

CRISP SAYINGS ASSOCIATED WITH warlike events are numerous enough to fill a long chapter. A few come readily to mind. Every schoolboy had heard Caesar's stilted and self-conscious report, "I came; I saw; I conquered." Perry reported after the battle of Lake Erie, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Surpassing both in laconic simplicity is the American Donald Nelson's, "Sighted sub; Sank same."

Then we have Nelson's "England expects every man to do his duty;" Farragut's "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!"; Dewey's "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley"; and Forrest's "Git thar fustest with the mostest men." Napoleon is credited with the saying that an army travels on its belly. The idea that "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions" was expressed in substance to Gibbon and by Voltaire. Cromwell is credited with that combination of piety and military shrewdness "Trust in God and keep your powder dry." A variation of this is the current "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition," which, within a year, has become one of our familiar expressions and has found its place in song.

THE ONE THING THAT SEEMS TO be generally accepted concerning this latter expression is that during the attack on Pearl Harbor an American naval chaplain assisted in hoisting shells from the magazine to the guns and during the excitement made a remark which has been crystallized into the now popular saying. The words have been credited to at least two chaplains, one a Catholic and the other a Presbyterian, but neither is able to recall having said anything of the kind.

THERE ARE NUMEROUS INSTANCES of chaplains taking part in combat in time of stress. Scott makes effective use of this resurgence of the militant spirit in a stirring episode in his NOVEL "The Betrothed." The heroine's castle is being attacked by the Welsh. Wilkin Flammock, sturdy Flemish weaver, has taken charge of the defense. Father Aldrovand, who once was a soldier but has become a monk, asks Flammock how the battle is going. Flammock is too busy to pay attention to a mere cleric, but the good father, taking note of a mechanical device for hurling projectiles, tucks up his sleeves, saying:

"I WILL TRY TO HELP THEE—ALthough, Our Lady pity me, I know nothing of these strange devices—not even the names. But our rule commands us to labor; there can be no harm, therefore, in turning this winch—or in placing this steel-headed piece of wood opposite the cord, (suiting his action to his words) nor see I aught uncanonical in adjusting the lever thus, or in touching the spring."

Then, says Scott, the large bolt whizzed through the air and struck down a Welsh chief of eminence, whereupon the monk, forgetting his ignorance of military machines and technical terms, shouted: "Well driven trebuchet—well flown quarrell!" To which the admiring Flammock added: "And well aimed, monk!"

A HEADLINE OVER A MINNEAPOLIS press story the other day said "175,000 Workers Frozen in Their Positions." What an opportunity that affords Goebbels to tell the German people of the desperate straits to which Americans are reduced! Probably before this time the propagandist has been broadcasting descriptions of a whole army of American workers in a single city being frozen to death as they worked hopelessly through the cold of a bitter winter at the task of making weapons with which to oppose the conquering might of Hitler. Any propagandist could make a real thriller of that. And some listeners might not understand that the headline meant merely that the workers affected would not be permitted to change war jobs without permission.

THAT COLUMN OF QUESTIONS and answers which appears daily on one of the inside pages of the Herald contains bits of information many of which are of little interest to me, but often it contains statements of fact concerning which I have been too lazy to investigate. The other day there appeared an answer which really interested me. Somebody wanted to know what makes a horsehair wiggle when it is placed in water. The answer was that the movement is caused by minute animals which attach themselves to the hair.

AS A BOY I SHARED, NOT MERELY the belief, but the firm conviction that if a horsehair were placed in water under favorable conditions it would presently turn into a "hair snake." I and all the other boys knew that to be a fact because we had seen the miracle performed. Let a hair be placed in a shallow pool of stagnant water, and about next day it would be a snake, wriggling all over the place. It didn't always work, and when it didn't we supposed that the hair might be too old, or too new, or the weather wasn't right, or the experiment might have been performed at the wrong time of the moon. But there were times when it did work, at least to our satisfaction.

THEN ALONG CAME THE SCIENTISTS and said that such a thing couldn't be; that the long, slim wrigglers which we saw were really living creatures developed from other causes; and that the hairs that we had placed in the water had nothing to do with them. That was a disappointment, for one does not like to have his illusions shattered. I was in no position to dispute the verdict of science. All I knew was that I had put a hair in the water and presently had found that instead of it there was a creature, giving every evidence of life, that looked just like it.

THE ANSWER GIVEN BY MR. HASKIN is more satisfying to me than were the answers of the other authorities. I had long since given up the idea that my horsehair actually came to life, but it was a little humiliating to think that notwithstanding all my care I had mistaken something else for it. Therefore I welcome Mr. Haskin's explanation because it permits me to cling to the idea that my horsehair really moved, just as I supposed, although the cause was different from the one to which I had ascribed the movement. Now, perhaps, Mr. Haskin can explain that punk water actually removed warts, and tell us why. That was another of our unshakable convictions.

THE PERSON WHO HAS LAID IN A stock of canned goods or others of the foods that are to be rationed is required to declare the quantity on hand when rationing goes into effect. Coupons representing such quantity will be deducted from the individual's allowance. There are persons who are stocking up and who do not intend to make the required declaration, believing that the government will not bother about items so small.

SOME OF THE BOYS ARE GOING the government has a long memory. The reports to be made will be on file for a long time, just as income tax returns are kept on file for years. Did you ever have a revenue agent ask you to explain what appears to be a discrepancy of \$2.75 in your income tax return for 1936? Those things do crop up years after the event, and they may prove embarrassing. Some of the hoarders may be surprised, next year, or two or three years hence. It isn't pleasant to have something hanging over one that way. Meanwhile, let's hope that the hoarders choke on what they hoard.

SOME OF THE BOYS ARE GOING off to the wars have been criticized for having what is called a "last fling" before staffing. Perhaps some of the criticism is valid, but I recall a remark made long ago by a contractor about the lumberjacks who spent their winters in the northern Minnesota woods. Some of them celebrated the beginning and the end of each season with a grand spree. The contractor talked of that. "Yes," he said, "the boys certainly did tear things loose once in a while, but they sure did get out the logs."

THE FIRST GENERAL REACTION in the United States to the attack on Pearl Harbor was of surprise and anger. That our relations with Japan were in a critical stage was well understood, and there were many who were convinced that war between the two countries was more than probably. Yet there was the hope that a break might be averted, and negotiations were proceeding, with the Japanese declaring their hope and confidence that peace would be preserved.

THE JAPANESE ATTACK IN THESE circumstances was an example of treachery seldom equalled. It resembled the act of the man who grasps the hand of another in apparent friendship while with his free hand he stabs the other with a dagger. Everywhere there was surprise at the unexpected and anger at the act of base treachery. War had come upon the nation like lightning out of a clear sky. The fact was recognized and accepted, and immediate preparations were begun to carry on the fight.

ON THE PART OF A FEW THERE was at first an attitude of boastfulness, and the little Japs were dismissed with a gesture of contempt. There were visions of the immediate sweeping of the enemy from the seas, the bombardment of his paper cities and triumphant occupation of his territory. There were others who knew better and who understood that we were dealing with a powerful and resourceful enemy whose armies were well drilled and already toughened by combat and who was well supplied with implements of war which had been in process of building and accumulating for years.

SOON ALL THOUGHTS OF A QUICK and easy victory over Japan were abandoned and it was found that for a time the best that we could do was to present a stubborn defense while the enemy quickly made himself master of most of the strategic points in the vast area of the western Pacific. Having shattered our fleet at Pearl Harbor the Japanese swiftly captured the Philippines, Hong Kong, Singapore and most of the East Indies, incidentally taking prisoner 30,000 American and Filipino soldiers. Burma was occupied by the enemy and the Burma road was closed to the transport of supplies to China. India was menaced and Australia lay right in the path of the victorious enemy.

GERMANY AND ITALY HAD earlier declared war against the United States and to the obligations affecting the European area which we had already assumed there was added the requirement for defense of our own lines in and around the Atlantic. The Germans, recovering from their winter reverses, started a new offensive against Russia and speedily swept through the Ukraine and into the Caucasus and pushed their northern armies farther east than ever before. The British drive against Rommel in Africa had been turned into a retreat, and there was clearly in evidence the shaping of a great pincers movement which, if successful, would have given the enemy possession of Libya, Egypt and much of the Middle East. That, in general, was the condition that confronted the United States and its allies up to the middle of 1942.

CHANGES CAME ABOUT SWIFTLY and on a grand scale. In the Pacific area American commands under MacArthur and Nimitz did not drive the enemy back, but in sea, air and land engagements they stopped and held him and in some sections assumed at least a local offensive. Russia held the enemy and performed miracles of defense and then drove the enemy back. The American African expedition, coordinated with the British East Africa drive, took the initiative out of Hitler's hands and changed the whole complexion of the war. The year closes with skies brighter for the United Nations than a year ago, and the New Year opens in an atmosphere of hope, and also with a certainty of still greater struggle before us.

I HAVE BEEN READING WITH great interest the book "How to Win the Peace," by C. J. Hambro, already known to many northwestern people as president of the Norwegian parliament and of the League of Nations assembly, and of another intensely interesting book "I Saw It Happen in Norway." In his recent book Mr. Hambro analyzes the causes that led to the war and states what he believes to be the essentials for an enduring peace.

War is often said to be due solely to economic causes. Mr. Hambro dismisses that idea as without foundation and cites cases in support of his contention. He believes that war is more likely to be ideological and philosophical in its origin, and in support of that view he draws illustrations from the history of Germany. Instead of Hitler being the cause of the aggressive spirit that has found expression in Germany he believes Hitler to be the product of a philosophy that can be traced back beyond the days of Bismarck to the growth of the Prussian military aristocracy whose concepts have strongly influenced German life and thought. Believing thus Mr. Hambro is convinced that Hitler's defeat of itself would accomplish nothing of permanent value, but that there must be a complete reversal of much that has been inherent in German thought.

HOWEVER, MR. HAMBRO DOES not hold Germany's false philosophy alone responsible for the war. No small share of the responsibility, he thinks, rests on the complaisance of those, leaders and peoples alike, who are now fighting Hitler and on their easy assumption that peace could be secured by negotiation and agreement with a conscienceless power bent on conquest. Numerous illustrations of that attitude are given, and the facts demonstrate its futility.

CONVINCED AS HE IS OF THE Futility of a mere military victory, Mr. Hambro emphasizes the importance of preparing for the peace that is to follow in such fashion that the disasters that have been visited upon the world shall not be repeated. Now, he insists, is the time for laying the foundations in thought and principle of a new order which shall meet the needs and realize the aspirations of liberty-loving peoples everywhere on earth. He warns against the idea of the super-state which so many writers have been busy in constructing, for he feels that to create a super-government to exercise authority over all other governments would in itself be a contradiction of the very democracy which some are now fighting to destroy and others to preserve.

OUT OF HIS WEALTH OF EXPERIENCE as a statesman in his own country, as one of the important consultants of the League of Nations and president of its tence had been demoralized by the war, had no part in the organization of the League, and the United States was denied membership by the action of a few poli-assembly, he recognizes weaknesses in the League as organized and operated. One of those weaknesses was the League's lack of universality. Russia, the greatest empire on the globe, whose national existically-minded senators. There were mistakes, he says, in the treaty of Versailles, but the present war was not caused by any severity in the treaty toward Germany, for never before in history had a great power so singly defeated been so mercifully spared from retributive acts.

CONCRETELY, MR. HAMBRO LOOKS forward to the maintenance and strengthening of national governments; to their collaboration in a universal organization based on the principles set forth in the Atlantic charter and similar declarations; and on a world court of competent jurisdiction. He is specific in demanding that the new order shall not represent or be controlled by any single power or any particular group of powers, but shall represent the thought and the will of all who are brought within the scope of its influence.

PROBABLY FEW ENGLISH-SPEAKING readers make any serious attempt to pronounce those long consonant-filled words that appear in print as the names of Russian places. As the Russians have done with respect to certain strategic positions, we just by - pass them. What else can one do with such words as Ekaterinenskaya, Dnepropetrovsk, Novorossiisk and Vladikavkay?

Russia, however, is not the only country in which names are used which must be appalling to the foreigner. In our own state of Maine there are Lake Pemadupicook, Lake Mooselookmegantic and Androscoggin, to mention just a few, while over on the Vermont-Canadian border is Lake Pemphramagog. Minnesota has its Lake Winnibegoshish and its Koochiching county. In old Ontario there are Penetanguishene and Nottawasaga, and a lot of other jaw-breakers.

LONG YEARS AGO BACK EAST MY family had a friend, John Wolstenholm, who lived in Bosanquet, a combination which amused me as I saw the names on on letters which came from him. Then I learned that John was about to move, and I thought that the interesting combination of names to which I had been accustomed would be ended. It was, but another took its place. John moved to Bobcageon.

IN AN ARTICLE IN THE SATURDAY Evening Post on the proposed world calendar the author notes that the new calendar could be put into effect without much inconvenience at the beginning of 1945, in which case President Roosevelt could leave the new calendar as a farewell token when he goes out of office in 1945. But why does he think Roosevelt is going out of office in 1945, or at any other time?

DISCUSSION OF WAR AND OTHER rumors and how to deal with them brings to mind the method used by an old country newspaper man long ago in dealing with would-be mischief makers. Someone would come in with a live, juicy scandal which he wished ventilated through the columns of the newspaper. The editor would listen patiently to the story and then would write out an article, as if for publication, giving all the alleged facts, with names of persons said to be implicated. This he would read to his informant, who would declare it to be perfect. Then, handing a pen to the scandalmonger he would say "just sign your name here." And when the visitor refused to sign, as he always did, he would be given a blistering lecture on the practice of picking up and circulating rumors while being afraid to stand behind them.

A NEW ELECTRIC MICROSCOPE IS said to have sufficient magnifying power to increase the size of a mosquito 20,000 times. And a lot of our fellows now in the tropics think that the mosquitoes there are big enough as it is.

MAX HILL, AUTHOR OF A NEW book on Japan, learned while in that country that in preparing for the war the Japanese government had commandeered all the grain in the kingdom for the manufacture of industrial alcohol. Deprived of their usual supply of grain, the Japanese chickens quit laying and there were no eggs. As the chickens did not lay and there was no grain with which to feed them nearly all of them were killed. Now there are neither chickens nor eggs.

ONE BEAUTY ABOUT NYLON stockings is that after they are worn out they can be made over. They don't make them over into stockings, but into parachutes. The material in worn stockings can be dissolved and remanufactured into parachute cloth, so that a paratrooper can float gently to earth, borne up by his best girl's stockings.

I HAVE OFTEN WRITTEN OF THE excellent flavor of wild strawberries and have said what I believe to be the fact, that while horticultural science has produced berries larger and finer in appearance, it has not succeeded in improving on the flavor of the wild strawberry, and I know of no cultivated berry that equals the wild fruit in flavor.

My praise of the wild strawberry has brought pleasing results in the gift of a jar of wild strawberry preserves from Mrs. C. F. McDonald of Red Lake Falls, and I find that the fine flavor of the wild berry is well retained in the preserve. The berries, Mrs. McDonald says, were not picked by her, but by her niece, Mrs. Ben Peterson, who is now in California, and who gathered the berries last summer at Gatzke, Minn., where they were abundant last season. Again I repeat the statement made, I believe, by Henry Ward Beecher, that "doubtless God could have made a finer berry than the strawberry, but doubtless he never did."

STORIES OF EXPERIENCES IN THE building of the Alaska-Canada highway (Alcan for short) remind one of the Klondike days of about 1898 when men braved bitter cold, precipitous mountain passes and dangerous rapids to make their way to the new gold fields and, they hoped, gather nuggets by the bushel. The army engineers who built that road in the right in six months of actual construction, and who will be working on it for several years before it will be suitable for touring, have not been in search of gold. They have been building a war road for the transportation of military supplies to the northernmost possession of the United States, to serve for defense against possible Japanese attack and for the launching of expeditions against Japan itself. And they have done a magnificent job.

OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THE work who have done engineering and combat work all over the world say that no men in the armed forces of the United Nations have operated under more trying and forbidding conditions than have been encountered in that vast wilderness of mountain and muskeg, glaciers and avalanches, unpredictable and ungovernable streams, intolerable insect pests, and temperatures that range from 90 above zero in the short summer to a recorded 90 below zero in the fierce winter with only an hour or so of daylight. Yet in spite of all obstacles, the road has been made passable and truck loads of precious freight are rolling over it today.

IN THE BUILDING OF THE ROAD much had to be improvised and many makeshift devices were employed because of the time that would have been consumed in obtaining emergency supplies from distant centers. Material needed at the farther end of a difficult gap of 200 miles was shipped roundabout some 2,000 miles by rail, ocean steamer, spur railroad and overland so that the job could be tackled from both ends. Saw mills were carried piece by piece by air and set up on the banks of streams, where timber was sawn from native trees for the building of bridges. Some of those bridges, it is known, will be swept away by spring floods and must be replaced with others, possibly in new locations, but meanwhile, freight is going over them during the winter months.

NOT ONLY HAS THE WORK BEEN impeded by natural obstacles, but there has been the confusion inseparable from the performance of a gigantic task undertaken under emergency conditions and almost without notice with speed the prime requisite. With cargo space priceless, by some unaccountable fluke a consignment of 20 empty oil drums was received at a point where there were thousands of empty oil drums already on hand. Six cobblers whose work was badly needed for the repair of foot gear arrived at one point with no tools or other equipment except a typewriter with which to make out requisitions. An emergency order for certain supplies was sent to a Detroit firm in an army envelope. Many days later the envelope came back stamped "six cents postage due." But notwithstanding the headaches produced by such blunders, the work went on and the Alcan highway is now a fact.

THERE IS GENERAL AGREEMENT that for the past six weeks or so we have been having quite a "spell of weather" in the northwest. The oldest inhabitant may remember a season just like this one, for the oldest Inhabitant is addicted to remembering things that take some of the joy out of life for the person who is all puffed up because he has found something that he thinks was never equaled. Talk boastfully to the oldest inhabitant about one of those things and he will tell you of something that happened back in the seventies that double discounts it. So it is well not to be boastful about the weather when the oldest inhabitant is around, for he will tell you of the time that it was much wetter, or drier, or hotter, or colder and you can't prove that he is wrong.

WITH NO INTENT TO START A controversy, therefore, I venture to remark that thus far this has been an interesting season in this particular locality. Since some time before Thanksgiving our weather has been steadily cold, not as cold as it is sometimes, but cold enough, and much more steady than usual. The snow that fell in November is still with us, all of it, for not even at mid-day when the sun shone its brightest has there been the semblance of thaw even where a handful of snow was kicked onto a bare sidewalk.

WHILE THE TEMPERATURE HAS been down below zero much of the time, with an occasional dip into the twenties, it has been, on the whole, a pleasant season, for there has been no wind to speak of, and it is astonishing how low the temperature can go without greatly impairing comfort if only the wind doesn't blow. And for those who burn oil for heating the lack of wind has been a godsend.

THE STEADINESS OF OUR NORTHwestern weather is in sharp contrast with the weather they have been having both east and west. Unseasonable mild weather brought disastrous floods which extended all the way from New England down into Georgia and across to the lower Mississippi. Those floods were due partly to melting snow and partly to heavy rains, affecting all the streams in that great area, driving thousands from their homes and causing damage running into millions. Across the continent great areas in Washington and Oregon are flooded. The eastern weather has turned cold. Rain has turned to snow or sleet. Southern Ontario and western New York report the worst storm in 50 years. Telephone and power lines are broken down by ice and there are communities which have been without communication, light or power for days. Back in that country, when it gets right down to snowing it can snow. I know, for I have been there.

THE VARIETY OF WEATHER THAT the continent has experienced plays right into the hands of the long range weather forecasters. This season, for instance, the forecaster who predicted that the year would start out cold or warm, wet or dry, could point to some spot in the country and say "I told you so."

A FRIEND SENDS ME A CLIPPING from a Los Angeles paper for November 21 containing the following item culled from the paper's "fifty years ago" column:

"George R. Jones, a woodchopper, engaged in trimming pepper trees in the center of the City of San Bernardino, observed suspended over his head two shining objects. He found them to be tin oyster cans of great weight and opening them found them to contain gold pieces totaling \$1900. Jones, poor but honest, carried the glittering heap of gold to the Bank of San Bernardino, where he deposited it for identification by the owner. Many suppose that _____, alleged embezzler from Grand Forks, N. D., in jail in San Bernardino awaiting extradition, made this tree the hiding place of some of the money for which he did not account."

THE NAME OF THE ALLEGED EMbezzler appeared in the published paragraph, but I have omitted it for reasons which seem satisfactory. I have no recollection of such a case of embezzlement of fifty years ago, nor do I know of anyone who would be likely to recall it. If any reader has knowledge of it I should appreciate further information.

A SHORT TIME AGO THERE WAS passed on to me a letter addressed to "Sheriff of Grand Forks county" by Lee Howard, of Portland, Oregon, who describes himself as a former resident of Grand forks and at one time a deputy sheriff under Sheriff Jenks. That was a long time ago. Mr. Howard writes that he came to Grand Forks in 1877 and worked one summer on James J. Hill's steamboat "Pioneer." Now, as he says, "nearing the fourscore and 10 mark," he looks back with pleasure on the years spent in North Dakota and Montana, in which two states he spent most of the 65 years, with brief interruptions for visits to Canada and Alaska.

IN HIS CAPACITY AS DEPUTY sheriff, Mr. Howard was more or less familiar with local crimes committed in the early days, and he mentions some which became well known and others who do not appear to have got into the records. He mentions the lynching of the negro in 1885 and the murder of Mrs. Snell and her young son near Inkster. He says "Geordy Veach, Lester Bennett, Bill Sample, Henry Rutherford and myself found the bodies."

THOSE MURDERS WERE HISTORIC. Other deaths are mentioned which have not been incorporated in local history. I rather suspect that in addition to the facts which he relates Mr. Howard may have picked up some floating rumors, of which there were plenty. He writes: "Many a corpse was found on the point where the two rivers came together," and "little or no attention was paid to a body found floating in the river." But I have understood from others who were here about the beginning that little Grand Forks was not nearly as tough as rumor has pictured it.

MENTION IS MADE OF THE FINDING of three headless bodies in Whisky Creek canyon, but the mystery surrounding that find was cleared up when it was learned that the men had been killed by the explosion of a traction engine. Engines in those days, it will be remembered, were operated by steam, not by gasoline.

ALSO, WRITES MR. HOWARD, "there was the case of the man feeding a threshing machine who was stabbed by a bandcutter and who picked up the bandcutter, threw him head first into the machine while it was running, and then fell back dead." I suppose everyone who has worked with threshing crews anywhere has heard that story, with variations. I have heard it several times, and usually the incident was said to have occurred in the next county, or perhaps the I next county but one, but it always came third or fourth handed, and I never met anyone who has actually witnessed it.

THE FIRST VERSION OF THE YARN that I heard ran something like this: The machine feeder, a powerful ugly tempered fellow, was accidentally cut on the hand by a boy who was cutting bands. Furious and unreasonable, the feeder seized the boy and thrust him against the whirling cylinder of the machine, killing him instantly. But the men of the crew, who didn't like the big bully, anyway, grabbed him, looped a rope around his neck and had him strung up to the straw carrier before the machine stopped running. It isn't bad yarn either way.

CONTINUING HIS STORY MR. HOWARD writes:

"Perhaps the most mystifying of all crimes that ever occurred was after I left the country in 1889. A few miles southeast of Niagara there lived a man named Eugene Butler. As he was my nearest neighbor living a mile away, we often exchanged work. One day, in the fall of 1888 I think I went rabbit hunting. As there was a sink hole some distance away from his house where we usually found rabbits, I went there and as I started down the steep side of the sink hole I saw Gene at the bottom with a shovel burying something. He hurriedly shoveled dirt over the object and ran to me excitedly telling me had just killed a neighbor's dog and was burying it and asked me to keep it quiet. As I had no 'interest in starting a neighborhood row, I agreed.

"IN 1914 I READ AN ACCOUNT IN a local paper that ran as follows: Butler had lived in the same house until about 1911 and had then been sent to an insane asylum. After being there a few years he had died. As he had no heirs the courts sold the property and the new owner in tearing down the old tar paper covered shack in which Gene lived, had found several skeletons beneath the floor. In digging into the affair it was found that several transients who had either worked for him, or stayed with him had disappeared suddenly so it was surmised that he had killed them, buried them in a shallow hole beneath the floor and continued to live in the house. The neighbor's dog Dan Phillips still continued to live." Now I have often wondered if I was not an unknowing witness to the burial of one of his victims.

IN HIS ANNUAL MESSAGE ON Thursday, President Roosevelt told congress and the world of the amazing progress that has been made in American production since the United States began seriously to provide against the prospect of war. In that brief period, it has outstripped all the Axis powers combined in the output of many of the essential implements of war, notwithstanding the fact that both Germany and Italy for a decade have devoted all their resources to preparation for the war which they intended to wage and to production of war material. The figures which the president quoted on production of planes, tanks, guns and munitions will, as he said, give little comfort to our enemies, but they are exceedingly gratifying to Americans who have faith in the resourcefulness, skill, adaptability and determination of their own people.

THIS VAST PRODUCTION WAS NOT brought about without confusion and dislocation, some of it needless and avoidable. But much of it was inseparable from the magnitude of the effort and the brief time within which it had to be made. Almost over night the activities of a great nation had to be converted from a peace to a war footing, and starting from scratch the nation embarked on the most gigantic program of production ever undertaken, in a field where no path was marked out, but where requirements, methods and possibilities had to be learned by the process of trial and error. The amazing thing is not that there were blunders, but that so much has been accomplished in spite of them.

NEARLY ALL OF THIS PRODUCTION has been accomplished and is now being carried on by private enterprise. Airplane factories already in existence have enlarged their existing plants and built new ones. The great automobile industry has suspended its usual operations and not only devoted its existing facilities to production of war material, but has expanded those facilities on a mammoth scale. Hundreds of factories formerly engaged in the production of radios, refrigerators, washing machines, textiles and a multitude of other things are now turning out innumerable kinds of war products. Private industry is making it possible for us to carry on our share of this war.

A JOB AS BIG AS THIS COULD NOT have been done by small business concerns. The job was of a size which demanded the mass production which can be handled only by the big concern. Fortunately for the nation and for the world we had some big industries. The airplane industry was already of impressive size. The automobile industry had reached a size which some considered alarming. The aluminum industry was already represented by pots and kettles in every home, and by products entering into every form of manufacture. Other industries had already created new materials out of which were made plastics and textiles that had expanded the possibilities of our domestic life. And those gigantic concerns are now the backbone of our war production.

BEFORE THE WAR PRIVATE Enterprise had built an imposing structure of efficiency which is now serving the nation well. It had built that structure out of the resourcefulness and determination of individual men. Those men had seen visions and dreamed dreams. They were eager to achieve and in the process of finding out the best way they were willing to make costly experiments and accept all the hazards that went with them. Some of those experimenters failed to achieve the results for which they hoped, but they, as well as the successful ones, contributed to the building of the great structure of American industry.

AMERICAN WAR PRODUCTION Today rests on the solid foundation of individual enterprise, enterprise in which the desire for profit is necessary and commendable, which has been financed by private capital, and which has received no subsidies or other gratuities from government. And that same private enterprise is now, in the very midst of this war, carrying on a program of research and experiment costing hundreds of millions, the results of which are being manifested currently in better tanks, better planes and guns, and improvements in all our war production, and which will be manifested later on in post-war improvements in everything that contributes to our domestic life.

OF WHAT IS AMERICAN YOUTH thinking in these days when the world is turned upside down and clouded in uncertainty? What is the attitude toward the problems which confront us of the young men who are serving in the nation's armed forces in distant parts of the world or are in camps preparing for whatever service may be assigned to them? They, and the young women who have also responded to the call for service, have had the orderly course of their lives interrupted by the onset of war and they have no way of knowing what is in store for them. They cannot be indifferent to the future. In what frame of mind are they facing it?

THE THOUGHT OF YOUTH IS NOT a subject for generalization, for it is as varied as are the personalities of those who do the thinking, but at least a partial answer to the question: What is youth thinking? appears in the text of a Christmas card message sent to his friends by Phil Poppler of Grand Forks, now a lieutenant in the coast guard. On the front of the card appears an excellent portrait of Phil, in flying togs, mounting his plane. On the other pages is a closely typed message, unusual in form, but in characteristic spirit.

LIEUTENANT POPPLER WRITES OF the shock given him when he learned of the death of Guadalcanal of Lieut. R. R. Morgan Jr., of Grafton, who had been his friend and college mate at the U. N. D. and he recalls affectionately by their familiar nicknames other school companions who have gone down the long trail. Out of the warmth of his affection and his intimate knowledge of his friend he writes a message "back home" such as he thinks "Boxcar" Morgan would write if he could so express himself.

SPEAKING FOR AND IN THE PERSON of his friend, Phil writes of the difficulty experienced in determining out of the confusion that surrounded the beginning of the war just "who was fighting what," but that at length the isolationism to which many subscribed and the Fascist theories which appealed to others to have been relegated to their proper place and there has been an adjustment to the inescapable facts. War, it is said remains as brutal and hateful as ever, and the statement of the archbishop of Canterbury is quoted: "This is not a war to save a Christian civilization, but a war to make one possible."

"AT LAST THIS CHRISTMAS," CONTINUES the letter, "there is manifest the rising tide of the average guys all over the world joining to root out the international anarchists of all labels, who heed no government or no law—who indeed presume themselves to be super-legal. Either they declare themselves to be the law—or above it. There can be no workable league of nations, no integrity of international promises, when dealing with such men.

"WE HEAR THIS TALK ABOUT JAPS and Nazis being motivated to fierce battle by a quasi-religious concept of the state. Discussing this with a buck private on a troop train one day he made the profound suggestion, that America needs even more than an expeditionary force an EXPEDITIONARY IDEA. If there is any such crusading idea—any dynamic that motivates rational men of any free nation to heroic bravery, it is a free man's desire to be able to assert his individual worth with an equality of opportunity.

"IF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY Idea is really to maintain, then the 'landing parties' that have been leading the way, and must continue, are the heroic missionaries of the church—more 'beach heads' must be established by the food ships, the Red Cross and the many American benevolent units that have been building up that 'reservoir of good will'. Those followers of His path have taught those whom they have helped that God placed an infinite importance on each individual—that they were not slaves to the state or the emperor. The idea of democracy, don't you see, follows simply as a logical corollary! With this Idea to give them hope—that spark of liberty will never die. Victory will inevitably blaze forth in a greater glory than ever."

SUCH ARE THE SENTIMENTS ascribed by one of our young men to the friend who cannot speak for himself. Needless to say, the writer also speaks for himself. There is a spirit moving in the nation's youth which warrants hope for a better day.

LOOKING OVER THE WEATHER record for December as reported from the University station I find that while last December was by no means our coldest month, it was a month of uninterrupted cold. Not once did the temperature rise as high as the freezing point, the maximum for the month being 31, and that was reached only once. The lowest temperature was 28 below zero, and there were 20 days, or nights, when the thermometer registered zero or lower. The first week in January was about like December, so we have had about six weeks without a thaw.

THE ALL-TIME LOW TEMPERATURE for Grand Forks, while University records have been kept, was 44 below zero, which was reached on February 1, 1893. January 11, 1912, came near equaling it with minus 43, and on January 13, 1916 the low mark was minus 40. On December 29, 1933, the temperature got down to minus 37, which made it the coldest December day on record up to that time. And in that same year December 25, though not the coldest Christmas on record in this locality, equaled the Christmas record, the mark being 30 below zero. The same temperature was reached on Christmas, 1892.

OUR COLDEST DAY WAS IN FEBRUARY, and that is not at all unusual, although our astronomical midwinter is about December 21. Presumably the reason for extreme cold later on is that in the later period the air is chilled by the process of freezing that has been in progress for some time. Conversely, we look for the hottest weather in July or early August rather than about June 21, which is the official midsummer. There is an old English couplet which is based on the assumption that January is the coldest month. The couplet runs: "The blackest month of all the year is the month of Janiveer."

MRS. OSCAR STROMME OF PEKIN asks: "Wasn't Ensign Donald Mason who 'sighted sub and sank same' instead of Donald Nelson as you stated in your column?"
It was, and I thank Mrs. Stromme for the correction of a careless error.

OVER IN CANADA THEY HAVE SET apart a little bit of Canadian territory and made it a part of Holland. Princess Juliana of The Netherlands is expecting the birth of her next child, and if that child should be a son and be born in foreign territory there would be complications. If events run their course according to the established rule the prince will succeed his mother as ruler of Holland. The princess has a daughter, Beatrix, who will inherit next unless a son is born to the princess, but the son, if there is one, would succeed instead of her. But a Dutch law provides that a child born out of the kingdom cannot occupy the throne. Therefore, to provide for contingencies, the building occupied by the Princess Juliana has been given extraterritorial status as a part of The Netherlands kingdom. Her son, if any, will therefore be a native born Dutchman.

WHERE MUST A PERSON BE BORN to be eligible to the presidency of the United States? I do not think the question has ever been raised officially, but there are some points about it concerning which there may be doubt. The constitution says "No person except a natural born citizen or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this constitution" shall be eligible to the office of president." That is usually, and loosely, interpreted to mean that only a person born within the territorial limits of the United States may be president. But a child born in a foreign country of American parents temporarily residing abroad is automatically a citizen of the United States, and certainly is a "natural born" citizen. Then why may not he—or —she—become president?

A YOUNG CANADIAN NAVAL OFFICER whose home is in New Brunswick and who has served with the British navy since the beginning of the war, about two years of the time in the Mediterranean, spent the Christmas holidays at home with his family. When he informed his relatives last fall that he had been granted leave and expected to be home for Christmas he instructed them to "order the biggest Christmas tree in Canada and polish up the wedding bells," for he intended to marry the girl whom he had left behind at the opening of the war.

THE FAMILY EXPECTED HIM TO return by way of England, and when cables were received from him saying that he was on the way, without saying just where he was, it was supposed that he was somewhere on the Atlantic. Shortly before the holidays his father received a telephone call from his son who had just landed in San Francisco. It had taken him nearly three months to travel the long way around from Alexandria.

WITH HIM WAS A FRIEND, ALSO a naval officer, who had shared most of his war experiences. Their homes were in neighboring towns. They had served on companion ships. They had assisted in taking Tobruk from the Germans and Italians, had been in the town when it was retaken by the enemy, had escaped together and been granted leave together. Together they made the trip home. They were married within a few days of each other and the two couples spent their honeymoons together. Writing to a Grand Forks friend Jack says: "Bob and I planned our weddings and our honeymoons while crouching in the bottom of a trench at Tobruk during a raid." That is one of the ways, it seems, in which our armed men relieve the monotony when death is being rained from the skies upon them and they can do nothing immediately about it.

BACK EAST, WHERE RESTRICTIONS on the use of gasoline have been made more stringent all driving for pleasure had been banned. But the rationers have declared officially that going to church is not pleasure driving. I wonder what church they belong to and how the preacher takes that ruling.

MAYOR LAGUARDIA SAYS THERE will be no sale of horse meat for human food in New York City if he can help it. He says that while it may be legal it is degrading. Of course from the standpoint of health horse meat is just as good as any other meat. Certainly in its own food habits the horse is one of the most cleanly of animals. Compare it, for instance, with the hog, or the barnyard hen. Nevertheless, in the minds of many there is a decided prejudice against the use of horse meat. One writer who has been investigating the subject attributes that prejudice to what he says is the fact that centuries ago the horse was regarded as a sacred animal by the pagans of northern Europe. This, he thinks, is the origin of the repugnance of northern Europeans and their descendants to horse meat as food, a sentiment much less pronounced in the southern European countries. Horse meat, of course, has long been sold regularly in Paris.

AT THE FUNERAL OF THREE AMERICAN airmen who were killed in the accidental crash of their plane services were conducted by a Protestant chaplain, a Catholic priest and a Jewish rabbi, each for the young man of his own faith. But all three were serving in one cause and under one flag. True Americanism does not demand uniformity of faith or opinion. In its finest expression it is marked by unity in consecration to high ideals, but it derives life and vigor from the infinite variety which marks the life and thought of those who are dedicated to it.

A WEEK OR SO AGO I QUOTED THE statement that "doubtless God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did," and attributed it tentatively to Henry Ward Beecher, although I wasn't sure. Dr. Gottfried Hult of the University, though it was Isaak Walton who said it, and I have the following from Dean H. E. French, of the University medical department:

"THIS IS A QUOTATION THAT HAS long intrigued me. I have been impressed by it not only because I like strawberries, but because I think of it so often as we notice the way in which God or Nature has arranged everything in not only our bodies, but in the makeup of plants and animals, their structure, function, etc. It is one function of science to discover how we are made, and everything else in God's universe, for that matter, then how things work, why it is made in this way, etc. A scientist must be impressed every day that, no doubt, it might have been made some other way but we find it made as it is, or as we understand it.

"I used to look for the origin of the quotation, but for many years it escaped me. I did not remember it in anything that I had read, and I did not find it in any of the ordinary dictionaries of quotations.

"IN THE HOME BOOK, OF QUOTATIONS, Classical and Modern,' by Burton Stevenson, 1934, copy in University Library, I find in the index, two references to it. Hunting up the references, the first really under 'angling', reads as follows: 'We may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry than the strawberry; but doubtless God never did'; and so (if I might be judge), God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling', Izaak Walton, The Complete Angler,' Chapter 5, Second Edition. Boteler was Dr. William Butler.

"THE SECOND REFERENCE WAS under strawberries. The quotation was given as above, and credited to Dr. William Butler. The authority seems to Thomas Fuller, 'Worthies of England'; Suffolk. Fuller speaks of Butler as the "Aesculapius of our age.' Another item on the same page reads as follows: 'One of the chiefest doctors of England was wont to say that God could have, but never did make, a better berry than the strawberry.' Roger Williams, 'Key into the Language of America,' Page 98 (1643).

"William Butler, 1535-1618, was a physician and scholar. He was licensed to practice medicine, and acquired the most extraordinary reputation in the profession."

I FIND THE ABOVE FACTS'IN SUBStance given in Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, edition of 1938. I first saw the quotation in an article by E. P. Roe in the old Scribner magazine sometime in the late 70's, and Roe may or may not have credited to to Henry Ward Beecher who, in all probability, used it at some time, for he dabbled a little in gardening.

REV. E. P. ROE AS YOU MAY HAVE forgotten, was the author of at least one best seller, "Barriers Burned Away," sixty-odd years ago. The book's popularity was due to its melodramatic description of the Chicago fire which was then much in the public mind. Into the story, the author had woven a romance and had given it a strongly religious setting. Some of Roe's other books were "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century" and "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr." All carried the religious theme together with melodrama and rather thin romance.

ROE DID NOT CONFINE HIMSELF to the writing of books. He was an enthusiastic gardener and nature lover, and he wrote some excellent magazine articles on his hobbies. Mention of Henry Ward Beecher recalls a story which Beecher told of one of his "farming" experiences. Beecher was no farmer, but he had a country place where he played with gardening and kept a few domestic animals.

AMONG OTHER THINGS HE TOLD the story of his two pigs. He bought them, he said, for six dollars, fed them \$24 worth of corn, and sold them for \$16. Checking up he found that he had made money on the pigs but lost on the corn.

EVERYBODY, OR NEARLY EVERYbody, agrees that income taxes should be put on a pay-as-you-go basis. There is difference of opinion concerning what should be done about the tax on 1942 incomes which normally would be paid this year. Mr. Ruml says just forget 1942 and begin now from scratch. Others think that this would exempt a lot of people from one year's taxation and deprive the government of a lot of revenue.

TAX COLLECTIONS IN A GIVEN year are based on what the government needs to collect that year, not on the earnings of the people in some former year. Also, taxation does not terminate at some stated time, but is perpetual. As long as we have a government it will collect from us each year whatever sums it believes necessary to levy, year by year. The government needs so much money this year. It will require John Jones to pay a stated sum—this year. It will make no difference to Mr. Jones whether the sum that he pays is called a tax on this year's earnings, or on last year's earnings, or on the earnings of some earlier year. The one thing that concerns him is that he must pay so much money this year, and if he is like most other people it will be much more convenient for him to pay the sum in weekly or monthly installments rather than all in a lump when, in all probability, he will not have it.

A FEW WEEKS AGO THERE WAS announced the death of Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall, of New Brunswick, N. J., who was once placed on trial with her brother, Willie Stevens, charged with the murder of Mrs. Stevens' husband, and a member of his church choir. Eleven days after the death of his sister, Willie Stevens died. Both of the accused persons were acquitted. That murder case attracted intense interest. The morbid followed it for its sensational features, but it interested others because of the mystery which surrounded it, and that mystery has never been dispelled. Many persons read the reports of it and tried to fit the ascertained facts into one or more theories. Almost invariably the result was failure. When an attempt was made to reconcile the facts with the guilt of any particular person, the amateur investigator presently found himself against a stone wall. Apparently the murder could not have been committed by any person whose name ever appeared in connection with it. Yet two persons actually were murdered. The proverb says "Murder will out." But not always, apparently.

REPRESENTATIVE KNUTSON OF Minnesota has re-introduced his bill for the establishment of a national lottery. He thinks that under the plan which he proposes the lottery would yield the government a revenue of a billion dollars a year. One trouble with lotteries is that they take the most money from those least able to lose it. Supporters of the government lottery plan say that people will gamble anyway, so why not arrange it so that the treasury will derive some benefit from their gambling? It is true that people will gamble, more or less, but who wants a lot of high pressure salesmen urging them to do so because "it's for the government?"

NEW YORK CITY SCHOOLS WILL have their "Easter" vacation in February this year. Because of the scarcity of fuel oil the schools must be closed part time anyway, and it is thought better to close them altogether for a week during the winter and then keep them open in Easter week when, it is hoped, the weather will be milder.

EXPERIMENTS ARE BEING MADE with the kok-saghyz plant as a source of rubber. The plant is of the dandelion family, and under favorable conditions it is reported to yield 125 pounds of rub-per per acre. Kok-Saghyz is an important source of rubber in Russia, and, of course, the Russians would spell it that way.

IN LEGISLATION, IN REGULATIONS promulgated by official boards and in public discussion distinctions are made between what are called war industries and other industries. Emphasis is placed on the importance of maintaining uninterrupted the production of all the implements of war, and penalties are prescribed, though not always applied, for willful interruption of such production. But less stress is placed, either officially or popularly, on the importance of maintaining those activities not directly and immediately associated with the production of war material. Interruptions which if occurring on the one field would be severely condemned are passed with only mild expressions of disapproval when activities in the other field are affected.

TIME AND AGAIN WE ARE TOLD that this is a total war, total in the fact that it involves all the nations of the world, and total in that it involves all the inhabitants of every country. Special emphasis is placed on the fact that every citizen, every resident of the United States is a participant in this gigantic conflict. All of this I accept without reservation. This war must be conducted on the home front no less than in the trenches, on the seas and in the skies. Not every soldier engages in actual combat. Some carry supplies, some repair machines, some perform other duties, but all are engaged in the same enterprise and if some fail in performance of their duties the enemy is helped, the cause for which we fight suffers, and the war is prolonged with the result that more of our young men are killed and victory is made more difficult if not rendered impossible.

SIMILARLY, THE PROGRESS OF the war depends not alone on those who wear uniforms and carry weapons, but on the energy and faithfulness of those on the home front, the men and women who perform the daily tasks which keep the nation physically alive and spiritually alert, those who produce food, and drive trucks, and operate railroads, and have the care of children, and maintain homes in which human beings can live in decency and comfort. These, too, are warriors in this time of stress. And if these things are true, as I am convinced they are, every industry is a war industry, and to interrupt an industry is a crime against the United States, a crime against humanity itself.

THE OTHER DAY A DOZEN MEN by quitting the work which they were hired to perform brought to a standstill the activities of the inhabitants of the little city of Moorhead and subjected them to hazards which menaced their health, their lives and their property. In another area many thousands of men quit their jobs in the coal mines of the east and brought confusion into the lives of several million inhabitants of a dozen states. In the severity of winter weather fires went out and the wheels of many industries were stopped. The two cases differ only in size and in the scope of their influence. In each case the strike was a strike against the United States of America, the kind of strike of which Calvin Coolidge said: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time."

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT THE NUMBER of strikes that have occurred during the past year, and the number of man-hours lost by them, is insignificant as compared with the number of persons employed and the vast production of our industries. I assume that this is true. But one strike now is a strike too many. There ought to be none, and none should be tolerated. What would be the reaction of our men at the front, in Africa, in the Solomons, wherever they may be, if they could know, which they cannot, that while they are fighting to keep the existence and the institutions of this nation intact, every few days there comes news either of a strike or of threat of a strike which would tend to interrupt the flow of goods of which those armed men of ours are desperately in need?

WE HAVE DEALT WITH THIS EVIL as the nations tried to deal with Hitler, by conciliation and appeasement. We have yielded to threat after threat as a means of keeping the peace, and each concession has brought greater demands and more threats. Men who have worked themselves into positions of union leadership have feathered their nests with the spoils of their positions and have presumed to exercise powers greater than those of government itself. Meanwhile the very government agency which ought to have set its face sternly against the intolerable abuses which have sprung up has given encouragement to labor racketeers by yielding to their demands and condoning their offenses. Perhaps we shall hear something about all this "when the boys come home." I wonder what it will be.

PRESS DISPATCHES LAST WEEK reported the death of Colonel Andrew S. Rowan, whose carrying of the "message to Garcia" became famous through the medium of Elbert Hubbard's essay. Hubbard wrote:
"The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia. Rowan took the letter . and did not ask Where is the man at?" By the Eternal! There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land."

HUBBARD'S ESSAY GAINED IMMEDIATE popularity. It was circulated by business executives among their employees and by educators among their students. It was a stirring appeal for immediate obedience to orders and unreserved acceptance of personal responsibility. It was translated into foreign languages and was circulated throughout the civilized world. It became a source of embarrassment to Rowan who felt that in doing the job assigned to him he had done no more than others were doing all the time, and it embarrassed him to be continually reminded of his achievement.

ACTUALLY, HUBBARD DIDN'T GET his facts quite straight . The famous message to Garcia was not given to Rowan by McKinley and it was not written. And the really important thing was the message that Rowan brought back from Garcia. While things were boiling in Cuba shortly after the sinking of the Maine, McKinley wished to get into communication with Garcia, the Cuban revolutionary leader and to obtain some information from him. He asked Colonel Arthur Wagner, head of the military intelligence bureau in Washington to send a suitable officer to make contact and return with the information. For that mission the colonel chose Lieutenant Rowan, an officer 40 years of age who had served as a military attache in Cuba and had learned Spanish. Receiving his orders Rowan saluted, walked out and started for Cuba.

ROWAN'S FINE PERFORMANCE was romanticized as so many others have been, and, as in the other cases, the facts were somewhat twisted. Take the case of Henry M. Stanley and his first African expedition. Years ago there sprang up the legend that James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald cabled from New York this laconic message to Stanley, his correspondent then in Paris: "Go and find Livingstone," and that without further instructions Stanley organized his expedition, went to Africa and found Livingstone.

IT WASN'T QUITE SO ABRUPT AS that, though it was fairly sudden. Livingstone, who had become famous for his missionary work and explorations was believed by many to have died somewhere in central Africa. Bennett was convinced that he was still living. In Paris he called into conference several friends and his correspondent Stanley and it was decided to send Stanley in search of Livingstone, starting the next day. That was only the start, however, for Stanley was kept busy for several weeks sending in correspondence from European and Asiatic capitals before he could tackle the main job.

STANLEY HAD A CHECKERED CAREER in the matter of family, national and military relationships. Born in north Wales, the son of John Rowlands, (I wonder if he might be related to Professor Rowland) he came to New Orleans as a boy and was adopted by a merchant, Henry M. Stanley, whose name he took, and became an American citizen. He served in the Confederate army, was captured at Shiloh, then served in the United States army. Still later he became naturalized as a British subject, served in parliament and was knighted. It must have puzzled him sometimes to know to what family country and army he belonged.

ABOUT THE CLOSE OF THE FORMER World War Dr. J. M. Gillette, head of the University sociology department, prompted by the spirit of the occasion composed some verses which he vaguely thought might be used as a song. He also wrote music for it. Then he laid it aside and forgot about it. When this war turned the world upside down he remembered it, dusted it off and had the music harmonized. Probably we shall hear it sung one of these days. Here are the words:

SPIRIT OF AMERICA.

By J. M. Gillette.

Peopled by men in a savage state Long lay our land in outward darkness. Light shone abroad, men obeyed its word,
Crossed the wide-stretched, stormy ocean. They of great faith left their distant
homes

Imbued with freedom's conviction. Hardships they bore, a nation emerged Founded upon the Declaration.

Heroes and great dedicate to thee, Washington and Lincoln, none greater, Heroes of war and heroes of peace,
Patriots, receive our emulation. Continents cleared and peopled apace, Bleak lands reclaimed from desolation.
Union preserved, the fettered made free, Joined North and South, eternal nation.

Tho' clouds of war overcast the sky, While freedom fights anihilation. Thy citizens guarantee the state; Courage
directs, not consternation. In war or peace we rededicate Our fealty to our great nation. America, we pledge all to
thee, Our offerings, with consecration.

Refrain.

America, fairest of nations Land of the free, our hearts enshrine, What foes arise, we will defend thee, America, all is
thine.

FRED L. GOODMAN VERIFIES MY recollection that the quotation about God never having made a better
berry than the strawberry had been attributed to Henry Ward Beecher. Living in the East as he did as a boy
Goodman heard Beecher speak several times, and while he does not recall having heard him use the strawberry
quotation he remembers it being attributed to him. Undoubtedly Beecher quoted it and some who heard it supposed it
to be original with him. However, the quotation goes much further back, for as stated here some days ago Isaak
Walton attributed it to Dr. Boeteler, or Butler, who died in 1618.

ANOTHER QUOTATION ABOUT which I have had an inquiry is "There, but for the grace of God, goes——"

I have seen that attributed to John Wesley, also to John Bunyan, and I supposed that it originated with one or
other of those worthies. In one of Conan Doyle's stories, Sherlock Holmes says "I never hear of such a case as this
that I do not think of Baxter's words and say 'There, but for the grace of God, goes Sherlock Holmes.'"

THAT LED ME TO CREDIT THE statement to Richard Baxter, famous preacher and author of "The Saint's Rest"
and other religious works. But a biography of John Bradford, famous English Protestant preacher, who was burned
at the stake for heresy in 1555, credits the statement to him. Variations of the same statement occur in the writings
or sayings of others both earlier and later. Such a statement applied to himself would have been quite in keeping
with the whole outlook of John Bunyan, who carried with him always the consciousness of early sin and of the
miraculous nature of his deliverance therefrom. However, I have not found the quotation anywhere credited to
Bunyan.

THE COUNTY OF WESTCHESTER, just north of New York City, faced a deficit last year of \$500,000 on
the basis of estimated income if expenditures continued unchanged. Income was not increased, but
expenditures were cut \$600,000 and the county closed the year with a surplus. Go thou and do likewise.

W. R. VANDERHOEF REPORTS that among the birds that frequent his premises on Reeves drive and appear daily for food at his feeding shelf is a Kentucky cardinal, a bird exceedingly rare in this territory. I have never seen one here, but I seem to recall that one was reported in the vicinity a year or two ago. The cardinal is one of our most brilliantly colored birds, carrying much more brilliant red than the oriole and about as much as the tanager. It differs from both birds, however, both in markings and in the fact that its head is crested.

THE BIRD IS NOT MIGRATORY, and when once it establishes itself in a neighborhood there it is likely to stay. Large flocks of these colorful birds spend both summers and winters in Illinois, feeding on seeds and berries on brush lands along river bottoms. Professor Roberts, of the University of Minnesota, says that the cardinal is one of several southern species that are extending their range northward, and that in recent years it has appeared and taken up its permanent residence in the northern part of the United States, where it was previously unknown.

THAT MATTER OF CANCELING taxes on 1942 incomes as a part of the pay-as-you-go plan has puzzled many who can't see how the government can cancel a year's taxes without losing money. The idea has been illustrated this way: If the present system were continued the taxpayer would pay X dollars in 1943 as the tax on his 1942 income. If income and tax rate were unchanged he would pay the same sum in 1944 as the tax on his 1943 income, and so on, year after year. Under the proposed plan he would pay one-twelfth of that sum each month in 1943 as the tax on his 1943 income, and by the end of the year his tax would be paid. His annual payment would be unchanged, but each payment would be applied to the income of the current year instead of the preceding one. However, we are warned that no matter what plan is adopted, we must make returns by March 15, as usual, and probably must pay at least the first quarter's tax at that time.

I HAVE BEEN ASKED TO IDENTIFY, if possible, the quotation "Two men looked from prison bars; one saw mud and one saw stars." The lines are unknown to me and I have been unable to find them. Can any reader help?

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY, Author of the book "Lanterns on the Levee," published about two years ago, describes some of his experiences in the former World war, among other things this incident:

Returning from an errand on which he had been sent he suddenly found himself in the middle of an enemy barrage. Shells were falling all around him and death and ruin were everywhere. There was no such thing as shelter, and there was nothing to do but go on. Then he came upon an American doughboy seated on the ground and calmly repairing a severed telephone wire. Percy expressed surprise that anyone could work in such danger. "Hell," said the doughboy, "somebody had to do it." Incidents indicative of that same spirit have already been numerous in this war. We have heard of just a few, but their name must be legion.

JUST TO MAKE THINGS MORE INTERESTING parts of New England had a little earthquake last week. No important damage is reported, but buildings shook, dishes rattled, and the inhabitants were given a general reminder that this apparently solid earth is really an unstable affair.

THE APPOINTMENT OF PRENTISS Brown of Michigan as price administrator to succeed Leon Henderson has been confirmed by the senate, unanimously. Mr. Brown is a popular gentleman, but just wait until he begins to fix prices and ration things.

K. J. BJORND AHL WRITES FROM Edinburg, N. D., that among the birds that come regularly to his feeding station are a meadow lark and a blackbird, both of which are unusual winter residents. Mr. Bjordahl says that he always puts out feed for the birds in winter and he is sure that he has not lost anything by doing so.

THIS MUST BE A TOUGH WINTER for many of the birds, for not only has the weather been steadily cold, but practically everywhere there is snow enough to cover the ground. There is, however, one saving feature in the fact that we have had no sleet storms to cover trees and weeds with ice and lock up most of the food on which the birds depend. It will be remembered that several years ago we had a sleet storm early in the season that left everything covered with ice almost for the entire winter. That winter was fatal to thousands of birds.

FOR SEVERAL WINTERS I KEPT A shelf on my premises supplied with seed for the birds, and every day several score of birds came to be fed. But they were all sparrows. There are plenty of other birds along the river, but they do not seem inclined to venture so far away from shelter in cold weather. And because the sparrows messed up the premises I quit feeding them, about which I feel rather guilty. The sparrow is by no means our most desirable bird, it is to be admired for its toughness and resourcefulness. Without those qualities it couldn't live in this climate. And in the course of a season, one of them must consume a lot of weed seeds.

I NEVER HAD MUCH SUCCESS feeding birds suet, perhaps because my neighborhood was not frequented by suet-eating birds. I have tried hanging suet in trees enclosed in mesh bags and I have tried fastening it to trees with tacks, but the birds didn't seem to care for it. Once I was given one of those round sticks of wood with a mixture of suet and seed pressed into holes in the stick. I hung the stick in a tree and there was no result. I changed its location but nothing paid any attention to it. Then I forgot it. About two years later I found the stick, partly concealed in foliage. Some bird or birds had pecked a little of the food out, but most of it was still there.

PERHAPS THE MOST POPULAR feed for the seed eating birds is millet seed. Some of the birds may prefer other seeds, but practically all the seed-eaters like millet. I once got a small package of what I supposed was millet and after I had used most of it I found that I had been feeding the birds clover seed. They didn't like it nearly as well as millet. I discovered, also, that in eating many seeds the sparrow would crack the seed, extract the kernel and reject the thin husk. How it was done I don't know.

A N O T H E R SEED CATALOGUE came today, and I want more seeds, more plants and more land on which to grow them. I have thought that five acres would be about right, but every catalogue creates the desire for more land. Just now the requirement seems to be for about 10 acres, and probably that will do until the next catalogue comes. A fellow needs not only the ordinary garden vegetables, but fruit bearing shrubs and trees. One needs, of course, strawberries, raspberries and blackberries and the various crosses that have been developed in recent years and which we shall not find it easy to buy in cans this year. Then there are plums, cherries and apples, all of which can be grown here if the hardy varieties are chosen.

ALL OF THIS OF COURSE, WOULD take space, and I am not sure that I could get it all crowded into the 10 acres that is my present limit. Anyway, this arm chair gardening helps to make one forget how cold the weather is.

IT IS EASY TO UNDERSTAND the practice of some radio commentators and some writers of referring to England and the English when they mean Britain and the British should be irritating to persons of Scottish origin. Yet the habit persists. As a rule the Associated Press writers are more careful to call things by their right names, and the proper terms are used, invariably, I suppose, in official reports and documents. It seems, also, that interest in the war has done much to promote the use of the proper terminology by the general public. Nevertheless, there is room for improvement.

THE ISLAND KNOWN AS GREAT Britain consists of England, Scotland and Wales, each inhabited by a people once separate from and independent of the others and each having lived for centuries under its own independent government. Naturally there is in each country a certain pride of origin and history which it would be folly not to recognize.

IT WAS EDWARD I OF ENGLAND who made Wales an appendage of the English crown. He found the country a hard nut to crack and several of his descendants had trouble in keeping hold of the pieces. However, it was an English poet, Gray, who put into the mouth of his Welsh bard the stirring words of the poem beginning:

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fanned by conquests' crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.

IT WAS THAT SAME EDWARD WHO attempted the conquest of Scotland, but, though he made some headway, Scotland was not conquered, then or at any other time. On the contrary, it was a Scottish king, James VI, who moved down to London and took over Elizabeth's vacant throne as James I of England. The two countries, however, retained their separate parliaments until the Act of Union in 1707. Since then the three units have been merged in one, with one parliament, to which all the people of the island send their representatives.

SCOTLAND HAD PLAYED A HIGHLY important part in the history of the kingdom. In government, in literature, in industry, in science and in war her men and women have played their distinguished part and today Scottish generals are important figures on many a front, while Scottish soldiers and sailors are found wherever there is hard fighting to be done.

ACTUALLY, IT IS THE SCOTS AND Welsh who are more nearly British than are the English themselves, for they are the descendants of the original inhabitants of the island, while the Anglo-Saxons did not arrive until the Romans had left. However, it is only in rather isolated localities that anything approaching a "pure" race is now to be found. The several groups have mingled freely and intermarried. Undoubtedly there are at present far greater differences in speech than there are in blood.

THERE COMES A CIRCULAR IN AN envelope on which is printed in bold characters: "This unusual action was taken suddenly on your behalf and is submitted for your immediate acceptance or rejection. Prompt reply is requested." The circular informs me that for my special benefit the sender is holding for me an article of great value — which he describes—which sells regularly for \$10, but which I may have as a special privilege for \$3.95 if I act at once. Piffle! I wonder if anybody is deceived by such transparent stuff. I respect the merchant who advertises his wares through whatever medium he believes meets his requirements, provided I think he is honest, but I am always suspicious of the fellow who slops over on you.

ON THE NORTHERN HALF OF THE long battle line that extends from the Baltic sea down into the Caucasus and bisects the continent of Europe there has been little change of position in the past few months save that the Russians have loosened Hitler's grip on Leningrad. That of itself was an achievement of no small magnitude, for it complicated for the Germans the problem of retaining control of the Baltic provinces and it may presage a drive against Smolensk.

THE SOUTHERN HALF OF THAT long line presents a different picture. Inhere the Germans have been driven back, steadily and relentlessly, since early November. Their army of some 300,000 men that had entered Stalingrad was encircled and entrapped, and we are told that there remain of that great army only about 50,000 men who are completely surrounded, who are still wearing their summer uniforms in the bitter winter Weather and to whom food and supplies can be carried only by the hazardous air route which is patrolled by Russian planes.

EVEN GREATER DISASTER SEEMS to be in store for the Germans farther south. By brilliant generalship and overwhelming force Hitler's legions have been driven back until they have lost practically all of last year's gains; Rostov and Kharkov are in danger of encirclement; and if the Russians can reach the sea of Azov, which they seem likely to do, all of Hitler's forces in the Caucasus will be cut off and the Russians will be well on the way to complete occupation of the Ukraine.

WITH THIS SITUATION CONFRONTING him, what is Hitler likely to do next? The experts seem to agree that he has been too badly beaten to undertake another eastern offensive with any hope of success, and he is menaced on the East and South by Allied armies that are being assembled and equipped for his destruction. He must build and strengthen every mile of his defense along the long line of the northern Mediterranean, the Atlantic and the North sea, for attack in force somewhere along that line will certainly be made, and he does not know where.

THE OBVIOUS THING FOR HIM, IT seems, would be to negotiate a separate peace with Russia, if he can. Doubtless he would be glad to do so, for he have had enough of his Russian adventure. But one who seizes a bear by the tail cannot safely let go. Probably the German people feel that they have had enough of war, but Hitler plunged them into war with Russia with grandiose promises of victory and they have been given only disaster. No negotiated peace with Russia could have for the Germans even the semblance of victory, and there must be a limit even to the fanaticism with which they have followed Hitler.

IF HITLER SHOULD MAKE PEACE overtures to Russia, no matter on what terms, what prospect would there be of their acceptance? Whatever motives of altruism may exist, and however great their influence may be, it is a fact that the governments of Russia, of Britain, of the United States, of China, are also motivated by the desire for national security and national welfare. If we dismiss altogether the element of altruism and assume that the government of Russia is interested solely in what will be to the advantage of Russia, what would be the prospect of Russia making a separate peace now, or soon, with Germany?

SUCH A PEACE WOULD BE UNFORTUNATE for the other Allies. It might or might not cause them to lose the war, but certainly it would prolong and intensify the war. Freed of the danger of attack from the rear, Hitler would be free to devote his entire attention to Britain and the United States, and the United States already has a difficult problem in the Pacific. The only purpose that Hitler could have in making peace would be that he might finish up the war victorious, or as nearly so as possible. If he succeeded in defeating Britain and America, where would that leave Russia?

SURELY THERE IS NO ONE IN RUSSIA so infantile as to suppose that Hitler, victorious in the rest of the war, would be content to live at peace with Russia. With his other enemies out of the way he could, and undoubtedly would, concentrate on Russia, and there would then be no one to create a second front, or any other front, to divert his attention. Therefore, if no thought be given to the ethics of the case, and the question be placed solely on the basis of self interest, the prospect of a separate peace between Russia and Germany seems exceedingly remote.

ONE OF THE THINGS THAT I ENJOY is keeping in touch with the Ontario neighborhood in which my boyhood was spent. I don't keep in very close touch, but that isn't necessary. But it is pleasant occasionally to learn something of, what is going on over there, and what is happening in families once familiar to me. My source of information is an old schoolmate with whom I maintain occasional correspondence. She is the wife of another schoolmate, and together they have lived on the same farm for half a century or more. The farm itself has been rented for several years, but my two friends still occupy the dwelling, which is a most comfortable one, and Walter retains some of the other buildings for the chickens, of which he has an immense flock.

THE LETTERS OF THE FAMILY ARE written by Abbie. Walter always sends his regards, or she says he does—you know how that is. But I suspect that, like some other men whom I know, he would rather do almost anything than write letters. But Abbie is a fine correspondent. At school she was a chatterbox. She knew everything that was going on, and she enjoyed telling about it. In conversation she is just as entertaining now as she was then, and her letters are just like her conversation.

FROM HER I LEARN FROM TIME to time the news of the neighborhood. Much of it is about people whom I never knew, but often on checking up I find that they are the children or grandchildren of boys and girls whom I did know, and that makes it interesting. Naturally, there are not many of my generation left. Some moved away years ago, while others have passed into that bourne from which no traveler returns. And one by one the few who are left are dropping off. The last letter that I received told of the death of Orlo Fawcett, who was a few months younger than I. He was the last but one of a big family. In our school days, Orlo was a stocky, muscular fellow, and a sturdy fighter, a fact which I have good cause to remember.

THEN MY FRIEND MENTIONS L—— H——, another schoolmate, the wife of a prosperous farmer whom I met at the farm home several years ago. L—— is the mother of a son, now a mature man, who for years has been helpless from the effects of infantile paralysis. Through all these years his mother has been his constant attendant and companion. I saw the young man about 10 years ago. He was well dressed, cheerful and humorous, intelligent and evidently well read. There was no evidence in his mother's appearance that she had undergone any strain through her years of nursing, and in spite of what an outsider might think was hopeless tragedy, the whole atmosphere of the place was that of comfort and cheerfulness.

THE FAMILY FARM, I AM TOLD, IS to be given up. The owner is probably 75 years old. When I met him he was erect, active and apparently vigorous, but as with us the war has drained the country of farm help, and a man 75 years of age cannot operate a farm alone. From all over the country we learn of similar cases in which men skilled and experienced and thoroughly capable of managing, are not equal to the physical labor of farm work and must give it up. What can be done about it?

MY LETTER - WRITING FRIEND tells me that they are all snowed in, and while main highways have been opened, cars are continually being buried in drifts. I have a vision of these drifts. In my time there were no cars, of course, and no snow plows. We climbed some of the drifts with horses and sleighs, but we had to dig through some others with shovels. There were places where digging wouldn't do because the cuts would fill in as fast as they could be cleared. Rail fences caught the snow and some of the drifts were immense. In some cases fences would be taken down and new tracks would be made across the fields away from the fences. Under those conditions going to town was a real adventure.

A WEEK OR MORE AGO I PASSED on to readers of this column a request for the identity of the quotation: "Two men look out through the selfsame bars; One sees the mud, and one sees the stars."

Mrs. Ann Sjurseth of Lakota writes that the author of the quotation was Frederick Longbridge. That author is unknown to me, but I find him listed in Bartlett's Quotations. The above quotation is not listed there, but one other is credited to him. Many thanks to Mrs. Sjurseth.

ONE QUOTATION ALSO ATTRACTed the attention of Rev. Homer J. R. Elford, who searched for it in his collection but did not find it. However, he did find two others, each expressing the same general thought. The first is entitled "A Fable," and is by H. W. Schreiber, and reads:

"Two people sat in lamplight by a window To watch the legions of the legions pass; One viewed the beauty of the night; the other Saw only his reflection in the glass."

THE OTHER LINES ARE BY SARAH Knowles Bolton, entitled "A Contrast." The text:

"Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor; Both sat with children when the day was done,
About the door.
One saw the beautiful in the crimson cloud
And shining moon; The other, with his head in sadness bowed
Made night of noon.
One loved each tree and flower and singing bird,
On mount or plain; No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain. One saw the good in every fellow-men
And hoped the best; The other marvelled at his Master's plan,
And doubt confessed. One, having heaven above and heaven below,
Was satisfied; The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And hopeless died."

A BOOKLET PUBLISHED BY THE American National Council of Shipbuilders and entitled "Ships" gives interesting information on American ships and ship-building. One paragraph entitled "The Mysterious Red River of the North" says:

"OFFICERS OF SHIPS THAT SAIL the inland waterways of this country are all licensed to take their vessels on a river which no ships play—the mysterious Red river of the North.

"It's on the map, forming the boundary between Minnesota and North Dakota, and 80 years ago steamboats sailed on it. The river runs dry too often these days to permit ships to compete with railroads, however.

"Perhaps in hope that some day the flow of water on the Red river of the North can be controlled, the Maritime License still entitles fresh-water sailors to sail on the Red river of the North and rivers emptying into the Gulf of Mexico and tributaries."

THE PARAGRAPH IS AT LEAST approximately correct in saying that steamboats sailed on the Red , river of the North 80 years ago, as it was then, or a little later, that the first steamboats began to navigate the Red river. But the inference that such navigation of the river ceased about 80 years ago would be a mistake. For nearly half a century, the Red river was the highway for a heavy traffic in settlers and their effects and a general line of passengers and freight. The building of the railroads and difficulties due to low water gradually diminished the traffic, which was completely suspended some 30 or 35 years ago.

IN THE ANNOUNCEMENT RELATing to plans for the intensive training of 150,000 young army men in the colleges of the country, it was stated that the men given such instruction will not be college youths in uniform, but doughboys going to school. There is a difference.

SOMETHING SUGGESTED TO ME some time ago a reference to Henry M. Stanley, the famous explorer, and in noting that he was born in north Wales and that his real name was Rowlands I expressed curiosity as to whether he and Professor Rowland might be related. I have a letter from Professor Rowland, who has no definite information for or against such relationship, but who once saw the explorer and who gives other interesting information concerning him as follows:

"BECAUSE I AM A FAITHFUL READER of "That Reminds Me," I noticed with interest the reference to Henry M. Stanley, and the parenthetical note inquiring if we might be related because of the resemblance in the family name. With the exception of the final "s," my father, Stanley's father, and H. M. Stanley were named John Rowland. The added "s" in Welsh names is really an English influence—a sort of a possessive case; i. e., Rowland's. Some people seem surprised that the singer, John Charles Thomas, has three so-called first names. In parts of Wales such things are common. One would even find double-barrelled names such as Thomas Thomas, John John, etc.

"HAVING CLEARED UP THE EXTRA "s" in the surnames, I will answer the inquiry. Both my family and that of Henry M. Stanley came from the same vicinity in north Wales—the neighboring counties of Flintshire and Denbighshire. The matter of Stanley's parentage is glossed over and people said it was because of some irregularity. In any event, he was deprived of his natural parents at an early age and was put in charge of two fine people who lived in Denbigh, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Price. They, being poor, were not able to keep him, and Stanley was taken to the workhouse in St. Asaph, about six miles away. Due, so it is said, to ill treatment by the master of the workhouse Stanley ran away and that was the ultimate cause of his coming to America.

"MY FATHER CLAIMED HE WAS A cousin of H. M. Stanley, both his father and Stanley's father being brothers. Frankly, I have no proof that this is so. My father was orphaned at an early age and I do not recall the given names of my grandparents on that side of the family. However that may be, I did know the foster parents of Stanley well, and I once saw the great explorer. In fact, without really appreciating the honor, I drank tea with him.

"MR. AND MRS. PRICE LIVED IN A little cottage in the shadow of the ruins of the old Norman castle in Denbigh. Mr. Price was keeper of the beautiful elm shaded bowling green just outside the castle walls. Oliver Cromwell is reputed to have played there when he was besieging the castle in the reign of the unfortunate Charles I. Legend has it that both besiegers and besieged used the bowling green for recreation purposes under a gentleman's agreement which would be unthinkable in these days.

"TO THE BOWLING GREEN KEEPER's cottage a little boy had the habit of going to visit the Price's, because he knew they would usually give him a "butty"—a piece of bread and butter with sugar spread on it. Such a treat always tasted better than what one got at home. (I was only nine years old when we left Denbigh.) One Wednesday afternoon—I remember this because it was market day and father was always at home on such days—I went to the bowling green and peeped over the lower half of the Dutch door. I saw that Mr. and Mrs. Price had company, but they asked me to come in and seated me as usual on a little stool in the ingle nook. The table was set for tea, and the good folks, poor though they were, had a special cake on the table. I recall Mrs. Price telling me who this strange gentleman was—H. M. Stanley, the explorer. I had heard of him and Livingston, but at that age tea and cake were more interesting to me. I confess I cannot remember much of what he looked like, but he did sort of resemble the pictures I had seen in his books. In a short while, I ran out to play, then went home for my regular tea, but forgot to tell my father about my meeting with the great man until later in the evening. Stanley had already left town when father went in search of him. The year was probably 1897.

"I have verified the fact that Stanley was in the vicinity then because a friend in Rhyl, north Wales, where my wife and I were then living, said that Stanley had come to the site of his bakery looking for a cottage in which he had once lived. The friend I refer to was named Thomas H. Griffith whose brother, Dr. E. H. Griffith, was an osteopathic physician in Fargo. If my father's statement was correct, then I am a second cousin of H. M. Stanley, and I am certain that I saw him once. I should have been smart, like the present generation, and asked for his autograph. Not long after Stanley's visit, both Mr. and Mrs. Price died within a few hours of each other."

HCR:JS: STANLEY WAS A DETERMINED person who was not easily stopped in the course which he had laid out for himself or diverted from it. That characteristic enabled him to overcome obstacles which would have been insuperable for a less positive man. There is an old story—real or apocryphal—which illustrates the point.

It is said that on one of his African journeys he had reached a point where it seemed impossible to go on. Sickness and desertion had left him but a skeleton of his native force, supplies were exhausted and unknown dangers lay ahead. He decided to spin a coin to determine whether to go forward or turn back—heads to go forward, tails to turn back. He spun the coin and it came down tails. Perhaps, he thought, he had not spun it fairly, so he spun it again. Again it came down tails. To make the thing perfectly sure he spun the coin again and that time it came down heads. Therefore, he went ahead. All the time he had subconsciously determined to go on, but hadn't known it.

CORRESPONDENT J. F. B. WRITES:

"In an article on the birth of a daughter to Princess Juliana of Holland it is said that the young princess Beatrix remains heir presumptive to the Dutch throne. What is the difference between an heir presumptive and an heir apparent?"

AN HEIR PRESUMPTIVE IS THE person who is first among those who are in line of succession for title to a position or an estate, but whose position may be lost by the birth of another whose title is better. An heir apparent is one whose title cannot be lost by the birth of another. In countries where the law of primogeniture prevails and succession is first through the male line and then through female next of kin the first-born child, if a daughter, would be the heir presumptive, but if a son should be born later he would be heir apparent.

WHILE THE WEATHER HAS BEEN rather nippy here, there is heat somewhere in the world. Down in Argentina they had it 104 above zero the other day. A prolonged south wind might drag a little of that warmth up here.

THE AXIS POWERS NOW OCCUPY a strip along the east coast of Tunisia roughly 100 miles wide by 300 miles long — somewhere near the area of the Red river valley. That isn't much of a toe-hold on a continent like Africa.

NOW THAT THE STORY HAS BEEN made public there will be a lot of people who will tell you that they knew all about that meeting in Africa before it started.

LAST WEEK JUDGE D. G. DUELL, last surviving member of the G. A. R. in North Dakota, died at his home in Devils Lake at the age of 97. At almost the same time died Thomas H. Strich, another Grand Army veteran, at his home in New York, at the age of 96. Each had been conspicuous in the G. A. R. of his state. Judge Duell's service had been in the Mississippi valley under Grant and Logan. The New York veteran had served in the Shenandoah valley under Sheridan.

BACK EAST THE MOTHERS ARE taking to carrying their babies on their backs, Indian style, and they say the style is more comfortable for both mothers and children than any other. I don't think they strap them on boards as was the practice in some of the Indian tribes. I have seen many of the Six Nation papooses carried that way and they seemed to enjoy it. I never saw one of the papooses suspended from a tree that was said to be the common practice. When the mother gathering berries found a good patch she would hang the infant to a tree and go on with her berry picking while the child swung happily in the breeze. I don't see why that wasn't a good idea.

THE DANES ARE TO HAVE NO election, according to Nazi orders just issued. Practically it will not make much difference, for elected Danish officials would be obliged to obey Nazi orders. But in another way the prohibition will have an influence. The Danes are a Democratic people, accustomed to managing their own affairs in their own way. When Hitler's armies occupied the country the people were told that there would be no interference with their freedom and independence. Prohibition of the elections is conclusive evidence, if further evidence, were required, that there is to be no such thing as Danish independence under Nazi rule.

THE LITTLE TOWN OF CALLENDER, Ontario, has a real live baronet. I have mislaid his name, but at the age of more than 80 he succeeded to the family title upon the death of a brother. But no mere baronet can compete in public interest with a set of quintuplets.

ENCLOSING A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING a Grand Forks mother writes:

"A friend from Halifax, N. S., sends me items clipped from her paper. From this one I get a sort of comfort."

The clipping enclosed gives the text of a prayer published in his syndicated column by George Matthew Adams, whose work also appeared in many American papers. I am sure that many mothers whose sons are now far from home will find in the humble petition an expression of their own longing. The text reads:

"GOD, FATHER OF FREEDOM, look after that boy of mine, wherever he may be. Keep his mind stayed on Thee. Talk with him during the silent watches of the night, spur him to bravery whenever called upon to face the cruel foe. Transfer my prayer to his heart, that he may know the lingering love I have bequeathed to him as an everlasting gift.

Keep my boy contented and inspired by the never-dying faith in his mother's God. He is my gift to Freedom. May that Freedom forever remain untarnished, God.

Through the lonely and confusing hours of training and combat and throughout all the long days of a hopeful Victory, keep his spirit high and his purpose unwavering. Make him a proud pal to all with whom he comes in contact, and make his influence a noon-day light wherever his duty takes him. Nourish that boy of mine with the love that I gave to him at birth, God. Satisfy the hunger of his soul with the knowledge of this daily prayer of mine.

"To my country and to world Freedom, O Heavenly Father, have I bequeathed this boy of mine. He is my choicest treasure. Take care of him, God. Keep him in health and sustain him under every possible circumstance of events. I once warmed him, God, under my heart. You warm him anew under your shelter and under the stars. Touch him with my smile of cheer and comfort, and my full confidence in his every brave pursuit.

"Silent and alone I pray, God, but I am only one of millions of mothers whose prayers stream day and night to you. This is our Gethsemane. Lead us victoriously through it, God. And lead that boy of mine through him. Fail him not—and may he not fail You, his country, nor the mother who bore him. That's all, God."

SEVERAL THOUSAND CLOTHING workers in New York quit work the other day, demanding that certain claims of theirs be adjusted. Their leaders say

this was not a strike, but merely a suspension of operations. Most persons would call it a strike. These recurring strikes and threats of them bring to my mind some lines which I think I have quoted before. In them some one has parodied the poet's conception of the charge of Marco Bozaris to his men:

STRIKE, UNTIL ALL MANKIND EXpires!

Strike, at your altars and your fires! Strike, at the green graves of your sires! God damn our native land!

A PHOTO TAKEN IN MONTREAL during the recent visit of Mrs. Roosevelt to that city shows our First Lady marching down street, flanked on either side by one of the Royal Canadian Military Police. And both Canadians are out of step.

BECAUSE OF THE SHORTAGE OF other material the government is about to experiment further with the growing of hemp for manufacture of cordage. The press dispatch says that several years ago the International Harvester company experimented with hemp in this territory and found that while the plant would grow well, there were few seasons in which retting could be carried on successfully. The Harvester company had a large field of hemp immediately west of Washington street when John Haney was managing the company's demonstration farm here. Driving past the field one day I noticed the luxuriant growth of what was to me a new crop, for I had never before seen hemp growing. I pulled a stalk and took it along to see if anyone could identify it for me. Miles farther along I came across a farmer—probably a one-season tenant—on the roadside near his run-down buildings. I stopped and asked him if he knew what the strange plant might be. He didn't know, nor did he seem to care, but he volunteered the guess that it might be alfalfa. Alfalfa. Even I knew better than that. It looked a lot more like sunflower. Yet that man was trying to farm.

WHEN THE PUBLIC WAS TOLD ON Tuesday that an exceedingly important announcement would be made that night, the nature of which could not be divulged in advance, intense interest was aroused, for there had already been hints that something was cooking and there had been considerable speculation concerning it. The announcement came, startling and dramatic. The heads of the British and American governments, whose absence from their respective capitals was known only to the few, together with their most eminent military personnel, had been in conference for 10 days in Africa, had reached important decisions concerning the further progress of the war, and gave renewed assurance to friends throughout the world that no peace would be made with the enemy short of his unconditional surrender.

THAT BRIEF OFFICIAL STATEMENT, brief and in general terms as it was, was electrifying. It was broadcast throughout the world in every language spoken by listening peoples and it was followed immediately by an immense volume of comment from both trained and untrained men who sought on short notice to grasp its inner meaning. During the days that have elapsed that comment has continued. Intensity of interest in the dramatic nature of the meeting had given way to sober attempts at analysis, and, in some cases, to petty fault finding.

IN MAKING THEIR STATEMENT, the conferees did not tell the world that they had resolved, off-hand, all the differences which have kept the 60 odd factions in North Africa at loggerheads; that they had created, or were about to create a single war council; or where or when the next blow against the Axis powers would be struck. To the man on the street the world looks about as it, did a few years ago. Berlin is quite sure the conference was a flop, and Senators Wheeler and Nye seem to agree.

THE IDEA THAT THE CONFERENCE was of little consequence is not supported by Berlin's attitude toward it. Berlin knew that something was being hatched and did its utmost to find out what. The Nazi secret service did not know of President Roosevelt's absence from the country, but it guessed that Churchill was away somewhere. It sent out feelers in the form of statements that Churchill was in Washington, but learned nothing in that way. Then, when it learned of the approaching announcement, it made every possible effort to smother the broadcast and did succeed in scrambling some of the short wave casts. Finally, Berlin told what a failure the conference had been and how little it had accomplished. It is suggested that anything so intensely interesting to Berlin is of considerable interest to the rest of us.

EARLY LAST SUMMER THERE WAS a conference in Washington attended by Premier Churchill and members of the British military staff. Not much was given out concerning what was done at that conference, but it was historic in its significance, for decisions were reached there that changed the whole complexion of the war. Until then the Allies had been on the defensive on every front. At that conference it was decided to take the offensive and the African offensive was organized. Since that expedition was launched it is the enemy who has been on the defensive on every front. But until the expedition was ready to land it was kept a profound secret.

THE CONFERENCE IN AFRICA WAS held under different conditions. The Allies have already taken the offensive and the enemy is trying desperately to hold them back. The present problem is to push the offensive until it results in the enemy's complete collapse. The conference in Africa was not merely a social meeting between President Roosevelt and Premier Churchill. With them were the heads of their respective army, navy and air forces, men trained and experienced in the art of war. When those men decided we do not know, and we shall not know until it is being done. But we may be sure that they did not spend 10 days playing marbles.