

THIS IS THE SEASON FOR hawk moths and I saw the first of them the other evening sampling the honey in the petunias. Presently we shall hear of whole flocks of "humming birds" appearing in this or that garden. It isn't strange that hawk moths should be mistaken for humming birds, for at a little distance the two are very similar in appearance while their movements are almost identical. There are the same rapid and almost invisible wing movements, the same darting from blossom, the same poising in one position, and the same trick of flying backward, a feat performed by some insects, but by no other bird than the humming bird.

HAWK MOTHS MAY Appear singly, in pairs, or in flocks of dozens. Usually they are seen in the late afternoon or early evening. They find food in many kinds of flowers, but they are especially partial to four-o'clocks, perhaps because they open in late afternoon and are then fresh for feeding. Correspondents have often written of seeing large flocks of humming birds, which undoubtedly were hawk moths. So far as I know humming birds never travel in flocks.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS A pair of humming birds have nested somewhere in my neighborhood. Whether or not they were the same pair I don't know but each summer they made the rounds of the flowers in the neighborhood. I haven't seen them yet this year, and I have been wondering if something has happened to them.

THE HUMMING BIRD, SMALL as it is, is one of nature's most capable fighters. It goes on the theory that attack is the best means of defense, and when its nest and its young are threatened it fights with both energy and skill. It doesn't sit on its nest and wait for the enemy to approach but carries the fighting into the enemy's territory. The king bird is recognized as a capable fighter. A few days ago I watched one put a crow to flight—a very common occurrence. But let a king bird approach a humming bird's nest and it will find itself and presently it will be trying to dodge a fraction of an ounce of concentrated fury and devastation. In some parts of the country there are snakes that climb trees and rob birds' nests. But a humming bird will drive off any snake that appears. What a humming bird lacks in size and weight is made up in swiftness, ability to dodge, the possession of a needle-like bill, and an unconquerable will. In attacking it strikes for the eyes, and no other creature, no matter how big, likes to have its eyes put out.

HEARD IN A HOTEL Lobby:—"I see those three little Baltic countries have voted almost unanimously to hook up permanently with Russia. They have an interesting way of voting over there. There is just one ticket on the ballot, and negative votes don't count. The result is a vote of 97 or 99 per cent in favor of whatever the bosses want. I don't see why they don't make it 100 per cent, or why they go through the motions of having an election at all. In this country we think that's a queer way of doing business. But we had a convention in Chicago the other day, in which there was but one ticket, and nearly everybody was supposed to vote for that ticket—or else. I don't see that we have much on those Baltic countries."

FEATURED AMONG THE Attractions of the big circus that is coming to town are 100 clowns. The modern circus has clowns in flocks and droves.' Barnum got along for years with just one clown—Dan Rice. In those days the clown was a major attraction, and Dan Rice had some good spots on the program for his songs and jokes. He was a star performer. But the Barnum circus was a one-ring affair, and one performer in the middle of that ring could command the attention of the entire audience. We do things on a bigger scale now, and some of them we do better.

MUSSOLINI HAD A Birthday the other day. He was 57 years old. In characteristic fashion he observed the day by doing stunts to demonstrate his youthfulness. He rode horseback and put his steed over several jumps. He played a couple of games of tennis and, of course, beat his antagonists. He kicked up his heels and frisked about like a four-year-old, and asked a d m i r i n g bystanders if he was not well and strong and hearty. Naturally they said he was. It's all right for a fellow of his years to perform that way if he wishes to do so, but when an old chap gets to cutting up like a kid to show how spry he is, it's a pretty sure sign that he's feeling the weight of his years. He's like the boy who whistles when passing the grave yard at night. He tries to convince himself that he's not afraid, but actually he is shaking in his shoes. For all his demonstration of youthfulness and strength, what would Mussolini do if Hitler should shout "Boo!" at him?

ASTRONOMERS ARE GOING to Brazil to observe the total eclipse of the sun which will be visible there October 1. That is, there will be an eclipse if it doesn't interfere with the arrangements that Hitler has for the shattering of the British empire. In that case it will be postponed until a more convenient season.

THE DIETITIAN WHO Visited Grand Forks a short time ago talked to the Winnipeg Kiwanis club last week, and the secretary of the club appends this note to his weekly letter:

"After listening to the dietitian who addressed us a couple of weeks ago Dune Irvine informed his wife that the proper way to cook all vegetables was in their skins. Peas, for instance, but when they tried to eat them Mrs. Irvine told Dune he could have his peas with their jackets on — and the maid was going to resign, too. They are undressing their vegetables again."

JUNK IS IN DEMAND IN Canada. All over the country junk piles are being searched for scraps of old iron, tires and any other material that can be worked into war material. In this country as well as in Canada there are piles of waste material outside every city and village, stuff that has been discarded because it has outlived its usefulness in its recent form. When war comes that stuff becomes valuable. Some day, perhaps, we shall adopt a more systematic method of disposing of such waste. If it can be made into guns and battleships and planes and munitions to be used in war there should be some use for it in peace.

DON'T YOU GET A LITTLE tired of that word "blitzkrieg?" It's a perfectly good word, and thoroughly descriptive — "blitz," for lightening, and "krieg," for war, and nothing could more fittingly describe the swift strokes which have characterized the German operations in this war. But a new word, especially if it is a good one, is likely to be over-worked, and this one is being overworked. "Then why," you may ask, do you people use it so often?" For the same reason that induced Mark Twain to carry a revolver strapped to his waist while he was visiting in Texas. Mark said he had no desire to kill anyone, that he had never fired a gun in his life, and that he didn't know how the thing worked, but while in Texas he wore the weapon so as not to be offensively conscious.

THAT REMINDS ME OF A story told by Marse Henry Watterson, famous Louisville editor, when he lectured here in Grand Forks. He told of a northern man who while visiting in Texas had the misfortune to shoot and kill a man. His friends urged him to fly. "Fly?" he asked, in surprise. "Why should I fly? Am I not already in Texas?"

MARSE HENRY WAS THE last of that famous old guard of newspaper individualists which included Greeley, Dana and Pulitzer. The modern newspaper is an institution, but Watterson and those others were institutions in themselves. About the only existing representative of that type is William Allen White, who, had he been born a few years earlier, would have been a member of that glorious company.

WITH A GREAT WAR Being waged abroad and involvement of the United States in one way or another appearing as a real possibility, a collection of letters which I have on my desk carries the mind back to another so far back that it seems but a dream, but which was a tragic reality to many of our people who are still living and active. That was the Spanish-American war of 1898, which freed Cuba from Spanish control, and made Porto Rico and the Philippines American possessions.

THE LETTERS WERE LENT me from the archives of the local Red Cross by Mrs. W. A. McIntyre, who is in charge of one branch of collections for that organization. Written during the summer of 1898 they were written to Mrs. Emma B. Smith, who was secretary of the Grand Forks Red Cross, or other women workers in the society. Among the names which appear are those of Mrs. C. C. Gowran, Mrs. Geo. B. Winship and Mrs. Frank Wilder.

THAT SOCIETY WAS Started as a women's organization. Included in the little manuscript collection is a copy of the announcement of the creation of the society, which reads:

"The ladies of Grand Forks have organized a Red Cross society. They meet at Odd Fellows hall every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon to work for the sick soldiers. Wines, jellies, old sheets or magazines are acceptable. The ladies are asked to join and pay a membership fee of 25 cents."

Following that is written this sentence: "Donations from gentlemen are requested," but a pen has been drawn through the words, for what reason the present writer saith not.

THE CORRESPONDENCE Indicates that there was lively interest in the society's work. Other similar groups were organized in many of the surrounding towns, and much of the material gathered by them seems to have been assembled in Grand Forks and then forwarded to San Francisco for transportation to Manila or to New York, whence it would be sent to Cuba. Clara Barton, founder and first president of the American Red Cross, was in personal charge of the work in Cuba, and reference is made in some of the letters to her appreciation of the work done by the Grand Forks group.

THROUGHOUT THE District women were at work making bandages, putting up jellies and other delicacies which would be acceptable to soldiers in the hospitals and there are records of the sending of many boxes of such goods. There were also contributions of substantial sums of money, which was greatly needed for the purchase of medicines and the employment of nurses. In the record are acknowledgements of the receipt in New York or San Francisco of several contributions of \$100 each.

WHILE THERE IS CURRENT discussion of preparation for national defense it is interesting to recall some of the conditions under which that earlier war was begun. If the United States at that time had been at war with any first-class military power this nation would have been ingloriously defeated or would have been subjected to a long and disastrous experience while belated preparations were made. There was no lack of man power or of willingness to serve, but these were utter lack of systematic organization, scarcity of trained officers, and utter confusion in the matter of supply and equipment. The medical service was scarcely organized at all, and the sanitary condition of some of the camps was appalling. These defects were conspicuous in the army. The navy was in better shape, as it had been at least partially licked into shape by a young assistant secretary of the navy named Theodore Roosevelt.

ONE OF THE LETTERS TO Mrs. Smith is from her niece, Emma, at Devils Lake, who makes this reference to Theodore Roosevelt:

"I do so hope that Colonel Roosevelt is eligible for office in New York. It would make such a change to have a thoroughly good and capable man for governor. They have had a lot of worthless ones so long."

Theodore was elected governor of New York, and then vice president, to become president when McKinley died by the hand of an assassin.

FOR THE OBVIOUS Purpose of creating dissension between the Allies, German sources have alleged that Great Britain gave France only negligible support in her fight against invasion, thus leaving France to fight her battle practically alone. An official British publication takes note of this and says that by the end of May Britain had 415,000 men in France. That number was fully up to French expectations, and was in accordance with arrangements which had been made earlier in the war. By the end of April, 1915, nine months after the former war began, Great Britain had on the continent 382,000 men. This time, after a similar period, she had exceeded by some 30,000 men her former contribution to the joint force on the continent.

PEOPLE ARE WONDERING if the operations of this war are now being carried out according to program, or if Hitler's invasion of Britain has been delayed beyond Hitler's own expectations. I incline to the latter view. From all the evidence available at this time and this distance it seems to me that Hitler had expected that by this time either the British would have been frightened into acceptance of a peace whose terms would be dictated from Berlin or that German troops would have established themselves on British soil. Unless all the signs are wrong it is necessary for Hitler to bring the war to a close quickly. In the operations up to date Germany has sustained tremendous losses in men and material. For seven years all the energies of the nation were devoted to the building of a powerful military machine. That was done, but at great cost to the nation's reserves. The nation is in no condition to sustain a protracted war. The end must come quickly or Germany faces the prospect of defeat.

NAZI EFFORT HAS BEEN devoted to the dual purpose of breaking down British morale to the point where peace on any terms would be accepted, or to the creation of such a spirit of defeatism in Britain that actual invasion of the country would be rendered relatively easy. Neither of these things has been accomplished yet, and because they have not been accomplished, invasion is deferred beyond the period earlier anticipated. Meanwhile, British resistance has been stiffened, and all the evidences are that the hammering to which the country has been subjected has served only to weld the several elements of the country closer together. Perhaps Germany could now land an army in England, but it would be at staggering cost, and every inch of its advance would be bitterly contested.

THERE REMAINS THE Further fact that Hitler must soon make a definite move against Britain. Invasion during the winter months is generally considered out of the question. Delay until spring would shatter Hitler's prestige, and a dictator who stands on the eminence which Hitler has attained occupies a position of unstable equilibrium from which his descent is likely to be sudden and disastrous. Hitler's speech before the Reichstag was intended at least in part as a bid for peace with Britain, and his recent bombardment of British cities with printed copies of that address is further evidence of his desire to end the war without coming to the last desperate grip with Britain

IN ALL PROBABILITY Congress will enact some sort of conscription bill in the near future. But the prospect is that the measure to be enacted will differ greatly from the one at first proposed. Already several important modifications in the plan have been made, and others may be expected. There are evidences that the country is in favor of conscription in some form, but there is a strong feeling that it is necessary to guard against the adoption of ill-considered plans in a spirit of hysteria. There is needed a permanent policy, and it would be unfortunate if in response to the demand for haste there should be enacted a measure so full of defects that there would follow a reaction against general military training in any form. A subject so far-reaching in its effect needs calm consideration and intensive study.

SENATOR WHEELER Demands that Mr. Willkie state his attitude toward conscription. I have no doubt that Mr. Willkie will do just that thing. But my guess is that he will do so in his own way and at his own time. It is to be hoped that Senator Wheeler will not permit himself to become so impatient as to endanger his health.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT under Secretary Stimson has done the commendable thing in removing all aliens from employment in the Canal Zone. The canal is so important in the program of American defense that the possibility of foreign interference should be removed as far as possible. The action of the department in restricting employment in the zone to American citizens and citizens of Panama does not imply that aliens are necessarily engaged in plotting sabotage or other subversive activities, but in such a case no room should be left for doubt.

I HAD A PLEASANT VISIT with Miss Lyla Hoffine, of Minot, whose stories of Indian life have won much praise. Miss Hoffine is now at work on a book treating of life in the cattle country in the early days and in which Theodore Roosevelt will be introduced as one of the characters. In order that the descriptions and characterizations may be authentic and accurate she has delved deeply into frontier history. She has found no lack of material, but the task is to assemble and organize it in such a way as to preserve the unities and present the material in attractive form.

I HAVE LONG FELT THAT there is in the Red river valley a vast quantity of material, lying almost untouched and awaiting the arrival of some writer possessing patience, imagination and skill who can give to the world its drama and romance. Miss Hoffine says that she has long had her eye on this field, but she has not yet been able to devote to it the research that would be required to do it justice. I shall watch for her next book on the range country and hope that before long she may undertake one on the Red river valley.

MRS. GEORGE DRYBURGH would like to find a copy of Edgar Guest's poem "Home." The poem is fairly recent, and I have no doubt that there are many copies of it filed away in scrapbooks. It is the poem in which occurs the line "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home." I have no copy. Can any reader oblige?

WHEN YOU SEE A PLAY OR read a book which features newspaper men as spending most of their time drinking highballs and similar potent waters, don't believe it. The management of a famous liquor cure says "Reporters and newspaper editors don't drink as much as they used to— and furthermore, they never did."

THE REPORT SAYS THAT OF 7,291 cases of alcoholism treated at the institution between the years 1930 and 1940 only 65 were of newspaper people. So it appears that we are a more sober and abstemious lot than you supposed. The greatest number of alcoholic cases treated come from the professional classes. Rather surprisingly, the next largest group comes from the farms.

THERE IS AN OPINION quite prevalent that economic depression tends to increase drunkenness. The experience of the institute does not bear out this belief. During the worst of the depression, between 1930 and 1933, the number of cases decreased. According to the institute's figures the number of women treated there for alcoholism since 1933 has increased 90 per cent, which is not so good. The increase among men and women together has been 42 per cent.

SUCH FIGURES TAKEN from the records of a single establishment are, of course, not conclusive. Nor would the figures be conclusive if they covered the experience of all similar institutions together. The number of arrests for drunkenness, for instance, is governed in part by the number of drunks and in part by the vigilance of peace officers. In the old-time mining camp, for instance, there were few arrests for drunkenness because getting drunk was recognized as a usual and normal practice. A generation or two ago medical treatment for drunkenness was practically unknown. But there were plenty of drunks.

LAST FRIDAY NIGHT MRS. George E. Black listened to the reading of a dozen letters to her son Richard, who is with the Byrd expedition in the Antarctic, and whose birthday occurs on August 10. Every two weeks letters addressed to members of the expedition are transmitted by short wave from Schenectady, and as this was the nearest approach to Dick's birthday, friends who knew of it sent him congratulatory messages. Two of the writers were Miss Clara Struble and Miss \_\_\_\_\_ Smith, both residents of California, and both former teachers of Dick while he was at school in Grand Forks.

IT ISN'T EASY FOR THOSE of us whose ideas of Africa were derived from stories of adventure read in youth to think of any part of that continent as the scene of quiet, orderly, uneventful agricultural life. A young Englishwoman of whom I have just been reading found it difficult to reconcile her preconceived ideas of Africa with actual experience. With some trepidation she went as a bride to join her husband on his South African farm. Although she had been given information concerning the country which was to be her home, she carried with her impressions which could not readily be erased, and there was present with her subconsciously the vision of a wild and dangerous country full of dangerous wild beasts and blood-thirsty savages.

THE LIFE IN WHICH SHE found herself was so different that it took her some time to adjust her thinking to it. Their big farm was in a vast agricultural district, different from any that she had known, it is true, but as peaceful and orderly as the English countryside that she had known. There were wild animals to be found by those who hunted them, but none of dangerous kind. There the farmers hunted antelope as in England they had hunted grouse or hares. The farm was so distant from neighbors that no other habitations could be seen, and as the couple had no car it was not easy to visit the neighbors. But neighbors who had cars visited them, made social calls, and sent gifts of flowers, kitchen delicacies and choice cuts from game animals just killed.

HOUSE SERVANTS AND farm workers were black, of course. They had long since forgotten the "savage" practices of their ancestors and were friendly and docile, but the young mistress was driven almost frantic by the childlike behavior of the house servants who persisted in misunderstanding and playing tricks on her. Fortunately the young bride was taken ill, and, forgetting their mischievousness, the servants turned in and waited on her, hand and foot, with kindness, sympathy and understanding. That brought black and white together on a common human basis. The story, told by the young woman herself, is a picture of a charming bit of real life, as interesting as any imaginative writing could be.

THE OTHER DAY IN NEW York an Italian immigrant who had worked for many years as a bootblack and common laborer, died, and as nothing of value was found among his effects, he was buried as a pauper. Later, search of the premises disclosed bank books recording credits amounting to \$33,000, and the authorities are now searching for heirs. The man could neither read nor write, and he had employed a friend to write letters for him to his mother, who is believed to be still living in Italy at the age of 94.

EVERY LITTLE WHILE there comes to light some such case, in which a man has subjected himself to privation through a long life, while he secretly accumulated a fortune. That miserly propensity is hard to understand. There seems to be a peculiar twist in some minds that makes of the accumulation of money such an absorbing passion that everything in life is devoted to it. Perhaps the typical miser derives as much pleasure from the mere piling up of dollars as others differently constituted realize from the use of dollars. However, there is little danger that such passion will ever result in the hoarding of the nation's wealth. The miser's hoard is almost always distributed more rapidly than it was accumulated.

THE NEW YORK FAIR Management is preparing to unload. After the fair closes there will be for sale a vast quantity of buildings and equipment of almost every kind, but long in advance of the closing date the management is offering for sale a quantity of material which cost \$4,000,000 and took four years to assemble. Much of this is material which will not be needed in the further operation of the fair and an effort is being made to dispose of as much of it as possible before closing time. Among other things there is offered a lot of electrical equipment including much of the flood lighting used to produce some of the fair's most striking effects. How about getting a line on that stuff to light the Grand Forks airport?

ONE OF THESE DAYS Somebody is going to be killed in the underpass on Washington street. Two criminally reckless practices are followed there by some drivers. One is that of r a c i n g through the subway, and the other is that of passing o t h e r cars while going through. B o t h practices are in direct violation of law and of the most elementary requirements of safety. . Anyone w i t h ordinary sense and the slightest regard for the safety of human life will drive carefully through such a subway, but there are those who appear to have neither quality. I suggest the display of two large "no passing" signs, one on either .side of the track and frequent visits by the police so that offenders may be nabbed.

AND ANOTHER THING: I am in complete agreement with the recommendation made by the mayor that business men use their influence to prevent the use of the streets for the display of used cars for sale. I hope the business men who are guilty of this practice will follow the recommendation. I offer the further suggestion that if present ordinances prohibiting the use of the streets for other than traffic purposes do not adequately cover the situation they be amended and vigorously enforced. Meanwhile, we might stage a horrible object lesson by having all the grocers, drygoods men and other merchants build stands on the pavement opposite their stores for the display of their wares.

SOMETHING THAT I READ the other day about a man who was unpredictable in his movements reminded me of my Uncle Henderson. He was a fine fellow, and one interesting thing about him was that although he lived to be almost 90, he always felt more at home in a group of youngsters than with people near his own age. That, however, isn't the thing of which I was reminded.

FOR MANY YEARS UNCLE Henderson was a widower. His children were grown and away, and he was foot-loose. At different times he was engaged in occupations which made it necessary for him to travel. Sometimes, between engagements, he would be "at liberty" for considerable periods. He would drop in unexpectedly on other members of the family, and, after visiting a while, he would drop out again, equally without notice. His personal habits were excellent, but in his comings and goings he was as unpredictable as any professional hobo. It never occurred to him that anyone would be interested in where he was or where he would be next.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF Henderson's movements annoyed his sister, my aunt Mary. After an absence of a couple of years, during which she hadn't heard a word from or about him, he dropped in on her one forenoon. They had a pleasant visit and a good dinner. Then, after more pleasant visiting, Henderson lit his pipe, put on his hat and went for a walk. He didn't come back for another year or two, and when he was scolded for not taking his leave in a more formal manner he was surprised that anyone should have thought it necessary.

WHILE I WAS CLERKING IN D. W. Milne's village store Henderson came to visit my father. That time he remained about a month. He was a charming companion, well read, witty and philosophical, and he and my boss, D. W., became great friends. Every morning he would show up at the store and he and D. W. would play checkers, talk politics and have a wonderful time. Then Henderson thought he would be going, and one morning I saw him off on an early train. Along in the forenoon D. W. said, "I wonder what's got Henderson this morning that he hasn't been around." "Oh," I said, "he went away on the 6 o'clock train." D. W. was shocked. He said, "It's too bad I didn't see him before he went." Months afterward I met Henderson in another town. I said "D. W. was sorry he didn't see you before you left." "See me!" he exclaimed, "Why, he'd been seeing me every day for a month."

DRIVING A SKITTISH HORSE one day Henderson was thrown from his buggy and severely shaken. Weeks later my father met a man who had heard of a man named Davies being nearly killed in a runaway accident. He wondered if he might be a relative. Knowing his brother Henderson, father thought probably he was. He investigated and found Henderson in a hospital recuperating nicely and having a fine time with the nurses. It hadn't occurred to him that any of the family might be interested in his accident. He was like that.

A FEW DAYS AGO I NOTED that up to that date I had seen no humming bird this season. Yesterday I saw one, so the neighborhood has not been abandoned by these beautiful little creatures. I would like to know if the same bird have been coming to the same locality, or if new birds appear each year. Also, I would like to know in what secluded spot they make their nest. I have been told of a young humming bird not yet able to fly being placed on a nickel, and it was so tiny that it did not nearly cover the coin.

I NEVER KNEW UNTIL Recently that some of our local ants do not care for sweet things. I had supposed that the way to tempt an ant to eat poison was to sweeten the poison. But it doesn't work with the ants that are altogether too numerous around my premises. We have fixed up for them the most tempting preparations of syrups only to have them contemptuously ignored. I am told that there are "grease" ants, that ants which prefer greasy to sweet substances. Maybe so. Anyway, sugar in any form has no attraction for them.

GERMAN BREWERS FEAR that their industry faces extinction. Pressure is being exerted in Germany to bring about the substitution of non-alcoholic beverages for beer, and the brewers are becoming quite anxious about it. A non-beer-drinking Germany would be something new under the sun. Hitler himself uses no strong liquors, and I think he doesn't even drink beer. Also, he is a vegetarian. He doesn't look like a fellow who would enjoy either a glass of beer or a good steak. Deliver me from such people!

ONE OF THE MEANEST AND most ornery men that I ever knew never drank, or smoked, or chewed tobacco, or played cards, or danced. By those whose conception of the perfect life is that of not doing things he would be considered a model of all the virtues. I don't think he ever stole a horse or a sheep, and I have no doubt that he paid his grocery and other bills and his taxes. From some standpoints he would be considered a model citizen. But there wasn't a drop of the milk of human kindness in his make-up. He didn't like anybody, and, naturally, nobody liked him. He was just a disagreeable old curmudgeon. I wonder if it might not have improved him to acquire a few of the minor vices. Perhaps not. His may have been a hopeless case.

AFTER ONE OF THE Recent rains the ground a short distance west of Grand Forks was found covered with small toads or frogs—there seems to be some doubt which. This sort of thing has happened in many localities. The first explanation usually offered is that the little creatures rained down, an explanation which usually is wrong. In most such cases the toads or frogs have been concealed in the earth and have been started hopping about by the rain.

THERE ARE CASES, OF course, in which living creatures have actually "rained" down. There is rather general knowledge of the powerful suction exerted by a tornado. A tornado at sea is a waterspout. It may lift quantities of water, together with whatever the water contains, among other things, fish. Such material, of whatever nature, may be carried many miles, to be dropped wherever the fury of the storm has spent itself. In such cases all sorts of curious objects may drop from above. Persons living near the sea in districts where severe storms are frequent are often treated to "rain" of salt water.

THE TYPICAL TORNADO IS always accompanied by a dense cloud. But on a clear day the air will sometimes take on the whirling motion which characterizes the tornado, and then we have one of those dust whirls with which everyone is familiar. Some of them are quite powerful, and as a youngster I enjoyed with others of my age getting into the path of one of those little whirls and experiencing the sensation of being partly lifted off my feet by the force of the wind. I couldn't be induced to monkey with a real tornado in that way.

CONGRESS HAS REMAINED in session long after the date at which adjournment was expected, and no adjournment is yet in sight. The session was thus prolonged because of critical conditions which demanded the immediate and earnest attention of congress. Important business is pending. Everywhere it is recognized that national defense measures are imperative. Many billions of dollars have already been appropriated for this purpose and the appropriation of still other billions will be necessary. Appropriation of money is but one item in a program of surpassing importance. Provision must be made for organization which will make available on short notice all the resources of the nation.

JUST NOW THE SENATE has before it a bill calling for the organization of the nation's manpower on a basis intended to make that power immediately accessible and effective in time of need. Involved in that measure are questions of military effectiveness and personal rights affecting the whole structure of American government. No subject involving graver possibilities has ever come before the nation in time of peace, and concerning the issues presented there are great and honest differences of opinion among men of unquestioned patriotism and intelligence. In this situation Senators Holt of West Virginia and Minton of Indiana have seen fit to engage in personal brawls on the floor of the senate, impugning each other's motives and hurling invectives at each other in a fashion rarely equaled outside of a barroom of the lowest class. It is a thoroughly disgraceful and disgusting spectacle.

A HURRICANE BLEW Inland upon the Gulf coast, killing one or more persons and doing considerable property damage. A few days earlier a tornado struck the village of Dawson, N. D., wrecked buildings and killed two persons. Still earlier a wind storm passed through a corner of North Dakota, and in northern Minnesota it uprooted trees, wrecked buildings and killed two persons.

POPULARLY THE KIND OF storm that occurred at Dawson has been described as a cyclone. Meteorologists apply to that kind of storm the name tornado, and classify as a cyclone a storm of quite different character. Gradually the scientific designations are being adopted, and more and more commonly the small, violent storm is called, a tornado, while there is a better understanding that a cyclone is a great circular movement of air, not necessarily violent, which may spread over an area hundreds or thousands of miles wide.

MOST OF THE TIME WE ARE within the influence of cyclones, although at a given point there may be no consciousness of circular movement and the wind may blow from one direction for hours or days. Within that great cyclonic movement there may be generated local storm conditions marked by strong and sometimes destructive straight winds which do not take on the form or reach the velocity of tornadoes. Again, there may be generated within the major movement the true tornado, which is always small and marked by spirally ascending currents of air, the existence of a partial vacuum in the center, and the appearance of a funnel-shaped cloud the long and irregular pendant column and a dust cloud near the earth. It was a phenomenon of that kind that occurred at Dawson and of which excellent pictures were published in the Herald a few days ago.

AN EYEWITNESS Reported that the Dawson storm lasted only a few seconds, which is characteristic of the true tornado. The violent wind which scattered tree branches and did minor damage in Grand Forks and was more severe in Minnesota lasted 15 or 20 minutes, during which the wind blew constantly from one direction. The hurricane, which in this hemisphere starts in the south Atlantic, partakes of the cyclone in form, and of the tornado in violence. In the hurricane there is a gigantic whirl with a calm center. The locality over which the center of such a storm passes experiences a violent wind blowing speedily from one direction, possibly for many hours, then a period of calm, followed by hours of wind from the opposite direction. I have never read of a tornado developing within the area of a hurricane.

AMONG THE INTERESTING developments resulting from the war is the condition in which Ireland find itself. After a long struggle southern Ireland won independent status in which the titular sovereignty of King George remains the only shadowy remnant of British control. Although Great Britain is at war, and the other dominions have become active belligerents, southern Ireland — Eire — is neutral and has declared her determination to fight, if necessary, to preserve her neutrality. Northern Ireland—Ulster— however, continues her close political association with Great Britain, and is officially at war with Germany.

IN HER WARFARE against Great Britain Germany has shown small consideration for the rights of neutrals, and there hangs over all Ireland the prospect of the landing of German troops as a convenient approach to invasion of Britain. All Ireland is united in the determination to resist a German invasion. Southern Ireland is equally determined to resist the entrance of British troops as a means of preventing a German invasion. And, with characteristic inconsistency there are now being unearthed in southern Ireland quantities of weapons which have been carefully hidden away, to be used, when a favorably opportunity presented itself, for the overthrow of the present government and the annexation of northern Ireland by force. At the same time there are being taken from secret storage in northern Ireland similar weapons which were assembled to resist by force union with the Free State. In both sections the authorities are winking at the possession and past concealment of these weapons in view of the German menace.

TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD it appears senseless and needless that Ireland should be divided. The fact that it is divided is due to the persistence among the Irish themselves of ancient quarrels and prejudices for which there remains no rational basis. There presents itself at least the possibility that out of the confusion of this war there may emerge a united and independent Ireland.

OTHER INTERESTING Possibilities present themselves on the other side of the world. India is given the promise by the British government that after the war that vast country, with its 350 million inhabitants will be given complete self-government, “going beyond even dominion status.” Just what form that relationship is to take is not stated, and it is difficult to see how there can be a greater degree of independence than that of the dominions unless the titular sovereignty of the British king is to be abolished. In all other respects, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa are as independent of Great Britain as is any other country.

AS IN IRELAND, SO IN India, the cause of unity and independence has been obstructed by local prejudices and antagonisms, many of them of religious origin, plus the varied political status of different parts of the country. Some parts of India are direct British possessions, while others are governed, at least nominally, by their own princes under varied forms of British trusteeship. To bring all these conflicting and confused elements into a reasonable degree of unity is a problem that has taxed the ability of both British and Indian statesmen for many years. If a Great War emergency shall result in cutting the knots in which the whole Indian situation has been entangled, history will be repeating itself on a grand scale.

IN PASSING THE BILL Empowering the president to call the National Guard into service the senate rejected amendments restricting that authority to the extent that without further action by congress the guard could not be called for service outside of the United State proper. If it is wise to confer such authority on the president at all in time of peace, there would be no point to the restrictions proposed. If the services of the guard are needed at all, their presence may be required for defensive purposes in territory outside the United States.

BUD ABRAHAMSON, WHO owns the Club cigar store, is also addicted to gardening, and among other things, he had worked hard, and with considerable success to keep his lawn free from dandelions. Going over the ground recently to destroy the young dandelion seedlings before they reach adult proportions, he found that the roots of every young plant that he dug up were literally alive with ants. The question is whether ants have just developed a liking for dandelions, and, if left alone, will destroy them. Bud would like to know, and so would I.

Of ways and methods of destroying ants there is no end. Some of them seem to work, and some don't. A friend has just told me of the experience of a friend of his who experimented with a new treatment. He soaked bread crumbs in alcohol and distributed them where ants were plentiful. The ants, he said, devoured the crumbs voraciously and then exhibited marked signs of intoxication, many of them coming back for more after getting the first taste. Many of the insects fought with each other, much after the fashion of drunken men. Whether the ants recovered from the debauch or died of acute alcoholism I have not been informed. Just to see how it works I shall squander a little alcohol on my ants.

A LITTLE WHILE AGO I published a request from Mrs. Geo. Dryburgh for a copy of Edgar Guest's poem "Home." The poem was published in the Herald long ago, and it is included in published volume of Guest's works, but a search of the files would be an almost endless task, and I have no copy of the book. The simplest thing seemed to be to ask for help, which I did. The first response comes from Gladys Boen, 716 south Third street, Grand Forks, who sends a carefully typewritten copy of the poem. With thanks to her I am publishing the verses entire, primarily for the benefit of Mrs. Dryburgh, who is bedridden, and also that others who may wish to preserve the poem may have an opportunity to do so.

## HOME

By Edgar A. Guest

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house  
t' make it home, A heap o' sun an' shadder, an'  
ye sometimes have t' roam Afore ye really 'preciate th  
things ye lef behind, An' hunger fer 'em somehow,  
with 'em allus on yer mind. It don't make any difference how  
rich yet get t' be How much yer chairs an' tables  
cost, how great yer luxury, It an't home t' ye, though it be  
the palace of a king, Until somehow yer soul is sort o'  
wrapped around everything.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute;  
Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it;  
Within the walls there's got to be

some babies born and then Right there ye've got t' bring 'em  
up t' women good, an' men; And gradjerly, as time goes on,  
ye find ye wouldn't part With anything they ever used—  
they've grown into yer heart; The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes  
they wore Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd  
keep the thumbmarks on the  
door.

Ye've got t' weep t' make it home,  
ye've got to sit and sigh An' watch beside a loved one's  
bed, an' know that Death is  
nigh; An' in the stillness o' the night t'  
see Death's angel come, An' close the eyes o' her that  
smiled, an' leave her sweet  
voice dumb. Fer there are scenes that grip  
the heart, an' when yet tears  
are dried, An' tuggin' at ye always are the  
pleasant memories O' her that was an' is no more—  
ye can't escape from these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance for  
years, ye've got t' romp' an'  
play, An' learn t' love the things ye  
have by usin' 'em each day; Even the roses 'round the porch  
must blossom year by year Afore they 'come part o' ye, sug-  
gestin' someone dear Who used t' love 'em long ago,  
and trained 'em jes' t' run The way they do, so's they would  
get the early mornin' sun; Ye've got t' love each brick and  
stone from cellar up t' dome: It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.

SOME CONGRESSMAN WHO seems to have little to occupy his mind brought against Wendell the other day the serious charge that his family name is really Wilkus, and that it was changed, by whom or for what purpose is not stated. Contradicting the statement another man who has known the Republican candidate intimately from boyhood says that the name has been Willkie as long as he has known the family.

WHEN THE FOREBEARS OF the present president of the United States and his distinguished cousin Theodore came to this country their name was Rosefeldt or something like that. They liked the form "Roosevelt" better, and adopted that. In changing the form of their name they did what thousands of other families have done for perfectly innocent reasons. If we could delve far enough into the records it would probably be found that few of us now bear the exact names that our ancestors bore.

IT APPEARS THAT THE Willkie family name has not been changed, at least for several generations. If it has been, what of it? And who cares? So far as I know, with the exception of the Roosevelts, American presidents have borne the surnames which were passed on to them through several generations. But there has been a good deal of elasticity about given names. Hoover dropped the Clark from his name. Woodrow Wilson's first name was Thomas, but he dropped that part of it. Nobody ever thought of Cleveland as Stephen Grover, but that was his name. I don't recall that criminal charges were filed against any of these men for dealing thus unceremoniously with their names.

ANOTHER Correspondent, Mrs. M. N. Larson, sends, not a copy of Edgar Guest's poem, "Home," but a clipped advertisement telling how copies may be obtained from the Land O'Lakes creameries of Minneapolis. Again, thanks to Mrs. Larson, who has probably seen by this time that a copy of the poem has been received and published.

Also, Mrs. Larson proposes that I act as arbiter in a dispute which she says has been raging for years. It is over the subject of skippered cheese. Referring to some mention of cheese, skippered and otherwise, in this column, she writes:

"THAT BROUGHT UP AN old argument with my brother-in-law. He used to handle a lot of cheese way back in those days and he says people went wild over that sort of cheese (skippered) and lots of them preferred it to a fresher cheese, believing that when it was skippered it was ripe for eating and in swell shape. I still claim that when cheese has skippers in it, it is ready to be thrown out, as it must be on the verge of spoiling. Isn't it the cheese fly that causes skippers? And when making cheese, isn't it important to avoid letting the cheese fly come in contact with the cheese?"

ON THIS BASIS, MRS. Larson asks me to decide whether she or her brother-in-law is right. As to the chemical and biological phases of the question, I don't know. I suppose skippers are the progeny of the cheese fly, as Mrs. Larson suggests. And I take it that in the modern plant due care is taken to exclude the flie. I don't suppose that cheese is improved by having skippers in it. But in the old days skippers seemed to be a sort of symbol of excellence, and their presence was considered evidence of good quality. The idea was that skippers would have nothing to do with poor cheese. The more skippers the better the cheese. I can testify that in our store skippered cheese was always in demand.

BUT, AFTER ALL, WHY Settle a question like that? It has served for many a lively family debate, and should be good for many more. So long as it remains unsettled it may be argued back and forth today and be fresh for another argument tomorrow, and if it is settled there may be nothing equally good to take its place.

A BRIEF NEWSPAPER Paragraph announces that Crown Princess Martha and her three children are leaving England for the United States at the invitation of President Roosevelt. A little over a year ago the crown princess and her husband, Prince Olaf, made a tour of the United States and were greeted by enthusiastic crowds wherever they went. Their visit to Grand Forks was an event long to be remembered. They mingled freely with the local people and charmed all whom they met by their friendly courtesy and the lively interest which they displayed in the varied phases of American life as they had opportunity to observe it at close hand.

IN THE ADDRESS WHICH he delivered at the University stadium Prince Olaf spoke of democracy as a universal and enduring concept. He came from one of the most completely democratic countries in the world, where the people were free to shape their lives in their own way, and where problems of government and the social order were met as they arose and dealt and dealt with in the spirit of a courageous, intelligent and independent people. The spirit of democracy in which he had been nurtured was destined, he believed, to extend its beneficent influence throughout the world and bring to human beings everywhere the blessings of peace and security.

THEN THE PRINCE AND princess were not accompanied by their children. They were left in the care of devoted kinsfolk and friends in the peaceful security of the home land. Princess Martha thought often of her children on her long journey in a foreign land. She looked forward to meeting them on her return home, and here and there she bought for them little gifts with which to make them happy. But while she thought of them often, she was troubled by no doubts of their complete safety. At home they were among friends. They dwelt in a land of grandeur, beauty and quiet peace, where everything was ordered and secure.

NOW PRINCESS MARTHA returns to the United States, bringing her children with her. This time they come, not as tourists, but as refugees. Their peaceful land has been overrun by a great military power, its cities are occupied by hostile armies, its government has been overwhelmed, its once free people are compelled to obey the orders of an invader, and the members of its royal house have been forced to exile themselves in another country, there to carry on as best they can their struggle for the preservation of Norwegian liberties.

NOT EVEN IN ENGLAND could Princess Martha and her children be secure. There, where they sought temporary refuge, the nation is engaged in a desperate struggle for existence. At any moment deadly missiles may be hurled upon city, village or farmstead, and overhead fighting squadrons of the air struggle for mastery. And now the princess is bringing her children to America that they may escape horrors of which no one dreamed when the royal guests were given such a cordial welcome here such a few months ago.

AGAIN THE PRINCESS WILL be warmly welcomed, and her children will share in their welcome. There will be no extended tours and no great public gatherings in their honor. Their visit will be tinged with sadness because of the disaster which has forced their coming. American hearts will be filled with sympathy for them and with them, and warm friends in this country will look forward hopefully to the time when they and their kin can return to their own land, from which the invader will have been forced to retire, where again family life will be secure and the institutions of democracy will again express the will and serve the needs of a free and happy people.

I HAVE HAD MORE THAN a dozen responses to my request for a copy of Edgar Guest's poem "Home," for which Mrs. George Dryburgh of Emerado sent in an appeal a couple of weeks ago. Some of the copies submitted are typewritten, while others have been copied carefully by hand. I am sure that Mrs. Dryburgh will appreciate the kindness of correspondents who have so promptly complied with her request, and on her behalf and my own I return thanks to all who have replied.

IN THIS COUNTRY, Fortunately for us, we have had no experience with air raids. Just what our reactions would be cannot be known in the absence of an actual test. To the people of Great Britain air raids have become commonplace, and the people have come to accept them as they accept the weather and other natural phenomena. H. C. Rowland, of the University music department, has a sister living in one of the great cities in the England midlands, who in a letter dated July 11, tells of six raids to which her city has been subjected up to that date. Writing of the more recent ones she says quite casually:

"WE HAVE HAD THREE AIR raids this past week. The best plan is to go to bed and not think about it. To keep calm and carry on the good work is my motto. Of course we always get up and go to the shelter.'

Just like that—all in the day's work.

A WEEKLY PAPER Published in the Welsh language in Utica, New York, has a letter from a correspondent in Wales. Some paragraphs in that letter which have been translated for me by Mr. Rowland read as follows:

"I FEAR THAT AMERICAN editors, in their inclination for the sensational, are conveying frightful facts to you which have no foundation. I do not say that England's air force is as strong as that of Germany, but I maintain that we are making as many, if not more, planes than the Nazis, and that they are made of better materials. Furthermore there is every reason to believe that our pilots are more capable than the Nazis.

"This is not said on the basis of what you call wishful thinking. Here is something that occurred over a Welsh town a few days ago, (The paper is dated August 1.) I was an eye witness:

"ABOUT A DOZEN GERMAN planes attacked the town. As soon as they appeared from somewhere in the middle of the clouds, utterly without warning to us five "Hurricanes (British attack planes) streaked like lightning from the heavens. We did not know from where they came, but a fierce air battle was immediately begun, with the planes seeming to run like ants across each other's path. We could hear the rat-tat of the guns and, although it was a completely idiotic thing to do, a big crowd of the townspeople rushed into the streets to watch the fight and cheer the British planes for the clever way in which they outwitted the Jerries by their speed and skill. We did this in spite of the fact that many spent bullets were falling around us and there was considerable danger—something like you people in the United States rushing into the streets to watch a fight between gangsters and G-men!

" S U D D E N L Y A HEAVY shower of rain descended upon us, and behold the brave beholders of the air combat rushing for shelter to their houses! They were more afraid of a shower of rain than a shower of bullets! After some five minutes of fighting the German planes turned to flee, with two of them pouring black smoke from their tails."

THERE IS A LATIN Proverb which, being freely translated, means "Of the dead, speak nothing but good." It is sometimes twisted into the injunction "Speak well of the dead," which is quite different. There are those who, in accordance with the latter injunction, seem to think it necessary to attribute to the departed super - qualities of virtue and excellence such as no human being ever possessed. It is more kindly, and more sensible, to follow the correct interpretation of the Latin quotation, remembering that which is really good and leaving the rest to the mercy of oblivion.

I WAS REMINDED OF ALL this when I read an account of the exercises at the funeral of Dr. Cook, the traveler and explorer who was a world sensation for a brief time some 30 years ago. Dr. Cook was a man of many admirable qualities. He was a skilled physician and he had acquitted himself well in many trying situations as a member of exploring expeditions. He is said also to have been a man of great personal charm, and even after dark clouds had dimmed his reputation he retained the friendship of men who had formerly been associated with him.

THE MINISTER WHO Delivered the address at the funeral dwelt appropriately on those phases of Dr. Cook's character, but he made what seemed to me a grave error in his reference to Dr. Cook's alleged discovery of the North Pole. Concerning that unfortunate episode he quoted with evident approval Dr. Cook's statement: "Others have a right to their opinion, and I have a right to mine." In his effort to remove from his subject every possible blemish the speaker took the position, in effect, that after all, Dr. Cook may have been right when searching scientific investigation, the testimony of credible witnesses and his own confessions abundantly demonstrated that he was wrong.

A EULOGY WHICH DOES violence to the known facts is no kindness to the subject of that eulogy. It had better be left unsaid. How different is the sentiment expressed in Thomas Hood's immortal poem, "The Bridge of Sighs:" Touch her not scornfully; think

of her mournfully, Gently and humanly; Not of the stains of her:—all that remains of her Now is pure womanly.

Cross her hands humbly, as if  
praying dumbly, Over her breast; Owing her weakness, her evil  
behavior, and leaving with  
meekness, Her sins to her Savior.

THIS IS CHOKECHERRY time, and the birds in the woods are feeding bountifully on one of our most familiar and abundant wild fruits. John A. Kimble, who lives on a farm a little south of the University, brought to the office the other day a small branch from a chokecherry tree which presented the unusual feature of having at the same time ripe cherries and blossoms. The cherries were of unusual size, due, doubtless, to the fact that the trees were not "wild" but had grown from seed planted by Mr. Kimble some years ago. Under the favorable conditions provided for them the trees had produced fruit of unusual quality.

THE CHOKECHERRY CROP this year seems to be quite good, but some pickers report that the clusters this year are not as full as usual. Instead of a dozen or more cherries in a single cluster, many contain only two or three. There are evidences that there have been more, either of cherries or blossoms, and there has been some guessing as to what has happened to the missing ones. One theory advanced is that the late spring frost caught some of the blossoms and permitted only two or three in a cluster to mature. Another speculation is that the high wind that accompanied one of our electrical storms may have whipped some of the cherries off. Mr. Kimble thinks that the missing cherries have been carried off by birds. This, he says, occurs regularly on his farm, and the birds will pick off the fruit when it is quite green. Among those several theories there should be plenty of food for argument.

AS AN ARGUMENT against compulsory military training and service one often hears reference made to the fact that in former years many fine Germans migrated to the United States in order that they might be free from military service which was expected of them in their own country. It is quite true that freedom from compulsory military service in the United States was a factor in inducing many natives of Germany and other European countries to move to the United States. To me, however, that fact has no bearing on the wisdom and propriety of adopting a policy of compulsory service.

WE REQUIRE THE Individual to serve his country by contributing a part of his property in the form of taxes to the maintenance of his government. If the payment of taxes were made compulsory in some countries, as it is everywhere, and voluntary in others, which it is not, undoubtedly the voluntary system would be attractive to many living where payment is compulsory. If the prospective immigrant knew of a country where there were no tax levies, and where each person could pay for the support of government whatever he thought proper and whenever he found it convenient, many would be glad to avail themselves of that perfect freedom. Nevertheless, the voluntary system would be unsound and inequitable. It would provide no assurance of adequate revenues, and it would enable the shirker to escape his just obligation.

IT IS POSSIBLE TO PLACE too much emphasis on freedom from military service as an element in bringing immigrants from Europe to the United States. Many of our finest German immigrants, of whom Carl Schurz was an outstanding example, left Germany to escape penalty for a political uprising in which he had participated or toward which he was sympathetic. They did not go to Britain, although there they would have been free from compulsory service. They came to the United States because of its free lands and its wider economic opportunities. Freedom from conscription was but one of many elements that influenced them.

SENATOR NYE THINKS that there is no reason why the people of the United States should be interested in what Hitler is doing or what he may do. Hitler, says Senator Nye, is hardly fool enough to be just headhunting. He is fighting an economic and power politics war, which is what all wars are, except those of the jungle. Therefore, thinks Mr. Nye, we can afford to view the war as disinterested spectators, not caring which side wins.

JUST HOW THE ELEMENTS of economics, and power politics and jungle lust are mingled in the war which Hitler began and is waging may not be easy to determine. There are certain concrete facts, however, which merit attention. In none of the events leading up to this war has Great Britain interfered or shown the slightest intention of interfering with the sovereignty or independence of any of the nations whose territory has been overrun by Hitler's armies, and whose institutions he has declared, must conform to the pattern which he designs. There seems to be a difference, though Senator Nye is unable to perceive it.

IS SENATOR NYE SO NAIVE as to suppose that if and when Hitler has disposed of Great Britain to his satisfaction he will stop there? Is he so oblivious to plain facts as to suppose that under modern conditions the Atlantic ocean constitutes a bar to ambition? Is he utterly ignorant of the fact that for years Hitler's agents have been diligently at work building fifth columns all over South America, and that if the British empire falls the war between democracy and totalitarianism will immediately be on in full force throughout the southern continent? Is he so childlike as to think that when dictators rule supreme in all the rest of the world the United States can survive and maintain its free institutions, alone, unarmed, shut off from all outside contacts except on such terms as may be prescribed by the dictator? If Mr. Nye's statements are to be taken at their face value he must believe those impossibilities, but I suspect that Mr. Nye does not believe all that he seems to believe.

FOR ANYONE INTERESTED in the possibilities of intensive gardening in a small place I suggest a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Fairweather, 111 North Seventh street. The Fairweather lot is not large, having a frontage of only 38 feet, and most of the front is necessarily occupied by the residence, so that the rear is pretty much hidden from the street. There the visitor, standing on a neat lawn, 'faces a gorgeous mass of color such as I think I have never before seen in such a small space.

THE REAR LOT IS DIVIDED approximately down the center, the south half being a closely clipped and immaculate lawn, while the north half is devoted to flowers. The edge is arranged in graceful curves, bordered by low-growing flowering plants. Back of the border rise taller plants, graded as to height, so that full effect is given to all the thousand blooms.

I SHOULD BE AFRAID TO guess at the number of plants, but there must be many hundreds, with scores of species, and at this season the growth has reached such a stage that there isn't an inch of vacant space, although every plant has had room to develop properly. While there are a few perennials, most of the plants are annuals, all grown from seed by Mr. Fairweather in a little collapsible greenhouse which is taken down and stored when not in use. Last spring Mr. Fairweather had over 100 flats, of the large size used by florists, filled with seedlings, many of which were given to friends for their own gardens. Spaces down the border are several decorative posts surmounted by ornamental lights which are often turned on at night, and at one side of the lawn is an outdoor fireplace, at which, on a pleasant summer evening, Mrs. Fairweather cooks the evening meal.

MR. FAIRWEATHER IS Employed by the city, and all of the work pertaining to the garden is a labor of love, and of imagination, done in his spare time. A home-made sprinkler in regular use is a work of art. In appearance it might be taken for a floor lamp, and it would serve quite well as a parlor ornament. When a hose is attached to the base and the water is turned on a graceful spray rises from the top, just wide enough to cover the lawn. That bit of art work was made by Mr. Fairweather from scraps which he picked up here and there, and he says it didn't cost him a cent. The lot is a demonstration of what can be done with a small lot by someone who loves gardening and has a vision of what a garden can be made to be.

WHEN THE EDITOR OF THE Bankers Magazine was walking through the operating department of a western bank he noticed a pink slip of paper on the floor. Kicking it with his foot he asked the auditor if it was something important.

"No," said the auditor, "the color tells me what it is."

"By the way," I asked, "where are your waste baskets."

"We have none," he said. "We insist upon our operators throwing everything on the floor. Waste baskets are dangerous. A check or other voucher might easily get into a waste basket, and be overlooked. If it is on the floor, we can't help but see it. We can tell in some cases by the color what it is. If we don't know what it is, we stop and examine it.

"If we lose a check, we can see it almost instantly, because, as a matter of fact, there are not very many pieces of waste paper that must actually be thrown away. Those that are to be thrown away are thrown on to the floor where everyone can see them.

"WE HAD AN EXPERIENCE not long ago, which showed us how important it is to keep everything in sight. Three checks were lost in our bookkeeping department. We looked everywhere (we thought) the day they were lost; we again looked everywhere (almost) the following day. It was the third day before they were discovered. Then they were found under a desk pad which had been used by one of the bookkeepers.

"He remembered then that he had slipped them under there for a temporary purpose, and then had forgotten where they were because they were put under so far that they were not noticeable. Naturally, we eliminated the desk pads. We want everything in sight. If something is to be thrown away, we throw it on the floor."

THAT REMINDS ME OF A. E. Wood, who edited the Grand Forks Plaindealer for a time when I worked on that paper. Wood didn't throw things on the floor. It was too much trouble to throw them, so he just dropped them. It was a part of his job to look over the exchanges, and when he got through with a paper he merely dropped it, to fall where it would, and by the time he got through a pile of exchanges he would be almost invisible in the mass of crumpled paper which surrounded him.

I LIKE A GOOD MANY YOUNG people in all parts of the world, Townsley French, son of Dean French, of the University medical school, has for some time conducted correspondence with young people of both sexes in foreign lands, boys and girls whom he has never seen, and few of whom he is likely ever to see. Through the medium of this international letter-writing warm friendships have developed, and undoubtedly the correspondents have learned many things about each others' countries which are not to be found in the textbooks. Several college and other groups act as clearing-houses for addresses of persons who wish to engage in this type of correspondence. I have received from Townsley several letters from his distant friends, and I find them most interesting.

TWO OF THE LETTERS ARE from a girl in Somers county, England, one written June 7 and the other July 22 both of this years. The writer is employed in the office of a cheese factory. Her letters are well phrased, chatty and humorous, and I feel quite certain that the young lady would be a pleasant person to know. She, also, has several foreign correspondents. She has received some photographs from a girl in Missouri, and has promised to send some of the scenes in her own locality, which is very pretty, but she writes:

"Not wishing to be 'shot at dawn' I'm going to hold on to any I take for the time being, and send them over when the situation is a little less stained."

The war imposes restrictions even on the kind of correspondence.

THE SOMERSET GIRL writes of the war as something unfortunate and disagreeable, but which is to be taken in one's stride. As an illustration of the reeling in her community she writes this:

"A laddie has just come in for a few minutes, and Dad was telling him that Hitler was asking the people to pray for peace. After thinking a second the boy replied in his partly Somerset dialect, 'Ah,' but we don't ask our people to pray for peace, do us? We ask 'em to pray for Victory!"

"THAT," WRITES THE Somerset girl, "is how all Englishmen are thinking just now. We all wanted peace more than anything else in the world, but it was evidently not to be. I suppose you will be thinking that talk of victory is rather like counting one's chickens before they are hatched sort of thing, but you know there is a saying that Britain has a habit of losing every battle but the last one."

IN ANOTHER LETTER MISS Somerset writes of her experience in an air-raid shelter as "amusing," and continues: "We realize perfectly well, though, that probably some poor things not far away are suffering. That's why I wish so much it would come to an end. But actually our A. R. P. system is a swell job. Where I work I know most of the men who go on duty, and they go off when the siren sounds, complete with the hats and all, etc's., like shots from guns, and if it wasn't for the tragedy underlying the whole thing it would be positively funny. As it is, we make ourselves forget the tragic side as long as we are able, and go gaily on. I'm not suggesting that we shall still go calmly and serenely on if old Adolph's worst is as bad as he is trying to make us believe, but our slogan is 'Go to it!' as you may probably have heard, and so far we are managing to do that quite gaily."

IN CLOSING HER LATEST letter this spirited girl writes:

"If this is going to be a battle of the air alone I guess we shall win. I have several friends in the force. Really, our airmen have been wonderful so far. If we can give them enough planes we shall win; we must win. So that's that."

GOOD GIRL! MAY SHE LIVE long to rejoice in the realization of her hopes.

I find I have given so much space to this letter that I must postpone mention of others until tomorrow.

YESTERDAY I QUOTED from a letter received by Townley French from a girl correspondent somewhere in Somerset, England. Other letters that I have had opportunity to examine are from a girl in Australia and young men in southern England, Czechoslovakia and Albania. Like the Somerset correspondent, the Australian girl is employed in a large business office. She writes that she was born in Batu Gajah, in the Malay peninsula, but lived there only a few years and then settled for a time in New Zealand, later moving to West Australia and then going to work in Sydney.

WITH MOST OF US OUR ideas of distances and directions in the antipodes are rather vague, and we lump Australia, New Zealand and the East Indies merely as spots on the map, all in the same general locality. But in distance the journeys of this Australian girl would be comparable in a way to those of an American girl who might be born in Alaska, then moved to Boston, then to San Francisco, and at the age of 20 found herself typing in a business office in Chicago or New Orleans.

AUSTRALIA, LIKE THE Other dominions, is at war. All the boys, writes the correspondent, are in Khaki, and the women and girls are "furiously knitting." Upon the entrance of Italy into the war all unnaturalized Italians were placed in concentration camps by the police. Their shops were closed and the windows were sealed up with white paper and large yellow stickers bearing the words "Closed under Commonwealth authority."

THE WRITER EXPRESSES the hope that the censor will not mutilate her letter too much, and she writes "Something tells me that he may not fall in love with the second paragraph on the page —however, I'll just trust to luck." The young lady's hunch was correct. The censor didn't like that second paragraph and he clipped it out very neatly. More than that he also clipped out the fourth paragraph, concerning which the writer had no misgivings. Naturally, one wonders what important secrets those two paragraphs contained.

THE SYDNEY GIRL Acknowledges receipt of some American magazines. Although printed in English, she says they are "as remote from our papers as though written in French or German. Both she and the other correspondents display a lively interest in American college matters, courses of study, etc., in which the arrangements are quite different from their own.

A YOUNG MAN Correspondent writes from Gravesend, an important naval station which has since been the scene of many bombings. His letter was written September 20, 1939, when the war was only three weeks old. That seems a long time ago. The writer mentions air raid alarms, some "practice," and some the real thing. Children had been evacuated from danger points in anticipation of the mass attacks, which, however, were deferred for months. The writer had volunteered for air service, but had not been accepted, as at that time the R. A. F. had all the men it needed.

GAS MASKS, SAYS THE writer, were at first considered a nuisance, but had become commonplace, and many of the people had raid shelters in their gardens. Blackout regulations were strict. All house lights were required to be screened and shaded so as not to show from the outside. This writer says: "And now, at last, we are at war, to enable us to build a world of decency and freedom — probably some type of federal union, which seems to be advocated by the majority."

A LETTER FROM A YOUTH in Czechoslovakia wrote in June, 1938, three months after Hitler's annexation of Austria, and the writer wonders what he intends to do about Czechoslovakia. The German minority, he says, "has the best minority position all over the world." The Germans, he writes, "wish to provoke our nation and in case of war between Germany and Czechoslovakia they wish to occupy our state. But every impartial looker on the international situation in Europe knows that it is quite impossible for a democratic nation with 15,000,000 inhabitants to invade Germany with 75,000,000 inhabitants . . . Therefore I thank you for the sympathy you have for my nation, and if you would sometimes hear something wrong about our republic and about our democracy, please, be so kind and inform this person about the right situation in Czechoslovakia."

THIS CORRESPONDENT writes that he is 20 years old, 5 ½ feet tall, knows Czech and German, but little English. He has a hobby for stamp collecting," but I like very much women and smoke also very much. Sometimes I drink some beer."

A PATHETIC LETTER IS that from a young chap in Albania, whose family, he writes, was once well off, but now, "better not ask." "I am so poor," he writes, "that sometimes I go to bed without eating." He knows Italian and French, but no English. His letter was written for him by a girl friend, who also paid the postage, as he had no money. The letter is three years old, and the writer was then hoping for some means to reach America and go to school here. I wonder what has become of him in the chaos which has overtaken Europe. His own country has been seized by Italy and the whole continent is in a ferment.

SUCH A BATCH OF LETTERS makes one think of the enormity of the crime which has plunged so much of the world into war. These young people, living in different lands and speaking different languages have in common the love of home and of freedom. They are bright, eager and wholesome. They want to be free to live their lives decently, cheerfully and happily, but the ambition of one man says that they shall not have that privilege.

MANY LOCAL PEOPLE have visited Bemidji and vicinity and have seen evidence of the storm which worked havoc in the forests of that neighborhood. Some Grand Forks people were in the storm itself and will long remember the experiences of that early morning when it seemed that all the fury of the elements was let loose upon them. I have just had a letter from Rev. W. Murray Allan, who, writing from Cass Lake, describes some of the work of the great storm. Mr. Allan writes:

"THE STORM WHICH Passed through Grand Forks about three weeks ago had the appearance of two funnel shaped forms as it passed over Bemidji about 3 A.M. (It hit the Forks about 3:30 as I remember it). It struck Star Island about 3:10 and lasted just 20 minutes. The results are tragic. Star Island, Pike Bay and Norway Beach bore the brunt of it and the Island took the real licking. I thought at first from the shape of things that it must have been a tornado.

"CHIEF LITTLE WHITE Cloud, hereditary chief of the Mississippi Chippewa Indians told me it was a hurricane which was an exceptional thing so far north but not without record possibly once in two hundred years. The forestry department here believe it to have been a cyclone. Now the author of 'Wind, Sand and Stars' bears that out. The great Norways are twisted like corkscrews, uprooted like radishes and broken off and as if a flame had passed through them. It has to be seen to be appreciated. I have made my way over the island as the old tracks are blocked. You climb almost house top, cat like in places, but you can get through to Lake Windago. It is amazing to contemplate the damage done.

"THE FORESTRY Department estimated after a survey just completed that 3 ½ million feet of Norway pine lies on the ground; 250,000 white pine and 200,000 jack pine as well as birch and oak. It is worth on the ground I am told some \$10 per thousand feet. The loggers are to get it this winter on bids. They are objecting because the government insists that they clean up as they go and not leave it as in olden days with the stumps left.

"MANY OF THE TREES ranged in age from 185 years to a few 300 years old. Many of them were poorly rooted it is true and near the end of their days. Others were in good shape, however, and it must have taken a powerful storm, to do in a few minutes what they suffered. So the Cathedral beneath the towering Pines is no more except to some of us a Glorious Memory which will never die.

"PIKE'S BAY AND NORWAY Beach are also in bad shape. Interesting to know that with about 600 people on the island and many cottages destroyed no one was hit though many had to flee for refuge.

"THE FORESTRY MAN feels that much good may come out of it though the loss is irreparable. He was broken hearted. He had nursed this island for 20 years and knew these pines and loved them as we do old friends. The younger trees will have a chance to come along though great care will have to be taken not to allow the scrub to get head way.

THAT STORM HAS BROUGHT to Mr. Allan some thoughts which I pass on to readers as follows:

"So I wonder if the present storm blowing so hard across the world may not in the end prove beneficial though it is difficult to see it now. We stand too close to it to get the right perspective. But, as we count time and measure things in terms of the years and centuries and not the days, only we do see the Good and Goodness, Truth and Justice and Love triumph. Something far more tragic is at work in the world of our day but as the prophet said "In the end It shall speak and not lie". I find Masfield's "The Seekers" a great poem for today and I think a rereading of "The Present Crisis" would do us all good.

"HOW THE DEVIL MUST Enjoy seeing man fly," says someone but that machine has also served mankind and will serve him creatively. It is Tire of England' as I write this but with all of her mistakes she represents a spiritual element. She speaks of liberty of thought, political and religious liberty, freedom of art, science and literature. That has died, with Hitler. France bears witness to it today. I am interested in George Counts fine book on American Democracy.

"His nine points on The Avoidance of War' is about the policy we are following today. I see where they bombed Kinross the other day and that is where my ancestors came from on my father's side before taking up residence in Edinburgh also under fire. I do not believe even in the face of last minute bulletins gleaned from the Herald that Hitler will take Britain."

THANKS TO F. M. Loudenbeck, of the East Grand Forks nursery, for an armful of magnificent glads. The specimens are as fine as I have ever seen, with thick, sturdy stalks, long, full spiked, and individual blossoms of unusual size, color and form. I am utterly ignorant of the names of different varieties of glads, but, whatever their names, some I of these must be as rare and choice as they are beautiful.

MR. LOUDENBECK HAS been more successful this year with glads than many others have been. I have heard complaint of disease which, attacking the bulbs, spreads up the stalks and ruins many of the plants. I have a few that are just coming into bloom. They are not especially large, but appear healthy. A neighbor has a white one that is fully five feet tall, with a spike at least two feet long.

FOR YEARS AND YEARS, AS I have driven onto the University campus at night, I have missed the right entrance because of darkness. Ornamental pillars have marked the two entrances for a long time, but there have been no lights to mark their position at night. I have wondered, as many others have done, why lights were not installed when the process was so simple and the University generates its current in its own plant. At last those entrances are lighted, thanks to the class of 1940, which provided the funds for the installation. I know of no class memorial which will be more greatly appreciated by persons who have occasion to visit the University campus at night, and the fixtures are also attractive by day.

MRS. JOE McCABE OF Manvel, writes that she has seen hawk moths foraging for food in the daytime. They have visited her window box as early as 9 A.M., and she has been able to obtain close-up views of them, observing their size, which is a little less than that of the humming bird, and the crosswise markings on their bodies. It is not unusual to see a few of these moths flitting about rather early in the day, although they are seen in greater numbers toward the evening. A row of four-o'clocks, whose blossoms open late in the afternoon, is sure to attract many of them, and occasionally they appear in large flocks.

EVERY DAY, LATELY, I SEE one or two humming birds making their customary tours of the neighborhood gardens. No matter how familiar they are it is always a pleasure to watch them, moving as if by magic from flower to flower until the entire circuit is completed, and then darting off like bullets, presumably for home. Somewhere, I suppose, not far away is a tiny nest in which may be a family of little humming birds so small as to be scarcely visible, but in which are all the rudiments of the beauty, courage and energy of the parents—a lot of life packed in small compass.

I HAVE JUST BEEN WATCHING a group of six or eight grackles which I suppose are all of one family, which are doing a systematic and thorough job of hunting on my neighbor's lawn. The grackle is a beautiful bird with an evil reputation. Its black body and glossy head and neck plumage give it a distinctive appearance, and it walks in a stately manner quite unlike that of the hippety-hop of many other birds. It has the reputation, no doubt deserved, of invading the homes of other birds, consuming their eggs, and even destroying their young.

BUT WITH ALL ITS BAD traits the grackle is an effective destroyer of insects. Those not under observation have been busy hunting grasshoppers, and they are very successful at it. Let one of them get on the train of a hopper, and that hopper is pretty sure to be a goner, and the birds seem to have disposed of every hopper on that bit of lawn in view. Not only do they attack grasshoppers, but they dispose of a great number of small insects. They do not confine their operations to the open, but they search diligently through the flower beds where insect may be hiding, as the nesting season for most birds is over there are no nests for the grackles to rob, and as they are not doing any damage now, I am glad to have them around.

AMONG THE MORE familiar birds that appear on our lawns the robin is usually cock of the walk, but when the grackle appears the robin must keep his place and mind his p's and q's. The different species seem to get along fairly well together, but when a robin gets in the way of a grackle it is the robin that must move. Perhaps that's what makes the robin act so like a bully when the grackle isn't around. There are people like that, too.

PEOPLE WHO KNOW ABOUT those things say that burglars are more afraid of a little dog than of a big one. The big dog, of course, can bite harder, but there is more of him, and he can be reached in the dark and offers something with which to grapple. But the little dog is fully as noisy, if not more so, and he is all over the place at once, as difficult to reach as a fly or a mosquito, while his shrill barking is even more likely to wake up neighbors.

MRS. MARGARET Mulligan has a tiny Pom, about half-pint size, which sounded an alarm the other night enough to rouse a regiment. His mistress was aroused by his excited barking, and at the same time she heard sounds as of someone leaving the rear of the house. Cato rushed to the foot of the stairs, barked with all his might, and then ran to the closed outer door and continued his barking. Presently all was quiet. Cato, having done his duty as guardian of the premises, retired quietly to rest. How he would have mangled a burglar if he could have got hold of one!

WAR ISN'T WHAT IT USED to be. At the fair grounds on Thursday evening we had a demonstration on a miniature scale of one phase of modern warfare. An artillery unit went through the movements employed in actual combat. Spectators saw the guns moved into place swiftly and precisely and admired the skill with which the big trucks were wheeled into place and the exactness with which all the operations of loading and firing were performed. But it required the lucid explanations of Colonel Hansen to give the people even an inkling of what it was all about. For there was no enemy in sight, and for all the spectators could see, the guns were fired into empty air.

ON THAT OCCASION THE mythical enemy was seven miles away, invisible to the man who manned the guns and the officers who directed their movements. Presumably if that had been an actual battle, enemy shells would have been dropping somewhere in the vicinity of the fairground. That would have been the only tangible evidence to the soldiers of the existence of an enemy. And seven miles is but a stone's throw in the warfare of today. From emplacements in France the Germans are shelling the English coast twenty miles away, and they say that their big guns can easily reach London. Nearly a quarter of a century ago the Germans bombarded Paris from a point nearly 80 miles away.

THE AIRPLANE AND THE tank have in some measure revived the element of personal combat, but the heavy work of armies is conducted at long range by men who know of each other's whereabouts only through messages received from distant observers. The cavalry charge has passed into history, and even the infantry no longer fights in mass formation. Its men are scattered all over the terrain and make themselves as nearly invisible as possible.

ALL THIS OPERATES TO take much of the thrill out of battle. Instead of waiting until he can see the whites of the enemy's eyes the soldier listens for the sound of the enemy's distant and invisible guns. But death is there, as it was in the days of Alexander, and Caesar, and Napoleon, and Grant and Lee. And there are long marches in snow and rain, and sleepless nights on the cold ground, and weariness and filth, and suffering as acute as that at Valley Forge. War remains, as it always was, the last resort of desperate men. Its glamor and romance are gone. Yet, in defense of the things that they hold most dear, men will still endure all its horrors. Sometime, let us hope, there will be a better way.

NEED OF THE UNITED States for more air and naval bases for adequate defense of the canal has long been recognized by most authorities. War developments abroad have brought the acquisition of such bases prominently into the present picture. The present prospect is that leases will be obtained for bases in several British possessions in or near the Caribbean and possibly in Canada and Newfoundland.

THE DESIRABILITY OF this action seems to me clear but I am not convinced that the method which seems likely to be employed is the best. The plan appears to be for the administration to acquire the desired bases by executive order, which, apparently can be done legally and constitutionally, and in accordance with some historical precedent. For this no approval either by congress at large or by the senate will be required. While such approval is not necessary, it seems to me highly desirable.

IN THIS INSTANCE President Roosevelt is following a characteristic course. When he decides that a thing is desirable, he wants to do it at once, on his own motion, without consulting anyone. He thought that a great power plant at Passamaquoddy would be a good thing. He thought a canal across Florida would be another good thing. Therefore, under large and extraordinary powers which he had demanded of congress, and which had been given, he spent millions on starting those projects, although their completion would require other hundreds of millions, and congress was not consulted. His attitude might be expressed this way:

"I have spent millions on those jobs. Now they must be finished or that money will be wasted. Now what are you going to do about it?"

EXTENSION OF OUR Military defenses far beyond their present scope is bound to have an important and permanent influence on American policy, and such a matter is sufficiently grave to be submitted at least to the senate of the United States. And I have no doubt that if Mr. Roosevelt had in the past displayed a disposition to work with congress instead of trying to force things through congress, he would have had the backing of the senate in the acquisition of new bases, something which appears to me altogether desirable.

THE ALWAYS Interesting editor of "Topics" in the New York Times, commenting on the appropriateness of the selection of Elwood, Indiana, as the place for the delivery of the Willkie acceptance speech, reminds his readers that Indiana is the center of things in these United States.

"Elwood, Indiana," he writes, "is a particularly good place for a presidential nominee to identify himself with. Indiana is the center of the nation in the sense that ever since 1890 the center of population in the decennial federal census has been situated in Indiana. The center of population is a point where a man may take his stand and have the same number of millions of fellow-Americans—and voters—stretching out in every direction.

I HAD AN IMPRESSION that at the last census it developed that the center of population had shifted over into Illinois, but probably I have been mistaken about that. But I think the Times writer doesn't describe the center of population quite accurately in that he fails to take into account the element of distance. For instance, if the city of New York, with all its seven million people should be moved to a point only a few miles east of the present center, the observer there would still have the same number of people in all directions from him, but the center of population would have shifted perceptibly.

I HAVE SEEN THE CENTER of population rather effectively explained by using for illustration the elements of both distance and weight. Imagine the United States to be a gigantic plane, with all the people distributed as they are. The center of population would be the point at which the plane, so loaded, would exactly balance.

THE BILLBOARD IS Described in its caption as "The world's foremost amusement weekly." I suppose that is correct. Among American publications, at any rate, there is nothing that compares with it as a vehicle of information concerning what is doing in the amusement world. Everything in the line of amusement is covered in its pages, from high-class drama to street carnivals. It devotes itself chiefly to recording the movements and doings of the great army of those who make a business of entertaining other people rather than to scholarly criticism of their performance.

THIS WEEK'S BILLBOARD has on its cover page a fine portrait of Maxwell Anderson, former North Dakota University student, and long in the front rank of American dramatists. The magazine reminds its readers that Anderson has received more major awards for play-writing than any other American and that he is the one American playwright who has achieved major acclaim through use of the blank verse form. It gives this thumbnail biography of the famous playwright:

"HE WAS BORN IN Atlantic City in 1888, and, after graduating from North Dakota University and receiving an M.A. from Stanford, he spent two years teaching school. He then became an editorial writer, serving on The San Francisco Bulletin and Chronicle and The New Republic from 1914 to 1918, and on The Globe and The World in New York from 1918 to 1924. His first play was "The White Desert," produced in 1923, but he did not score his first success until the following year, when "What Price Glory?" on which he collaborated with Laurence Stallings, was produced by Arthus Hopkins. He followed with a number of plays of varying success, most with a social bias, and branched out into the blank verse form with "Elizabeth the Queen," which the Theater Guild presented in 1930 with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the leading roles."

ANDERSON HAS RECENTLY gone into the producing department of dramatics, having organized, with several associates, the Playwrights' company, Recently he appeared in a new role, that of spokesman for a group of neighbors who asked a New York court to relieve them of the nuisance of pigs. Near the suburban district in which Anderson and his friends live had been established a colony of transients who kept pigs—lots of them—as a means of providing themselves with food, and the odor from the camp was terrific. The people said they couldn't live in such an atmosphere. Anderson said that unless the nuisance were abated he would be obliged to leave his home. The court compromised by ordering the number of camp pigs to be restricted to twenty.

WAITING AT THE THIRD street crossing the other day for a train to pass, I notice idly, the lettering on the cars as they went by. They were all refrigerators, a solid train of them, surely a mile long, and I thought of the changes that have been wrought in the life of the people by refrigeration, and within just a few years. Not only is mechanical refrigeration on a commercial scale a very recent development, but the cooling properties of ice, although one of the most familiar things in nature, have been utilized by the masses of the American people for only a short time, and not at all by those in many other parts of the world.

MY EARLY BOYHOOD WAS spent within a stone's throw of a river on which ice formed to the thickness of a foot or more every winter, and the ice was to be had by any who chose to cut it. Yet I never saw an icebox until I was 15 years old, and I am quite sure that none of the farmers in the neighborhood put up ice for summer cooling. The one refrigerator which I remember was in the village store where I went to work. My boss, a resourceful fellow, had built in the store a refrigerator according to his own specifications. It was really a small room, about six feet square, and high enough for a man to stand upright in it. The wooden walls and ceiling were double, with the space between filled with sawdust. Inside was a tank to contain ice. In that enclosure was kept meat and other perishables, and to the customers it was a marvel of efficiency.

IT WAS PART OF MY JOB to keep ice in the tank. We had no icehouse, but the ice was stored on an unused barn floor. A layer of sawdust was placed on the floor, and on this the ice was piled, then covered with sawdust. That was the entire refrigerating equipment, and it was the only one in the community. In a city store where I worked later we handled many perishables, but had no refrigeration, not even ice for drinking water.

SOME OF THE MORE Elaborate city homes may have had their own domestic ice-boxes, but I have no recollection of them, and the family where I lived, though well-to-do, had none. Every family had a cellar which was usually quite cool. There central heat, and the basement had yet to

I SUPPOSE SOME OF THE railway cars were iced for the transportation of fruits, but the process, if used at all, was only for special shipments. Consequently, with us southern fruit were rare and expensive. Of course in our part of the country fresh fruits, locally grown, were abundant in the summer. Apples lasted all winter. We had practically no canned fruits, for there were few canning factories and their product was costly. Domestic canning in the modern way was unknown. Small fruits were made into rich preserve, which would keep without being hermetically sealed.

REFRIGERATION HAS Revolutionized the food habits of millions of Americans. Trains loaded with fresh fruits, meats and vegetables are continually speeding back and forth, and the products of any locality are brought fresh and in good condition into any other locality within a few hours, or a few days at most, and even in rural districts where local refrigeration is not yet available the good road and the automobile have brought the people into close contact with markets which are supplied daily with goods from a thousand miles away.

DEVELOPMENT OF Refrigeration has created a great industry which, in turn, has stimulated a vast number of other industries. Without it transportation companies would lack an important part of their present business. It has aided in surmounting the barriers between producer and consumer. It has made possible the cultivation of otherwise unproductive acres, and it has provided for the tables of the common people pleasant and nutritious foods which otherwise would have been beyond their reach. And not least among its many benefits, it has simplified and lightened the work of the housewife.

DALE HARRISON, WHOSE interesting column appears daily on this page, complains about the noise made by planes passing over Manhattan on their way to and from LaGuardia field just across the East river on Long Island. Until the new airport was built planes with passengers and mail for New York grounded at the Jersey airport and didn't disturb the New Yorkers. Now they fly right over the skyscrapers, penthouses, offices and apartments, as many as 150 in a day, and the noise they make terrifies the New Yorkers and shatters their nerves.

I CAN APPRECIATE THE feeling of Harrison and his friends as the quiet of their peaceful city is broken by the drones of engines overhead and the whirring of propellers. I can remember well how at the age of three I was terrified by the sight of my first railway train. But gradually I became toughened, and I'm no longer afraid of trains, if I am at a safe distance. So with airplanes. Take Grand Forks, for instance. Planes have been flying over the city once in a while for several years. At first they startled us, and there was a tendency to dodge when we saw one coming. Now we don't mind them—scarcely at all—and I have no doubt that the New York people will in time become accustomed to the unusual noise which breaks the silence of their city, and that they will come through with nerves steady, pulse regular, and breathing normal.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED from a - Devils Lake friend a paragraph from a letter written some months ago by a stamp collector in New Zealand to a fellow Philatelist in Devils Lake. My correspondent submits the paragraph, not only on account of the optimism expressed by the writer, but as a fine example of mixed metaphor. The paragraph reads:

"THIS WAR BUSINESS IS quite a remarkable situation, with both sides waiting to strike first, but the repeal of the arms embargo by the United States sure made Hitler think, and the SWINE will have to do a lot of deep thinking, and so will his fellow TOAD, Ribbentrop, a SNAKE, if anyone ever was."

THAT REMINDS ME OF THE famous metaphorical mixture attributed to Sir Boyle Roche, famous member of the Irish parliament in the eighteenth century, who is reported to have said in a speech:

"Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat. I see him floating in the air. But, Mr. Speaker, I will nip him in the bud."

SIR BOYLE WAS FAMED AS a wit and for his inverted and distorted figures of speech. Like Lincoln he has had attributed to him many things that he never said. One statement credited to him, and which seems to be accepted as veracious, occurred in a debate on the union of England and Ireland, which Sir Boyle heartily supported. Supporting the plan he said that he would have "the two sisters (England and Ireland) "embrace like one brother."

ANOTHER IRISHMAN, Unknown, with a gift for making "bulls," deplored the disunion in his country. Catholics, he said, were all the time fighting Protestants, and Protestants fighting Catholics, and he didn't see why they couldn't all live together in peace and do their fighting like Christians.

IT WAS ONLY RECENTLY that I learned that the mourning dove is classified as a game bird, and that there is an open season for it, as for other game birds. My idea has been that a game bird is one that is shy and elusive, rather hard to find, and quick on the getaway. Certainly the mourning dove doesn't comply with those specifications. I see mourning doves in my back yard every day. They are tamer than robins and often I have approached them near enough to knock them over with a stick. In the country they will stay in full view until one is within a few feet of them, and as to shooting them, there would be about as much sport in shooting a cow. Their note is a mournful one, but they consume a lot of insects and weed seeds.

**ARRIVING AT NEW YORK** last Tuesday, the refugee ship American Legion had among her passengers Crown Princess Martha of Norway and her two children, who came to the United States at the invitation of President Roosevelt and who will be his guests. The voyage of the American Legion across the Atlantic was followed in this country with keen interest because of the menace to her safety from mines and other dangers during the first days of her trip.

**THE SHIP STARTED ON** her hazardous trip from Petsamo, the Finnish port on the Arctic coast, and both British and German governments were notified by Washington of her departure, her destination and the course which she would follow, and the Belligerent governments were informed that the United States government "expected" that the ship would not be molested. The German government replied that it could not be responsible for the safety of the ship as it had mined the waters through which its course was charted and urged that a different route be taken. On the recommendation of the American army and navy high command the route originally chosen was followed.

**BACK OF THE VOYAGE OF** the American Legion and the German effort to have its course changed is the story of the determined effort of the Nazi machine to overthrow and permanently obliterate the Norwegian royal house and set up in its stead a puppet regime which would be subservient to Berlin.

**SHORTLY AFTER THE** German invasion of Norway King Haakon and Crown Prince Olav escaped to the mountains, evading traps which had been set for them by the Germans. Later they made their way to England. Princess Martha made her way to Sweden, to the court of her grandfather, King Gustaf. The German minister of Oslo was severely reprimanded for lack of foresight in permitting the escape of the royal family.

**THEN BEGAN A Persistent** effort to bring about the abdication of King Haakon and the elimination of his entire family in order that there might remain nothing to tie Norwegian sentiment to the former regime. A demand was made on Haakon that he abdicate for himself and all his descendants. This he indignantly refused. Then Norwegians who had been brought under German influence asked that he resign in favor of his son Olav. He replied that he would do nothing that was not for the interest of the Norwegian people. Olav refused emphatically to consider any such plan.

**FAILING IN THIS Direction,** the Germans brought pressure to bear on Princess Martha. A delegation from Oslo, allegedly representing the highest political circles, arrived in Stockholm to urge the crown princess to accept a regency in the name of her little son, Prince Harold, who would be proclaimed king of Norway by a "free" popular vote such as Hitler knows so well how to engineer. The princess scorned the proposal, which meant the betrayal not only of her husband, but of the Norwegian people. Even the elderly King Gustaf was persuaded to urge this course on his granddaughter.

**IN ALL THIS PRESSURE,** from politicians who posed as Norwegian patriots, from Berlin, and even from members of her own family, the gallant princess stood firm, rejecting every dishonorable proposal that was made to her. In this she had the support of her mother, Princess Ingeborg of Sweden, sister of King Christian of Denmark, who encouraged her to stand fast.

**IN THIS CRITICAL Situation** the princess received and accepted a personal invitation from President Roosevelt to board the American Legion and come to the United States and bring her children with her. But the danger did not end with her embarkment on the American ship. A well-informed and trustworthy correspondent says that the German effort to have the course of the American Legion changed was pursuant to a plan to intercept the ship and have the princess and her children forcibly removed and taken back to Norway. It is under those circumstances to the United States after a peaceful and happy vacation spent in this country only a little over a year ago.

**SOMEONE CALLED UP THE** other night to inquire what are the official state colors of North Dakota. I had never thought of it, and was unable to answer. I found, however, that the same question had been asked by others, and that they were unable to find that any state colors had ever been designated for North Dakota. The state university has as its official colors pink and green, these having been selected, presumably, because they are the colors of the wild rose, one of the state's most familiar and most beautiful native flowers. The wild rose is also the official floral emblem of the state, having been so designated by an act of the legislature in 1907. This was long after the selection of the university colors.

**MOST OF US ARE Familiar** with the statement "as Maine goes, so goes the Union." The political complexion of Maine in a given year being presumed to be that of the nation as a whole. A paragraph quoted in the Readers' Digest objects to the use of Maine as the exclusive barometer of national sentiment on the ground that several other states, including North Dakota, have registered themselves with the majority in presidential elections invariably during the past 40 years.

**THE OBJECTOR, I THINK**, misses the real point. Maine's state elections are held in September, and in presidential years the Maine state elections are watched with special interest because of their possible bearing on the presidential elections to be held nearly two months later. If Maine elects a Republican governor in September, that is supposed to forecast a Republican national victory in November. While that forecast has not invariably been accurate, it has served the purpose well enough to serve as the basis for the statement "as Maine goes, so goes the Union."

**A CORRESPONDENT** writes of the people of London attending dances, going to the theatre and engaging in other forms of entertainment in between the air raids which send them into shelters for hours at a time. All that, one imagines, is not to be ascribed either to over-confidence or to callous indifference. It is the natural reaction of human nerves which, in the nature of things, can remain in a state of high tensions only so long. Sometimes they must relax. In many parts of the earth, earthquakes are of frequent occurrence. To the casual visitor those experiences are terrifying. But multitudes spend their entire lives in the midst of those tremors, which may come without warning at any hour of the day or night. They understand the danger and avoid it as best they may while it is immediately present, but they accept it as one of the unavoidable hazards of existence, and they eat, sleep, work and enjoy themselves while the earth under their feet is stable. In such experiences as the London bombings some are driven insane; others carry on and take their chances. Taut nerves must break or relax.

**SIR OLIVER LODGE, WHO** won enduring fame as a scientist, and who made valuable contributions to the world in the realm of physics, became known to the general public in his later years chiefly for his firm belief in the persistence of intelligent personality after death in the possibility of communication between departed spirits and those whom they have left behind. Dying just recently at a great age, he left behind the promise that as soon as possible after becoming adjusted to the new environment in which he expected to find himself, he would try to communicate with friends on earth. For purposes of identification he left sealed envelopes whose contents were known only to himself, and which he proposed to reveal in his expected communications.

**AS A RULE EMINENT MEN** of science do not believe in the possibility of which Sir Oliver was so firmly convinced. Among other exceptions to this rule was Conan Doyle, whose widow, also a firm believer, thinks she has received messages from her husband in the spirit world. The whole subject of inter-worked communication is so clouded with doubt and so tinctured with fraud as to be in a state of utter confusion. The good faith of such men as Doyle and Lodge is beyond question, but none of the alleged manifestations thus far produced have been sufficiently free from the possibility of coincidence, self-deception or deliberate fraud to be convincing to the majority of those who have approached the subject without prejudice.