

COLONEL, PHILIP FLEMING, recently placed in charge of the wages and hours administration in Washington, while chief of the army engineers' service at St. Paul, had charge of the work of investigating the water situation in North Dakota. He conducted hearings at numerous points in the state to collect data with reference to the water needs of the respective districts and to determine the feasibility of projected improvements. He became favorably known to many North Dakota people because of his sympathetic attitude toward their problems.

TECHNICALLY COLONEL Fleming does not hold the position of wages and hours administrator, as the law prohibits the appointment of an army man to that position. But, the position of administrator having become vacant through the resignation of the former chief, it was left vacant and Colonel Fleming was appointed "assistant," and given full charge of the work. An effort will be made at the approaching session of congress to change the law so as to permit appointment of an army officer to the position of administrator. In that case Colonel Fleming will be given the appointment unless he is effectively opposed by some of the labor groups.

THE PROBLEMS WHICH Confront the wages-and-hours administrator are numerous and complicated. The law now fixes the maximum work week at 42 hours. That is fairly simple when applied to mechanical and similar work in which hours can be fixed definitely. But there are occupations in which the work is necessarily irregular and intermittent. Colonel Fleming was asked recently how the working time of a newspaper sports writer should be checked. He replied that the writer may work as many hours in a day as he pleases, but must not exceed 42 hours per week. Inasmuch as the writer usually does not spend many hours at a time at his desk the colonel thought that there should be no difficulty, and he observed that the time going and coming probably would not be counted as working time.

IN THAT OCCUPATION, AS IN many others, there arises the question: Just when is one at work? Is the sports writer at work when he watches a football game, or is he just having fun? Is the reporter assigned to attend a dinner and report the proceedings working or just enjoying a dinner. Is the music critic working only of the concert, or is his attendance at the concert also work?

ON A STORMY WINTER DAY the traveling man drives 200 miles, get stuck in the snow, digs himself out, reaches his destination, spends an hour with a customer and gets a good order. Has he worked one hour, or 16, or 18? These and many similar questions are bound to arise, and before he gets through with them Colonel Fleming may conclude that building canals and bridges is much simpler.

A COMPILATION OF THE cost of maintaining the general departments of state government has been made by the University of North Carolina on the basis of data released by the United States, with Delaware standing at the top of the list with \$34.85 and Georgia at the bottom with \$8.05. North Dakota is about the middle, with \$19.25, while North Carolina is well down on the list with \$13.92. In all cases the costs have increased in recent years. Delaware's cost increased from \$33.06 in 1932 to \$35.85 in 1937; California's from \$14.35 to \$28.79; North Dakota's from \$12.28 to \$19.25. The most startling increase was in Ohio, from \$7.31 to \$26.03.

OF COURSE THOSE FIGURES are not conclusive as to the relative economy in government in the several states, because they take no account for the services rendered by government, and many of these, entailing considerable cost, are wise and necessary, while some states may omit them. The accounting must be inexact, also because the states do not classify their expenditures on a uniform basis.

TEN YEARS AGO THERE was quoted in this column a statement from a man prominent in the automobile world, who, unfortunately, was not named, who had been checking over the types of cars shown at the New York automobile show. He expressed the opinion that automobile design had then become pretty well standardized. There seemed to be, he said, little more to be done in the way of structural improvement, and that manufacturers were confining themselves largely to the appearance of cars and their equipment with little conveniences.

THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO. But if the car of 1930 were stood side by side with the latest 1940 model it would be apparent that in the ten years there have been important changes in design as well as in appearance. Nothing so revolutionary as the front-wheel drive or placing the engine at the rear has come into general use though there have been experiments with both of these, and the same basic principles of generating and transmitting power are still employed. But the modern car hangs much lower than its predecessor, giving it greater stability. The vacuum tank has been superseded by the pump. The luggage trunk has become an integral part of the body, instead of an excrescence. There are new types of transmission. The soft balloon tire has become a fixture. And stream-lining is now universal.

ONE IMPORTANT RECENT change is the adoption of the finger-tip gear shift, with the accompanying removal of the hand brake to a position under the cowl, That leaves the floor of the front compartment free of obstruction I never could see any good reason why that change was not made years ago, as no new principles are involved and there were no important mechanical difficulties to overcome.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN many persons believed that steam would take the place of internal gas consumption to provide power or automobiles, but that idea seems definitely to have been abandoned. Also, there was a little flurry over an electrically driven machine designed by the famous scientist and inventor Steinmetz. His design provided for a powerful motor and battery, current to be generated by a gas engine, the combination being expected to be more flexible and generally dependable than any other form. Notwithstanding the scientific knowledge and practical experience of Steinmetz, his plan never was adopted in a practical way.

OTHER CHANGES THAT have been made were, in general, such as have been foreseen. They make for comfort and roominess and dependability, so that in most respects the modern car is decidedly unlike that of ten years ago. Betterment had been achieved through the use of better materials, some of them unknown ten years ago, and through greater precision in the fitting of parts, while, notwithstanding improvements, the trend has been toward lower prices all along the line. Today the automobile purchaser gets more for his dollar than at any other time in the history of the industry.

SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF the present war and the consequent disturbance of exchange currency values there has been some interest in foreign currencies and the kinds of coinage used in the several countries. There has been some puzzlement over the British pound, sovereign and guinea.

THE POUND IS THE BRITISH unit of value, its par value being about \$4.86 of American money. Now it is greatly discounted. The sovereign is the gold coin representing the pound, or 20 shillings. The value of the guinea is 21 shillings, and there has been some confusion over the two values. The guinea was first coined in 1663 from gold from the African Guinea coast, hence the name. It was intended to be the equivalent of the pound, but because of its gold content it circulated for 21 shillings. When the coinage of the gold sovereign was begun in 1817 that of the guinea was discounted.

THE ONLY SURPRISING thing about the Russian charge that Finland has had aggressive designs on Russia is that other people should be expected to believe such a charge. The world has become quite accustomed to charges that the little nation has nefarious designs against the big one. Such charges were made by Germany against Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland, and in each case they were followed by the absorption of the little nation against which the charge were made. Russia's charge against Finland are quite in line with the prevailing mode. As to whether or not the charge is expected to be believed, there may be some doubt. The outside world will reject any such charge as farcical, but in the totalitarian country the people are expected to believe what they are told. Perhaps they do.

STALIN'S APPARENT Determination to gain control of Finland is highly interesting to Sweden, Norway and Denmark because of their proximity to the Baltic. Also, Stalin's friend, Hitler, may be having some anxious moments over the developments. Stalin has taken advantage of the present war situation to get while the getting is good, and while his nearest neighbor and sympathetic friend, for the time being, was busy elsewhere, he has made himself practically master of the Baltic. If Hitler is defeated in the present war he will have to reckon with the German people for leading them into a wild adventure. If by any chance he is victorious, it will not be for a long time, and at the end of a struggle which will leave his country exhausted. Then he will have to deal with his Russian neighbor, who has been gaining strength while Hitler has been losing it.

THE UNITED STATES IS about to spend \$500,000,000 on additional preparations for defense. Shall that be treated as a separate item and paid for by new and special tax levies, or shall it be lumped with the general expenditures and figure as making part of the deficit? The cold fact is that we are spending at the rate of \$9,500,000,000 and collecting \$6,000,000,000 in taxes. The budget will not be balanced this year or next, and the segregation of a part of our expenditures and levying of special taxes to cover that part will not change the amount of the deficit. The only way in which the situation can be met is by limiting current expenditures as much as possible and levying enough taxes to meet that expenditure. To the people who pay the taxes it will make no difference how the several items of expenditure are classified.

TO DETERMINE HOW THE present financial situation in North Dakota is to be met requires intimate knowledge of the work in every governmental department. Obviously, it is necessary to trim expenses in every possible direction. It may be necessary to suspend temporarily some services in themselves desirable and which, in normal conditions, would be considered necessary. Cost of attending conventions does not bulk large in the total, each convention costing the state only a few hundred dollars.

THERE IS TO BE A Convention of insurance officials at New Orleans this winter, and Commissioner Erickson's insurance department will be represented by three persons. The governor has asked why one representative would not be enough. The inquiry is pertinent. And one may ask what catastrophe would follow if North Dakota were not represented at that convention at all. Of course, the Gulf coast is a pleasant place to visit in the winter, but perhaps our officials could survive one winter at home. And even at the cost of missing the inspiration that is to be found at a big convention, much information as to the best way to run an insurance business can be gained by correspondence.

ONE OF THE FOUR Existing copies of Magna Carta was deposited in the library of congress the other day. It has been on exhibition at the New York fair, and it is now to be housed temporarily in Washington where it may be seen by visitors. Brief and informal exercises attended the depositing of the precious document. The British ambassador made a brief speech, and Librarian MacLeish replied. The latter referred to the criticism that is often made, that the barons who forced that charter from King John were less interested in protecting the rights of the common people than in preserving their own aristocratic privileges. Mr. MacLeish commented that the purpose of the barons is less important than what they actually achieved. That they were interested in maintaining their own privileges is undeniable, but they did establish for the common people a charter of rights which stands intact today.

THE GREAT CHARTER IS not alone as an example of the manner in which a declaration of rights goes far beyond the immediate purposes of those who struggle for it. We congratulate ourselves on the fact that in this country we have freedom of speech and of the press. That freedom has been established and strengthened by innumerable court decisions. And it is a fact that in many a case in which a court was asked to reassert the principles of liberty, the person immediately interested, and in whose behalf suit was brought, was one of little account, of undesirable character and reprehensible conduct.

TWO THANKSGIVING DAYS and a lot of fine weather combined to make November a some what unusual month. Someone asks, "Have you ever seen a finer fall in North Dakota? and I am unable to answer. I just don't know. The years come and go, and each is marked by its own peculiarities, and t h e r e have been so many of them that with out an exact meteorological r e c o r d it is impossible for me to keep track of them all. That's where a diary would come in handy, and again I urge every young person to begin keeping a diary, and to stick to it as long as is convenient. In most cases it won't last, but once in a while somebody will stick.

IF ONE HAD ACCESS TO THE official records, and could check temperature, wind direction and velocity, precipitation, cloudiness and clearness, day by day through all the years, he might be able to compare one season with another with something approaching accuracy, but even then he would miss some of the elusive qualities which go to make weather and which cannot be detected with an instrument or recorded on a chart.

BUT MEMORY IS TRICKY, and in the interest which we feel in today it is not always possible to recall exactly what yesterday was like. This year, basking in the mildness of a balmy November, we are mercifully oblivious of the chill October which preceded it. The fact will show up in the year's fuel bill, but it is just as well that we can forget it for a while.

THE ONLY WAY THAT have of recalling the kind of weather that we had in any particular year is by associating it with some event in general or family history which helps to fix it in my mind. Thus, because of certain incidents in personal experience I am able to recall the winter of 1888-89, which remains fixed in my recollection as a remarkably open winter, though there may have been others that compare with it.

IN THAT SEASON WE HAD practically no winter at all until well into January. There was a light fall of snow early in the fall, and a few days of sharp weather, and then, for day after day it was Indian summer, with the fields bare and cattle grazing contentedly in the open. Baseball games were played on New Year's day, and in Grand Forks a company of young men made New Year's calls, riding on horseback and wearing linen dusters. At sundown there was a total eclipse of the sun, and with a cloudless sky the great orb sank below the horizon, still in the shadow. It was the end of a perfect day.

REAL WINTER CAME ABOUT the middle of January, with lots of snow and wind enough to give us one blizzard after another. But the winter was short, and farmers were well along with their seeding before the end of March. I am not at all prepared to say that since j then there have not been winters as brief and mild, but I haven't any way of recalling them.

MILD FALL WEATHER Prolongs the stay in the north of many birds which usually leave for the warm latitudes for the winter. Ralph Hoff, of Oslo, writes:

"You may now and then see a robin in this part of the country long after the other birds have departed for the south. I therefore was not surprised when I saw one flitting through the trees yesterday. But a short time later as I approached the millet patch I gasped in surprise as a pair of mourning doves took to the air with the characteristic 'whiff, of fast beating wings.

"Are the mourning doves off schedule, or have we lost a couple of months from our calendar?"

SO FAR AS I KNOW THE mourning doves usually leave for the south fairly early in the fall. I have not seen one for weeks, although they are rather numerous in my neighborhood, and during the summer one may find them almost anywhere along the highways. From the standpoint of temperature there seems to be no reason why the mourning dove should migrate. In appearance and habits it resembles rather closey the common domestic pigeon, which remains with us the year around and seems able to withstand almost any kind of weather. However, the passenger pigeon, now extinct, very similar in structure to the mourning dove, was a migratory bird. Perhaps the food problem has something to do with it.

SOME LADY WHO APPEARS to be deeply concerned for child welfare has discovered something new to worry about. She thinks that Charlie McCarthy exerts an injurious influence on children. It is true that Charlie is a little scapegrace whose example is not to be emulated by the rising generation. And if the lesson stopped with Charlie's escapades, he might be a corrupting influence. But look what happens to him. W h e n e v e r he plays hookey, or falsifies his report card, or purloins something out of Bergen's rook and hocks it, he is caught and disgraced. Could there be a more impressive demonstration of the fact that the way of the transgressor is hard? What moralist could ask for a finer lesson to set before the child?

IN THAT CONNECTION someone asks how about Punch and Judy. That fine old classic has entertained the children of many generations, and to many of us it was familiar stuff. Time after time we watched Punch, the hook-nosed old villain, strut back and forth on the stage, brandishing his club, and with it slaying one after another of those upon whom he vented his ire. We saw that show often, and just ate it up. The lady who is now disturbed over Charlie McCarthy might say that that's what's the matter with us now. But that isn't all of it. See what happened to Punch. After a career of crime, marked by several murders in the first degree, the devil got him. What a lesson for youth! What a warning to tread the straight and narrow path and not go killing people with a club!

MOST HUMAN Temperaments seem to call for some means of emphasizing conversation. The scriptural injunction is to let our conversation be "yea, yea" and "nay, nay." The fact that such an injunction was thought necessary seems to indicate that the common practice was quite different. For emphasis many persons have had recourse to what we call profanity, which is frowned on in the best circles. In lieu of profanity there have been invented innumerable expressions derived from and bordering on it which many feel that they can use with impunity. Most of our expletives have a profane basis. Some have become current and are picked up and used over and over again. Some seems to be private inventions. My maternal grandfather was a devout man, also a passionate one. On no account would he make use of what he considered an oath, but instead, when he wished to give unusual emphasis to a remark, he would exclaim "By godlin." That released the pressure without doing violence to his conscience.

IN ENGLAND THE LESS Cultured and circumspect interlard their conversation with free use of the adjective "bloody," a word which is rarely used in that connection in the United States. Professor Rowland, of the University, recalls an instance of its use which interested him. In a compartment of an English train Rowland was seated with three others, all strangers to him. They were a man in clerical garb, his wife, and another man who was manifestly intoxicated, and very talkative. To avoid annoyance Rowland shielded himself behind an opened newspaper, and the drunk kept up a ceaseless conversation with the clergyman.

AT ALMOST EVERY OTHER word came the expression "bloody," with occasional use of others still more objectionable. At length the clergyman said "My friend, you don't seem to realize that your language is objectionable and that it annoys the lady. You talk of 'bloody' this and 'bloody' that, without rhyme or reason. What sense could you make of it if I were to say 'my name is bloody Jones, and I am from bloody Preston?'" "So you're from bloody Preston, too!" exclaimed the drunk, enthusiastically. "Well, well, good old bloody Preston!" And thereafter his conversation was affectionate as well as voluble. He had met someone from the good old bloody home town.

THE PRIZE EXPLETIVE IN Rowland's experience, however, was used by a young British soldier on his way home from France with a company of comrades. Lined up at a lunch counter in a union station the men had been served a meal. This chap looked down at his plate and exclaimed "Hell's teeth and flaming onions! Look what they've given me for ninepence!"

WRITING FROM Starkweather, N. Duffy asks for two poems, "If," by Kipling, and "Marpessa," by Stephen Phillips. "Marpessa" occupies a little more than 20 pages in the John Lane edition of Phillips' poems in which it is published. Naturally, it is much too long for reproduction here. Kipling's poem "If" has been reproduced thousands of times, and I have no doubt it occupies a place in many thousands of scrap-books, It reads as follows:

IF—

By Rudyard Kipling. If you can keep your head when all
about you Are losing theirs and blaming it
on you; If you can trust yourself when all
men doubt you, But make allowance for their
doubting, too: If you can wait and not be tired
by waiting, I Or being lied about, don't deal in
lies, Or being hated don't give way to
hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make
dreams your master; If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and
Disaster
And treat those two imposters
just the same;
If you can bear to have the truth
you've spoken I Twisted by knaves to make a
trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your
life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with
worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all
your winnings And risk it on one turn of pitch-
and-toss, And lose, and start again at your
beginnings And never breathe a word about
your loss: If you can force your heart and
nerve and sinew

If you can talk with crowds and
keep your virtue, Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends
can hurt you, If all men count with you, but
none too much: If you can fill the unforgiving
minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run, Yours is the Earth and everything
that's in it,
And,—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

NOVEMBER'S MILDNESS seems to have confused some of the vegetation and started things growing now which ought not to grow until spring. On my desk I found a sprig of pussy willow, with the little catkins all plump and fluffy, just like April. It was gathered at Buxton by H. J. Nyhus. The change in the weather will make those plants aware of the cold realities.

ONE OF THE NOVELTIES ON the New York food market is the two-yolked egg. Of course that sort of egg is in itself no novelty, for in the ordinary dozen eggs one may occasionally find one with two yolks. But eggs with double yolks are now offered regularly by some of the New York dealers at 75 cents a dozen, every egg guaranteed to have a double yolk. They come from the poultry yard of a man in New Jersey. The method by which he is able to produce such eggs in quantity is not disclosed, nor does there appear to be any good reason why there should be much demand for eggs with two yolks.

LOOKING OVER THE ARMY bombing plane which visited Grand Forks last week I wondered if at any time near the beginning of their flying career the Wrights envisioned metal monsters of that sort flying through the air. I suppose some such thought has come to many who have seen the great transport planes which carry their tons and tons of passengers and freight across the Atlantic. The original Wright plane was a thing of sticks and wires and painted canvas, with an engine that would be regarded now as little more than a toy. In those days most of us supposed that a plane to fly must above all things be light. But now there seems to be no limit that can be carried if wing spread and engine power are great enough. It would be interesting to have from Orville Wright a statement of what was his expectation concerning the future of the airplane about 1910, at the time that at the Grand Forks fair one of his planes made the first flight ever made in the northwest.

A SHORT TIME AGO, IN making mention of the sixtieth birthday of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, I referred to the selection of Stefansson in one of the early e l e c t i o n campaigns as the Democratic candidate for state superintendent of public instruction. I said then that his n a m e was with d r a w n because he was not of age. This appears to h a v e been an error, as attention was not called to the candidate's lack of constitutional qualification until it was too late for withdrawal. Judge Grimson has reminded me of this fact, and that the campaign continued with Stefansson's name on the ticket, although, of course, his election would have been invalid if he had been the leading candidate at the polls. Also, I have just received a pleasant note from Dr. Stefansson, who says in part:

"PLEASANT MEMORIES OF what are to me good old days came with 'That Reminds Me,' for an unspecified date, which was sent by your friend and mine, Judge Grimson.

"You have everything correct in principle; but I believe the discovery that I was too young to meet constitutional specifications was made only after the tickets were printed, or else after my nomination had been certified and could not be withdrawn. There was not, I believe, any practical reason for withdrawing it, for everybody knew that no man on our ticket would be elected that year—we were just putting up a fight to keep the Democratic party going against the time when, as the committee hoped, it might win an election. They did win not so many years thereafter under the leadership of Burke who, if memory serves, was candidate for railway commissioner on that ballot which carried my name against Stockwell's."

SOME DAY, JUST AS A Matter of curiosity, I'll dig up the record and see just what vote was cast in that election. At that time a Democratic ticket in North Dakota was regarded as a forlorn hope. Nobody expected any of its candidates to be elected, and they were not, until John Burke broke the ice.

NEW YORK MARKET Authorities are examining Christmas packages offered for sale for evidences of fraud. They have found cases in which gift packages, all dolled up in colored paper and cellophane, and purporting to contain appreciable quantities of choice fruits, candies or other Christmas goods, contain scarcely anything but tissue paper. The order has gone out requiring all such packages to have on their labels accurate lists of their contents, or to have the contents clearly visible, so that the purchaser may know what he is getting.

I HAVE BEEN LOOKING through some old magazines, Century, Harper's and Scribner's, published along in the eighties and earlier, and I find them a veritable storehouse of treasures. Opening at random a volume of the Century for 1888, I found the first publication of "The Tiger or the Lady," by Frank R. Stockton, an intriguing story which was destined to puzzle millions, and which has taken its place as one of the literary classics. Psychologists, philosophers and many others have written volumes in learned discussions of the problem whether the princess directed her swain to the door behind which the tiger lurked or that which concealed the lady. The author himself didn't know the answer.

THOSE OLD MAGAZINES went in for literature in a big way. Robert Louis Stevenson was writing then, and several of the Century numbers contain essays by him. Slight, whimsical offerings they were, but they make good reading today for their quick turns of thought, their beauty of expression, and their insight into human nature. George W. Cable was making the world acquainted with the picturesque life of the Creoles on the lower Mississippi, and Frances Hodgson Burnett is represented by a serial "Through One Administration." One article especially interesting just now deals with the subject of armor, and there are traced the stages through which the use of armor has passed, from the days when the savage used shield and buckler, to the time of the steel-clad knight of the middle ages, and down through the gradual abandonment of personal armor as the invention of gunpowder tended to make it useless. In recent years we have seen a revival of the use of armor, at least to the extent of the adoption of the "tin hat" as a shield against flying shrapnel.

TUESDAY WAS THE ONE hundredth anniversary of the birth of General George A. Custer, and the occurrence of the anniversary of the birth of General George A. Custer, and the occurrence of the anniversary revives recollections of the "massacre" on the Little Big Horn in which, in June, 1876, Custer and his entire command of some 300 men were killed by Indians. The term "massacre" has been popularly and incorrectly applied to the tragedy on the Little Big Horn. According to Webster a massacre is "the killing of a considerable number of human beings under circumstances of atrocity or cruelty, or contrary to the usages of civilized people." In a further definition we are told that 'massacre' denotes the promiscuous slaughter of many who cannot make resistance or much resistance."

THERE WAS NOTHING IN the killing of Custer and his command corresponding to the dictionary definition of massacre, except that many of the victims of that disaster were scalped, which is not customary among civilized peoples. Custer was engaged in fighting the Indians. He set out from Fort Lincoln with the avowed intention of exterminating the band which he expected to meet. His men were armed with modern weapons for that purpose. Engaged on that errand, Custer was surprised and surrounded, and in the fight that followed he and his command were wiped out.

POPULAR SENTIMENT WAS stirred by the tragedy, and there was developed a feeling similar to that which would have existed if a community of peaceful citizens, unarmed and defenseless, had been attacked without notice or provocation and butchered in cold blood. With the passage of years that sentiment has changed, and there has come about a better understanding of the situation which actually existed.

THE INDIANS HAD SEEN strangers invade lands which they and their ancestors had occupied for centuries, and which, not unreasonably, they regarded as their own. The wild life upon which they had depended for the means of subsistence was being killed or driven off. Settlements hostile to them were being established in territory which they considered their own. Time after time they had made treaties with the invaders, relinquishing part of their lands in the hope of saving the rest, and those treaties had been disregarded and violated. Discovery of gold had driven them from the Black Hills, and the building of a new railroad threatened their expulsion from Montana. They had protested, and their protests went unheeded. Then they had fought, and with their primitive equipment they gave a good account of themselves against overwhelming man-power, trained troops and modern weapons. Who would not have fought in such a cause?

SOBER CONSIDERATION OF the facts has removed much of the glamour and romance which once attached to the memory of General Custer. His courage has never been questioned. He had given good service with the Union armies in the Civil war, but his passion for the spectacular was his undoing. He disobeyed orders and deliberately cut himself off from units with which he ought to have kept in contact. In his search for the Indians whom he hoped to destroy he showed inexcusably bad generalship in neglecting to take proper steps to inform himself of the whereabouts of the enemy before exposing himself. When he did stumble upon the Indians they were too many for him to attack and it was too late for him to retreat. He and his men died as a result of his own impetuosity and negligence of ordinary precautions.

THE NEW YORK TIMES Publishes a letter from a girl who expresses her own opinion on the question whether or not a married woman should work in a paid position outside of her own home. Her employer, a married woman, is so employed. Because she is so employed she has to have help in her own home, therefore the girl writer has a job which she would not have if the married woman were doing her own housework. She has no training which would fit her for anything more remunerative than a maid's position, and she thinks she would have a hard time finding work. That is one girl's side of it. Perhaps the answer to the question whether or nor married women should seek gainful employment outside of the home is the inconclusive and irritating one: "It all depends.

I HAVE RECEIVED A Cordial invitation, mimeographed, as I suppose many readers of the Herald have done, to become a member of the "People's Lobby." Membership fees are graded in several classes, from plain, ordinary membership at a dollar to sustaining membership at \$ 10 or as much more as one wishes to pay. Listed among the officers are John Dewey, honorary president, and Francis J. McConnell, presumably Bishop McConnell, of the Methodist church. There are others among the officers and directors whose names I do not recognize, but I have no doubt that they are all eminent persons.

ACCOMPANYING THE Invitation is explanatory matter setting forth the society's legislative program, and outlining its general policy. Item Number 1 on the list reads: "We have had introduced in congress—and shall press in the next session—bills for government ownership of four major natural resources — coal, oil, waterpower and gas, and of the iron and steel industry, and establishing a government farm marketing corporation.

"We are backing bills for government ownership of railroads, and to socialize the banking and system."

Other parts of the program with the subject of taxation The text leaves this phase of the subject somewhat obscure, but the general idea seems to be that if anyone has been so grasping as to accumulate property the government shall take it away from him.

JOHN DEWEY HAS Attained some standing in the field of philosophy, a science for which I have profound respect. I have no doubt that Bishop McConnell has earned the position which he occupies in the councils of his church. But ability in the realm of philosophy, or of church government, does not necessarily qualify one for leadership in economics or political science. Having in mind several other cases in which able men have floundered helplessly when entering fields other than their own. I fail to be impressed by names appearing on the list of officers of this society, and, being convinced that the society's policy is thoroughly unsound and unworkable, I shall forego the privilege of membership and keep my dollar.

SO-CALLED PEOPLES Lobbies have often been formed, some of them state-wide, and some national in scope. The general idea seems to be that the people need protection from the wickedness or incompetence of their legislative bodies. In this there is a furious conception which may be quite clear to Dr. Dewey, but which is quite beyond me. Under a system in which we are supposed to govern ourselves, by our free and untrammelled votes we elect men, or women, to make laws for us. We have the opportunity to elect persons who will serve our interests, diligently, intelligently and faithfully. Then, after choosing those servants of ours, we are supposed to employ another lot to protect us from being sold out by the very persons whom we have chosen to represent us. If that is the proper system the next step should be to create another lobby to make sure that the first doesn't go wrong, and so on, ad infinitum,

NORTH DAKOTA HAS Always won an honorable place at the International Exhibition in Chicago. Its successive flax championships have established the state as the producer of the finest flax grown on the continent. It has won prize after prize in grains, live stock and live stock judging. The list of its fine awards this year is too long to remember. It was pleasant to note that this year the girl member of the North Dakota stock judging team won first place over all comers, and the team of which she was a member listed third. Then for the first time North Dakota has won the corn championship in the northern belt competition, and that is certainly something.

NOT LONG AGO IT WAS considered impossible to grow corn in North Dakota, except the "squaw" corn, with small stalks and tiny ears that had been grown by the Indians for generations or centuries. There was a time, too, when farmers were advised not to attempt the growing of corn as a major crop in Iowa. Most of that state, it was said, was too far north for corn, and Iowa farmers were advised to stick to wheat. Now Iowa is one of the greatest corn states, and it produces scarcely any wheat. These changes have been brought about, not by changes in climate, but chiefly by work in selection and hybridizing, which have produced varieties of corn far superior to any before known, and better adapted to northern latitudes.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN Became a formidable candidate for the presidency by reason of his Cooper Union speech, delivered before a critical eastern audience, scarcely familiar with the western lawyer even by name. Thomas E. Dewey reversed the process and came west to place himself conspicuously before the nation in an address delivered in Minneapolis. Will that prove to be another "Cooper Union" speech? Mr. Dewey seems to have made a good initial impression. He did not undertake at that time to present a detailed program for the Republican party or the nation, but he indicated quite clearly his conception of the principles upon which the program should be based. He and the rest of us will be interested in observing the reactions which follow his appearance in the middle west.

MY ATTENTION HAS BEEN called to the fact that in the publication of Kipling's poem "If—" last week the last three lines of the third stanza became lost and did not appear in the text as published. The omission leaves a sentence completely up in the air. The poem was published at the request of Mr. Duffy, of Starkweather. For his benefit and that of others who may wish to preserve the poem the correction is now made. The last four lines of the stanza read:

If you can force your hand and heart and sinew
To serve your turn long after you are gone,
And so hold on, through there is nothing in you
Except the will that says to them
"Hold on!"

THAT IS ONE OF THE GREAT inspirational poems of the English language, usually considered one of Kipling's best. Kipling was an individualist of the most rugged type. Personal independence and self-reliance were to him cardinal virtues, and he honored them wherever he found them, whether under a black skin or a white. Like another poet, Henley, he thought that the real man must be captain of his own soul. With so many isms in the air that isn't a bad idea to hang onto.

IN A MAIL BAG LETTER "A Reader" objects to the statement in a recent Herald editorial that nature has implanted in every living creature the "instinct of self-preservation." If I get his idea correctly he holds instinct to be a quality which causes the same reaction to the same stimulus under any and all circumstances, and, as one will sometimes give up his life for another, the desire for self-preservation cannot be an instinct.

BIOLOGISTS, PSYCHOLOGISTS and other scientists give varying and sometimes contradictory definitions of instinct, and far be it from me to attempt to decide among them. But in the field of human behavior and human relations, when the word "instinct" is used, there is fairly uniform understanding as to what is meant. In such relationships we think of instinct not as a mechanical force, but as an inherited tendency, influencing action usually, but not always or uniformly. The duckling a day old will take to the water, not because he has been taught, and not because of any exercise of reason, but because it was born that way, and by the exercise of will it can overcome its instinct and keep away from the water. The bird, untaught, ordinarily builds its nest as its ancestors for countless generations have built their nests, but in changed environment, some birds modify their nest-building habits.

THE LIVING CREATURE HAS inherited tendencies which cause it to do those things which tend to preserve its own life, but among the higher animals those tendencies may be overcome by exercise of the will and through peculiarities in environment. The dog's instinct teaches it to keep away from fire, but a dog may brave fire to warn or save his master. Instinct teaches the man who falls into the water to try to save himself, but that instinct may be overcome by the desire to save a beloved friend from drowning. Normally the nation seeks first to preserve its own existence and protect its own institutions, a tendency which is a projection of the instinct which is present in the individual. But, like the individual, the nation may sacrifice its own interests to promote the welfare of another.

IN THE TECHNICAL FIELD scientists have never been able to draw an exact line separating instinct from reason. One believes that acquired characteristics are transmitted and become instinctive. Another denies this. Birds migrate in ways and for reasons that no one completely understands, and there is no agreement even among the wisest as to what part is played in such migrations by instinct and what by reason. I recall the story told by John Burroughs of his tame beaver which he had captured when it was a pup and was kept as a pet in his cabin. When the young beaver thought that the proper time had arrived for the building of a dam it proceeded to build one by dragging all the loose objects that it could reach and making a dam across the room floor. Its instinct caused it to desire to build a dam, and it had not sufficient reasoning power to understand the futility of its work.

IN TOPEKA, KANSAS, AN Interviewer found Dr. Charles M. Sheldon hale and vigorous at the age of 82, and as earnest in his work as he was in 1896 when his book, "In His Steps," brought its author into world-wide prominence. Dr. Sheldon was then pastor of a Topeka church, scarcely known outside of his own community. He began to write stories based on the application of religion to daily life, and these he read in installments to his Sunday evening congregations. "In His Steps" was one of these. It told of experiences of members of a congregation who in time of stress, pledged themselves to govern their conduct for a year strictly according to the teachings of Christ. The story interested his audience and there were requests for it in book form. It was offered to several publishers, who rejected it, except for one church paper in Chicago which issued it in a paper cover at 10 cents.

TO SECURE COPYRIGHT Protection the law requires that two copies of the publication to be copyrighted be deposited with the librarian of congress. Inadvertently, the Chicago paper deposited only one copy, which made the application for copyright incomplete. The book became public property. Sales of the paper-covered book were large, and other publishers availed themselves of its popularity and took it up. With the exception of the Bible, it became the best seller of all time. Eight million copies were sold in the United States, and twelve million in Europe. It has been translated into 23 tongues. Of the 46 firms that have published the book only one has ever paid the author a cent. Absence of copyright made it legally unnecessary.

THE BOOK BROUGHT ITS Author into prominence, and there was lively interest when it was announced that for one week Dr. Sheldon would assume complete editorial charge of the Topeka Daily Capital and would publish such a paper as, in his opinion, Christ would publish if he were on earth and in the newspaper business. The owners of the paper were not slow to recognize the publicity value, to them, of such an enterprise, and the innovation was vigorously press-agented. So successful was the publicity campaign that 367,000 persons paid in advance for the six issues.

THAT WAS IN MARCH, 1900. I received copies of the paper, and I regret that I did not preserve them. They would have been interesting souvenirs of a novel experiment. The Capital, under Dr. Sheldon's editorship, was a religious pamphlet, and as such it may have had some value. But it was not in any sense a newspaper. Its articles in the main were appeals and exhortations to better living, praiseworthy, but not news.

DR. SHELDON WAS, AND IS, undoubtedly, an earnest and conscientious man, but in his brief experience as an editor he demonstrated abysmal ignorance of what a newspaper is for. The phenomenal circulation of the Capital during his six days of editorship was not in any sense an indication of popular interest in the subjects discussed. It was the result of curiosity aroused by skillful press-agenting concerning an innovation whose spectacular features were played up for all they were worth. The publishers of the paper were shrewd enough to understand that a paper continued along those lines would soon die, because nobody would read it. The guest editor was bowed out gracefully and the paper once more became a newspaper, and a very good one.

DR. SHELDON HAS DEVOTED much of his time in recent years to a vigorous and aggressive peace campaign. He is thoroughly opposed to war, as, for that matter, most of the rest of us are. When asked, "What should be done if an enemy power attacked the United States?" he asks in turn "Who is going to attack us?" which he appears to consider a sufficient answer. I am wondering what his answer would be to the question, "What should the Finns do, now that Russia has attacked them?" To the Finns that was not merely an academic and hypothetical question. It was a question that demanded a prompt answer, and the Finns had their answer ready. Did they give the wrong answer? The question is pertinent.

THROUGH ALL THE Centuries war has been productive of surprises. Of course there is no novelty in the fact that a little nation resists a big one. We have the classic example of Leonidas at Thermopylae defying the assembled Persians. Long before that Gideon, with another three hundred, smote the Midianites and put them to flight. But there have been novelties in methods of waging war. Joshua caused his trumpeters to march around the city of Jericho, blowing blasts on rams horns, until the walls of the city fell. Gideon adopted a new expedient in choosing the volunteers who were to attack the enemy when he applied the test of the method of drinking water. And it was Gideon, again, who used the interesting device of the trumpets, pitchers and torches to surprise and confound the enemy. The Greeks sent fire ships among the enemy's fleet, a method which also was employed effectively by Drake against the Spanish Armada.

THESE ARE HISTORIC Incidents with which everyone is familiar, and it is quite in accord with precedent that little Finland should discover new methods in her struggle against the invader. I think there is no other record of a defending force hurling mountain sides at the enemy as the Finns did the other day. Russian troops were about to make a landing on the shore of one of the northern Finnish fjords. The Finns dynamited the precipitous side of the fjord and sent thousands of tons of rock crashing into the water. The waves swamped the invaders boats, and the invasion was over. Quite interesting, too, is the clothing of certain of the Finnish forces in white uniforms. The men so clothed are practically invisible to the enemy in the northern winter night and against the northern background of snow.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT will not be represented next year at the New York world's fair, and it has given notice of its intention to remove its exhibit building. The Russian building was by far the most elaborate of any of the foreign buildings at the fair in the season recently closed, and the exhibits which it contained was intended as an impressive demonstration of what Communism has done for Russia. Notice of Russian withdrawal from the fair was given within two or three days of the attack on Finland. Whether or not it had any connection with that; event nobody seems to know. The prospect of Russia's absence from the fair, however, is welcomed by many persons who find it difficult to reconcile the courtesy due to a guest with the indignation which is felt over Russia's invasion of Finland.

THE RUSSIAN BUILDING IS not to be destroyed. It is to be taken down piece by piece and reassembled in Moscow. This has given rise to a labor dispute involving some curious features. Bids have been asked for the razing and removal of the building. The House Wreckers union and the Marble Workers union both claim jurisdiction over the work. Each union asserts that only its members are eligible for the job. The wreckers maintain that demolition is demolition, no matter what is to be done with the material thereafter therefore they are entitled to jurisdiction. The marble workers hold that because the material is to be preserved and not destroyed, and is later to be reassembled the job is a construction job, and on that ground they claim jurisdiction. No decision has been reached.

ONE OF JERSEY CITY'S Officials urges the people of the city to restrict themselves to one bath a week in order to conserve water until the supply is replenished. He agrees that the saving so to be effected will not be large, but every little helps, and the conditions are such that even small savings are important. That inconspicuous news item is a forceful reminder of the fact that although the New York area has received some 34 inches of precipitation in the past year, it is suffering from one of the severest drouths in its experience. There crops have shriveled, wells have gone dry, trees are burned up, and communities are being out to desperate straits because of shortage of water.

IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY average annual precipitation, exclusive of recent abnormally dry years, has been about 20 inches. That quantity of water is ample for all the needs of the area. For us 34 inches would represent flood conditions. Down east it represents drouth. Probably much of the difference in the respective needs of the two areas is due to differences in soil composition and land levels. Here, with much of the surface level, or only slightly rolling, a large proportion of the water that falls is absorbed by the soil. In the east, with its more abrupt contour and rock formations, a greater proportion runs off. This state would be happy with precipitation ranging from 20 inches in the Red river valley to 15 inches at Williston and Beach.

I HAVE BEEN THINKING that it was about time for the arrival of marked papers from J. H. Griffin, who, as usual, is spending his winter at Bradenton, Florida. And along comes a copy of the Bradenton Herald's mail-away edition of December 3, filled with pictures and descriptive articles setting forth the scenic beauties and business progress of Florida's west coast and especially the area immediately surrounding Bradenton.

ONE SECTION OF THE Paper is devoted to the report of a United States commission which settles to the complete satisfaction of Bradenton the long controversy over the question as to the exact spot where the explorer De Soto made his first landing on the Florida coast. It has long been established that De Soto landed somewhere in the vicinity of Tampa bay, but the records have left the exact spot in doubt. Claims for the honor have been made by almost every possible landing place around the bay, and fierce disputation has arisen over the question.

A UNITED STATES DE SOTO commission, headed by Dr. John R. Swanton, of the Smithsonian institution, was created to delve into the history of De Soto's travels, and that commission has reported that the explorer first set foot on Florida soil at Shaw's point, near the southern entrance to Tampa bay, and just outside the present city limits of Bradenton. Naturally the Bradenton people are all puffed up with pride over this substantiation of their claims.

PROBABLY THE Identification of this landing place will not affect materially the destinies of nations, but the report presents an example of the painstaking care with which the historian seeks to achieve accuracy concerning the facts with which he deals. Most of us would be satisfied to know that De Soto landed somewhere on the west coast of Florida, if our interest carried us even that far. But De Soto was a commanding figure in the exploration of the New World, and the historian who follows his course wishes to be able to trace his journeys step by step, and in every instance to be sure of his ground. In dealing with this particular item the commission has studied reports of members of the expedition, which in many cases are vague in their descriptions and whose language is capable of several different interpretations. These have been straightened out as well as possible and compared with the configuration of the coast, deeps and shallows and other physical features, and the measurements of the ships of the expedition have also been taken into account.

THE LABOR INVOLVED IN insuring accuracy in such investigations suggests the importance of having accurate and accessible records of events which may have historical significance. A few years hence many questions will be asked concerning the early history of North Dakota, and already much of that history is enveloped in dense fog. Most of the actors in the pioneer drama are gone, and few of them left written records. Stories passed on from one to another become changed in the telling, and the result is a mass of contradictions.

OUR STATE HISTORICAL Society has done excellent work in assembling material relating to early state history, and local historical societies have been of great assistance in this work. Every county in the state should have an organization of that kind to collect and preserve important facts of local history. With such material available it would be possible for someone to compile a concise and dependable story of the settlement and early development of the state which would be invaluable to the students of later years.

RECENTLY I HAVE URGED that every person at least begin the keeping of a diary, and that the few who are so minded keep it up. Occasionally one finds a person who for many years has kept something that may be called a diary, and such records always contain much that is of interest. Dean Chandler, of the University, does not call his little record book a diary, but for the past thirty years or more he has jotted down in it some observation pertaining to the incidents of each day. Few of the entries run to more than two or three lines of script, but each has its associations which spread over considerable territory.

ONE OF DEAN CHANDLER'S notes records that on a day in December—I think it was on the 11th—in 1913 he and Professor Doak played several games of tennis, and the day was so warm that they had to strip down to the barest essentials of clothing in order to be fairly comfortable. Perhaps that will serve in part as an answer to the question, "Was there ever another winter as mild as this?"

NORTH DAKOTA'S LICENSE plates for 1940 will have orange figures on a black background. Those colors will be used also by New York and Tennessee. In most states the color scheme of license plates is changed each year. Thirteen states retain the same colors as last year, but reverse numeral and body colors. According to the American Automobile Association, Connecticut is the only state which retains the same colors and arrangement, black on aluminum. Annual change of color facilitates the checking of cars by officials, as last year's plate becomes conspicuous when of a color different from this year's.

THERE IS A CONTINUATION of the abomination of using license plates for advertising purposes. New York's plates will continue to advertise the fair. Georgia's will advertise the state's peaches, and Wisconsin's the state dairy industry. There ought to be a law against it. Aside from the fact that nobody has a right to make anyone advertise anything that he doesn't wish to advertise, the use of slogans and other similar devices on license plates tends to destroy the value of the plates for the only proper purpose for which they are intended, the quick identification of cars. Anything in addition to the necessary letters and numerals tends toward confusion.

THE AUTOMOBILE Association reports the use of several of the "more exotic hues" on license plates, such as the green on gold of Idaho, cream on coffee brown of Illinois, Maroon on aluminum of North Carolina and ultramarine on golden yellow of Pennsylvania. That suggests the question what is "exotic". The use of the word in this fashion is an example of the manner in which language changes. The dictionary gives the meaning of "exotic" as "introduced from a foreign country," and all of the sub-definitions relate the word to something of foreign origin. But it has become customary to apply it to anything which appeals to the senses as striking the unusual, regardless of its origin, and the chances are that this will come to be the major use of the word. In similar fashion many of our words are now given meanings entirely different from those originally attached to them.

HOW TO GET 6 PER CENT ON your money: Overpay your federal taxes. A Washington dispatch says that an unusual number of persons have been paying to the federal government in taxes amounts far in excess of what is required by the law. Seeking for a reason someone discovers that when a taxpayer thinks there has been an error in his tax account and that he has paid too much, he has three years in which to apply for a refund. If his claim is allowed he gets back the excess, with 6 percent per annum since payment was made. Hence, if you overpay your taxes you have an investment running for three years and drawing 6 per cent interest. That's a lot better than can be realized from most private investments. There is, of course, the chance that you may not get any of it back, which makes the plan look not quite so good.

IN 1935-36 THERE WERE Conferred in the United States 163 different kinds of college degrees. For several centuries prior to the 18th there were but three kinds, bachelor, master and doctor. Then the Germans began to specialize in degrees and created the degree of doctor of philosophy. The practice spread until now the system takes in almost everything. Dr. Keppel, president of the Carnegie Foundation, in making his annual report, cited these facts, and said that a point has been reached where vacancies are being filled by degrees and not by men and women and that under present conditions a college degree "may mean literally nothing."

STUDENTS ARE REMINDING themselves and others that much of Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha" is based on parts of the great Finnish epic, the "Kalevala," which sets forth in heroic strains the achievements and adventures of the heroes of Finnish mythology. Like the Norse sagas the Kalevala existed in many fragments of unknown authorship. These, preserved through the centuries by oral repetition, were reduced to writing and ultimately collected into one great production. Longfellow, it is said, came in contact with the ancient poem, and transferred many of its thoughts and incidents to his own work.

A SOVIET NEWS PAPER complains that those Finns do not play fair. Instead of coming out into the open and fighting as they should, one man against a thousand, they slip out from under cover and to begin shooting when the Russians are not expecting them and then slip back again. They wear white suits which makes it difficult to see them against the background of snow. They travel on skis, and they even go in their stocking feet. All this is reprehensible. Probably the articles of war make no provision for fighting on skis, and it is quite certain that they do not recognize the propriety of fighting in one's stocking feet. No wonder the Russians are grumpy about it.

IN THAT CONNECTION I recall a story that was told of Theodore Roosevelt when he was a fledgling member of the New York legislature. He had made himself objectionable to a group of legislative gangsters, and as a means of showing the young busybody his place they decided to seize him and toss him in a blanket. Roosevelt heard of it, and, meeting the leader of the group, he said: "I understand some of your fellows are figuring on tossing me in a blanket. I suppose they can do it, all right, but I want to tell you that if they try it somebody is going to get hurt. If they start anything of that sort I'll strike, and I'll kick, and gouge, and scratch, and bite, and you may as well know what's coming."

And Teddy wasn't tossed in a blanket. It was decided that a fellow who was so indifferent to the rules better be left alone.

THERE IS GREAT Indignation in Italy over Russia's unprovoked invasion of Finland. Italians are shocked over the utter immorality of Russia's action. Italian planes have been supplied to the Finns for their defense, and thousands of young Italians are eager to enlist in the Finnish army. Perhaps the Italians can see a marked difference in principle between Russia's invasion of Finland and Italy's invasion of Finland and Italy's invasion of Ethiopia just a few years ago. Of course the Finns are white, while the Ethiopians are black. And there may be other important differences perceptible to the Italians, but not to others.

IN FARGO, JUDGE ENGLERT as sentenced two men to a year each in the penitentiary for obtaining relief money under false pretenses. The two men were convicted of receiving money for the rent of a house after one of them had been given the privilege of occupying the house free if he would make certain repairs on it. The judge didn't mince matters in sentencing the men. Denouncing the conduct of the two men before him he took occasion to comment forcefully on other abuses attending the distribution of relief funds. A few examples of that kind may stir something up.

OVER IN BISMARCK, TOO, Lyman A. Baker, statistician of the state welfare board, has had something to say about the relief problem in North Dakota. He made the startling statement that 87 per cent of the state's relief expenditures in the last four years went to persons who should be self-supporting. He revived the almost forgotten theory that a large share of the responsibility for the welfare of the individual rests on the individual himself. Is it possible that Mr. Baker has not heard that the government owes everyone a living, and a mighty good living, at that.

MR. BAKER IS PROPERLY concerned over the fact that the non-relief part of the population is being bankrupted in order to provide funds for those on relief. That is an important and alarming situation. But equally important, and equally alarming, is the fact that present methods tend directly to involve in chronic and permanent bankruptcy those who are on relief. And their bankruptcy is of the graver kind, for is bankruptcy of the spirit. When in the inwardness of a human being the desire to receive is substituted for the will to work, there has been created a state of bankruptcy immeasurably more tragic than that which attains loss of material possessions.

I RECALL A STATEMENT made recently in a brief address in Grand Forks by, Superintendent McClellan of the state training school at Mandan. One of the causes of youthful delinquency, said Mr. McClellan, is lack of training in habits of self-reliance and individual responsibility. Out of his long experience he had arrived at the definite conclusion that it is unwise to do for a boy a man that which he can do for himself.

FROM A FRIEND I HAVE just received a copy of the famous "will" of Charles Lounsberry, whose "bequests" were those of a friend of humanity and a real philosopher. I know that at some time I have referred in this column to this famous document. I may have published in entire. But the season is one in which the spirit which prompted the writing of that will is peculiarly appropriate, and a repetition of it, even if I have published it some years ago, will do not harm.

CHARLES LOUNSBERRY, A little-known Chicago attorney, spent his last days in the Chicago poorhouse as an insane patient. After his death there was found in a pocket of his coat a document which proved to be his "last will and testament," which reads as follows:

"I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order, as justly as may be, to distribute my interest in the World among succeeding men.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath :

"ITEM: I give and bequeath to fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments; and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the deeds of their children shall require.

"ITEM: I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every, the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods. With the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to Lovers.

"ITEM: I devise to boys, jointly, all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim Winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover-blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods with their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places, which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without hindrance or without any encumbrance or care.

"ITEM: To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as to stars of the sky, the red rose by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"ITEM: To young men jointly, I devise and bequeath all the boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power that makes lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively, I give all merry songs with lusty voices.

"ITEM: And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory; and bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without tithes or diminution.

"ITEM: To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

LAPLAND IS A TERRITORY inhabited by the Lapps. It is not an organized state, nor has it clearly defined geographical boundaries. There are many groups of Lapps, in northern Finland, Sweden, and extending in to Norway. Many of the people are migratory, moving from place to place with their great herds of reindeer, their movements being governed by the abundance of scarcity of food for the reindeer. The National Geographic two or three months ago contained an interesting and informative article on the far northern group.

JUST NOW THE LAPPS, Primitive as they are in many of their customs, and far removed from contact with the rest of the world, are making their own valuable contribution to civilization. Their herdsman have rounded up 200,000 reindeer and moved them to places of safety as a reserve supply of food for the fighting Finns. They have also contributed to the Finnish army 7,000 fur coats, 12,000 pairs of stockings, and thousands of pairs of gloves, and they are now collecting skis for the Finnish troops. Hots off to the Lapps!

SOME OF THE OLDER Residents of the city will recall the passage of a group of Lapps through Grand Forks many years ago. They were the herdsman and their families brought here on their way to Alaska in charge of the reindeer that Dr. Sheldon Jackson was sending to Alaska for the use of the Eskimos. That original shipment has become expanded into herds of many thousands, and the presence of those animals has completely transformed native life in our farthest north. The Lapp herdsman accompanied the animals on their trip across the continent, and took charge of them for several years in the north. Gradually they instructed the Eskimos in the care of the reindeer. The special train carrying them stopped for several hours in Grand Forks, and local people and transients viewed each other with mutual interest and curiosity.

A FEW DAYS AGO THE 29,000,000th automobile was driven over the Henry Hudson bridge at New York, and the owner received free a book of 50 tickets as a souvenir. As there aren't that many cars in the United States it appears that several cars must have crossed more than once.

ACCORDING TO A Minneapolis Star-Journal writer one of the popular sports in South Dakota is that of hunting rattlesnakes. That is a sport to which anyone is welcome, with my compliments; I don't want any of it. I have never yet seen a rattlesnake except in captivity. In my part of southern Ontario there were plenty of garter snakes, occasional blacksnakes, "milk" snakes, and very rarely rattlesnakes, though I never met one of those. I heard of an Indian woman on the reservation near by being struck by a rattlesnake while picking berries.

COMING TO NORTH DAKOTA in 1882 I spent the summer with a surveying crew in the James river valley and camped out all summer. We saw numerous garter snakes, but no others that I can recall. One member of the crew always brushed the ground carefully before spreading his blanket. He had worked in Montana where rattlesnakes were plentiful, and he kept it up, wishing to make sure that no snakes were concealed in the grass.

REV. E. J. O'BRIAN, WHO was pastor of the local Methodist church several years ago, who became president of Morningside college, and who now holds a political office in Iowa, worked his way through college in Indiana. He spent his summers catching snakes. He caught all kinds, rattlers among others, bagged them, and sold them to carnivals for exhibition purposes, to museums, and to biological laboratories. He said it was easy to handle a rattlesnake safely if you only knew how. I don't know how, and I don't intend to learn.

SHORTLY AFTER THE Beginning of this war Senator Borah expressed his disapproval of it. Two or three weeks had gone by, and there hadn't been an important battle. Armies had been drawn up on each side of the Franco-German border, but they didn't fly at each other's throats. The Germans seemed r e l u c t a n t to s t o r m the impregnable fortifications of the Maginot line, and the French and what few British had arrived showed no indication of committing suicide by butting their heads against the Siegfried line. It was most monotonous, and Senator Borah remarked that there was "something phoney about this war." Perhaps the senator is still dissatisfied with the conduct of the war on the western front. But I wonder if he would have thought that there was anything phoney about that fight off the coast of Uruguay last week; if he would think that with the ships hurling quarter-ton missies of explosives at each other, they were putting on a poor show.

HOW MANY PERSONS KNOW how Hell Gate, the narrow passage north of Long Island, got its name? Perhaps almost everyone has supposed that the name was given because early mariners found the passage difficult and dangerous, which it was until obstructing rocks were blown out of the way a few years ago. But Arthur Guiterman, who is known among other things as a poet, says that he discovered the real origin of the name years ago. The passage was christened by an early Dutch sailor, who named it in honor of a passage in his home land on a tributary to the river Schelde. The name which he gave it was not "Hell Gate," but "Die Helle Gat," which, being interpreted, means "Beautiful Passage."

WE ENGLISH ~ SPEAKING folk have done some awful things with names. We have taken names which in the original were beautiful and attractive and Anglicized them into monstrosities. A familiar example is the transformation of the Indian name "Minnewaukan," from the beautiful "Spirit Water," which the name really means, to the atrocious "Devils Lake." we have committed innumerable crimes of just about that quality, and the mischief of it is that there is no punishment for the crime and seldom correction of its consequences.

AS A PARTIAL SOLUTION OF the relief problem in Cleveland the government has come forward with 100,000 squash—a million pounds of them—which are part of the surplus commodities being collected and distributed by the government. O f f i c i a l s are distributing the squash, together with recipes for cooking, and they insist that there will be no waste. I wonder. They tell of one North Dakota family which received a lot of surplus grapefruit, and didn't like them at all after they were cooked, and the whole mess was thrown out.

AT HIS RANCH IN TEXAS MR. Garner went out to feed his bantam chickens, accompanied by a caller. He pointed out to the caller the different characteristics of the chickens, finding in each a resemblance to some politician. He called attention to the fact that the birds came when they were called, and said, "If they call me, I'll come." Now is the time for all good Democrats to begin calling.

IN ASIA MINOR THERE HAVE been dug up the remains of fortifications which, considering differences in time and all the conditions of environment, seem to have been about as elaborate and well constructed as the fortifications of the Maginot and Siegfried lines. There were large covered shelters for troops, proof against any weapons known at that period, about 1,000 B. C., ample provisions for cooking food for soldiers, and large stores of weapons. Those ancients seem to have been about as uncivilized as we are.

SIX AUSTRALIAN YOUNG women were married more than a year ago to six seamen on an American vessel which spent some time at their seaport. The ships sailed, and the bridegrooms with it, and the brides have neither seen them nor heard from them since. The brides are seeking divorce, but the way seems to be blocked.

Their marriage to Americans did not confer on them American domicile, and they cannot bring suit in American courts. Under Australian laws, their marriage to foreigners deprived them of Australian domicile and they cannot bring suit in Australian courts. Apparently it will take an act of parliament to unwed them.

FOLLOWING WHAT HAS NOW become an annual custom in this column, I am reproducing, as I have done on two or three former occasions, the famous reply of the New York Sun to the question of one of its little girl readers: "Is there a Santa Claus?" The article has been copied more often, I suppose, than any other editorial ever published, and it is as fresh today as on the day when it was written. Some time in September, 1897, the editor of the New York Sun received the following letter:

Dear Editor:—I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says 'If you see it in the Sun it's so.' Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon. The editor turned the letter over to his assistant, Francis P. Church, and asked him to answer it. Church is said to have been not very enthusiastic over the assignment at first, but presently he got into the spirit of it and wrote the following reply, which was published in the Sun on September 21, 1897:

"VIRGINIA, YOUR LITTLE friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is but a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"NOT BELIEVE IN SANTA Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"YOU TEAR APART THE baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, not even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view the picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"NO SANTA CLAUS! THANK God, he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten thousand times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

TO WHICH I APPEND THE comment made in former years:

What an answer! It brushes aside the inconsequential fictions of materialism and goes right to the heart of the subject. Like a fresh, clean breeze, it dissipates the mists of misunderstanding and permits the truth to shine forth, clear and distinct. It gives faith something on which it can take hold and discloses to us a meaning in life independent of the trappings in which we sometimes dress it up. It shows the perplexed parent a way in which childish questions may be answered, and it may help to clear away some of the difficulties of the parent himself.

LITTLE VIRGINIA GREW UP, married, became a mother, and is now Dr. Virginia Douglas, assistant principal of an East Side school in New York.

When she was old enough to understand the editorial's full meaning, she used to feel badly because poor children were not able to have gifts at Christmas as tangible indications of Santa's existence.

Later on, she says she grew to realize that material gifts were not so important as the faith which even the very poor could have in something spiritual.

A SHY WOMAN, HESITANT in speaking of personal matters, Dr. Douglas is not especially fond of the publicity attendant upon the famous "Letter to Virginia." Every year the Sun reprints the editorial at Christmas time, and Virginia Douglas is again in the spotlight.

Dr. Douglas found her own daughter beginning to doubt Santa Claus when she saw so many in the stores. "She was a product of the mechanical age," Dr. Douglas' light laugh tinkled. "She thought it silly for Santa to use a sled when he could have come in an airplane!"

DECIDEDLY, DR. DOUGLAS is not in favor of breaking the news baldly to a child that there is no Santa Claus. He will learn naturally, she says, as he turns from the free

imaginative stage of early childhood to an interest in the world around him.

Her school is celebrating Christmas soon with a party in every classroom. There will be a gift for every child, too. Dr. Douglas is the Santa Claus.

INNUMERABLE TRADITIONS and customs have become associated with Christmas day and the Christmas season. Many of them are directly related to the Christian faith, while others are of pagan origin. In many cases ancient pagan forms, many, of them beautiful and impressive, have been retained and given new significance by having implanted in them elements derived from the story of Jesus. Without these traditions and customs Christmas would lose much of its flavor. With the day we associate the Christmas tree and the Christmas candle, holly and mistletoe, the ringing of bells and the singing of carols, and there is a great multitude to whom the Christmas season would not be quite complete without the opportunity to read or hear read that famous old poem "The Night Before Christmas."

THE AUTHOR OF THE POEM, Clement Clarke Moore, was born in New York in 1799 and died at Newport, R. I., in 1863. He was graduated from Columbia in 1804, and for 25 years served as a professor in New York General Theological seminary, occupying the chair of Biblical Learning and later changing to that of Oriental and Greek Literature. He published a volume of poems and was the author of theological treatises. Like the creator of "Alice" and inventor of her amazing and amusing adventures, this teacher of serious subjects is now known and remembered for an achievement of an entirely different type, a bit of verse which he probably regarded as of no consequence, but which is known and loved the world over. It has become my custom to publish that little poem sometime during the Christmas season, and here it is again:

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon

would be there. The children were nestled all snug
in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums
danced in their heads; And mamma in her kerchief and I
in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a
long winter's nap,— When out on the lawn there arose
such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what
was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a
flash, Tore open the shutters and threw
up the sash. The moon on the breast of the
new-fallen snow Gave a lustre of midday to objects
below; When what to my wondering eyes
should appear, But a miniature sleigh and eight
tiny reindeer, With a little old driver so lively
and quick I knew in a moment it must be St.
Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled and shouted and
called them by name. "Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now
Prancer and Vixen! On Comet! On Cupid! On Donner
and Blitzen! To the top of the porch, to the top
of the wall! Now dash away, dash away, dash
away all!" As dry leaves that before the wild
hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle,
mount to the sky, So up to the house-top the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys, and
St. Nicholas, too. And then in a twinkling I heard
on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each
little hoof. As I drew in my head and was
turning around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas
came with a bound. He was dressed all in fur from his
head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot; A bundle of toys he had flung on
his back, And he looked like a peddler just
opening his pack; His eyes, how they twinkled; his
dimples how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his
nose like a cherry; His droll little mouth was drawn
up like a bow, And the beard on his chin was as
white as the snow. The stump of a pipe he held tight
in his teeth, And the smoke it encircled his
head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a little
round belly That shook when he laughed like

a bowl full of jelly. He was chubby and plump—a right
jolly old elf; And I laughed when I saw him, in
spite of myself. A wink of his eye and a twist of
his head Soon gave me to know there was
nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went
straight to his work, And filled all the stockings, then
turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his
nose, And giving a nod, up the chimney
he rose. He sprang to his sleigh, to his team
gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the
down of a thistle; And I heard him exclaim, ere he
drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all
a good-night."

WILLIAM HARD, FAMOUS newspaper correspondent, contrasts the situation of the farmer, who examines the market reports to learn what he can get for his wheat, with that of the automobile manufacturer, who fixes for himself the price at which he will sell his car. Such comparisons are often made, and they have a certain basis of fact. But they are not completely accurate. The price of an automobile is not fixed independently by the manufacturer of that particular car. The manufacturers of other cars have an influence in fixing his price. If one car is priced materially higher than others of its class it will not sell, and the manufacturer will be left with unsold stock on his hands.

MOST LINES OF Manufacture are highly competitive, and each manufacturer must be prepared to sell at a price corresponding to that made by his competitors. If he is to do that and live he must use the greatest possible efficiency in his work so that he can produce an article of given type and quality at the lowest possible cost. Because manufacturers have found it necessary to comply with that basic requirement, and have done so, today's automobile, better in every respect than that of ten years ago, sells at a greatly reduced price.

NOR IS IT QUITE TRUE that the farmer has nothing to my about the price of his wheat. The price at any given time is _____ned by composite opinion as _____ly and demand, now and in _____ture. The farmer may vol_____ _____strict his production, _____ tend to advance _____ can refuse to sell if _____ce does not suit him. It is _____at many are not financially _____ to do this, but financial restrictions affect all occupations. But many farmers do hold wheat for better prices, and it is a matter of record that every considerable bulge in the market brings put large quantities of wheat which has been held for an advance.

THERE IS AN OLD THEORY that the chief purpose of grain exchanges, grain brokers and grain speculators is to beat down prices to the lowest possible level. The other day, when for the first time in several years the price of wheat in Chicago passed the dollar mark, there was a celebration on the Chicago exchange. There were scenes of wild jubilation, with cheers, and hats flying and handshaking all around. Always the advent of high prices has injected a spirit of cheer into the atmosphere of the exchanges.

WHEN THE ADMIRAL SPEELAY in the harbor at Montevideo three courses were open to her. She could be interned for the duration of the war, which would have been humiliating to Germany; she could go out to what seemed inevitable destruction, which would have entailed both the loss of the ship and the death of a thousand men; or she could be sunk, and the lives of the men saved. The latter course, which was the prudent and merciful one, was followed. The sacrifice of those lives could have achieved no immediate military purpose.

THE CASE, HOWEVER, HAS its psychological aspect. Leonidas achieved no permanent military advantage for his country when with a mere handful he resisted an overwhelming Persian army. He and his 300 Spartans were killed and the enemy continued his advance. But that battle not only immortalized Leonidas and his men, but has been a source of inspiration wherever men have been called on to dare greatly, regardless of consequences. The charge of the six hundred at Balaklava was the result of a blunder, and it accomplished nothing except to give the world a superb example of discipline and heroism. At Mobile Farragut said "Damn the torpedoes; go ahead!" Reckless? Of course he was, but he became every schoolboy's hero. Germany can find nothing heroic in the scuttling of the Spee. Had she gone down fighting, she, her captain and her crew, would have become immortal.

COMRADE STALIN HAD A birthday on Thursday. He was 60 years old. They don't have Christmas in Russia any longer, not if the government knows it, but they do have birthdays. In honor of the event the other comrades wished to do something nice for Stalin, so they organized another raid on the capital of Finland. The raid is said to have been a complete success. Seven hospitals were bombed, a hospital dormitory, and a school for the blind. Transmitting the news of this glorious achievement to Moscow the raiders wished Comrade Stalin many happy returns of the day. May vivid recollections of the celebration of his sixtieth birthday come fresh into Comrade Stalin's mind on each succeeding anniversary. May his waking moments be filled with thoughts of murdered innocents, and may their cries resound through his dreams.

IT APPEARS THAT I Started something when on the occasion of Vilhjalmur Stefansson's 60th birthday I referred to Stefansson's candidacy for state superintendent of public instruction many years ago and said that his name was withdrawn because of the discovery that he had not yet reached the constitutional age of 25 which is required for elective state officials. In that I was mistaken. Attention was not directed to the age limit until it was too late for withdrawal, therefore Stefansson's name appeared on the ticket and votes were cast for him in the election of 1902. I am glad of the error, however, because it has resulted in bringing me some pleasant letters and some additional information from Dr. Stefansson himself.

JUDGE GRIMSON, OP RUGBY, noticed the original article, thought there was a mistake about the withdrawal of the name, and wrote Dr. Stefansson about it. Stefansson's recollection of the matter was somewhat hazy, though it corresponded with that of Judge Grimson. He wrote to Governor Moses to learn if there was anything in the official files on the subject, and the governor has forwarded to him a photostatic copy of the official ballot on which his name appears, together with that of his successful opponent, W. L. Stockwell. In that election—of 1902—Stefansson received approximately 16,000 votes against 36,000 cast for Stockwell.

DURING HIS COLLEGE years here young Stefansson served for a time as University correspondent for the Herald. My recollection is that his compensation was one dollar a week, and that he earned every cent of it. As older people disappear and new ones come on the stage, the happenings of long ago are often misunderstood. Some of the younger generation, who know of Dr. Stefansson only as a famous explorer and author, may wonder why he was expelled from the University of North Dakota. The facts may be summed up in the statement that he took an impish delight in shocking people. He was full of tricks in which there was not a trace of malice, but which often proved embarrassing to the faculty and which tended to demoralize the discipline of the institution. Therefore he was eliminated. He obtained work on the Grand Forks Plaindealer, and in that connection I quote a paragraph from Stefansson's most recent letter which recalls the kindness and warm human spirit of that other outstanding character, John M. Cochrane, who died while a justice of the North Dakota supreme court. That paragraph reads:

"THE PLAINDEALER JOB, BY the way, has a special interest for old-timers in that it was secured for me by Judge Cochrane, one of the legendary figures of Dakota territory and of early North Dakota. It seems that he had been expelled from some university, I think Michigan, Wisconsin or Minnesota; so when I was expelled from North Dakota he took an interest in me for that very reason, sent a message that I come to his office, talked with me along the line that expulsion had not ruined him and might not ruin me, and closed with saying that he would try to find me a job. He found the job, with the Plaindealer. I was labeled city editor, though I was in reality only one of the two reporters who, I think, made up (with the editor) the full staff of that daily."

DR. STEFANSSON RECALLS, also, that his room-mate and classmate at the University was Charles D. Hamel, who also served as University correspondent for the Herald. Charlie Hamel was organizer and chairman of the board of tax appeals at Washington, and is now head of the law firm of Hamel, Park & Saunders, and one of Washington's most prominent and successful lawyers. How time flies, and how these boys do grow up!

SOMETIME LAST WEEK published the text of the famous 'will' of Charles Lounsberry, which bequeathed the beauties of nature and things of the spirit to those who could enjoy and make use of them. I had always seen the authorship of that interesting document ascribed to L o u n s b e r r y whose death in a h o m e f o r t h e a g e d was also described. The day after the publications of the article this paragraph came from Chicago over the Associated Press:

"WILLISTON FISH, 81, Author of "A Last Will" which bequeathed not money but nature's glories to all, died today at his home in suburban Western Springs.

"The will, actually that of an imaginary rich man who regarded his property as "of no account,' was first published in Harper's Weekly in 1898 and has been reprinted innumerable times.

"It left to children exclusively for example, 'dandelions of the fields, and the daisies thereof, the yellow shores of creeks, dragon flies, the long, long days to be merry in, and the night and the moon and the train of the milky way."

I AM UNABLE TO EXPLAIN the mystery involved in this confusion of names and facts. Clearly, the reference is to the same document, as some of the words in the press dispatch are identical with those already published. Was "Charles Lounsberry" really Williston Fish, and did the real author of the will die just the other day instead of years ago, as has always been supposed? I don't know.

A CORRESPONDENT SENDS a clipping from the Herald giving the number of auto traffic deaths In North Dakota for 1939 up to December 14 at 79 and the number for the corresponding period in 4.938 as 102. Accompanying this is a clipping from another state paper for the same date in which the number of deaths given for each fear is considerably higher. The correspondent asks which is correct.

ATTENTION HAS BEEN Called before to such discrepancies, and I am unable to explain them, not know what method other papers use in compiling their lists. The Herald's list is of fatal automobile casualties on the highways. I notice that the other list submitted is labeled "car deaths," which may include casualties other than on the highways. I do not know.

ALL THE DAILY PAPERS IN North Dakota are members of the Associated press. Each paper is required to furnish to the Associated Press all news of importance arising in its territory, and that information is then available to all the papers. It is from the information thus furnished by the member papers and carried by the Associated Press that the Herald's figures are compiled daily.

HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE the name of the German pocket battleship that was sunk at Montevideo? One's first reaction would be to pronounce it as it is spelled, to rhyme with "see." But in German the latter "e" takes the sound of our long "a," therefore the ship should be the "Spay," to rhyme with "play." Further, I am told that that the initial "S" should be sounded as "Sh'," making it "Shpay." But I noticed that in his radio address Winston Churchill, who is something of a man of letters himself, bluntly gave the word the English pronunciation, and just called it "Spee."

WE OF THE UNITED STATES seem to be about the only people who attempt to retain the foreign pronunciation of a word when we adopt the word itself. The English do that to some extent, but not as much as we, and the continental nations do it scarcely at all. When the English adopt a word from the French they Anglicize it and pronounce it as if it were an English word. The French Frenchify their adopted words, and the German Germanize them. We made a stab at retaining the original pronunciation, and often we make a sorry mess of it.

MR. COLBY, DOWN IN THE right hand corner of this page, who instructs us in pronunciation, and with whom I usually agree, seems to have stubbed his toe on the word "Montevideo." He thinks that the letter "d" in the word should be given the sound of I our "th". That may be all right in Castilian Spanish, but the South Americans, except the Brazilians, whose language is derived from the Portuguese, speak a sort of Spanish which is quite different from the Castilian, and they sound the letter "d" just as we do. A native of Spain has difficulty In understanding, or making himself understood, in any of the Latin-American counties. The differences are not merely of dialect, but they affect the language spoken by educated persons.

WE HEAR MUCH ABOUT THE, commercialization of Christmas, and it is quite true that the commercial spirit enters to no small extent into observance of the day. Merchants look forward to the season as one in which their trade will be increased manifold. Gifts are given in the expectation that gifts of equal or greater value will be received. There are those who think more of what they will receive than of what they shall give. But when due allowance is made for whatever selfishness may be present, the fact remains that the Christmas season is one of joy and gladness, and that more than at any other season thoughts are turned to the business of making other people happy.

THE MERCHANT HOPES FOR a lively Christmas trade, and usually his hopes are realized. But at least some of the trade that is not crowded into two or three weeks in December is trade which, were there no Christmas, would be distributed over a longer period. Gifts that might be made in August or November are postponed until Christmas, because we have come to recognize Christmas as the appropriate season for gifts. And surely there is nothing wrong in giving presents even if it is understood that presents are also to be received. There is no field of human behavior in which it is not possible to find flaws, but when all the flaws associated with Christmas observance are added up and eliminated, the remaining body of unselfish goodwill is so vast that the incidental flaws become insignificant in comparison. So I am decidedly for Christmas, with its carols, its gifts, its revival of old sentiments and old associations, its perpetuation of customs which, standing by themselves would be archaic and perhaps absurd, its busy shopping days, its hanging of stockings, and the eagerness with which children look forward to it. God pity the nation from whose calendar Christmas has been eliminated.

A FRIEND WHO WRITES that he has been a reader of the Herald for 45 years submits with approval a clipping containing the following paragraphs:

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND why more consideration is not given to the establishment of a national lottery. The American people like to gamble. Why not give them a chance to play a game which is not "fixed"?

We send millions abroad every year for Irish sweepstakes and similar lotteries. Let's keep the money at home. Personally, I do not favor big prizes. I think \$5,000 is enough for any individual to win. I would use the profit to build hospitals for the poor, the blind and the crippled, and particularly for children. The revenue would be sufficient to give us such facilities in every part of the country.

THE ARGUMENT GIVEN IN favor of legalizing lotteries in the United States is familiar. It may be unanswerable. Nevertheless, I share the repugnance which many others feel toward the plan of making institutions for the promotion of public welfare dependant on gambling in any form.

THE FOLLOWING COMES with holiday greeting from Joseph Lovechick of Milton:

"QUITE RECENTLY IN YOUR column in the Herald, you commented on the book 'Drums Over the Mohawk,' and your article aroused my interest in two ways. First, in that I have also read the book, and also a book 'The Little Red Foot' by the late Robert W. Chambers, which also has its locale in the Valley of the Mohawk, and secondly that in the winter of 1929-30, I accompanied Mr. Verne Withrow of Mahanomen, Minn., to New York City and we drove through the historic Mohawk Valley.

"WE VISITED THE MANSION, near Johnstown, N. Y., which was once owned and occupied by Sir William Johnson, a baronet under the British crown. Sir William was, after the so-called French and Indian wars, made British Commissioner of Indian Affairs of all North America. This mansion has numerous historical relics, is attended to by a caretaker, who resides in a neat little cottage within a stone's throw of the Hall, and I believe is kept up by a combination of the 'Colonial Dames of America,' 'The Daughters of the American Revolution,' and the 'State Historical Society of New York.'

"The surrounding villages of Fonda, Ballston, and others are also mentioned in Chambers' novel, which I am sure you would enjoy reading as Chambers' seems to have a very compelling and vivid style of writing."

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS WAS well known a few years ago as a writer of popular romantic works. His style was always entertaining, and he built plots that held the reader's attention. Several of his books had their background in New York and adjoining state in the eighteenth century. He wrote of Indian character, traditions and customs in the manner of one who had made an exhaustive study of the subject. Probably his major characters were idealized, which is true of the characters of Fennimore Cooper and decidedly true of the characters in much of the later western fiction.

HOW OLD IS THE PICTURE magazine? Of course magazines have published pictures since a long time ago, but in the past few years there have been produced several magazines which are devoted almost altogether to pictures, "Life" having set the pace. Appearance of these magazines has been accepted as an innovation, and in several respects it is quite new. The pages of the modern picture magazine are usually of immense size, most of the pictures are photographic reproductions, far surpassing in mechanical work anything attempted in former years. The magazine, too, is distinctly a news magazine, presenting in pictorial form the news of the day right up to the minute.

BUT AN OLD COPY OF THE Burr McIntosh magazine reminds me that the picture magazine is not altogether new. This copy, which belongs to Walter Canniff, is the Christmas number of the magazine for 1903. In its day the Burr McIntosh was a popular magazine, and its contents consisted almost entirely of pictures. It was liked by those who followed the drama, for many of its pictures were portraits of actors and actresses then occupying prominent places on the stage—the motion picture was yet to come.

IN THE MAGAZINE BEFORE me are excellent portraits of Maxine Elliott, Blanche Bates, Clara Bloodgood, Irene Van Brugh, Adele Ritchie, Ethel Barrymore, William Gillette, and Charles Richman, to mention just a few. Each portrait occupies a full page. In addition there are reproductions of paintings, usually landscaped, most of them in this number being appropriately of winter scenes. One page in the advertising section has miniature reproductions of a series of Buster Brown pictures—remember Buster?—entitled "Buster Brown and his Bubble." The pictures show Buster en tour in his tiny automobile, and show him getting into all sorts of scrapes. There were automobiles 36 years ago, but they were so new and so crotchety that they served as the foundation or innumerable jokes.

STYLES IN FIGURES AS well as in dress have changed in 36 years. All of the ladies whose portraits are shown were then decidedly plump. Not one of them exhibits the slim, svelte, willowy figure to the development of which many of the present-day physical culture exercises are directed. Instead, there are generous curves which the prevailing wasp waists serve to accentuate. On the back cover is depicted a charming lady demonstrating the latest thing in champagne, and she, like her sisters on the inside pages, is of most generous proportions.

MENTION OF ETHEL Barrymore on the list reminds me of Lionel Barrymore's rendition of "The Christmas Carol" on Christmas night, I hope you heard it. In a curtain talk—if that is the proper term where there is no curtain—at the close of the broadcast Barrymore said that "The Christmas Carol had been one of his favorite stories as far back as he could remember. "Ethel, Jack and I used to play it," he said, "all dressed up in sheets and other paraphernalia. With us there were three Scrooges in the play." "Who played Tiny Tim?" asked the M. C. "Oh, we had three Tiny Tims, too."

THE HERALD HAS AN Associated Press story about a man in the state of Washington colliding with a deer and applying to the game department for compensation for damages to his car by one of the state's protected deer. The department said it had not yet received a report from the deer, but it was maintaining highways for the benefit of drivers of vehicles and also of pedestrians, including deer. It was suggested that when the returns were in the deer might have a claim for bodily injuries and mental suffering. The owner of the car might demand evidence to show that the deer had been properly equipped with lights.

IF TENNYSON HAD LIVED 3000 years ago he would have passed into history as a prophet. Today we call him a poet. But those whom we regard as prophets were also poets, for they had the imaginative quality that belongs to poetry, and while they were essentially preachers, they couched their exhortations in figures of speech, some times of terrible magnificence. Like them, Tennyson peered into the future and like them he preached and exhorted. His poem, "Ring Out, Wild Bells," has a message peculiarly appropriate to the close of the year, and never more appropriate than now, when the world is sadly in need of the ringing in of "the Christ that is to be." While the poem has been printed and quoted millions of times, I submit it again for its fitness and everlasting timeliness:

RING OUT, WILD BELLS. By Alfred Tennyson.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild
sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light
The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new
Ring, happy bells, across the
snow: The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true

Ring out the grief that saps the
mind, For those that here we see no
more; Ring out the feud of rich and
poor, Ring in redress of all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party
strife, Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws

Ring out the want, the care, the
sin, The faithless coldness of the
times; Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and
blood, The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and
right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of
gold; Ring out the thousand wars of
old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier
hand; Ring out the darkness of the
land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ONE OF THE TREASURES IN many a home is a patchwork quilt into which are woven the traditions of a family, perhaps for several generations. In its fabric are bits from an old wedding dress. Scraps of neckties which once were worn with pride, pieces from the first dress of a child now grown to womanhood, all bringing back memories which have become sacred. And I give herewith a bit of verse of unknown authorship composed by someone to whom the old patchwork quilt was full of rich meaning:

"THE PATCHWORK QUILT". She joined the square with loving care,
And set the dainty stitches, A thrifty dame in olden days
Of tallow-dips and witches. And every row of herringbone
And blocks so neatly shaded Can tell a story of its own, Though sadly worn and faded. This muslin with the lilac sprig
She wore to Sunday meeting, When bashful beaux around the door
Were waiting for her greeting. I seem to see her slippered feet
(The drowsy sermon over) Go twinkling out among the graves,
Knee deep in dewy clover. This little scrap of ivory hue
Her wedding gown discloses. And as gay young wife she wore
This pink brocade with roses. As years the duties multiplied
The colors grew more sober, Till middle age demurely went
In browns of sere October. So you can read her quiet life,
From morning's merry matin, Until you spell the vespers out
In bits of chintz and satin; And here you know her form was bent,
Her locks were thin and hoary, For blocks of woollen, black and gray,
And purple, end the story. Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston.

THE NEW YEAR FINDS THE world in a state of confusion. Every new year has opened, and every old year has closed, with conditions surrounding the lives of men which are far from desirable. I suppose there has never been a time what the passage from one year to the next has not been made the occasion for gloomy forebodings, with mystics interpreting the "signs of the times" as evidence of the approaching doom of the race. Yet in spite of all the manifestations of evil the world has gone on, new generations have come, to be replaced by still others, and each generation has achieved some progress.

TODAY GREAT NATIONS are at war. Violent attacks are being made on the citadel of human liberty. Men have taken up arms to destroy the liberties of others, and others have taken up arms in defense of those liberties. In the resultant conflicts the affairs of all peoples have been thrown more or less out of joint. Throughout the world there is a feeling of tension, and of anxiety as to what the future may have in store.

BUT WHILE THESE Conditions are most conspicuous today, the business of living goes on. The wheels of industry still turn. Where the crops have been gathered from the fields, plans are being made for the planting of new crops. Railroads and trucks are carrying their consignments of goods from place to place. Children are going to school and playing their accustomed games. Fathers and mothers, shocked though they may be by current wars and attendant brutalities, are nevertheless trying to shape a future in which their children will be secure and happy.

EARNEST SOLICITUDE FOR the welfare of one's neighbor is shown in the continued work of great philanthropists and in the contribution of their mites by those of small possessions, all that suffering may be relieved, comfort may be promoted, and the world made a better place for human existence. And while great nations are at war, there has never been a time what there was a greater recognition of the wrongfulness and hatefulness of that denial of human rights out of which wars are bred, nor an equally wide-spread and passionate demand that the causes which lead to war be corrected. So, it is not only with courage and determination, but with real hope and confidence that we look forward and wish each other a Happy New Year.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S appointment of Myron C. Taylor as his personal representative to the Vatican has brought forth much comment and considerable speculation. There are some who see in this appointment political recognition of the pope, and who fear that it will involve the nation in undesirable religious controversies. The president's position is not political in any sense, but that he has sought to bring to bear for the promotion of the cause of peace the combined influence of the agencies which work for peace, first among which are the great religious bodies.

THE POPE IS APPROACHED as the head of a world-wide religious organization, and toward the same end he has invited the co-operation of the head of the Federal Council of Churches, a Protestant organization, and of an eminent rabbi, the head of a great Jewish seminary. There has been raised the question of the source from which Ambassador Taylor salary shall be paid. One comment on this point is that Mr. Taylor is a man of independent means who can get along very comfortably without salary if that becomes necessary.

AT TWO OR THREE POINTS Finnish troops have crossed the border and entered Russian territory. Their commander was careful to say that those movements are not intended as invasion of Russia, but are tactical measures made necessary by the exigencies of the war. The Soviet government has all along insisted that its operations against Finland were purely defensive, undertaken to check movements for a Finnish invasion which was contemplated. Probably Moscow will now content that its charge that an invasion by Finland was planned is justified. Even the grimmest of wars has its humorous aspects.

WHAT APPEARS TO HAVE been one of the most disastrous earthquakes of modern times has occurred in Turkey, where it is estimated that 20,000 persons have been killed and 60,000 others injured in the tremors that have occurred in a mountainous region. Coincident with the quakes in Turkey were tremors in southern California, South America and South Africa. With these earthquakes so widely distributed and occurring at the same time, the layman would be apt to jump to the conclusion that the whole planet was being subjected to a major convulsion. An eminent seismologist assures us that this is not the case. He says that the occurrence of these quakes at the same time is merely a coincidence and that the globe is as secure as ever. I hope he knows.