of which we may be certain is that while plans for invasion are undoubtedly being perfected, the public will not be told what those plans are until they are being carried into effect. Hitler has his agents at work trying to discover what the plans of the Allies are, but it is certain that he will not learn anything that can be kept from him.

**NEWS FROM EGYPT IS MILDLY** encouraging, but nothing to crow over. As this is written General Rommel seems to be in a rather tight spot. He has made rapid and sensational advances, but in order to make them he has had to be on the alert all the time. His men are weary from almost continuous fighting in desert conditions, and his lines of supply and communication are dangerously extended. British and American planes have been smashing supply trains behind his lines, and the British have effected a flank movement which has compelled withdrawal of one wing of the German army.

**THE BRITISH HAVE BEEN RECEI**Ving reinforcements of fresh troops and many American planes have arrived and are taking part in the fray. But Rommel is also receiving reinforcements from across the Mediterranean, and it yet remains to be seen if he can resume the offensive which he has been compelled temporarily to abandon. Stalemate in this phase of the conflict seems to be out of the question. Apparently Rommel cannot hold his army where it is if he finds it impossible to advance. He must go forward quickly or retreat if he can, and under the circumstances it appears that an attempt to retreat would mean the capture or destruction of his army.

**FEDERAL STATISTICIANS FORE**cast for this year not the biggest crop, but one of the biggest crops on record. Prospects for corn and wheat are somewhat less than the maximum in each case, but far beyond the 10-year average, and most other field crops are equally promising. If present prospects are realized North Dakota will produce more than half of all the spring wheat grown in the United States a fact which makes the problem of storage particularly acute in this state. Efforts are being made to meet the need, but they are only partial, and it is clear that when threshing time comes the problem of space will be only partly solved.

MRS. JANET E. FERGUSON OF Grand Forks suggests that as I lived in Canada many years ago I must remember the Fenian rebellion, which in one paragraph of her letter she inadvertently calls Riel's rebellion. The Riel disturbances, of course, were in western Canada, in what are now the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and which were not related to the Fenian raids in the east. Mrs. Ferguson writes:

"We children were scared stiff when we heard the cry "The Fenians are coming probably raised by someone to see the children run.

"Do you remember the song that was sung at that time? The tune was catchy, and it became very popular. I remember only one verse:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,

Cheer up, comrades as you roam, For beneath the Union Jack We will drive the Fenians back And we'll fight for our beloved Canadian home.

"I WAS PLAYING IT THIS MORNING," continues Mrs. Ferguson, "and I thought it could easily be changed to fit the present situation, something like this: For beneath the Union flag We will drive the Nazis back, And we'll fight for our beloved American home.

THE SONG TO WHICH MRS. FERGUSON refers is really an adaptation of an old American Civil War song, the words supposedly expressing the thoughts of a young Union soldier in a Confederate prison camp. There are many versions of the song, the first stanza and chorus of one reading as follows: In the prison cell I sit, Thinking, Mother, dear, of you, And our bright and happy home so far

away;

And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my comrades and

be gay. Chorus.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,

Cheer up, comrades, they will come, And beneath the starry flag We shall breathe the air again Of the free land in our own beloved home.

THOSE WORDS ARE CLEARLY CIVIL war words. As to the tune I have no knowledge. The music may have been written during the war, or, like the music to which we sing "The Star Spangled Banner," it may have been in more or less familiar use long before these particular words were written for it. The song was a popular one in the years immediately following the Civil war, and when the first Fenian raid occurred, in 1866, it was quite natural that the words which Mrs. Ferguson quotes should be fitted to the air. I heard those or similar words sung to it many times in my boyhood.

THE FENIAN DISTURBANCES LASTED four years or more, beginning with the raid across the Niagara river in 1866. The Fenian organization was formed by Irish agitators who sought to separate Ireland from British rule, and as a means to that end they undertook to promote hostilities against the British government in many parts of the empire, directing the major part of their activities to Canada. The "invasion" of 1866 was a futile one, the raiders, some 800 in number, being routed by a battalion of Canadian volunteers, the remnant of the outfit surrendering to an American lake ship. There were outcroppings of Fenian activity for several years, and as a precaution several groups of British regulars were stationed at points from which the border could readily be reached. I remember well how I admired the red coats of the soldiers who were stationed at Brantford.

I KNOW THAT I HAVE MENTIONED before that Judge Kneeshaw, veteran North Dakota jurist, who, as a boy of 15 or 16, lived at Paris, Ontario in 1866, wangled his way into the company of Paris volunteers and saw service in checking the raid. Long ago he was awarded a medal by the Canadian government for his services in that; disturbance.

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO AN ASSOCIATED Press dispatch from Urbana, Illinois, said that Attorney General Barrett, of Illinois, had demanded that the board of trustees of the state university discharge Judge Sveinbjorn Johnson from his position as university counsel. The attorney general complained, among other things, that Judge Johnson had been using his position for political propaganda and that in addition to his position with the university he was serving as state director of the federal Office of Government Reports. The attorney general's demand was placed before the board of trustees, which rejected it, and on June 20 the board unanimously reappointed Judge Johnson, the four Republican members joining with their Democratic colleagues in this action.

UNDOUBTEDLY THE STORY FROM Urbana interested many North Dakota readers, for Sveinbjorn Johnson is a native of North Dakota, was graduated from the state University, and served the state as attorney general and later as justice of the state supreme court. While his political affiliations were with the Democratic party, his public service was never colored with political partisanship, and when he left North Dakota to take up his duties as counsel for the University of Illinois, he carried with him the respect and confidence of those who had known him well for many years.

THE ALUMNI NEWS, OFFICIAL publication of the University of Illinois, publishes an account of the controversy, with statements by the president of the university and members of the board. It is there set forth that the attorney general of the state has no jurisdiction over the office of university counsel, that office having been created by the university trustees and having been filled successively by several men, all of whom were appointed by the board and responsible only to it. The charge that Johnson has been engaged in propaganda is flatly denied, and the effort of the attorney general is ascribed to the fact that about the time of his election in 1940 he had promised this position to a political friend. North Dakota people who know Judge Johnson, have never questioned his ability, integrity or good faith, and their opinion of him is confirmed by the unqualified indorsement given him by the authorities of the University of Illinois, which institution he has served faithfully for 16 years.

DR. V. S. IRVINE OF PARK RIVER writes as follows:

"In your column today you refer to that sad, yet happy phrase "Too little and too late. I recently ran across a couplet (source unknown) which I think merits a little publicity and might, I think, be associated with "Too little and too late." I repeat the following:

"Ve get too soon old, but ve get too late smart."

"May the immediate future prove that in fighting Germans and Japs we are not 'too late smart.' "

ONE PHRASE OR COUPLET SUGGESTS another, and one jumps from "Too little and too late to Goldsmith's lines: "Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long."

WAR IN RUSSIA HAS RECALLED to Judge McLoughlin the war between Russia and Turkey in the late 1870's and a story of an incident at the peace conference in Berlin. During the war the British government under the premiership of Disraeli had caused the British fleet to enter the Dardenelles as a precautionary measure. At the peace conference the principal dignitaries of Europe were present. Bismarck, at the height of his power as chancellor of Germany, was there, and Disraeli, representing the British government, was present in person. At one of the sessions it became evident to observers he had something important on his mind. At length he rose, and pointing his finger directly at Disraeli demanded "By what right is the British fleet in the Dardenelles?" Disraeli rose, and with a characteristic gesture replied simply, "By might."

The answer was one whose force Bismarck could appreciate, for the iron chancellor was an adept at using might to accomplish his purposes.

"THE GREATEST MAN IN CANADA" is the title of an article in the June issue of Fortune by Bruce Hutchinson, of the Vancouver Sun. The article is an appreciation of John Wesley Dafoe, veteran editor of the Winnipeg Free Press. It outlines the career of a boy born to the rough life of a farm in the upper Ottawa valley of whom the biographer now writes:

"Today, at 76, John Wesley Dafoe, editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, is the most representative living Canadian, and, as the written record abundantly proves, the wisest. He is more than that. The record will hardly show a journalist, writing in English, who saw so clearly and so early the drift of mankind toward a new synthesis or a new ruin; who struggled so long for a discarded idea and has been so richly vindicated by events."

YOUNG DAFOE WAS REARED IN an atmosphere of intense conservatism. His family were United Empire Loyalists (the Dionne's doctor is a distant cousin) and moved into Canada after the American Revolution and settled in the Ottawa valley. The boy attended a country school in such time as could be spared from the work of the farm, and at the age of 14, "being the only learned person within many miles," he started teaching. After about four years of teaching, during which he had read voraciously, he got a job as reporter for the Montreal Star and presently was assigned to report the parliamentary debates at Ottawa.

HIS READING HAD PARTLY UNDERMINED the Tory philosophy of his earlier years and the parliamentary debates finished the job. He became as liberal as his family had been conservative, and his entire life has been one of intense and progressive liberalism. He became editor of the Winnipeg Free Press in 1901, and in that position he has labored unceasingly for liberalism in thought, in trade and in all human relations, for Canada, for the British Empire and for the world.

DR. DAFOE'S LIFE HAS BEEN largely free of disappointment and frustration. An ardent advocate of the widest possible freedom of trade, he saw his own country adopt a protective tariff and in the name of imperialism deject reciprocity with the United States. A thorough believer in the League of Nations as a potent instrument for peace and progress, he saw the League weakened by the absence of the United States from its membership and still further by the unwillingness of its members to accept the necessary responsibilities of membership. Sensing as few other men sensed the meaning of Japan's conquest of Manchuria, of Italy's conquest of Ethiopia, and of the emergence of Hitler as the leader of Germany, he urged preparation for the war which he saw coming, but the democracies were busy with other matters, were incredulous, and put their faith in policies of appeasement and are now paying for the negligence the price of another war.

BUT DR. DAFOE'S LIFE HAS RESEMBLED a great war in which one side loses battle after battle, but emerges triumphant in the end. His economic ideas, once rejected, are now finding acceptance among thinking men all over the world. The imperialism which he consistently opposed, but which seemed to be gaining ground in spite of him, has been succeeded in the British system to the present association of independent commonwealths, and it is apparent that imperialism everywhere is on the way out. And as the validity of Dafoe's warning of war has been conspicuously demonstrated, great national leaders are now preaching the doctrine of liberal world relation which he has urged for years.

THOROUGHLY LIBERAL AS HE IS, Dr. Dafoe is not a visionary or a faddist. He is a painstaking student and a practical man. Of him the biographer says:

"Essentially Dafoe represents the land, the man on the land, the man who must depend on world markets for the sale of his products, and individualist man who lived more than any other by his own efforts and survives by his own character. It was out of the prairie soil that Dafoe grew. He is the spokesman of the prairies, seeing the world in terms of individual human beings, in the right of the young to grow up as he did—free."

FOR MILITARY REASONS WHICH it is easy to understand visitors are not allowed at the Grand Forks airport unless they have special business there, but there are no restrictions on driving by the place and looking from a respectful distance. Those who do that are aware that the hangar is a big building. Usually they just let it go at that. But some may be interested in the fact that the arches which support the building span the greatest distance of any wooden arches in the United States, and it is the belief of the builders that they are the longest in the world.

THIS INFORMATION IS GIVEN IN an article in the Kiwanis magazine by Martin Smith, who cites statements made by Myron K. Pederson, of Albert Lea, Minnesota, who is vice president and general manager of a company which manufactures structures of laminated wood, and who discussed this industry at the recent Kiwanis international convention in Cleveland. Accompanying the article is an illustration showing the skeleton framework of the Grand Forks hangar, with the statement that it has the largest wooden span in the United States and so far as is known the largest in the world.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ARE given in the article concerning the development of the laminated wood industry, which has enabled builders to dispense with great quantities of steel formerly used in construction. The process of glued lamination, we are told, originated in Germany in 1906. During that year a German inventor developed the idea of building up a large cross-sectional arch or beam using one-inch material and glue. From that time until the present the use of that process has been quite extensive in such countries as Norway, Switzerland, Sweden and Germany. The process has been adopted by American engineers, who have further developed and improved it.

AS MR. PEDERSON DESCRIBES IT the process is quite simple. Clear Douglas fir is used and is dried to a moisture content of not to exceed 12 per cent. The lumber is properly prepared and coated with glue and placed in clamps under pressure of 100 to 150 pounds per square inch. After the glue is properly set—in four or five hours—the arch is removed from the form and finished with surfacing equipment and a wood preservative. The caption of the magazine article is "Glue does it," which seemd quite appropriate.

WE THINK OF LILACS AS BEING out of season in mid-July, but I have a bouquet of the blossoms just gathered from a bush in the Louis Peterson garden on Reeves Drive. I have never before known lilacs to bloom in July.

OVER IN THE FRED PAYNE GARDen, just across from my lot, a little bird was seen feeding one twice its size. That aroused some curiosity, and it was found that the little bird is a chirping sparrow and the big one a cowbird. The cowbird makes no nest of its own, preferring to lay its eggs in the nests of other birds and leave to them the bringing up of its family. The chipping sparrow seems to be a favorite victim of this chiseling practice. Often the sparrow refuses to be fooled, and when it finds a foreign egg in its nest it will build another story to the nest. In the present case the tiny sparrow had evidently hatched the cowbird's egg and, probably unwittingly, had undertaken the support of a foster child, thinking it her own.

THERE HAS BEEN SOME CONVERsation of late about wrens. W. R. Vanderhoef tells me that wrens will some times maintain two establishments if they have an opportunity. If two houses are side by side nests will be built in both, though eggs may be laid in only one. While the female bird covers her eggs her mate will stand guard over the other house, perhaps to Witice marauders away from the real homk

WARDEN JAMESON OF THE SOUTH Dakota penitentiary has at last been able to arrange for the loan of an electric chair for the execution of two criminals. After hunting the country over he arranged for the use of the Illinois chair. What's so technical about an electric chair? Its purpose is to put a criminal to death. Any electrician ought to be able in a few hours to fix up a set of wires and gadgets that would do the job perfectly. Anyone who has m o n k e y e d around the coil of a gasoline engine can appreciate the simplicity of the thing. Even the shock that you get from touching the wrong end of a coil makes you think of a stroke of lightening.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE ORganization of women's auxiliary army corps there has been expressed some anxiety over women's voices. The question is whether or not the voice, of a woman officer has sufficient carrying power to give her commands the necessary authority. Ezra Spoopendyke can see no reason for worrying. He says he has been hearing his wife Lucinda give orders for 40 years or more, and she never has to give an order twice. When she tells him to do a thing he does it right then and there. It's the expression she puts into it.

A RESEARCHER WHO HAS BEEN measuring Chicago's noises says the city must quiet down for the duration of the war or nobody will be able to hear the sirens when they sound air raid warnings.

ANNOUNCEMENT HAS BEEN MADE that while women who enter St. Peter's cathedral in Rome are expected to be modestly dressed, those who are unable to afford stockings will be permitted to enter the sacred edifice without them.

I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA that the city of Grand Forks will be bombed by the Japs, or by anybody else. As a very small boy I attended a boarding school in Canada while there were still rumors of the possibility of fenian invasion. The school was on a low hill with a broad, flat valley about two miles wide between it and the city. On the farther side of the city was another hill, quite high. One of the older boys in the school volunteered the opinion that if the Fenians should come and should plant a cannon on that hill the other side of town, they could shoot up our school-house. That gave me great concern, and I went to bed many nights with visions of cannonballs crashing into our building. Just why anyone should think it worth while to wreck our schoolhouse was a question that didn't occur to me. And why should an enemy waste bombs on a small residential city like Grand Forks when a single bomb dropped on a Minneapolis munitions plant or a Duluth dock would be more useful to the enemy than the leveling of every building in Grand Forks? The thing against which every small inland city needs to be particularly on guard is not bombing, but sabotage in its various forms.

SEVENTEEN PERSONS WERE TEMporarily incapacitated in New York by chlorine gas left, over from World war No. I. Several gas containers in Columbia's college of pharmacy were being moved out of storage to be junked. When the valve of one was opened the tank was found to contain a small quantity of gas. The valve stuck and the flow of gas continued and before it could be got under control 17 persons were sent to the hospital.

SHORTAGE OF GLASS IS FORECAST and hereafter if you haven't an empty milk bottle to exchange for a filled one you will pay for the bottle. There must be a lot of glass lying around loose, and some day they will begin collecting it. A pretty good rule is not to throw away anything that will not spoil. It may come in handy before the war is over.

**IN THE JULY ATLANTIC MONTHLY** is an article entitled "Law and Manners," which the magazine first published in July, 1924, and which is now republished because of the belief that the thoughts which it expresses are peculiarly appropriate to the present time. It is the text of an address delivered by Lord Moulton, an eminent British jurist and parliamentarian, who was British minister of munitions at the outbreak of the first World War. The theme is that "obedience to the unenforceable" is the great unwritten law in any democracy.

**IN THAT ADDRESS LORD MOULTON** describes the three great domains of human action.

"First," he says, "comes the domain of positive law, where our actions prescribed by laws must be obeyed. Next comes the domain of free choice, which includes all those actions as to which we claim and enjoy complete freedom. But between these two there is a third large and important domain in which there rules neither positive law nor absolute freedom. In that domain there is no law which inexorably determines our course of action, and yet we feel that we are not free to choose as we would."

**IN HIS SERVICE AS A JUDGE, SAYS** the speaker, he has spent his life delimiting the frontier which divides the domain of the unenforceable from the realm of positive law. Frequently he has had to decide whether the law could say "you must," or had regretfully to say "I must leave it to you." And he would by no means bring that great middle ground within the jurisdiction of positive law, for it is in that domain of manners that democracy flourishes. It is there that one does what he should do although he is not obliged to do it.

**THROUGHOUT HUMAN HISTORY,** two conflicting attitudes have struggled for supremacy. One would regulate life according to a prearranged pattern and require conformity to that pattern in action, speech and thought. If it is discovered that there is some object not covered by rigorous statute, someone rises to proclaim "There should be a law." And laws have been made, attempting to apply compulsion to every phase of life. The state, sometimes represented by a single dictator and sometimes by a popular majority, has asserted supremacy in every field and demanded obedience, with the alternative of severe penalties. To the extent that this tendency has been successful in specific cases the result has been the development of communities of serfs. Fortunately its success has never been more than temporary.

**THE CONTRASTING ATTITUDE IS** that in which all compulsions of law are thrown overboard and the individual is left free to do exactly as he chooses. Sometimes that attitude has found expression in protest against the compulsions of extreme legalism. Sometimes it represents merely the dreams of visionaries. But, like its opposite, wherever it has been tried it has failed. The lawless mob, reacting against all law, itself becomes a merciless tyrant.

**DEMOCRACY RECOGNIZES AND** accepts the restraints of formal law. It demands for its members perfect freedom within certain fields of personal action and relationship. But it lives and breathes in a vast middle area where choice is made without compulsion of statute, but where obedience to the unenforceable is the habit of life. If it were not so our democracy would be a dismal failure.

**IN THIS WAR PERIOD IT IS NECESSARY** to proclaim certain mandates and to apply certain restraints. Personal freedom is circumscribed. But if the war effort of the embattled United Nations were confined to the things that the people must do, Hitler would speedily achieve the conquest of the world. It is in willing obedience to the unenforceable that the hope of the world rests.

WHY ARE MILITARY TANKS SO called? Neither in appearance nor in function do they resemble any other tanks. The original of the name was discussed recently by a British army officer who appears to be informed. As everyone knows, the modern tank represents a development from the caterpillar tractor, which was first used about the beginning of the century. During the former war the British applied the caterpillar tread to a heavily armored machine carrying guns and capable of smashing its way through or over obstacles which had been insurmountable. The idea appealed to the military authorities, and factories were set at work producing the new machines in quantity. The fact that those queer things were being built could not altogether be concealed, and in order to mislead the enemy it was given out that they were intended to carry water for the troops in desert fighting. Sometimes they were called cisters, but that name did not quite fit, so the name "tank" came into general use. And tanks they remained even though they never were used for carrying water.

INVENTORS HAVE BEEN AT WORK some time on wooden tires intended to take the place of rubber ones. The idea is not altogether new. Away back in fur-trading days loads of furs were hauled from Fort Garry to St. Paul in Red river carts which ran on wood. The modern use of rubber had not been discovered, and iron for tires was not obtainable. Perhaps it could scarcely be said that the wheels had wooden tires, because, actually, they had none at all. They ran on the felloes. Sometimes as a substitute for iron tires the felloes were bound with bukcskin. The Red river cart represented in a striking manner man's adaptation to his environment. Most of the country through which those carts traveled was uninhabited and it was not reached by ordinary means of transportation. Ingenious men built carts of the material which was everywhere accessible—wood. In case of accident wood could be obtained for repairs. Thongs for binding purposes were made from the hide of the buffalo which was an abundant native product. The same hides served as material for harness. Oxen were used for motive power because they could keep in good condition on grass, whereas it would be necessary to carry grain for horses. And when the ox could no longer pull loads he could be turned into beef, of a sort, but horses were used for food, only in dire emergency.

A LONG ISLAND OIL DEALER WAS fined \$100 because he sold gasoline to some customers after refusing it to others. For doing just another dealer was given high praise. On the approach to his filling station many cars were waiting their turn to be served. A smart-aleck driver slipped out of line and cut in ahead of a dozen others who were keeping their places. When he reached the filling station the dealer, who had seen the trick, refused to serve him and motioned to the next driver to come on and get his gas. Everybody but the chiseler cheered.

NEW YORK CITY HAS JUST HAD its tenth bi-weekly collection of tin cans. Thus far nearly 50,000,000 cans, or more-than 5,000 tons have been collected. Grand Forks is not yet within a can-collecting area, but it is almost certain that it will be. Meanwhile it costs nothing to save and store the cans. With tops and bottoms cut out they can be crushed flat, in which form they occupy little space. One authority says that a family of four discards 18 tin cans every two weeks.

MEN WHO HAVE TRAVELED FAR and wide and penetrated into the world's most remote corners say that it is next to impossible to get away from the tin can. On some lofty mountain top or in the depths of an almost impenetrable pungle, one feels a sense of importance in the thought that he stands where civilized man never stood before. Then he stubs his toe on a tin can.

NO MATTER HOW COLD OR HOW hot it gets, it seems that at some time in the past it was colder, or hotter. Friends have commented to Mrs. J. D. Hovey of Tolna on the chilly weather of this summer, and have asked if she recalls as cold a summer since her arrival in the state in 1882. In reply Mrs. Hovey tells of the Fourth of July in 1882. She writes:

"At that time we (she and her husband) were working for Tom Edison near McCanna, and he told Mr. Hovey that if we wanted to go to Larimore we might hitch up a span of Norman mares to a new lumber wagon, put on some spring seats, put in some hay and go. That team cost \$600 in Waverly, Iowa, and the wagon nearly \$200, so we went in style.

"WE WERE TO BUY OUR DINNERS in Larimore, but there had been a fire a few days before, and the most I remember was rice pudding frosted with ashes. We heard there was a picnic out at Leavitt's grove, a few miles out, so we hitched up and went and got there just in time for lunch. There were boilers full of coffee, Arbuckle's, I think, clothes baskets of ham sandwiches, dish pans of pickles, and a dancing pavilion floored with 16-foot boards, but it was more fun to watch them hop around than it was to try it yourself. But on the way home we nearly froze to death and there was a light frost that night."

ACCORDING TO MRS. HOVEY'S figures that team and wagon cost about \$800. Things were not as cheap in pioneer days as people sometimes think. In those early years Iowa was a great source of supply for farm motive power. Thousands of horses were shipped from that state to Dakota territory. Another source of supply now pretty well forgotten was the city of Chicago. From the Chicago street car companies were shipped to Dakota great numbers of horses whose feet had given out on the Chicago pavements. Unfit for that work they served well on the prairie farms where the soft earth made the going comfortable.

ALSO USED IN DAKOTA FARMS to some extent were mustangs from the western ranges. Usually they were small and too light for really heavy work, and, fresh from the ranges and unbroken they were full of tricks. But they were wirey and tough and were capable of a surprising amount of work.

SEVERAL WRITERS ON GARDEN topics recommend the use of brush or string instead of wire as supports for sweet peas. The idea is that on a hot day wire becomes so heated that it injures the plants. I suppose that from the standpoint of the plants either brush or string would be all right, but brush is awkward to handle, and unsightly. String will do quite well, though it shrinks and stretches with weather changes and usually must be renewed each year.

I DON'T THINK THERE IS MUCH in the notion that wire burns the plants. Even if a top tendrip is scorched, which will not happen often, no great harm is done, as the lower tendrile will hold the vine erect until it gets a fresh hold. And the lower wires are covered with foliage so that they are not exposed to the direct rays of the sun.

MY FRIEND DAVID FAIRWEATHER is experimenting with sweet peas the seed of which was soaked in kerosene. The seed germinated all right and early in the season the young plants were strong and thrifty. I must investigate and find out what the later results are.

THE MOST COMMON INSECT ENEMY of sweet peas is the aphid, usually green, but it is easily controlled by timely and frequent spraying with nicotine sulphate. The greatest trouble is with some sort of blight which starts from the roots and presently turns the entire vine brown and stunts its growth.

ANNOUNCEMENT BY ONE OF THE big rubber companies of a tubeless tire for automobiles recalls that brief period 40 or 50 years ago when what was called the cushion tire was supposed to be the coming thing for bicycles. It was considerably larger than the regular bicycle tire and was made entirely of rubber. Running through it was a hole an inch or so in diameter. The shocks of travel were absorbed by the elasticity of the rubber rather than by the air which it contained. Because of the thickness of the rubber it was practically puncture proof, and if it happened to be punctured that made no difference, for the elasticity of the rubber was not affected. The cushion tire lasted only a short time. From the stand point of comfort it was as good as the pneumatic tire, but it was heavy, and the demand was for lightness in bicycles.

REPRESENTATIVE MAY IS SURE the war will end this year, or next year at the latest. His statement, he says, is based on private information. It may be remembered that the late Senator Borah had private information that there wouldn't be any war at all. Senator Nye also was sure there wouldn't be a war, but I don't recall that he professed to have any inside information about it.

PROBABLY CONGRESSMAN MAY knows as much, and as little, about when the war will end as any other civilian does. And neither the heads of governments nor the commanders of armies and navies can do any better than guess when the war will end, and their best gusses are more likely to be wrong than right. It is reasonably safe, however, to say that the war will not end until Britain and the United States have invaded the European continent with the greatest expeditionary force that ever was assembled, a force overwhelming in numbers, thoroughly equipped with planes, tanks and all the other implements of war and served with an endless supply of materials from Britain and from across the Atlantic, with the sea lanes kept open by a naval force capable of dealing with any enemy. Then, when the invaders have held their ground and have defeated the German armies on German soil, we can look forward with confidence to the early termination of the war. Preparation for such an undertaking is under way, but it will not be completed next week or next month.

SUNDAY'S HERALD HAD A FULL page of wedding announcements. Every newspaper has slathers of them. One wonders if the supply of brides and grooms will not soon be exhausted. Still, that sort of thing has been going on for a long time.

I PICKED UP A FRAGMENT OF AN, old farm and garden paper and on it I found a glowing account of the wonders achieved in gardening by the use of paper mulch. The date of the paper had been torn off, but it was several years old. Many will recall the paper mulch idea when reminded of it, otherwise they wouldn't think of it. The mulch paper somewhat resembled building paper in texture. It came in rolls in assorted widths and the idea was to spread it on the ground between rows of vegetables to conserve moisture and prevent the growth of weeds. The ground so covered, we were told, needed no cultivation. It just took care of itself.

THERE WAS A LITTLE FLURRY OF interest in paper mulching, and then it dropped out of sight. Mulching has its proper place in the garden under some conditions and for some purposes, but I never thought of paper mulching as a satisfactory substitute for cultivation. Stirring the soil does something to it that is good for plants, and sealing it up hermetically doesn't seem like a good plan.

CARETAKER DURICK OF CENTRAL park says that in the fine flower garden there he he has had more trouble this season with insect pests than for many years. My experience has been exactly opposite. Insects have troubled me less this year than usual. I wonder why this difference. Might the proximity of the park trees have anything to do with it?

TREASURERD AMONG THE POSSESSIONS of an occasional family may be a daguerrotype portrait of a grandparent or great-grandparent, prized because of family associations, but interesting also as a specimen of the earliest form of portraiture by the action of light on a sensitive chemical film. Photography has traveled a long distance from the slow processes and less than satisfactory results of the beginning to the instantaneous photography of today, with impressions taken in a minute fraction of a second and the processes so simplified that a camera may be made to serve as a coat button and life-like reproductions of rapidly moving objects are made by amateurs who need only to press a button to get results.

THOUGHTS OF THE REMARKABLE growth of photography come to mind as one reads of the death of an eminent photographer whose own lifetime spanned the period in which most of that progress was made. C. W. Briggs, known as dean of American photographers, died in Philadelphia a week ago at the age of 96. There were photographers before him, of course, but most of the development of the art came within his own time, and he contributed much to that development.

MR BRIGGS. WAS THE INVENTOR of a method of making motion pictures. In 1875 he began the manufacture of what were known as slip slide pictures whereby figures painted on a lantern slide were made to move horizontally across a scenic background that had been imposed on another slide. Different in almost every respect from the modern motion picture, the use of the slip slide gave to the images the semblance of life, and while the method served no practical purpose it served for entertainment and for several years the slides were in great demand. One feature which was picturized in this manner told the story of Lincoln's assassination. There followed a series of melodramas, the theme in most of them being inspired by the artist's frigid total abstinence. Among the titles were "The Drunkard's Daughter," "Father, Dear Father," "The Bottle," and "Ten Nights in a Bar-room."

CURIOSLY MR. BRIGGS NEVER became interested in the later motion picture. When the cinema industry was a babe in arms, producers were anxious to draw upon his talents and handsome Offers were made to him, only to be spurned. In his own work he acquired a competence, but he missed a real fortune by neglecting the motion picture.

"I said they would never amount to anything," Mr. Briggs said later, "and they I didn't amount to anything until they started showing pretty women in them and telling stories. Before that no one cared much about them. Of course, we told stories with magic lanterns, but not about beautiful women.

"The pictures flickered so; they were too imperfect. That killed them for me. They were not sharp and clear like lantern slides."

WAR ACTIVITIES HAVE GIVEN impetus to finger printing, Military service demands finger prints, and in many of the branches of government civilian service which have been tremendously expanded by the requirements of the war finger prints are required. There never was any sound basis for the opposition to universal finger printing which at one time was so general and pronounced. Because criminals were finger printed many persons felt that they would be disgraced by having their prints on file. It seems not to have occurred to them that criminals are subjected to many other experiences which perfectly respectable people share, and the respectable people are not thereby disgraced. One of these days, perhaps, it will be required that the registration of every birth shall be accompanied by the finger prints of the child. There will then be established evidence of identity which is often difficult to establish in any other way.

IT IS REPORTED THAT THE DUKE and Duchess of Kent may choose an American name for their youngest son, who was born on the Fourth of July. The suggestion is an interesting one, and perfectly proper, but if it is intended to use a name that is American and nothing else they may have to draw on Indian nomenclature. Most of the rest of us have names that came from across the sea.

IN ADDITION TO THE RAVAGES of war some areas in China have been suffering from drouth. Chinese in the locality of Chungking, the present capital, recently performed an ancient ceremony intended to propiate the gods and bring rain. A m o n g other things there was a great parade in which specimens of shrunken vegetables were carried aloft on poles to call the attention of the dragon to the manner in which crops were suffering and to, support the petitions offered for rain. Presently it rained, and the faith of the people in the effectiveness of their ceremonial was felt to be fully justified.

DOWN NEAR THE SOUTHWESTERN corner of the United States the Indians have their snake dance which is performed when the country is badly in need of rain. Always it has rained after the snake dance. The time between the dance and the rain has varied, but those who have been accustomed to that ceremonial throughout their lives have no doubt of its effectiveness. If rain is delayed it is because of some defect in the ceremonial.

WE LOOK UPON SUCH FANCIES AS childish supersitions. But some of us might well be cautious about assuming airs of superiority. It isn't many years since professional rainmakers were reaping fairly substantial harvests of cash from Americans and Canadians otherwise normally intelligent who paid their good money for incantations and other mysterious performances which were to bring rain. Faith in rainmakers, however, seems to have subsided. Rather curiously, during the great drouth decade professional rainmakers were less in evidence than they had been in some earlier periods when drouth was less pronounced. Perhaps the drouth was so bad that they gave up the whole thing as hopeless.

A BELIEF OF MANY YEARS STANDING is that great battles are always followed by rain within a very short time. The theory is that the concussion caused by the continuous discharge of big guns causes minute particles of vapor in the air to coalesce into raindrops. Some would-be rainmakers have tried in perfect good faith to put this theory into effective practice and have bombarded the skies in the hope of bringing rain. In the first place there must be moisture in the air before any can fall. In the second place, rain falls when air charged with moisture is cooled. The process is something like squeezing water out of a sponge.

GREAT BATTLES ARE SOMETIMES quickly followed by rain, but not always. War has been going on in China continuously for five years. Fighting has been intensive in recent weeks. Yet in spite of the bombing and the heavy artillery fire, drouth threatens the complete failure of crops in some sections. Some of the greatest battles ever known have been in progress on the Russian front, yet we do not learn of unusual rainfall.

A FEW YEARS AGO A WRITER EXAMINED the record for weather conditions in Europe during and after Napoleon's great battles. He found that usually there was rain within a few days after most of those battles. By the same token he found that usually there was rain within a few days before most of the great battles. Those preliminary rains could not have been caused by the battles. A very simple and reasonable explanation was offered. Napoleon used horses to haul his guns and his supply wagons. He could not move well in mud. Neither could the enemy. Each had to wait after a rain until the weather cleared and the ground became firmer. Then the armies moved into new positions and fought. In the ordinary course a wet spell is followed within a few days by a dry spell. That happened in Napoleon's time as it has been happening before and since.

**EVERY DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENT** in today's Herald is devoted to the purchase of war stamps and bonds. Grand Forks business men are standing behind the government in its war effort. They realize that only through the complete victory of the United Nations in this war can the world be made a fit dwelling place for free men and women, and that no matter what the cost in dollars or personal sacrifice, victory must be achieved. They understand that the more quickly that victory is brought about, the less will be its financial cost and the fewer will be the human lives lost in the effort. They know that the cost of the war will be enormous and that all loyal citizens must be prepared to pay their share of that cost.

**THE GOVERNMENT FINANCES ITS** war activities in two ways, by taxation and by borrowing. Taxes must be paid at increasingly higher rates, but the drive for sale of war bonds is not a tax movement. Every bond sold represents an investment by the purchaser, an investment the most secure of any in the world, and one which yields returns greater than any other investment of approximately like security. The people of the nation, men and women alike, are invited and urged to make this investment, and to continue making it out of income as received. On the response made, depends the method which the government will employ in its war financing in the future. If the sale of bonds falls short of requirements, the necessary funds must and will be raised by direct taxation.

**IN HIS BROADCAST SPEECH ON** Thursday night Secretary Hull outlined the basic principles which must underlie the reconstruction of the world after this war is over. His outline corresponded in its general features to those previously formulated by Vice President Wallace, Undersecretary Sumner Welles and Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson in the book of which they are joint authors. It is significant that men who have been so far apart on so many questions of domestic policy are practically a unit in their attitude toward the post-war problems which the nation and the world must soon face.

**THE BLUNT AND TRAGIC FACTS** which confront us today have demonstrated, if demonstration were needed, that there can be no such thing in this world as national isolation. Living with and among our neighbors, we are subjected to a variety of conditions not altogether of our own making, and we must be prepared to take our part in the creation of world conditions which will be tolerable, not only for ourselves, but for our neighbors.

**IN HIS ADDRESS SECRETARY HULL** emphasized one point which other eminent speakers and writers have not discussed. He made the flat assertion that under the conditions which dictators have forced upon us there can be no such thing as real neutrality. It may be assumed that this portion of his address was intended specifically to some of the South American nations, especially Argentina. Under its present president the Argentine government has undertaken to maintain friendly relations with Germany. It would be as reasonable for some members of a community to try to maintain friendly relations with a murderer at large, whom decent citizens are trying to capture and subdue.

**MEAT IS SCARCE AND BECOMING** scarcer in the eastern states. There are plenty of meat animals in the country, but packers say that at the ceiling prices which have been fixed for their products they cannot pay the high prices that are asked for cattle and hogs, on which there is no ceiling. This is another illustration of the impossibility of fixing and holding prices of some commodities unless price fixing is made the rule all along the line.

I HAD A PLEASANT CALL THE other day from Louis Campbell, for many years a resident of Grand Forks, but now of Minneapolis. In Grand Forks he was secretary of the local Brick company and later was associated with the Robertson Lumber Co. He is now president of the Strutwear Knitting Co., manufacturers of a general line of knit goods. Thus, in his several lines of business, he has become familiar with brick, lumber and knitted clothing. The war, says Mr. Campbell, has affected his business as it has almost all others. A year ago, when he visited Grand Forks his company was employing 1,000 work people. Now the number has shrunk to 600. This shrinkage is due to inability to obtain many kinds of material. The war with Japan, of course, but an end to the importation of silk, so the knitting of silk hosiery, had to be discontinued. While nylon is a domestic product, the materials entering into it are needed for war purposes. Thus far the supply of rayon is sufficient to meet requirements.

WOOL HAS BECOME INCREASINGLY scarce because of army and navy demands and the difficulty of obtaining some kinds of imported wool. Cotton is scarce, for while there is abundance of raw cotton many of the processing plants have been turned over to war uses. The Strutwear company has recently been awarded a contract by the government to manufacture 25,000 pairs of army trousers. On this contract the government provides the material and the company supplies the labor.

I WAS INTERESTED IN MR. CAMPBELL'S visit to Ontario, accompanied by Mrs. Campbell. Both are natives of Ontario, Mr. Campbell of Harrison and Mrs. Campbell of Wroxeter, both localities being familiar to me. Near Harrison Louis visited the farm on which he was born and from which he came west at the age of 9. Several relatives live in the vicinity, and the old farm is still owned and occupied by members of the family, the present owners being of the fourth generation of Campbells who have made their home there. We hear sometimes of rundown, dilapidated eastern farms, but the Campbell farm is not of that type. Louis says that everything about it speaks of comfort and prosperity. The buildings are ample and in perfect condition. Every field has the mark of fertility; cattle are sleek and fat and the whole environment is one of abundance. This condition, says Louis, prevails generally throughout that area.

TRAVELING TO THE SOUTHERN part of the province to visit other relatives at Simcoe the Campbells passed through Brantford, and Louis showed me his road map with Brantford marked as a place to inspect, for he remembered that, it was my home town. One thing that impressed Louis about the place was the number of brick houses. Having been in the brick business that would interest him. He recalls that when he was in that business Denver was designated by the trade as the brick city of America, but he thinks the proportion of brick houses in Brantford is greater than in Denver.

I RECALL THAT ON MY FIRST visit to Chicago I was struck by the number of wooden houses in the residence districts. Residences that had evidently cost a lot of money were built of wood, which to me gave the city a flimsy and unsubstantial appearance. In my town anyone who wanted to build a real house built it of brick.

THE ALMOST UNIVERSAL USE OF brick in Brantford was due to the fact that in the vicinity were inexhaustible quantities of excellent brick clay. Many carloads of Brantford brick were shipped to Winnipeg when the first boom struck that city. On the other hand, Gait and Guelph, respectively about 30 and 60 miles north, were built almost entirely of stone. Near those cities there is little brick clay, but vast quantities of granite. The people in each place used the building material that was nearest to them.

LOOKING THROUGH THE SATURday Evening Post the other day Fred Goodman found an editorial entitled "The decline of Apple Pie." The title interested him immediately, for he came from an apple country, namely, northern New York, and he has long been of the opinion that apple pie has deteriorated sadly since his boyhood. Not long ago he found apple pie on a restaurant menu.

"Is that pie made of fresh apples or canned apples?" he asked.

"Canned apples," replied the waitress.

"Not for me!" said Goodman. "Bring me something else, anything else, but not pie made of canned apples."

THE POST WRITER SEEMS TO have the same idea. He says:

"Just how our hotels and restaurants arrived at the abortion which they mistakingly list on the menu as apple pie is one of the major mysteries of the past 20 years. It is surprising that an indignant populace hasn't sought a court injunction."

AS TO HOW AN APPLE PIE SHOULD be built the Post man says:

"Apple pie, properly compounded of fresh, thinly sliced apples, sugar and spices—with flaky strips of brown crust criss-crossed over the top—is one of our noblest American institutions. Within it there is all the generous flavor put there by the wind and the blue sky and the gentle rains of summertime. It balances a good many of the shortcomings of this confused world."

THE POST MAN WONDERS HOW chefs came by the notion that apples should be cooked before putting them into the crust, resulting in a spiritless concoction which, if it had appeared at an old-fashioned country-school pie supper would have brought about the ostracism of its creator. And again it is said that if the proper recipe for apple pie had been written into the Bill of Rights, as it should have been, we could demand that the FBI take immediate action.

CONCERNING APPLE PIE I AM ENTIRELY in sympathy with Goodman and the Post man, but the Post writer overlooked one thing, namely, that in order to make a real apple pie it is necessary to have good apples. And the place to find those apples is around Goodman's old home at Glen's Falls, New York, through the southern Ontario peninsula where I once gathered apples, and on into Michigan. There may be good apples grown in Ohio and Indiana, but I have my doubts.

THOSE EASTERN APPLES MAY not be as pretty as those grown in Washington and Oregon, but they have a flavor that irrigation cannot duplicate, and it is the flavor that counts in a pie. The western men have been better salesmen than the eastern growers, and western apples almost monopolize the market. Probably it is their lack of flavor that has led to the practice of messing up apple pie with lemon and conglomerations of spices. It is necessary to give it flavor of some kind. As to crust, whether criss-cross or plain, that may be left to the taste of the artist in the kitchen.

AS TO VARIETIES OF APPLES, there were many which I remember well, and I am sure that they were familiar to Goodman. First came the early harvest apples which were of many kinds, which were good for eating, but wouldn't keep long. Then there were the snow apples, with bright red skins and very white pulp, which were good for eating and baking, but not for pie. Tallman sweets served similar purposes. In the early fall there came the Pippins, of a dozen different varieties, all tart, juicy and good for cooking in any way. Finally, there were the winter apples, which matured late and improved with keeping until late next spring. Or there were the greenings, spys, russets and a lot of others. All of these are grown in the west, but they have to be grown in the right place to be right. And the right place is that stretch of country which Goodman and I knew when we were boys, and where we ate apple pie that went exactly to the right spot.

ON JUST WHAT BASIS ANYONE Undertakes to establish a quota for the collection of old rubber, scrap metal or anything else in a particular community is a mystery, If a person happens to have an old tire or a leaky hot water bag he can turn them in. If he has no old rubber he can turn none in. One farmer may have a lot of old iron kicking around while his neighbor has none. The fact that the latter adds nothing to the collection is no reflection on his patriotism. If he hasn't the stuff he can't deliver it.

AGES AGO IRON WAS OBTAINED from ore by the use of crude furnaces which were not unlike a blacksmith's forge. Ore and charcoal were placed in the force and air was blown in through a bellows. The result was a mass of soft, spongy iron mixed with slag. The slag was removed by hammering. The resultant iron was what is known as wrought iron, which is ductile, whereas cast iron is brittle. Demand for iron for war purposes has caused a revival of the old process of smelting, and several companies are now treating low grade ore in ways essentially the same as those used by primitive man many centuries ago. This method will not take the place of any of the more modern methods, but will supplement them. It is estimated that many thousand tons of iron can be produced in this way, to be used later in the manufacture of steel.

A FEW WEEKS AGO WE WERE told that the way to deal with an incendiary bomb was to spray it with water, but by no means direct a jet of water on it or douse it with water from a pail. These other methods were said to be sure to cause explosions. The authorities having studied the matter with due care now announce that by all means an incendiary bomb should be given a jet of water from a hose, but that it should not be sprayed. That makes one think of the candidate for a position of school teacher in an old backwoods district. According to custom he was examined as to his qualifications by the local school board. Asked the shape of the earth he replied "Some like it round and some like it flat, so I generally teach it both ways."

A SAILOR ON A QUIZ PROGRAM, the other night was unable to answer the question "What member of President Roosevelt's cabinet was once publisher of the Chicago Daily News?" Apparently, Secretary Knox hasn't had himself well publicized among his navy men.

C. J. HERRINGER, WHO OPERATES a Herald linotype machine but lives in East Grand Forks, has a pair of wrens in his yard which resent the approach of anyone too close to their house. The birds make no bones of attacking any one who comes too near to suit them. With human adults that is entertaining and not particularly dangerous. But the Herringers also have a puppy which has not yet developed a sound philosophy with respect to birds. The other day the family heard cries of distress coming from the yard, and on investigating found, the puppy cornered, with the wrens administering severe punishment. He had gone too near the nest.

GEORGE WASHINGTON IS HELPING Attorney General Biddle in the government's case against the eight saboteurs. This assistant is a direct descendant of the first president's brother. In his family there is also a relationship to the Lincolns, as one member was a cousin of Abraham Lincoln's wife, Mary Todd Lincoln.

NOW, WHEN CHARACTERS ARE SO assailed that one is tempted to wonder if there is any good in humanity, it is a pleasure to run across a bit of verse like this from Sara Henderson Hay:

**ON MAN'S BEHALF**

Despite man's grievous ravaging of man, For all the bloody mark upon his brow, Give him his due. Remembering he began  
A weaker beast than most, behold him now.  
Is it not past believing that he stands Straddling the world? Is it not past belief That he should take the lightning in his  
hands, That he should hold the seas themselves in fief?

He can draw out Leviathan with a hook. He sets his flimsy heel upon the cloud. For all his violence, his perversity, Hail  
what he is, and hail what he shall be. Pity his crimes against himself, but look On this incredible creature, and be proud!

NORTH DAKOTA IS VERY MUCH A grain-growing state. According to present prospects the state's grain crop this year will be one of the largest, if not the largest on record. But grain growing is but one of the state's industries. The livestock industry is of major importance, and it is growing year by year. The western ranges produce many thousands of cattle, and in recent years attention has been given to the quality as well as the number of range cattle. Careful breeding has resulted in great herds of high-grade cattle on ranges where years ago the animals were lean and lank, grading poorly on the market.

THE DRY YEARS WERE HARD ON range cattle, and in many cases whole herds of fine animals were sacrificed because of shortage of feed. But many farmers and cattle men were able to retain a few good animals, and they are now being rewarded by the excellent quality of their growing herds. This year has been an ideal one for the cattle men, as forage is abundant everywhere in the state.

NOT ONLY ARE FINE CATTLE BEING produced on the ranges and sold direct to the packers, but animals that have been given a good start on the ranges are being finished on the product of the grain fields especially in the eastern part of the state. There is a feeders' association with headquarters in Fargo which has members all through the valley. The association assists its members in obtaining feeder cattle from the west and in marketing the finished animals.

A BULLETIN ISSUED BY THE ASSOCIATION says that North Dakota is approaching the high of 1,875,000 head of beef animals of 1934. Present numbers are 1,600,000. Indications show a 500,000 head marketing as compared with the 653,000 head asked for by the government. Retention of breeding stock will prevent the reaching the government goals.

THIS YEAR THE LARGEST PIG crop ever produced in the United States will be marketed. The number of swine is placed at 105,000,000 as compared with 85,000,000 in 1926. North Dakota will produce 1,248,000, an increase of 53 per cent over 1941.

OCCASIONAL RETURNS FROM THE sale of live stock are interesting. Only a few days ago R. C. Switzer of Hamilton showed me a sales slip on which was recorded the price which he had received for the two hogs which he brought to market. Those two hogs brought a few cents over \$112. Mr. Switzer has other hogs on his farm, quite a lot of them. In response to my remark that he wouldn't need to go hungry this winter he agreed, but said that with hogs at present prices he didn't know whether he could afford to eat pork or not.

MR. SWITZER CAUGHT ME WITH A money question that was quite new to me, but which the rest of you may have heard. "Have you seen the new silver money they are coining?" he asked. "Three silver pieces to the dollar." I said I hadn't heard of it. Have you?

WITH BEEF SCARCE IN THE EAST, as it is reported to be, and with rationing in prospect, our eastern friends will be eating rare beef, whether they like it that way or not—provided they can get