

DURING THE PAST FEW days I have picked up a dozen or more of those short sharp, flat-headed roofing nails, not with my tires, praise be but with my fingers as I have walked hither and yon down town. Those nails, useful for many purposes are used extensively for tacking up signs, banners, and so forth, and there was much work of that kind in connection with the Legion convention and the fair. It seems that some of those who did the tacking spilled a lot of them, and just let them lie as they fell. It will be next to a miracle if we don't have a lot of punctures as a result.

THE THINGS WHICH WILL puncture tires are of infinite variety. A friend of mine a few years ago picked up a half-inch bolt about two inches long. The threaded end was only slightly rounded, yet it had gone squarely through the tire tread. My friend was willing to bet that no one could drive that bolt into a tire with a sledge-hammer. At about the opposite extreme are phonograph needles. A few years ago, before radio had largely supplanted the phonograph, those needles were productive of lots of trouble. Thrown about carelessly they were easily picked up, and when imbedded in a thick tire they were almost impossible to find. With the pressure on the rubber they would make tiny punctures, and when the pressure was removed they would remain concealed in the rubber. If not found and removed another little puncture would follow.

THE OTHER DAY THE IRISH rioted in Dublin, and, to make things even, a few days later the Scots rioted in Edinburgh. The occasion was a procession in connection with a Eucharistic congress. Shouting "No Popery!" and "Down with the Pope!" a crowd of 3,000 attacked the procession with stones and bottles. Seven men were fined \$50 each, with the alternative of a month in jail. In spite of the experience of many centuries, religious intolerance is still with us.

MOST PERSONS ARE Familiar at least with pictures of the high-wheeled bicycle which preceded the bike now in common use. Walter Nilsson startled residents of Los Angeles last week by riding about town in a unicycle, a mammoth affair made of two concentric rings, the smaller large enough for the rider to sit inside it on a motorized carriage which travels on the inner circumference. On a test the machine, with a hard tire, made 18 miles an hour, but the inventor says he can go 100 miles an hour with a pneumatic tire. Some 30 or 40 years ago I saw, possibly in the Scientific American, a picture of what seems to have been the twin of Nilsson's unicycle except that the rider used pedals instead of a motor. I do not remember whether the machine had actually been built, or the illustration was somebody's idea of what might be done. The picture which I saw was of a wheel 12 or 16 feet in diameter. Imagine meeting one of those coming along at 100 miles an hour.

THOSE SAMPLES OF BARLEY stools brought in by George Saumer, one of them having 16 stalks, illustrate the enormous productivity of nature. Those 16 stalks all sprang from one seed. In the ordinary course not all of them would develop heads, but that is a possibility. Suppose a head of barley contains 20 kernels. On that basis one seed would produce 320 in a single year. If all the seed were to grow, which is the end toward which nature exerts herself, the world would soon be full of barley. But other plants are equally productive, and there is not room for the maximum progeny of all. That brings us to the checks imposed by unfavorable environment and to the survival of the fittest.

JUST NOW IN EVERY Corner which has been neglected for a time, box elder seedlings are getting a fine start. In any neighborhood where the box elder is grown those seedlings spring up by the million, and if left alone they would soon produce regular trees. The ash is equally prolific. With only one young ash tree on the premises I hoe up hundreds of little ash every year. One could soon have an ash forest if he would let them grow. They root deep and seem determined to hang on.

MOST OF US, I SUPPOSE, think of the cactus as a tropical or at least a sub-tropical plant, with its northern limit about the desert regions of Arizona and California. But, while the cactus is not native to the Red river valley, it is found in abundance in the central and western sections of North Dakota, and it will thrive in the eastern valley if given a suitable location. Anyone having doubts on that subject will be convinced by an inspection of the cactus bed on the De Remer grounds in Riverside park.

IN THAT BED IS ONE PLANT, whose branches cover a space four or five feet in diameter, which was brought five years ago as a small specimen from the Little Missouri Bad Lands, and which is now blooming beautifully and profusely, its delicate waxy petals forming blossoms two inches or more in diameter. One interesting and curious feature about this plant is that on the same branch it bears blossoms of different colors at the same time. One blossom, almost transparent in its delicacy, will be a soft green, shading into a deeper hue toward the center. Next to it will be one similarly tinged with pink, while the next will be a subdued yellow. On Sunday morning Joe Bell DeRemer and I, while waiting for church time counted something over 70 blossoms and well-developed buds on that plant. We counted so long that I was late for church and Joe didn't go at all.

IN THE SAME BED IS Another cactus of the same type, but smaller, which was brought from Bismarck two years ago, and several of the globular cacti which are found as far east as the James river. These, also, are preparing to bloom. In their native soil these cacti grow in high, exposed places, and withstand the fierce cold of our northern winters, hence they need no protection here. The bed in which they grow is at the edge of a steep bank, fully exposed to sun and wind, giving the plants the conditions of sunlight and aridity in which they seem to thrive best.

I BECAME ACQUAINTED with the small round cacti more than 50 years ago while surveying in the James river valley. Concealed in the thick grass one of those spiny globes was not a pleasant thing on which to sit, and as I wore canvas-topped shoes, which dried quickly after becoming wet with dew, I often learned of their presence by stepping on them. It is clear that anyone can have a good cactus bed here if he has or will provide suitably exposed and elevated ground for the plants.

A LITTLE YARN ABOUT Viscount Byng, who died recently, is rather good. When Lord Byng was governor general of Canada he attended a function of some sort in Ottawa and was about to leave without making a speech. He was urged to say a few words before leaving. "I think," he said, "that a governor general ought to be obvious." The company applauded the remark without knowing exactly why. "According to the dictionary," continued the governor general, "the obvious thing is that which goes without saying. I go without saying."

SOMETHING UNUSUAL, IF not exactly new, is the existence of a valuable property created from the surplus left over from a great international exposition. Few people are aware that Britain's first international exposition, held in London 84 years ago, furnished a surplus which to this day is being administered by a royal commission on which serve persons of the greatest eminence in politics, society, art and science. At long intervals the commission issues a report and has just made public its ninth. Its eighth appeared in 1911.

ORIGINALLY, IN 1851, THE surplus funds amounted to £186,000 (\$930,000) and the Prince Consort suggested that it should be used to buy the Kensington Gore estate.

OF THE 87 ACRES THUS Acquired, says The London Daily Telegraph, 18 were absorbed by roadways, 17 were appropriated for residential purposes, and 52 were devoted to public buildings. These last include the Royal Albert Hall, the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Natural History Museum, the Imperial Institute, the Imperial College of Science and Technology, the Royal Colleges of Art and of Music, the Meteorological Society, and a number of other education and scientific institutions.

IN SPITE OF THE FACT that most of the institutions pay only nominal rental for the land, the royal commission's administration has been so lucrative that, after expending £1,660,000 on education and research since 1851, it still possesses a list of investments totaling £334,970 and property worth £376,328.

SINCE THE BIRTH OF THE Dionne quintuplets a little over a year ago there has been intensive searching of records, of multiple births for parallels of the Dionne case, if any existed. There have been, I believe, well authenticated cases of five children being born of the same mother at the same time, but so far as I can recall in none of those cases other than the Dionnes have the children lived more than a few hours. S. J. Sveinson, of Cavalier, has run across a remarkable story of seven simultaneous births, which he heard from a Ukrainian couple now living on his farm.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN Schenheit were born in the province of Volhynia, in the Ukraine, near the city of Lutsk, and lived there until they migrated to Canada about 30 years ago. They were of the peasant class, which at that time comprised over 90 per cent of the population, the remainder being of the titled, or land-owner class. This is the story which they have told to Mr. Sveinson:

ABOUT THE YEAR 1865 A titled couple living in a village called Blastok, near Lutsk, whose name they do not remember, had a remarkable increase in their family, seven girls born at the same time and to their best knowledge, these girls all living when they emigrated to Canada about 30 years ago.

The Schenheits are of the opinion that they can substantiate this fact by many of their relatives and former neighbors who either knew this family or knew of them. They state that the estate on which these girls were born was henceforth always called "Seven Sisters". They tell of remembering their parents speak of the christening; the babies were so small that they were all laid in a row on a serving platter. Being of the titled class, they had good care and medical attention such as no one in the peasant class could afford.

DOWN IN NEW JERSEY A colored pastor, Rev. Clarence Davis, is in jail awaiting trial on the charge of stealing the church in which he had preached. Members of the congregation awoke one morning to find nothing but vacancy where their 14 by 20 church building had stood. The preacher admitted that he had torn down the building and carried it to his home. He claims it, however, as his property. Originally he deeded the building and lot to the congregation, but after the name of the church was changed and he was ousted as pastor he maintained that the property reverted to him. He went to jail in default of a \$1,000 bond.

IF LOCKLIN WERE WRITING sports in France, and some player didn't like his comment, he might find himself one of the parties to a duel. Didier Poulain, Paris sports writer, made a comment which angered Jean Borotra, French tennis star. Borotra came back with a hot rejoinder, and Poulain challenged him. The challenge was accepted and the seconds are conducting the preliminaries. It is stated that their first duty will be to ascertain who is the offended party. If they are unable to decide the whole matter may be dropped. There was a time when an accepted challenge meant a real fight.

FOND DU LAC, THE SITE OF John Jacob Astor's fur trading post at the head of Lake Superior, should not be confused with Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, which is quite another place. The village which Astor established has been absorbed by the city of Duluth. Against 4, 5, 6 and 7, a series of pageants illustrating the history of that early period. It is expected that 100,000 persons will witness the spectacle.

On a small island in the St. Louis river, directly opposite the stockade which will enclose the settlement, Indians whose forefathers lived and died at Fond du Lac, will establish their homes. Their village will be typical of that which existed there from 1802, the year J. Astor sent William Morrison to Fond du Lac to set up the post, to almost the turn of the Twentieth century, when the then thriving city of Duluth annexed the village and shifted the center of the fur-trading industry.

NEARBY THE SITE OF THE pageant rest the remains of some of the first whites and Indians too, to settle at the head of Lake Superior. The now sacred cemetery, some of its tombstones bearing inscriptions dating back more than 100 years, has been set aside as one of the many historic sites in Jay Cooke State park. The state park borders Fond du Lac. The main building of the post will be 30 feet wide and between 80 and 100 feet long. Surrounding this will be an assortment of smaller log cabins, birchbark huts and tepees—all enclosed within the log stockade. Birchbark canoes will be used to convey the Indians from their village on the island to the mainland where the pageant will be held.

WHAT A CRIME TO STAY IN the house on a glorious morning like this! I'll go and sit in the back yard while I read the paper. First get the chair fixed in a nice shady spot, where the light will strike the paper at just the right angle and the glistening of the dew in the sunlight shows to the best advantage. Now get the pipe going and watch the smoke rise straight up in faint little clouds, for there is not a breath of wind. Now fill the lungs with this intoxicating air, fragrant with the perfume of many flowers. Nothing equals the beauty of a quiet summer morning out of doors. "The rosy call of incense-breathing morn" is the best description of it that I know. What a wonderful poem that is!

NOW FOR THE PAPER. IN this setting I can concentrate on it, with nothing to disturb me or distract my attention. Let's see; here's Washington story about what they are doing in congress. Washington must be a hot place just now—nothing like a fellow's back yard. I'll bet those fellows in congress would be glad to get away and loaf in the shade of a tree and listen to the birds sing. Speaking of birds, there's one singing now. It's an oriole. I just saw it flit by and alight in the top of that elm. Only a few notes, but what a sweet tone! and such brilliant coloring. Somebody saw a scarlet tanager the other day. I'm not sure that I can tell the difference. Must look that up.

WELL, TO RESUME MY Reading. The house and senate have locked horns over the utilities bill. Contrary outfits, both of them. Must be something in the air. Not like this. Just get a whiff of those roses. And there's that wren, singing away as if he were so full of music that he just had to let it out. He's somewhere right overhead, but I can't see him. Wonderful how they can make themselves invisible when only a few feet away. There he is, on that little twig, not six feet away. Must be singing to his mate on the nest inside. Must be about time for some little ones. Wonder if wrens ever bathe. I've never caught them at it, but they are always neat and trim.

I'VE LOST TRACK OF THAT Washington story, but what's the difference? Here's another. China and Japan are making faces and shaking their fists at each other. Bad business for a summer morning. The Chinese are said to be quiet, home-loving people, and the Japanese are so artistic. I wonder if they have back yards. A back yard is such a civilizing influence. That tall Iris over there makes one think of Japan. The Japanese have a tradition about the origin of the Iris. A famous warrior was buried in his armor, with his spear by his side. Next spring his spear showed its point above the ground, and it grew to be a tall green plant, and at last it was finished with helmet and plume, and that was the iris.

ANOTHER ARTICLE SAYS that France is out of sorts because of Great Britain's attitude on German armament. I wonder if Laval and Eden were to get together in somebody's nice back yard and listen to the birds sing if they couldn't come to some sort of agreement. On a morning like this I could agree to almost anything. Look at that robin splash in the bath. How he makes the water fly! Now he perches on a branch in the sunshine, shakes his feathers and preens himself. Now he plunges in for another bath! What's the idea of that? I wonder. Why didn't he stay in the first place?

THE PAPER SAYS THAT work relief is getting under way here and there. Good idea. Not that I care much about work a morning like this. And there comes a goldfinch to take a bath. The robin objects. There's plenty of room for both, but the robin is a pugnacious, monopolistic creature, and he wants it all to himself. The goldfinch steps into the water. The robin makes for him to drive him out. Nothing doing the little finch refuses to go. He bristles up his feathers and makes a rush for the robin and makes him keep his own side of the pool. Good for you, you little scrapper! You know how to hold your own, without asking any odds of government or anybody else.

TO GO ON WITH MY Reading—but there's the mother wren just poking her head out through the door and chirping "good morning" at her mate, and he sings her a happy little song that Mozart or Mendelssohn might have envied, but could not imitate.

NOW THE GRASS IS NEARLY dry. The air grows warmer. Little clouds float across the sky. A lot of petunias have unfolded within the hour. Snapdragons are budding. The columbine is ready for the humming bird, which should be along at any time. Where's that paper? Guess I'll go inside and finish reading it. But the back yard is certainly a great place to concentrate, and see what it's made me do to this column!

THE BIG CANADIAN FLAG that hung in the lobby of the Ryan hotel Monday, to greet Canadian visitors to Grand Forks on Dominion day, was once the trophy of triumph for a little Canadian girl in a little school house at Cherry Valley, Prince Edward county, Ontario. It was the county prize offered by the Toronto Mail and Empire, a newspaper, for the best patriotic essay written by Canadian school children. One flag was to be awarded to each county, and Eva Holstrander won the Prince Edward county contest, and as a result the prize flag hung in the school for 30 years.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER THE flag had been awarded, the teacher, under whose tutelage, Miss Holstrander won the prize for her school, visited the little school house where he had taught. There on the front wall the flag still hung.

The president of the board was the only one in the school circles of the county, who remembered how the flag came into the possession of the school. He noticed the former teacher eyeing it wistfully.

"That flag belongs to you," he told the former teacher, "you are the only one who knows what it represents, and almost every one who was here at that time has gone away." In spite of the protestations of the former teacher, he took down the flag, folded it up and gave it to the former teacher, who carried it to his home in Grand Forks and loaned it to the hotel on Dominion day.

The former teacher, by the way, was Dr. G. M. Williamson of Grand Forks.

ACCOUNTS OF RECENT Tornadoes and near-tornadoes bring to mind incidents of similar storms of earlier years. The story of the storm that wrecked property in Grand Forks in 1887 has often been told. In such storms things that seem impossible occur, such as straws being driven like nails into hard wood and of feathers being blown from chickens.

ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS stories of the storm of 1887 was told by Lou Cross, who farmed at the time just northeast of Angus, Minnesota. Some time before the storm a gang plow, with two 12-inch bottoms, had been left standing in the Cross barnyard, with the plow bottoms resting on the ground ready to turn their furrows. Cross declared that in addition to other havoc about the place the wind had driven that plow clear across the barnyard, and that the bottoms, entering the earth, had plowed two perfectly good furrows about six inches! deep.

IN THE RECENT STORM OUT in McKenzie county a threshing machine was blown some distance, but a threshing rig is relatively light in proportion to its bulk, and it has considerable surface exposed to the wind. But there isn't much surface on a gang plow, and it is difficult to imagine the wind applying sufficient force to it to do a job of plowing. Cross was a good farmer, and a good companion. Also, he enjoyed spinning a yarn and embellishing it for the entertainment of his friends. The neighbors, therefore, took it that he has been spoofing them about the plow, although he exhibited both plow and furrows in evidence. Anyway, there is the story, just about as he told it, and I don't believe he plowed those furrows in such an unlikely place just in order to make a good story.

IN THE DISPATCH FROM McKenzie county it was said that at one time three funnels could be seen descending from different parts of the same great cloud at the same time. That is quite unusual, but there was a still more unusual spectacle in a storm in Bottineau county years ago when six typical funnels were visible at one time and an enterprising local man took a photograph of them before dodging into his cellar. That picture was widely published, and it was said that there was no similar picture in existence.

IN HIS COLUMN IN THE Minneapolis Tribune some days ago Walter Winchell had the following paragraph with reference to a well - known North Dakota man:

"Minneapolis had a reporter who ranked with the best of the raconteurs, as well as diggers, in Tom Moodie, who recently made the front page in a brief splurge as governor of North Dakota. Moodie hoboed through the west, being one of the busiest of the boom police reporters and a great help to many a copper. He was dusted off the governor's chair on a technicality, having wasted his vote by crossing the Minnesota line for a year to work on a paper.

THAT PARTICULAR COLUMN of Winchell's was devoted to a demonstration of the fact that all the crack newspaper men in the back districts do not wind up on New York papers. Winchell mentions newspaper men in cities all the way from New Orleans to Montreal and from Philadelphia who have settled down permanently in their home towns, many of whom wouldn't go to New York on a bet. Others who have gone to New York have found that much of its glitter is tinsel and have gone back where life seems to have more real substance.

FROM AN UNIDENTIFIED source I have received the following clipping from the Portland, Oregonian, entitled "The Ho-Hum Season," which seems to fit perfectly into the present situation:

"For all that have work to perform, and should be about the performance of the task, this is the oddly enchanted season of ho-hum. The sunshine is welcome enough, and thank you, kindly, but there are properties in it that cause you to yawn when you are not sleepy, and that withdraw the visible from your gaze. People are looking out of windows, far and beyond anything that is to be seen. They are pleasantly wearied, for no cause whatever, and yet they desire to take the long highroad that curves to the sea. For that is the way it must be with them in the sorcerous season of ho-hum."

WHEN SOME NEIGHBORS were bemoaning the fact that there was too much rain one summer many years ago an old fellow remarked "In watching the thing for a good many years I have noticed that when all the low places are full of water all the high places have good crops." There's a lot in that. We can't have just enough rain for some places without having a little too much for others. In a similar way, we can't have plenty of rain during the growing season without occasional storms, for the same conditions that produce timely and abundant summer rains generate electrical storms, with their occasional accompaniments of wind and hail. A summer of storms is not always a good crop season, but a good crop season is invariably marked by storms.

FORTUNATELY, WE HAVE not the making of the weather. An old legend has it that a man complained bitterly to God of the weather and said that he could do a much better job if he had the making of it. So he was given complete power over the weather of his district for the next year. He had rain fall in just the right quantity just after seeding and all the grain sprouted beautifully. Through the season he had copious showers just when they were needed, and he never had it rain on a neighborhood picnic. The crops grew wonderfully, but late in the season it became apparent that something was wrong. The grain did not head properly. The weather had been perfect, as far as it went, but the amateur weather-maker had forgotten one important thing. He had neglected to provide any wind, and there had been no proper pollenization. Perhaps the rest of us would not make that mistake, but we would make others just as bad.

THE BOROUGH COUNCIL OF Essex Falls, New Jersey, has adopted an ordinance prohibiting the barking of dogs, the quacking of ducks and the crowing of roosters between the hours of 10 P. M. and 6 A. M. Any person who permits his livestock to violate said ordinance shall be fined \$5 to \$20. The aldermen of Essex Falls are determined to have their sleep—or else.

CCC WORKERS ARE establishing nurseries in Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota for the growing of plants suitable as food for deer and grouse. For the deer mountain ash, dog wood and some other species of trees and shrubs will be grown, and for grouse several species of plants on which these birds feed in their natural state. The young plants, when grown to suitable size, will be transplanted to areas accessible to the game animals and birds so that a supply of food may be assured for winter. One of the chief hazards to deer and game birds in the woods is failure of food supply, and game and fish authorities say that it is better to provide food growing in its natural state than to feed hay, grain, etc., as is now done during periods of food shortage.

EFFORTS ARE BEING MADE in Minnesota to obtain the removal of advertising signs from scenic beauty spots. Display of signs on highway rights-of-way are prohibited by law, but many beautiful views are spoiled by the display of advertising signs on private property in such a way that the view is obstructed or its effect impaired. Switzerland long ago took the position that natural scenery is the property of the state, and in that country a man may not paint a sign on a rock even though the rock may be on his own property.

SOME TIME AGO I OFFERED for the entertainment of readers the following "cipher" lines and invited interpretation: U O O, but I O thee O O no O, but just O me. Then let not my O O go, But give O O I O thee so.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS offered their solutions, several of which were correct, while some were defective at points.

Done into regular English the lines read:
You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee;
Oh sigh for no cipher, but just sigh for me.
Then let not my sigh for a cipher go,
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for thee so.

THE WEATHER'S BEHAVIOR on the Fourth may convince some persons of the correctness of the old saying that "it always rains on the Fourth." The fact that it rain-on the first, and second, and third cuts no figure. It did rain on the Fourth, and that settles it. Dr. Howard Simpson, of the University faculty, has been asked in all seriousness by new students, year after year, if the statement that it always rains on the Fourth is true, and if so, why. Several years ago, out of curiosity, he had made an analysis of weather at the University in early July for as far back as the records went. It was found that on the average July 4 had been just a little less rainy than the 3rd or 5th.

IN ADDITION TO THE Belief, more or less seriously held, that there is a perversity in inanimate things which makes for disaster just when we are interested I in having everything run smoothly, it has been believed that July 4 was apt to be a rainy day in the United States because of the tremendous bombardment that is in progress on that day, with noise-makers ranging from tiny fire-crackers to big bombs, and there has been a wide-spread belief that the concussion caused by these sounds caused the water in the air to condense and fall as rain.

SUPPORTERS OF THIS VIEW have cited the fact that there were heavy rains shortly after some of the world's greatest battles, especially the battles of the Napoleonic wars. One writer, while admitting the fact of the rains, rejects the explanation and offers one of his own. In Napoleon's time, he points out, there were no means of transport except by horses, and few roads worthy of the name. Dry weather was needed for the moving of heavy artillery, and usually, by the time a commander had got his guns into position for an intended battle, the dry period was about over, and it was about time for another rain.

IN TWO CASES WHICH HAVE occupied considerable attention of late some tears have been shed over the alleged violation of the right of parents to control their own children. In the Vanderbilt case in New York a judge ordered that the custody of a little girl be given to the child's aunt, with the proviso that she shall spend week-ends, holidays and certain other times with her mother. Tears were shed and sobs were sobbed over that decision. Even though the mother might not have been all that she should have been, are not a mother's rights sacred? And by what authority does a mere judge rend asunder the ties that bind mother and child together?

IN A UNANIMOUS DECISION the appellate division of the New York supreme court has upheld the decision of the lower court, which it declares was the "only possible course." Pointing out that under the arrangement made by the court the mother can spend much more time with the child than she has ever yet seen fit to spend, the superior court calls attention to the neglect and indifference which have characterized the attitude of the mother toward the child, and the fact that the mother neglected the child's precarious health in order to enjoy a life of pleasure abroad. It is added significantly that it was not until the allowance made for the child became endangered that the mother gave evidence of any interest in her. The court is convinced, as a great many others who have followed the case have been, that the mother's chief motive in the proceedings has been to control the fund set apart for the maintenance and care of the child rather than the affection that a mother would be supposed to have.

THE OTHER CASE IS THAT of the Dionne quintuplets. In that case the parents bemoan the separation of the infants from their parents and brothers and sisters and complain of the tyranny of the government in interfering with the natural relations of parents and children. It is to be remembered in the first place that if it had not been for the skill and devotion of others, not only would all those five children have died within a few hours of their birth, but the mother herself would have perished. In the improbable event that mother and children had survived a few weeks the children would have been exploited for money by being placed on exhibition at the Chicago World's fair, an ordeal from which they were saved only by the timely and emphatic action of Dr. Dafoe. The parents are ignorant and simple-minded people who have apparently been persuaded by avaricious advisers to grab for the fortune which has been accumulated through gifts from outsiders for the benefit of the children.

THE HOUSE IN PITTSBURGH in which was born Stephen Collins Foster, who wrote some of our best loved songs, has been bought by Henry Ford and moved to Ford's Greenfield village at Dearborn. It was dedicated in its new setting a few days ago.

FOSTER WAS BORN IN Pittsburgh on July 4, 1826, and died in his thirty-seventh year after having produced about 200 songs and compositions.

He was the son of William Foster, deputy commissioner of army purchases during the War of 1812, who built the home in which Stephen was born. In 1834 when Stephen was 8 years old, the elder Foster and his family moved to Allegheny, where he became Mayor of that town.

THE HOUSE IN PITTSBURGH then passed through many hands and was altered in appearance through the years. When Mr. Ford acquired it, it was the home of three families, one of which had occupied it for 36 years. The occupants were induced to leave on satisfactory terms. The house was the property of the Catholic church of St. John the Baptist in Pittsburgh.

MOVED TO GREENFIELD Village, the home has been restored to its original proportions and refitted with some of the original furniture.

In the present setting the broad veranda overlooks the old River Rouge Valley. Recently the lagoon back of the house was deepened and extended to form an island.

About this lagoon, which will now be known as Swanee River, the steamer Swanee, recently reconstructed, will ply.

STEPHEN FOSTER NEVER saw the Suwanee river in Florida, but picked the name out of an atlas and misspelled it "Swanee" to fit in melodiously to the first line of "Old Folks at Home."

"Old Black Joe" was written about a negro who drove a gig for a Dr. McDowell, Foster's father-in-law, a Pittsburgh physician. The composer told the negro that he was going to put him into a song, but the old man never lived to hear it.

"Old Dog Tray" supposedly was written about a dog Foster had when he was a boy. Today there is a kennel near the house in Greenfield Village in which a dog of the same name lives.

In 1850 Foster married Jane Penny McDowell of Pittsburg and that year moved to New York to become a song writer. He died in January, 1864, in poverty.

ON SATURDAY, JULY 6, Senator Lynn J. Frazier, accompanied by his son and three daughters arrived at their home at Hoople from Washington, bringing with them the ashes of their beloved wife and mother, who passed away last winter in Washington. The burial service was held in the Hoople cemetery on Sunday afternoon, and the urn containing the ashes was deposited in the family plot where a beautiful monument marks the resting place of the Frazier family. The urn and plot were covered over with lovely flowers.

PART OF THE SCRIPTURE reading and prayer were given by the Lutheran minister of Hoople, and the address and commitment service by Dr. J. G. Moore who has been a friend of the family for more than 40 years. He especially called attention to the bringing back home of so many North Dakotans who passed away in other parts of the country to be laid to rest amid the scenes of earlier years and near the old home where friends are dearest. He paid high tribute to Mrs. Frazier's many womanly graces in the home, the church and community, and when as first lady of the state she presided over the governor's mansion at Bismarck with such sweet graciousness and kindness.

MRS. FRAZIER QUALIFIED as an old settler having come to North Dakota with her family, the Staffords, in 1886. She was united in marriage to Senator Frazier over 30 years ago and to them were born three daughters and two sons, all of whom are left to mourn her loss. The senator left for Washington immediately after the service to resume his duties in the senate and the family went to their summer home at Shoreham.

THROUGH THE KINDNESS of H. J. Overdahl, who brought the flowers to the office, I have received from George S. Muir of Gilby two beautiful peonies grown by his neighbor, Mrs. Jennie Arnberger. The flowers are a deep pink very full, and of immense size Last Sunday they served as part of a bouquet in the Gilby church and attracted much attention by their size and beauty. Notwithstanding the fact that they had already done this service and had been brought this distance, they were still fresh when they arrived, and they seem likely to last for several days.

IN CASE YOU SHOULD BE contemplating a career of crime and think of obliterating the marks on your fingers as a precautionary measure, you may as well learn that they are now taking photographs of people's eyes to put in the rogues' gallery. The authorities tell us that there are certain patterns made by veins and arteries in the back of the eye which never change, and by means of which the individual can be identified without fail. Dillinger and some others of his type are said to have been aware of this means of identification, and to have tried unsuccessfully to have their eye patterns changed.

CRIMINALS MAY COME TO feel the same sort of grievance toward the peace authorities that Tom Sawyer felt toward his aunt. Tom had been forbidden to go swimming, and in order to make sure that he obeyed his aunt stitched the neck-band of his shirt together so that Tom couldn't remove his shirt without cutting the stitches. Tom met that situation by providing himself with two needles, one threaded with white thread and one with black. After a swim, for which he had severed the original stitches, he carefully sewed the neck-band together again and was ready for inspection. His trick was exposed when his aunt discovered that whereas she had done the stitching with black thread, Tom had used white. Tom felt aggrieved. He didn't think it was fair. She ought to stick to one color so that a fellow would know what to expect.

ONE OF THE NEWEST Gadgets exhibited at a plumbers' show in Chicago was a dingus by means of which the bather, while stretched out in the tub, can shut off the water with his foot conveniently and without danger of being burned or scalded. Something of that sort has been needed for a long time. Turning a faucet with one's toes requires considerable skill, and it's a nuisance to have to rise from a recumbent position to do the job.

A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL agree with Will Rogers that what this country needs on the Fourth is not more freedom and liberty, but a Roman candle that only shoots out at one end.

"GENERALLY FAIR TONIGHT and Thursday except for local thunder showers. Not much change in temperature." Thus read the government's weather forecast last Wednesday. The weather bureau's forecast in that case seems as conservative as that other so often made: "It will be a fine day if it doesn't rain." In spite of the criticisms often leveled at it, the weather bureau is one of our most useful and efficient institutions. But because certain features of the weather are exceedingly local, the best that the bureau can do with reference to those particular features, and probably the best that any bureau can ever do, is to generalize.

WEATHER PAYS NO Attention to state lines. The state of North Dakota, for instance, comprises an area about 350 miles east and west and 250 miles north and south. Within that area of 70,000 square miles several kinds of weather may be performing vigorously at the same time. Obviously, a prediction of weather conditions for "North Dakota" must be accepted as only an approximation.

THIS IS ESPECIALLY TRUE in summer, when heat develops small and sometimes violent local storms, separated by areas of clear weather. "Thunder storms" may mean anything to passing small clouds with a few flashes of lightning and mild rumblings of thunder to violent storms with tornadoes at their centers and deluges in their wake.

LAST YEAR AND THE YEAR before we in this territory lost faith in the bureau's promises of rain. Technically in most cases the forecasts were accurate, but it takes more than a technical rain to do any good. Often all the observable conditions were such as to warrant expectation of rain, but when the rain came it was usually so scant as to be only an aggravation.

THIS YEAR THE Conditions are reversed. The air seems to be so saturated that on the slightest provocation it rains, and usually it rains copiously. We must apply to this year's prediction of fair weather the same technical interpretation that it has been necessary to give to former predictions of rain.

THE PAST HALF-CENTURY has been one of tremendous change, and, in many lines, of vast improvement. Almost beyond imagination we have improved our methods of communication and transportation. We live and work in better buildings, and in almost every department of life we enjoy more and better comforts and conveniences. One thing, however, in which there has been no improvement whatever is the making of a strawberry shortcake.

THIS IS NOT DUE TO ANY lack of resourcefulness and inventiveness on the part of our culinary artists. It is due to inherent limitations in the subject itself. You can't improve on perfection, and the original strawberry shortcake was perfect. You may paint the lily and gild refined gold, but in no case can the product be better than the original.

RECENT STORMY WEATHER, with its list of tornadoes here and there started A. L. Failor to digging through his archives for some tornado pictures which he has found and lent me. The views are of the wreckage of the St. Anthony and Dakota elevator at Maza, N. D., which was destroyed by a tornado June 30, 1899.

The pictures illustrate excellently the freakish nature of those violent whirling storms. The storm left the upper half of the tall building standing on its roof, with walls fairly well intact. Leaning against it are other sections of the building, which seem to have been sliced off horizontally. Around this wreck, and within a few hundred feet, are other buildings, residences, a store, and what seems to be a small office building, which show no evidence of having been touched by the storm.

THAT RAIN OF EARLY Thursday morning was remarkable both in the area covered and in the volume of water which fell. I think there have been perhaps two or three rains in Grand Forks in which more water fell in a couple of hours, but I do not remember any storm in which 1 ½ inches of water fell in about fifteen minutes, which is what happened at the height of the storm on Thursday morning.

PROPONENTS OF THE CYCLE theory of weather will have a hard time adjusting themselves to the changes which have occurred within a few months. There are all kinds of cycle theorists. Some hold to the 11-year cycle. Others maintain that there is a cycle of 23 years. Another group think there is evidence of a 33-year cycle. And so on.

THE CYCLISTS, HOWEVER, have been practically unanimous in the opinion that the transition from cycle to cycle is by fairly uniform graduations, progress being made gradually from peak to trough of each period, and not by sudden jumps from one period to another. On that basis, if last year marked the extreme of the drouth period, this year should still have been dry, but just a little more moist than last. Instead, we have plunged all at once from extreme drouth to almost as extreme wetness, and that sudden change has occurred not only here in eastern North Dakota, but in Kansas and Nebraska, in Montana, where roads have been washed out, in New York, where towns have been inundated by flood, and in far-off China, where thousands of lives have been lost in the swelling waters. Evidently there are things about the weather for which there is not yet even a good working hypothesis.

THAT OUR SPRING WHEAT crop will be affected in some measure by rust is now taken for granted. The extent of the damage will depend largely on the weather. Weather conditions for a week or two were ideal for the development of rust. Abundant moisture and warmth had promoted rapid growth and excessive humidity and kept grain stalks from hardening. South winds brought rust spores from great distances and it was inevitable that there should be more or less evidence of infestation. If the brisk north wind which set in immediately after Thursday morning's storm should continue, the trouble will be checked and localized.

MUCH HAS BEEN DONE TO-ward prevention of damage from rust by the war against the barberry, on which rust spores are carried over from season to season. The destruction of these dangerous plants has largely prevented infestation from local sources. But there is no way of preventing the carrying through the air of rust spores from distant localities, and as the pest moves from south to north, long-continued south winds in the growing season are sure to bring rust with them.

ASIDE FROM THE Existence of barberry plants in wild and almost inaccessible areas of our own country there are great areas in the Mexican mountains which are permanent breeding places of rust. Eradication of the host plants in that vast and inaccessible territory is out of the question, hence, even with local sources of incubation eliminated, there will probably be a rust hazard as long as wheat is grown. Real security seems to lie in the further development of resistant strains of wheat.

I DIDN'T SEE ARLISS IN Cardinal Richelieu," which, I am sure, is my loss. I haven't even kept in sufficiently close contact with the theatre of late to know how closely the play follows the lines of Bulwer Lytton's classic drama. I don't know how many times I have seen the Lytton play, for, as Allen has written in his review of the screen production, "Richelieu was one of the traditional offerings of innumerable road companies, and its lines were ranted by ham actors and delivered with discrimination by some of the greatest of artists.

I HAVE SEEN "RICHELIEU" well done several times, but my impression is that I saw it perfectly done just once, and that was by Lawrence Barrett. The impression that I have of Barrett's rendition is rue, undoubtedly, to the fact that his "Richelieu" was the first I had ever seen. He was a great actor, and I suppose it is a common experience that one's first view of a play by a great actor becomes thereafter the ideal, which is never quite reached by anyone else.

SOMETIMES I HAVE SEEN the play as well done, I thought, up to a certain point, as by Barrett, but when the actor came to the lines, which may not be accurately phrased:

Mark where she stands! Around her form

I draw the awful circle of our solemn church.

Come but within its bounds, and on thy head

I launch the awful curse of Rome!

Invariably I shook my head and said: "No! That's not right. That's not the way Barrett said it." So lasting and so strong are first impressions.

WILLIAMH OWEN, A Sincere and capable, but by no means great actor, made a curious change in "Richelieu." At the passage above quoted he had Julie kneel before the cardinal, and then read the line "Mark where she kneels." I never could understand why.

UNDER DATE JULY 11, which was immediately after the big rain, A. T. Brusegaard wrote from Gilby:

"Last year the farmers of this community were hard put to secure water enough for their stock, seeing old wells of as much as 80 feet deep and with years of service behind them, dry up, digging new ones that never produced, and eventually having to haul it for several miles from artesian wells.

"Yesterday E. G. McLean, who operates a large farm three miles west of Gilby, dug a well 7 feet deep. This morning he had 8 feet of water in it. This doesn't seem reasonable but the spot that he dug on was under a foot of water this morning. Thus one of the many problems confronting the northwest farmer has apparently been solved.

WHILE IT IS KNOWN THAT certain species of plants will not thrive well in close proximity to certain other species, it will be news to many persons that the black walnut has an injurious influence on some other trees when they are grown quite close together. Dr. E. C. Stakman, plant disease specialist at the department of agriculture, University of Minnesota, says that apple trees have been known to be killed when black walnut trees were grown close to them, and that the influence of the black walnut is injurious to some shade trees. This influence is felt, says Dr. Stakman, only when the trees are grown close together. I never heard of this before. There is a fine black walnut tree on the next lot but one from my house. It was grown there from seed, is now more than 20 feet tall, and for several years has produced a fair crop of nuts each year. There are many other trees, not close, but near, and all seem to thrive well.

DR. STAKMAN SPRINGS another new one—that is, new to me. It is that the buckthorn is the only plant on which the overwintering stage of the crown rust of oats can develop. I know nothing about crown rust as distinguished from other kinds of rust that may affect oats, but years ago I have cut oats whose straw was so heavily loaded with red rust that the powder could be scooped up in handfuls from protected corners of the harvester. Probably that was of a different type, and harmless, but at that time there wasn't a buckthorn, or any other shrub, for miles.

A BRIEF NEWS NOTE A FEW days ago carried information of the death in France of Alfred Dreyfus, whose name is strange to the present generation, but whose strange case 40 years ago attracted worldwide attention and resulted in the downfall of a military clique which for years had dominated the affairs of France. Captain Dreyfus, at that time a member of the French general staff, was arrested in 1894 on the charge of having sold military secrets to a foreign power. He was isolated in prison and treated with great harshness. When he was tried, although he was allowed counsel, the court was a secret one, and he was sentenced to military degradation and solitary confinement on Devil's island, the French prison colony off South America whose horrors have often been described. In the presence of a vast throng in Paris he was stripped of his military decorations and his sword was broken, and he was then transported to what was intended to be his prison for life.

DREYFUS PERSISTENTLY denied his guilt, and this fact, together with the bitterness of the anti-Semitic agitation then prevalent in high army circles, led many to believe in his innocence. One of his chief defenders was Georges Clemenceau, whose fiery denunciation of the prosecution aroused strong feeling in favor of the prisoner. Emile Zola, one of the most brilliant of French authors espoused the cause of Dreyfus and brought stinging charges against the prosecution in his famous pamphlet "I Accuse." The Liberal press sided with the captain and the socialists adopted his cause as a party issue.

GROWING STRENGTH OF popular feeling with reference to the case induced a re-examination of the case, and the ministry of war of that day confirmed the original findings. Six weeks later a Captain Henry confessed that he had forged certain papers which had been used against Dreyfus, and following the confession he committed suicide. This led to a reorganization of the general staff and the summary removal of several officers. But the reputation of the old hideout department was bound up in maintaining the guilt of Dreyfus, and a new court-martial which was ordered again proclaimed him guilty, but with extenuating circumstances. The sentence of Dreyfus was reduced to 10 years, from which his previous confinement was to be deducted, and in 1899 the prisoner was pardoned.

DREYFUS HAD AGED GREATLY from this experience. He was a prematurely old man. His friends continued to press for the clearing up of his case, and at length, in 1903, a court annulled his conviction and declared him innocent. His rank was automatically restored, and immediately the Chamber passed a bill raising him to the rank of major. In 1919, as lieutenant colonel, he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor.

THERE IS RECALLED NO other case in recent times in which an innocent man of high character was so deliberately made the victim of a foul plot in order to strengthen the hand of what was almost a military despotism. The military cabal which was responsible for that unprovoked persecution was a survival of the French militarism which has preceded the Franco-Prussian war. In order to frighten the populace into support of its ambitious and aggressive program, and to make the army the real ruler of France, it had used Dreyfus as the prototype of an imaginary Jewish menace, and had stopped at nothing in order to maintain that position.

AS THE DREYFUS CASE progressed world opinion was aroused, and long before the prisoner's complete exoneration by the courts of his country he and the family from which he had been cruelly separated were objects of world-wide sympathy.

ABOUT THE TIME THAT this paper reaches many of its readers I shall be on my way, with the better half of the family partnership and the eldest member of the third generation, with the car pointed in the general direction of the Atlantic ocean. If compass, barometer, barograph, altimeter and all the other gadgets keep in working order and I am able to follow the signs correctly, we shall reach salt water in about the latitude of New York City. A slight variation in the course might send us to Labrador or down to Florida, but that is not anticipated.

WHEN ONE COMES TO think of it, this going from place to place is rather a marvel. We admire the accuracy with which the aviator, flying blind, reaches his distant goal, but even prosaic traveling on the surface of the earth has its interesting points. Starting from a pin-point on the surface of a sphere 25,000 miles in circumference, we agreed to be at another pin-point hundreds or thousands of miles away at a given minute a day, a week or a month hence, and when the time comes — there we are! Two globe-trotters, meeting by chance in Calcutta, journeying around the world in opposite directions, planned on their next meeting. Consulting their respective schedules, they agreed to have dinner together at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York at 8 P. M. of the day on which both expected to reach the city. At the appointed hour the two met in the lobby and strolled in for dinner as casually as if they had just come from around the corner. Railroads and steamships had been on time to the dot.

ONE OF THE IMMEDIATE purposes of this trip is to afford the juvenile member of the party her first view of Niagara Falls, and from that the plans were extended and expanded into the makings of a fairly long journey. We others have been over the ground before, but there is no harm in repeating.

OUR ITINERARY WILL TAKE us by way of Duluth and Sault Ste Marie, through the great Sudbury mining region, and into old Ontario by the back way and the lake region. In Ontario there will be brief calls on old friends and a re-inspection of once familiar places by the older tourists.

WITH THE PROGRESS OF years my interest in a visit to old home surroundings becomes more and more with places and less and less with people. Not that there has been any loss of interest in the people who are left, but few of those whom I knew are left. Rapidly the circle is contracting. A few weeks ago I learned that an old schoolmate with whom I had a pleasant visit two years ago had gone to sleep, and I have no doubt that in the meantime others of whom I have not heard have dropped out.

BUT THE OLD PLACES ARE still there, many of them transformed out of recognition, it is true, and interest in them never fails. Even though a forest has been cut down, it is still possible to re-grow the trees and, in imagination, lie again in their shade. The swimming hole may have dried up, but imagination can refill it and supply it with lithe, brown, naked figures sporting in it.

AS TO NIAGARA FALLS, I shall enjoy revisiting it. I haven't seen the place in more than 30 j years, and I shall be interested in noting whether any changes are perceptible to me after so long a time. In the early days we had excursions to the Falls from Brant-ford at a dollar for the round trip. I don't know how the railroads did it, but they did. With a dollar for railway fare and about another dollar for expenses during the way, a fellow could have a wonderful time for two dollars.

IN THE MEANTIME THIS column will be kept going, I hope, by the push which I am giving it as I leave. If there are any bills just hold them. I'll see what can be done about them when I return, if I have anything left. I'll be seeing you a few weeks hence.

TODAY, JULY 19, IS THE 25TH anniversary of the first airplane flight ever made in the northwest. That flight was made at the state fair at Grand Forks in 1910 by Arch Hoxsey in a Wright biplane in the presence of many thousands of spectators, and it made history. I have written about that flight from time to time, but recently I have obtained from Fred L. Goodman some additional details which have never been published. In 1910 Goodman was president and M. C. Bacheller was secretary of the fair at Grand Forks. They made a contract with the Wright brothers, of Dayton, Ohio, who were the first human beings to fly, for four airplane flights to be made at the fair for \$1,000 per flight. The contract contained the proviso that if weather conditions were unsatisfactory on one day, two flights might be made the following day. In other words, the flights could be cumulative.

ANOTHER CONDITION WAS that two minutes in the air should constitute a flight. The other day a young woman flew from the Pacific ocean to the Atlantic in a trifle over 18 hours without stopping. The flight has actually been made in about 10 hours. Planes are carrying mails, passengers and freight and maintaining their schedules to the minute. Every ocean has been crossed by plane, and flying has become commonplace since the time just a quarter of a century ago when \$1,000 was to be paid for a flight if the plane remained in the air as long as two minutes.

HOXSEY'S FIRST ATTEMPT to get off was not successful. His plane was a crate-like affair, with two propellers at the rear of the two planes. The pilot sat on a sort of saddle right out in front of everything, and he sat in a sort of flexible framework which yielded to the inclination of his body and thus formed part of the control system. The plane was launched from a light track which was laid pointing into the wind. On the first attempt the guide wheel ran off the track and a fresh start had to be made.

ONCE IN THE AIR HOXSEY had his machine under perfect control, and he performed evolutions which at that time were marvelous. Before his engagement ended he took up Frank Kent as a passenger, and Kent has the record of being the first airplane passenger between Chicago and the Pacific ocean.

OTHER FAIR MANAGERS were interested in flying as an attraction, but the northwestern managers had not dared to make contracts until they learned whether the flight at Grand Forks was to be a phenomenon or a fizzle. Therefore they were all here as spectators. Among those who witnessed that historic flight were fair managers from Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota and Montana, and all of them made contracts immediately after the flights here.

I HAVE TOLD AT OTHER times of the skepticism of Father Conaty, at that time pastor of St. Michael's church, as to flying in general and the projected Grand Forks flight in particular. During the preparations for the flight he sat on the porch of The Herald building, which at that time was next to the track, and made sarcastic comments—of which he was a master. He insisted that the whole thing was a fake, that nobody had ever flown and that nobody ever would fly. Before the preparations were completed he left the porch in disgust, saying he was going home. I never knew whether or not he saw the flight, but Goodman tells me that he met Father Conaty going away and persuaded him to remain, which he did, and enjoyed the experience hugely.

DURING THE FAIR MRS. A. L. Wood's father, an old sailor, whose home was on Cape Cod, came to Goodman and said that he had experienced every thrill except that of flying, and offered \$50 for the privilege of being taken, up as a passenger. Kent had already been given that privilege and announcement to that effect had been made. Moreover, Goodman knew that Kent had his heart set on the flight, so he felt obliged to turn down the \$50.

HOXSEY, A FINE YOUNG fellow, was killed a year or two later when for some unknown reason his plane crashed while he was ascending for an altitude record at San Diego.

THE WRECK OF THE GREAT stratosphere balloon at Rapid City, S. D. will revive inquiry by many persons as to why the Black Hills district was chosen for the start of the proposed flight. The answer, as made by the sponsors of the flight, the National Geographic Society and the United States Army Corps, is that the Black Hills location was chosen because in the direction of the anticipated drift, toward the southeast, there is a vast expanse of unforested country where a landing could be effected with the least possible risk and because the bowl from which the start was to be made is surrounded by high hills, thus affording protection from wind during the operations of filling and taking off. Incidentally the people of Rapid City have thriftily capitalized the adventure and collected substantial revenues from the sale of ring-side positions to observe the flight.

MORE IMPORTANT THAN the selection of a particular location is the purpose for which this flight was projected, and for which others have been made. The sponsors say:

The purpose in sending this expedition into the stratosphere is to add to man's knowledge of the region which lies above the surface of the earth and through which the all-important energy of sun-light and other less-known radiations flow to the earth from outside space."

SPECIFICALLY THE Principal features to which attention was to be given are as follows.

Measurements of temperature and barometric changes. Only a few such measurements have been made at high altitudes.

Collection of samples of stratosphere air. Spherical flasks with capacities of nearly six gallons each were provided for the collection of air samples. These, when filled, were to be sealed, and the contents analyzed on return to earth.

Cosmic ray studies. Although the existence of this radiation has been recognized for 30 years, there are still many facts about cosmic rays and their behavior which scientists are eager to learn.

Studies of sunlight and skylight. Such studies are important in their bearing on the behavior of ultra-violet rays under certain conditions.

Wind direction and velocity. In the flight in 1934 at an altitude of 60,000 feet wind was found to be moving from six to ten miles an hour from east to west. It is not known whether this represents a continuous movement or a local eddy, and a check on the facts is desired.

Electrical conductivity. Dry air near sea level is a poor conductor of electricity. Conductivity at high altitudes is increased by ionization and studies were to be made of the degree to which this takes place.

Spore studies. In one project a sterilo tube was to be dropped from the highest altitude attained by the balloon through six or seven miles of stratosphere air, in an effort to determine whether living spores float in the stratosphere. Some spores that float at lower levels of the atmosphere, are known to carry diseases of crops and plants, while others are harmless. In a second project, spores of various kinds would be exposed in quartz tubes to see if they would survive the streams of rays which pour upon them in the highest region reached. Effects of stratosphere conditions on fruit flies. Cultures of fruit flies (*Drosophila*) were to be taken aloft to determine whether their bombardment by the radiations encountered at extremely high altitudes would affect the characteristics of their descendants.

THIS SUMMARY OF Principal purposes shows that the proposed flight was not intended to a mere adventure, to break some altitude record and do what had never been done before. It was planned as a serious and constructive scientific study whose results would have been of inestimable value.

BEING TOLD OF A Remarkable climbing rose at the home of C. D. De Land, 1317 Cottonwood I strolled over to take a look, and it was more than worth the walk. The family were away, so I was unable to get the name of the plant and details relating to its history, but the plant is a marvel of beauty. Growing on a trellis, and now about ten feet tall, it has made a dense growth of foliage, and the entire plant is covered with great clusters of large red roses.

FROM A NEIGHBOR, E. W. Juhnke, I learned that the rose is now four or five years old, and that until last year it winter-killed badly. Last winter Mr. De Land took down the vine, wrapped it in burlap, laid it on the ground, and covered it with hay. That saved most of the growth for a new start this year, and the plant is now a magnificent specimen.

AT THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR Mr. Juhnke has a fine display of hollyhocks, lining the entire south side of the building. As the plants are self-sown there is a wide variety of color, some of the colors being unusually brilliant and others being of delicate and indescribable shades. Mr. Juhnke has found that where several varieties of hollyhocks are allowed to grow together for a few years they tend to become of uniform color, the blossoms fertilizing each other and thus hybridizing.

THE JUBILEE NUMBER OF the Minot Daily News, of which mention was made some time ago, contains some interesting facts about E. H. Thursby, at one time a resident of Grand Forks, which I think have not been published before. In the early days in Grand Forks Thursby lived in Riverside park in the residence now owned by Captain H. L. Edwards. He was English, and had wealthy connections in England. He was popularly known as "Lord" Thursby, although actually he had no title, and I am not sure that there was a title in the family.

THURSBY'S FIRST Appearance in North Dakota was about 1885 when he established himself near Towner to live the life of a gentleman rancher. He became known as a remittance man, though as first that designation was not strictly accurate money to do things on a large scale. He built a pretentious ranch house, after the English style, in which, according to legend, were billiard room, bar and wine cellar. There, while his men were handling the herds of cattle which he accumulated, he entertained guests in a lavish manner. Often he would invite the neighbors to accompany him to Devils Lake for a riotous party, all expenses being paid by him.

THE COLLAPSE OF Thursby's ranching enterprise has become a matter of legend, but here is the story as told by the Minot paper:

"THEY SAY THAT A cultured English woman, evidently unexpected, -- for she was unmet—arrived on the train in Towner on day. At the railroad station she inquired that way to Thursby's ranch. Surprised at learning that it was 14 miles away, she employed the town's best livery rig and asked to be driven there immediately.

"AFTER A TEDIOUS TRIP IN and out among the dunes, the lady and driver came upon the ranch. At the ranch house, both inside and out, Thursby and his friends were having a hilarious party. Though it was early afternoon they were behaving like early morning revelers.

"WITHOUT ALIGHTING FROM the buggy, the English woman, said by some to have been Thursby's aunt, viewed the party. Disgusted by the sight that met her eyes, she ordered the driver to turn back to Towner. They left the ranch without speaking to anyone there. One the next train east she left the city. And then, say the old-timers, Thursby called in vain at the postoffice for his remittance letters."

THIS WAS ABOUT 1890, AND Thursby moved then to Grand Forks. He still had considerable money, though whether it was derived from the wreckage of the ranch enterprise or from further contributions from relatives abroad is not certain. For some time he spent money lavishly, and he had not lack of "friends" to eat his food and drink his liquor. Then came financial embarrassment, and Thursby was reduced to living on a pittance, entrusted to a guardian, A.C. Mather, to be expended for his benefit. Mental derangement followed, and the man's spectacular career ended in his death in the Jamestown asylum.

THE AUTOMOBILE HAS ITS good points, but it has its limitations. As a means of getting rapidly from place to place it is excellent and from it one can see more country in a given time than from any other means of conveyance except a balloon or airplane. But while the auto enables one to see a great deal, there may be a loss in the quality of seeing corresponding to the extent of its quantity. Because the automobile will go, there is a tendency to make it go, whether one needs to get anywhere or not. And in eagerness to move along rapidly one misses a lot of interesting things. As a corrective I recommend frequent walks. Like the doctor who seldom follows the advice that he gives others, I seldom walk when the car is available. But occasionally the car is away, and when that occurs I realize what pleasant entertainment there is in walking.

SOMETIMES IT IS SAID THAT the automobile has destroyed our home life. To get that notion out of your head just walk through some of the residence districts of Grand Forks on a fine summer evening. You will see cars rushing up and down the streets, of course, but you will also see a lot of people who, though most of them own cars, find satisfaction in doing something other than riding about. You will find them mowing lawns, cultivating gardens, trimming hedges, and doing a multitude of other things which contribute much to making a residence into a home.

ON SUCH A WALK YOU WILL have an opportunity to chat with a neighbor who lives two or three blocks away, but with whom you haven't exchanged a word for months. There is no time for that sort of thing in an automobile, but when one is walking, a few minutes here and there makes little difference.

YOU WILL LEARN, BETTER than you can learn in any other way, that Grand Forks is a trim, well-kept, beautiful city. Driving, you scarcely have time to notice that, but on foot you can take it all in.

HERE AND THERE YOU will see new homes going up. Most of the houses that are being built now are not large, but they are well planned and well built and usually of artistic appearance. They are intended not merely as shelters, but as real homes, and they are being embellished with trees, shrubbery and flowers, things good for the soul as well as for the eye.

THIS YEAR, IF YOU WALK attentively, you will be struck by the work that is being done in repairs and repainting. Property is being conserved by being brought up to date and put in shape, and a look down any residence street gives one a view of order and beauty. By all means take a walk

LIKE EVERY OTHER Talented humorist, Strickland Gillilan possesses a sound philosophy, and he is able to present it in a striking and effective manner. Particularly apropos just now is this bit of verse from his pen:

THE ONLY WAY OUT IS THROUGH.

By Strickland Gillilan.

The only way out of a job Bill
knew was through! He never once thought of going
around Or tunneling under it, into the
ground, Or turning back — none of these
would do. "The only way out of a job is
through,"

Said Bill; and — well, he proved that he knew.

"Let's build a derrick and go overhead,"

One said.

"The job is wrongly shoved on us,

It rightly belongs to the other cuss.

Let's slide right by and leave it flat."

But Bill, with a grin, said: "None of that!

It isn't my job by rights, 'tis true.

But the surest way out of a job is through"—

Whatever they put on Bill, he'd do,

Bill learned a lot that none other

knew,

Going through. Jobs hunted Bill up and got in

his way Til it even affected the poor boy's

pay! And the others said: "Just watch

that duck— Some stupid fellows have all the-

luck!"

But luck had never a thing to do With Bill's success, for the head

guys knew Bill's only way out of a stint was

through.

Now they call him "Boss," those

others do; And you. If you for your motto will take

old Bill's And use your several brains and
wills And look less oft at the office
clock,

Will soon have boosted your personal stock Til the "luck" of Bill may be your
"luck" too. Remember his came, because he
knew "The best way out of a task is
through."

REMINISCENT OF DAYS IN Canada, as in England, when a place of worship conducted under the auspices of any but the Established Church was a chapel, and not a church, is the account given in a paper from Picton, Ontario— Dr. G. M. William son's old home town — of special services held at what is known as the old Conger chapel in Picton, which was built in 1809 and is still doing service. The building was erected by a small Methodist group, and' it is described as the cradle of Methodism in that part of the country.

STEPHEN CONGER, WHO Donated the land on which the building stands, was one of a group of United Empire Loyalists who moved from the revolted American colonies during or immediately after the Revolutionary war. Many of those persons had lived in the colonies during their entire lives. Their homes and all their possessions were there. In the controversy out of which came the Revolution they continued loyal to the British connection, and in consequence suffered much hardship. Rather than assent to a political change which they did not approve, many of them abandoned their homes and possessions and moved into a new wilderness where they could live without doing violence to their convictions.

STEPHEN CONGER WAS ONE of that group. With his family he settled in what is now Prince Edward county about 1787, assisted in the organization of the original Methodist group and was one of the moving spirits in bringing about its first place of worship. For several years annual services have been held in the building in remembrance of him and his fellow pioneers.

A MINUTE BOOK JCEPT BY Conger contains a record in minute detail of the doings of the church, particularly during the period of construction. Work on the building was started in June, and it is assumed that the raising took place in July, for one entry records the purchase of one barrel of beer for use at the raising, cost, 15 shillings.

LUMBER WAS CHEAP THEN, for another item is of the purchase of 1,400 feet of ceiling for the inside of the building at the cost of 2 pounds, 16 shillings, which would be about \$13.50, or some thing like \$10 per 1,000 board feet. This is on the assumption that the British pound was the unit of currency in Canada at that time, as most likely it was. Later school-books, however, gave a table of what was known as Canadian currency, in which the pound was \$4.00.

THE CONTRACT FOR THE erection of the chapel was award-j ed to William Moore for 1001 pounds to which William generously contributed one pound. One H. Johnson contributed one fat sheep, value 15 shillings, which was turned over to the contractor in lieu of 15 shillings cash.

ALSO, ABOUT THE SAME time there was conducted a memorial service at Picton on the occasion of the one-hundredth anniversary of the building there of the church of St. Mary Magdalene, of the Church of England in Up- per Canada.

THE PICTON PAPER Summarizes the fruit crop report of the Dominion department of agriculture for eastern Ontario, which estimates the loss of apple trees from winter killing to be about 50 per cent for eastern Ontario. The cherry crop in that section is also said to be a failure this year.

THE ONTARIO HIGHWAY Department seems to be making a serious effort to rule reckless and incompetent auto drivers off the roads. This year about 1,000 drivers had their licenses suspended. In four years the department has suspended over 15,000 licenses, and many of those suspensions are still in effect. Moral, drive carefully in Ontario.

TWO OF THE VERY Interesting men whom I knew many, years ago were Ignatius Cockshutt, in whose store in Brantford, Ontario, I worked while in my teens and E. C. Passmore, his bookkeeper. Two men more unlike could scarcely be imagined. Mr. Cockshutt was high-strung, nervous, argumentative, dogmatic, and a highly successful business man, while Passmore was mild - mannered, self - effacing, and without the slightest symptom of money-making ability. In spite of these temperamental differences— perhaps in part because of them— the two men continued in intimate association as employer and employee for nearly 50 years—until death separated them.

THE COCKSHUTT FORTUNE was founded by James Cockshutt, father of Ignatius, who, after severe reverses in his mercantile business in Yorkshire, England, moved to Canada and made a fresh start at Toronto, then a mere hamlet, called Little York. His business there prospered. He bought a large tract of government land along the Grand river and started a branch store at Brantford, which he placed in charge of his son, Ignatius. Ultimately the entire business was moved to Brantford, and was inherited by Ignatius and an only sister. Later Ignatius bought his stater's holdings and became sole owner of the business.

MR. COCKSHUTT RETAINED until his death much of the land acquired in the early years by his father, having part of it farmed for his own account, and renting the rest, and the management of this part of his property called for much driving about the country. Driving about the country with an old white mare and a rather shabby buggy, and wearing a tall silk hat, he was a familiar figure for many miles around. His father had built and graveled a road through a large section of his farm property, and Ignatius maintained this as a toll road during his lifetime. Maintenance of the road kept several men and teams at work summer and winter, and often Mr. Cockshutt might be seen busy with a shovel, miles from home, mending a bad spot in the road which the workmen had not reached.

IN MY TIME THE Cockshutt mercantile business was housed in a building whose frontage, I suppose, was 100 feet, but which seems to have been much larger. Almost everything in the line of merchandise was carried, and the business was departmentized in rough approximation to the manner of today. Mr. Passmore served as bookkeeper and cashier, the principal duty of the latter office being to receive cash from the clerks who carried it to the office in person, and to make change for them.

I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED what system of accounting could have been employed by means of which one man could keep track of a business so large. The principal business of the store was retailing, but a considerable jobbing business was also done. Every summer for many years Mr. Cockshutt made trips to England, where he made important purchases. On one occasion that I recall he bought a shipload of raw sugar in Glasgow, jobbed out most of it, and retained the rest for his own trade. The store had a large line of credit, and, while retail stores did not then send out monthly bills, those accounts had to be kept, and I suppose bills were rendered occasionally.

WHATEVER BOOKKEEPING was done, Mr. Passmore did, until in later years he was assisted by one of the Cockshutt boys. There were no typewriters, adding machines, multigraphs, addressographs or any of the other modern aids to accounting. Wherever records were made were entered in a book by hand, and penmanship at that time was something more than an ornament—it was a necessity. Yet genial old Passmore always seemed to have his work well in hand, and he never seemed hurried or flustered.

I FIND THAT I HAVE COME to the end of the column, but I have become so interested in telling about Messrs Cockshutt and Passmore that I shall keep it up in another installment.

CONTINUING THE Cockshutt-Passmore sketch: Mr. Cockshutt was a man of unimpeachable integrity, public-spirited, generous to those in distress, and utterly impatient with indolence and shiftlessness. He had positive religious convictions, and he subscribed heartily to the tenet that "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Necessarily, a man of his temperament was an exacting employer, and his impulsive nature often caused explosions quite terrifying to the uninitiated. Actually the explosions were harmless.

MANY OF THE GENERATION of employees who had preceded mine in the Cockshutt establishment had been regularly indentured apprentices, for at that time the old English custom of long apprenticeships prevailed. The usual practice was for the boy to enter upon his apprenticeship at the age of 14 and serve for seven years. Generally he lived in his master's home and received small wages or none at all during the first year or two. I think that at one time, long before I came on the scene, Mr. Cockshutt had 10 or 12 young apprentices eating at his table, sleeping in a sort of dormitory in the store building, learning the business by day, and trying to evade the eagle eye of the boss during mischievous escapades at night. Seven years of that would, have tried any man's patience.

IN MY TIME THE Apprentice system had been abandoned, but there were several young lads around the place who were up to as much mischief as the earlier apprentices had been. Woe unto us when the boss caught us at any tricks, which he did quite often. The modern term "bawling out" conveys only a faint impression of what happened to us.

AT SUCH TIMES GOOD OLD Passmore was the culprit's friend. What means he used to pour oil on the troubled waters I do not know, but usually he was successful in softening the anger that threatened to consume us, I have a suspicion that the anger was really less consuming than it appeared to be, and that the boss had many quiet chuckles in the seclusion of his private office over the scare that he had given a delinquent youth. At any rate, Passmore was the boys' friend, and we idolized him.

PASSMORE'S FATAL Weakness was for the purchase of useless things that could be bought cheap. He lived in a modest, comfortable cottage on a large lot, on part of which he took care of an excellent garden, while the rest of the space was used for the storage of his numerous purchases. He loved to attend auction sales, and the auctioneer could always rely on him for a bid on some perfectly worthless object, and usually the auctioneers, who came to know him, were considerate enough to knock such things down to him for next to nothing. He had wheelbarrows without wheels, buggy-wheels without buggies, odds and ends of harness. Horse collars that wouldn't fit any horse, and I have no doubt that he derived great satisfaction from the quantity of plunder which he had accumulated.

ON THE FIFTIETH Anniversary of the establishment of the store Mr. Cockshutt turned the business over to his sons, retaining his land and financial interests, which were large. He moved into a small office and took Passmore with him. There the two opposites lived and worked together for several years, Mr. Cockshutt belaboring Passmore occasionally in the good old-fashioned way, and Passmore taking it all good-humouredly, for he knew that the boss's bark was worse than his bite.

ONCE THERE WAS A REAL clash, Passmore, coming to the office from an early morning's work in his garden, was unable to answer off-hand, some business question that the boss fired at him, and heard the cutting remark "I think you are paying more attention to your own business than you are to mine."

PASSMORE HAD HEARD many remarks which sounded unkind, but which he knew were not intended to be so, but in the circumstances this hurt. With impulsiveness rare to him he replied, "If you feel that way I think I had better quit, so I will give you the customary two weeks' notice now." "Very well!" snapped the boss, and stamped out. The two weeks passed, and they were trying ones to Passmore. He was an old man, with little in the way of savings, and no job in sight. He regretted his hasty action, but he was too proud to reverse himself. On the last day of the two weeks, just before closing time, Mr. Cockshutt said:

"PASSMORE, ARE YOU IN the same mind that you were in two weeks ago?"

"I have no desire to quit," said Passmore, "but if I am not giving satisfaction I don't want to stay."

"Passmore," said Mr. Cockshutt, "You and I have been too long together to be separated now. We'll have no more foolishness about quitting, and it's time to lock up."

Passmore died in the harness, a quiet, friendly, honorable gentleman.

AN INTENSELY Interesting booklet issued by the Harvard University press is entitled "British Propaganda at Home and In the United States f r o m 1914 to 1917." Its author is James Duane Squires of the Liberal Arts college of the University of North Dakota, and himself professor of history at Colby Junior college in New Hampshire. The material in the booklet is condensed from a study made by Professor Squires for his doctor's degree at Harvard. The estimate placed on the study by the Harvard authorities is indicated by the fact that the booklet has been listed as one of the Harvard historical monographs published under the university's department of history.

THE FACT THAT THE Booklet is devoted to British propaganda might lead the casual reader to the conclusion that in itself it is intended as a bit of propaganda. This, however, is not the intent. Recognizing the existence and the potent influence of war-time propaganda the writer chose British activities in this field as the subject of a scientific study because, while there has been published a considerable volume of material dealing with propaganda activities in practically all the other belligerent nations, there has been heretofore no adequate coverage of the British field. The booklet, therefore, fits into a place which had hitherto been unoccupied.

RECOGNITION IS GIVEN TO the fact that propaganda did not originate with the World war, and numerous instances are cited in which written or spoken appeals were made to influence public sentiment at home or abroad in favor of projects and policies undertaken ay those making the appeals, and calculated to set forth the acts and purposes of opponents in the most unfavorable light.

RAPIDLY ARE SKETCHED such appeals made as far back as the period of the Crusades, the Elizabethian period and the Cromwellian period in England. Dr. Johnson, of course, was an accomplished pamphleteer. Frederick the

Great had a well-organized publicity bureau, and Napoleon made effective use of this form of appeal. During the American Revolutionary war Thomas Paine proved himself a master propagandist as did Benjamin Franklin. In the Civil war full use was made of propaganda on both Union and Confederate sides. In all these cases historians of fact were common and unwarrantable conclusions were drawn.

IN THE WORLD WAR PERIOD propaganda was made both more intensive and more comprehensive This was due, among other things to the fact that invention and discovery had made the public more immediately and more generally accessible, and governments in al the belligerent countries made use of all the new agencies to place their cases before the world in the best possible light.

DEALING SPECIFICALLY with British propaganda activities the booklet tells of the organization of the work and the skill with it was carried on, both for the creation of enthusiastic patriotic sentiment at home and particularly to develop sentiment in the United States. With sound discrimination Professor Squires lists as the principal influences which led to American participation in the war as follows:

The fact of the Anglo-Saxon basis for American civilization, rather than German, which like a great suction pipe tended to pull the United States into sympathy and support for Great Britain,

Existence in America of almost nation-wide indignation at the German invasion of Belgium.

Steadily growing fear, especially along the Atlantic seaboard, that German victory would endanger the United States.

The immense financial stake which American interests had come to have in Allied victory by 1917.

Dramatization and individualization by the Germans of the cruelty and brutality of modern war, epitomized by such names as "Lusitania," "Edith Cavell," and "Captain Fryatt."

And finally, skillfully organized and elaborate British propaganda.

THE BOOKLET IS Thoroughly annotated and a comprehensive bibliography is supplied. The whole work bears evidence of thorough study and careful research.

COUNTLESS AUTOMOBILE accidents occur at street crossings because of the failure of drivers to indicate their intention to turn, or because the signals they give are misunderstood by other traffic. It is almost universally agreed by traffic experts that a simple, uniform system of signals would greatly reduce this hazard in motoring and contribute to cutting down the number of deaths in automobile accidents. Under existing state laws there are eleven different systems of hand signals in approved use to indicate left turn and full stop. Ten states require no hand signals of any kind, and two states call for signals but do not specify what they shall be. Seventeen states provide only that the left arm shall be extended out the car window as a signal for any change of direction. The Pacific Coast system, so called, provides that the arm shall be held at an angle upward for a right turn, extended straight out for left turn, and held at an angle downward for a full stop. Several states have variations of this system. The New England system provides a rotary arm movement for a right turn. The National Highway conference, held a year ago in Washington, recommended both the Pacific Coast and the New England systems.

BUT HAND SIGNALS ARE not always used. This is especially true in winter, when car windows are likely to be closed, and it has been estimated that not more than 2 per cent of drivers make any show of hand or arm as an indication of their intention to turn.

SO MANY TRAFFIC Engineers say that the hand signal should be superceded by the placement of the car in the highway—in the middle of the road for a left turn, at the curb for a right turn. But this is no more perfect, it is admitted, than the hand signal alone.

NOW A COMBINATION OF signals is proposed by the Ladies' Home Journal in the "I Will Drive Safely" movement which it is conducting nationally. With the approval of highway commissioners in a majority of the 48 states, the Journal suggests:

IF A MOTORIST IS PLAN-to turn left at the next street or road intersection, he will maneuver his car to the middle of the road, slow down, and at the same time extend his left arm out the window. If he knows the system of hand signaling that has been approved in the state in which he is driving, he will use that system to designate his intention. If he does not know the approved system, he will extend his arm out the window in a horizontal position as a warning to traffic that he is about to do something different from what he has been doing.

IF A MOTORIST IS Planning to turn right at the next intersection, he will maneuver his car to the right-hand curb, slow down, and at the same time extend his arm out the window, giving the approved signal if he knows it, but signifying his intention to do something different by at least showing his hand and arm.

IF A MOTORIST IS Planning to stop, he will bring his car to the curb, slow down, and signal with his hand.

THIS EFFORT, AS CAN BE seen, is to devise the simplest and most easily understood signal; one that will not be confusing to drivers themselves or to surrounding traffic; one that will assist in making existing state laws more effective, and will at the same time make it possible for drivers from other states to proceed with safety and without confusion; and finally a system that will combine the best elements in other proposed systems.

THIS YEAR BEING THE semi-centennial of the death of Victor Hugo, the occasion was used for the presentation of an excellent screen version of Les Miserables, one of the world's great novels. Poet, Novelist and dramatist, Hugo was also a politician, and he busied himself greatly with affairs of state. Being dissatisfied with the trend of affairs in France, he withdrew in 1852 to the British island of Jersey, where he performed his greatest literary work. Returning to France later he invited the Germans in 1870 to withdraw from France and proclaim the German republic, an invitation which they did not accept. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, but withdrew soon because one of his speeches had been interrupted. He would have been most unhappy as a member of the American congress.

DURING THE YEARS OF HIS exile Victor Hugo resided in Hauteville House, St. Peter Port, Guernsey. He purchased the dwelling in 1856. It is beautifully furnished, and today is exactly as it was when he last visited it in 1878. The French flag flies above it, for this one house is a tiny bit of France in Guernsey. Permission was given to the City of Paris to buy it in 1927. Many French tourists and Americans are this summer visiting the island, in connection with the half-century celebration of the anniversary. Victor Hugo wrote from a small glass studio on the roof. It opens out on a lovely vista of the sea and contains his writing table on which he composed "Les Miserables," "Lea Travailleurs de la Mer," and numerous other works. The main French pilgrimage will be held on August 15th, and it is anticipated that a large party will cross from Paris to pay homage to the great novelist.

SCHOOLBOYS HAVE READ of Jason and the golden fleece, and most of them consider the story fiction, which it is, in some of its features. But the existence of a golden fleece is not fiction, but fact, and it is undoubtedly upon the fact that the fanciful story of Jason was based.

IN THE REMOTE REGION which lies between the Black Sea and the Caspian, credited as the authentic destination of Jason and his Argonauts in their expeditionary search for the Golden Fleece, the natives to this day catch the flakes of gold brought down by the mountain streams by placing sheepskin wool side up in the beds of the river. The gold particles which cling to the greasy wool confirm the age-old legend which has been handed down from the ancients to each succeeding generation.

THE TASK OF RETRIEVING the Golden Fleece, according to the legend, was imposed upon Jason by his uncle, Pelias, who had usurped his father's throne. In the ancient mountain interior village of Nukha, the natives still hold resentment toward Jason's uncle and exalt his wife, the cloud goddess Nephele, for bringing the lamb with the Golden Fleece for sacrifice.

THE PORTION OF THE story which deals dramatically with the drowning of Helle, which fable created the channel of the Hellespont, has many versions throughout the whole Caspian Sea region, with the natives crediting the story as opening up commerce with the Greeks. Inhabitants of the mountain of Giandja consider the 'grove of Ares' in their district and still hunt for the sleepless dragon which guarded the Fleece of the Ram as brought by Phrixus. The district has many altars and shrines erected to the dragon.

AMONG THE PRECIOUS Possessions of Mrs. Jack Hunter of Crystal, N. D., are several letters written from army camps in the south during the Civil war by her grandfather, Captain John P. Reese, of the 81st Illinois volunteers, to his wife at South Pass, Illinois. Captain Reese was engaged during several months of the war in the operations which resulted in the capture of Vicksburg. Some of the letters were published two years ago in the Cobden, Illinois, Review, from which I copy them. The others are reproduced from the original manuscript, on which, although the ink is faded, the writing is still distinct. On September 15, 1858, young John Reese had been one of 10 young men who rode all day on horseback from Alto Pass to Jonesboro to hear a debate between the great Stephen A. Douglas and a man named Lincoln, of whose debating powers much was being said. It was that debater whose call the young man answered just a few years later. The first of the letters was written May 7, 1863, and reads as follows:

"MISSISSIPPI, MAY 7, CAMP along the Magnolias, south of Black River;

"Dear Tissa.

I again take the pen to inform you that I am well. I hope this may find you all well. I received your letter of April 25 on yesterday and I was glad to hear you were well, for I have been uneasy about Mattie (one of the children who had been reported ill in an earlier letter). I wrote you a letter the other day telling you that I had been in a battle. Tissa, if you will look on your map you will see a little town east of the river about 35 miles south of Vicksburg. It is called Port Gibson. Just south of

that from 2 to 4 miles is where the battle was fought on the first of May. As I wrote you before, it looks unreasonable for us to escape, but my company did not get scratched. We were in the fight for half a day, most of the time within 200 yards of the rebel battery, which kept up a perfect storm of shell, grape and canister. Our company went into the battle as cool as if they were going on dress parade. They did not appear to be alarmed; as for myself I did not get the least bit alarmed. I felt no strange feelings like I have heard soldiers tell they felt. Of course I expected to fall or see some of my comrades fall, but I tell you that a man that is afraid to die is not fit to live. I did not know that morning but my children would be fatherless before night. But I had the consolation of believing I was on the right side.

"WELL, TISSA, I MUST CLOSE this letter, for orders have come to move at 10 o'clock today and I must get ready to start. I guess we will move toward Vicksburg. We are 24 miles southeast of that place, so you will hear of hot work. But Tissa, don't be uneasy, for if a man is born to be drowned he won't be burned to death. Tell Willie and Mattie to be good children. God bless them. How I want to see them. Take good care of the little one. Tissa, I think if I live through the Vicksburg battle I can come home. I want to see you all so badly I shall try to get a furlough or leave of absence long enough to go home."

THE NEXT LETTER IN THE series was written from Vicksburg February 16, 1864. At that time Captain Reese was in poor health, presumably as a result of small pox, which had been prevalent in the camp. Orders had been issued for the destruction of all clothing, and on account of this Captain Reese admits that he was not in good humor, for while privates had new clothing issued to them, the officers had to buy their own, and uniforms cost money. This second letter will be given in tomorrow's Herald.