

LAST WEEK'S CONTEST FOR the Republican nomination for governor was the closest in the history of the state involving nomination for or election to the office of governor so far as the facts are now recalled. In a total Republican vote of 181,269, Governor Welford received a majority of 507. His percentage of the vote cast was 50.195, plus a few microscopic decimals, leaving Langer with a percentage of 49.805. Prior to last week the closest contest for the office of governor of North Dakota was in 1892 when Shortridge defeated Andrew Burke by a majority of 1,759. The majorities, however, are not comparable for the vote cast in that early year was only 36,231. At that time women did not vote except for school officers, and the state's population was smaller than now. Shortridge was a member of the newly created Populist party, and his election was won by the fusion of his party with the Democrats.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS THE Democrats and the Populists maintained separate organizations, but supported a ticket made up of candidates from each party. The arrangement was not altogether a satisfactory one. Old-line Democrats rather resented the idea of conceding nomination to important state positions to a new party which they considered an interloper, and the Populists accused the Democrats of trying to hog the best offices. Actually it made little difference, for Shortridge was the only fusion governor ever elected.

WHILE THE PRIMARY Election of 1936 establishes a record for closeness so far as the office of governor is concerned, the presidential election of 1896 went it one better by ending in a tie. At that time North Dakota had three votes in the electoral college. President Benjamin Harrison was the Republican candidate for re-election. Grover Cleveland, whom Harrison had defeated four years earlier, opposed him. The Populists had placed a ticket in the field headed by Weaver. Each party in the state presented three candidates for positions as presidential electors.

AS VOTES ARE CAST, NOT for the presidential candidate, but for the electors who are to vote for him, and as the only function of presidential electors is to vote for someone for president, the logical thing was for Republicans to vote for all three Republican candidates for electors, and so with the other parties. But some voters voted for only one or two of those candidates and some voted for candidates in two or three columns. The state vote was so close that the high man on each of the three tickets was elected, and North Dakota cast one electoral vote for Harrison, one for Cleveland and one for Weaver.

THERE MAY BE THREE, presidential tickets presented to the North Dakota voters this fall. The entrance into the field of the new Union party, with William Lemke of North Dakota as its presidential candidate, presents interesting possibilities. There will be no such confusion as that which resulted in the tie of 1892, however, because under our present practice the names of the four candidates for electors on each ticket are bracketed, and one cross records a vote for each of the four.

THE STATE'S LATEST Experience with a third party, except for the negligible activities of Socialist and Communist parties, was in 1924 when Senator Robert LaFollette the elder entered the field as an independent candidate for president. At that time the presidential preference primary, now abolished, was in operation, and for some time it was considered probable that LaFollette would file for the Republican endorsement in opposition to President Coolidge. LaFollette sentiment in the state was strong, and it is generally considered probable that if LaFollette had filed for the March primary he would have won the state's endorsement. He chose a different course, passing the primary, and later filing as an independent candidate. Under those conditions party lines were sufficiently observed to give the state to Coolidge in the fall by a majority of about 5,000.

I HAVE AN INQUIRY FOR AN old poem in which occurs the line, "We're forty tonight." This, also, is believed to be the title of the poem. The verses refer to a gathering of old men who, in the joy of their reunion refuse to accept the idea of old age, and, in defiance of the calendar, declare "We're forty, to-n i g h t." Anyone who has a copy of the poem or can remember it, will confer a favor by sending it in.

The writer of a memoir of the late Gilbert K. Chesterton quotes these lines written by the famous G. K. C. after a long battle with the British government over its dealings with the Irish question. It is entitled "Elegy In an English Churchyard," and it is well described as "ferocious."

THE MEN WHO WORKED FOR

England,

They have their graves at home, Where birds and bees of England About the Cross can roam.

The men who fought for England, Following a falling star,
Alas, alas for England, They have their graves afar.

The men who rule in England,
On stately conclave met, Alas, alas for England,
They have no graves—as yet.

TREE LEAVES ARE OFTEN found tightly curled over masses of insect eggs. This has appeared on many elms this year, and while some of the trees have suffered no perceptible injury, the foliage of others has disappeared almost completely. Specimen leaves were sent recently to the Agricultural college at Fargo, and J.A. Munro, state entomologist, writes the following:

"THE INJURY TO THESE leaves is typical of the elm leaf aphid (plant lice). Ordinarily this species of aphid develops the winged brood about this time, or later in the season, which migrates to other host plants.

"I RATHER DOUBT IF IT would be practicable to apply a nicotine spray at this time since it is rather probable that the aphids will soon be dispersing anyway. A spray consisting of one ounce nicotine sulphate (Black Leaf 40) to five gallons of water, with sufficient laundry soap to make it sudsy, is a most effective control if it is sprayed on the aphids early in the season, before the leaves curl over and protect the aphid colony.

"I NOTE YOUR COMMENTS that a neighbor of yours used a mixture containing arsenic but without results. This would be expected since the aphids feed only by sucking the plant juices below the leaf surface. This type of insect can be controlled only by the use of contact sprays, such as nicotine sulphate, pyrethrum sprays, etc.

BY THE TIME THAT THOSE who are sufficiently interested read this column today I shall be beyond their reach—on my way toward the Bad Lands and the Black Hills, with the probability of running smack into the Rocky Mountains before my return. I have prepared in advance a number of columns which, I anticipate, will last until my return. If that supply runs out other members of the staff will keep the thing going so that nobody will know the difference. So after a couple of weeks among the mountains—I'll be seeing you.

A WRITER ON Northwestern history says that if there had been no eclipse of the sun on January 1, 1889, there would probably have been no battle of Wounded Knee in South Dakota nearly two years later, and probably Sitting Bull would not have been killed. On the day of the eclipse, an Indian, ill with fever, had a vision in which he was commanded to go out and preach to the people. He did so, with the result that the Indians were wrought to frenzy in ghost dances and got completely out of control, and General Miles was sent out to restore order. Sitting Bull was killed by Indian police, and in the fight at Wounded Knee 320 Indian men, women and children and 30 soldiers were killed.

THAT ECLIPSE ON NEW Year's day, 1889, was a memorable one. The weather had been warm, almost like summer, and cattle had been grazing contentedly on the stubble fields. All New Year's day the sun shone from a cloudless sky. In many places baseball games were played as comfortably for players and spectators as in summer. In Grand Forks a party of young men donned linen dusters, mounted horses, and made a round of New Year's calls, being hospitably entertained wherever they went.

LATE IN THE AFTERNOON the moon passed between the sun and the earth, and the sun sank below the horizon in total eclipse. That is generally listed as one of the finest eclipses ever seen on the American continent. One other that I recall was on a summer afternoon along in the sixties. I watched that with great anxiety. It had been predicted, and there had been discussion in the neighborhood as to what dire things it might portend. My people assured me that no harm would come of it, and while I hoped they were right, I wondered.

WITH SMOKED GLASS I could see the shadow touch the edge of the sun. Then the shadow became visible without glass. The universe became clothed in peculiar dusk. There was a strange chill in the air. There was no wind, and the stillness seemed uncanny.

OLD SPOT, THE DOG, was restless; the cattle in the pasture were uneasy; chickens went to roost. It was all strange and unnatural, and when the eclipse became total I wondered if I should ever see the sun again. What a relief it was to see the first streak of brightness where the shadow had first touched the sun! The world wasn't coming to an end just yet, and even if I had been a wicked boy I could take a little time about getting things fixed up.

ANOTHER TOTAL ECLIPSE of the sun occurred just the other day, but it was visible only in out-of-the-way places, chiefly in Siberia. For many weeks the Soviet government has been sending out circulars to the territory where the eclipse would be visible, explaining it and assuring the people that it had no sinister meaning. In the meantime, many scientific expeditions had been sent out to view the eclipse and take advantage of the few minutes of totality in order to make records of the corona and other features which are observable only during an eclipse. Examination of the data thus assembled will require months, perhaps years, of study.

ONE OF THE REMARKABLE things in scientific history is the accuracy with which the Egyptians were able to predict eclipses when they had not even rudimentary knowledge of the character and movement of the celestial bodies. To them the earth was a vast plain, with sun, moon and stars passing over it. Yet they were able to calculate, not only when an eclipse would occur, but when one would be visible in their own locality.

PROFESSOR MENZEL, OF Harvard, writes of this: "Exact calculation of all the details of solar eclipse requires rather complicated mathematics, although it is not difficult for the expert. But the telling of the data of an eclipse and an approximate fixing of the position of the world from which it may be seen are simple matters. For eclipses, produced by an exact alignment of sun, moon and earth, occur at regular intervals. If such an alignment takes place, owing to a peculiar accidental relationship between the ratio of motion of the moon and sun across the sky, a very similar alignment will arise 18 years, 11 days and 8 hours later.

FOR EXAMPLE, ON JUNE 8, 1918, occurred a solar eclipse visible in the United States over a path from the state of Washington to the state of Florida. Adding 18 years and 11 days, we reach the recent eclipse of June 19, 1936. But, owing to the extra eight hours, the eclipse occurred not over the United States but over a part of the world about eight hours in longitude to the westward. The earth has had eight hours more to spin on its axis. Consequently the eclipse fell over Central Asia.

"THIS PERIODICITY, WHICH is known as the Saros, was discovered by the Egyptians and we still, I may marvel at their achievement. From two to five solar eclipses occur a year—eclipses of other types outnumbering those that are total. But many eclipses are visible in polar regions only, so that not more than three or four total eclipses suitable for observation occur in any given decade. With the constant variation of the sun and the short time available at each eclipse, from a few seconds to a maximum of seven minutes, it is highly important for the scientist to make observations as often as opportunity affords."

IS THERE TO BE A REVIVAL of the practice of checking bicycles on trains, and of the installation in baggage cars of racks near the roof upon which the bikes could be hung? It begins to look that way. Bicycles are everywhere and already in the east special trains are being run for the accommodation of cyclists who wish to get a few hundred miles from town to ride their wheels where they will be out of congested traffic. In the earlier days of the bicycle's popularity the wheel was often taken along as a matter of course when its owner wished to take a short trip by train. One rode his wheel from the house to the railway station, checked it and paid a quarter, rode 100 miles, more or less, retrieved his bike and rode off to wherever he was going. Perhaps we shall be doing that again before long.

INSTALLATION AT THE Grand Forks creamery of the drinking fountain which has been out of use for several years will be appreciated by the many thirsty animals which are being watered there. That fountain was a gift to the city by a philanthropist who in this way made provision for the installation of many such fountains for the convenient watering of horses.

HERMAN LEE ENSIGN, AN eastern capitalist, was the donor of the fountain through the National Humane Alliance which he organized and for whose financing he provided in his will. Regulations concerning the installation and maintenance of these fountains were strict. Somewhere in the archives of Grand Forks there must be on file a copy of a contract between the National Humane Alliance and the city of Grand Forks in which the city agreed to accept the fountain as a gift, to install it in the manner provided, and to maintain it perpetually in condition for the use of animals.

SOME DIFFICULTY WAS Experienced in finding a site for the fountain which would comply with the prescribed conditions. It had to be in a public place, accessible from all directions. Ultimately it was placed in the center of the intersection of Fifth and Chestnut, where it served to slake the thirst of horses and dogs for many years. In 1907, when the fountain was installed, we were in the horse and buggy stage. The automobile was still a plaything. But with the increase of auto traffic- the fountain became first an inconvenience and then a real source of danger. Several cars collided with it, and always there was that prospect. As a measure of safety it was removed, to remain in storage until Bernt Helgaas found a place for it on the premises of his creamery, and there it will continue to serve the needs of thirsty animals, let us hope, for many years.

MY CHIPPING SPARROW succeeded in hatching out its single offspring, which feathered out and flew away. In a little evergreen of a neighbor's yard another little sparrow built its nest and laid its blue egg, but a measly cowbird came along, threw out the egg and laid one of its own. The sparrow abandoned the nest.

FROM MY WINDOW I Watched my sparrow preparing a butterfly for its youngster's meal. It had the butterfly on the lawn of the adjoining lot, and, as I supposed, was trying to kill it. It pecked vigorously at the insect and pounded it on the ground, but the butterfly continued to flutter its wings. I glanced out occasionally for full 10 minutes, and still the struggle went on. It seemed strange that the butterfly could not be put out of its misery in shorter time. Then I discovered that the bird was trying to remove the butterfly's wings. This it succeeded in doing after a time. Then it proceeded to treat the wingless body, removing legs and other projections. When this was finished to its liking the bird flew away to its nest with the morsel. Nature has her cruel aspects as well as her kind ones.

ONE THING THAT I HAVE tried to avoid in this column is anything resembling regularity. Occasionally some friend, interested in something that has appeared in the column, has suggested that that be made a regular feature, to appear once or twice a week, so that those interested would know just when to look for it. Always I have declined, as politely as possible, to follow the suggestion, for to do so would be to spoil everything. I have tried to keep the column as irregular and miscellaneous as possible, to keep it a receptacle for ideas, notions, impressions, facts and folly, just as those items happen to arrange themselves while the fingers wander over the typewriter keys.

ONE THING THAT HAS Interested me greatly is the unexpectedness of the reactions of some of my friends to what they find in the column. Something about flowers, I find, interests some matter-of-fact person whom I never should have suspected of interest in flowers. Some hard-boiled old codger recalls a line or two of a sentimental poem which he knew in his boyhood, and wants the rest of it. Scholarly persons, men and women, who might be supposed to have no time for that sort of nonsense, are fascinated by mathematical puzzles. So it goes, and I have become convinced that human character is as unexpected and irregular as I am trying to make this column.

DELPHINIUMS ARE Blooming, and they have a beauty which is like that of no other flower. Around the city I have seen some fine specimens, and I have a number of plants myself which I have considered quite good, which I grew from seed. But we who may think that we have grown some good blooms will find that we have some distance to go to match the five-foot spikes described in the following paragraphs from the New York delphinium show:

"IF A SPRIG OF THE Common garden variety of larkspur had strayed into the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West Fifty-third street, yesterday in somebody's buttonhole it would never have recognized as even its remotest relative the velvet blue and purple skyscraper delphiniums which towered from tall vases against white walls.

"TWENTY-SIX YEARS OF selection and cross-breeding by' Edward M. Steichen, the photographer, produced these flowers, which are of such size and color as to test the credulity yesterday of at least one visitor, who asked a guard if they were real.

"THIS IS THE FIRST TIME that Mr. Steichen has shown his delphiniums to the public. Although visitors yesterday marveled at their beauty and size, he does not consider them perfect yet. He still dreams of further beauty to be attained in the "architecture of the plant," Which he defined as perfection of form—the relation of the size of the flower spike to the height and width of the plant, the relation of the size of the leaves to their number, and other such considerations.

"AGAINST THE WHITE WALLS of the museum's-first floor, they formed masses of brilliant color. Many shades of blue were represented and other flowers were on the fog and mist shades. The spikes averaged perhaps three feet in length but there were- many spikes of four feet and one that had been five before some flowers dropped off in transit. Some of the individual flowers measured three and a half inches across.

MR. STEICHEN, WHO IS president of the American Delphinium Society, first became interested in cultivating the flower 26 years ago. 'Now he has under cultivation in delphiniums from seven to ten acres of land. Its location he gave merely as Connecticut, to avoid a rush of visitors who would take him away from his work among the flowers.

"DURING THE DELPHINIUM season, from about June 1 to July 15, Mr. and Mrs. Steichen work among the flowers from dawn until dusk. Only about one plant in 1,000 is kept for cross breeding. The varieties are produced as creatively as Mr. Steichen produces photographs.

"SIZE AND COLOR ARE NOT his only objectives. Stamina is another goal toward which he is working. The delphinium is naturally a plant of high altitude, and when brought to the lowlands is subject to a deadly black rot. The struggle to develop a delphinium less subject to the disease is progressing, Mr. Steichen said.

"NONE OF THE FLOWERS ON view recently has been named yet. In fact, of all the many new varieties which Mr. Steichen has grown, only two so far are named. He has decided to name them only for poets and in order to attain the distinction of having a delphinium bear his cognomen, the poet must write a satisfactory description of the flower.

"MR. STEICHEN CULTIVATES plants only from its own seeds. All of the flowers now on display at the museum have been produced from countless generations of seeds obtained 26 years ago from France and England."

ONE OF THE FEATURES OF the diamond jubilee edition of the Yankton, S. D. Press and Dakotan, is a copy of the official map of Dakota territory drawn in 1862 by M. F. Maury, superintendent of the " United States national observatory at Washington, D. C., now on file in the Library of Congress. The map shows Dakota extending from the Red River of the North to the Rocky mountains. The courses of the principal rivers, the Missouri, Yellowstone, Big Horn, James, Sheyenne and Red are traced with remarkable accuracy.

PLANS FOR THE BUILDING of the Northern Pacific railroad were under way, but the route proposed for the road at that time bore slight resemblance that actually followed. The proposed route crossed the Red river at Breckinridge, then ran almost in a straight line northwest until it approached within a few miles of the Canadian border near the northwest corner of what is now North Dakota. The proposed route marked on the map is almost identical with that now traversed by the Soo. From that point the route dipped south to the Missouri, which it followed until the Milk river in Montana was reached. The course of the Milk river was then followed almost to the Rockies.

IN THE FOLLOWING Paragraph the Yankton paper tells the story of the first bell brought to Dakota territory:

"ACCORDING TO HISTORICAL works the first bell to be brought into Dakota was one for use at Fort Pierre, which was established in 1832. Just when the bell was brought out is not definitely known but it was mounted with in the post on the house of the "Bourgeoise." This bell is in the museum of the historical society of Missouri in St. Louis.

"THE FIRST BELL FOR church purposes was brought to Vermillion by Rev. Charles D. Martin, Presbyterian missionary, for the small church erected there in 1859. Nothing is known of the bell since 1862 during the Indian outbreak. It is uncertain if it was lost at that time or in the great flood of 1881 when lower Vermillion was destroyed.

"THE BELL IN THE CENTRAL school building in Yankton today is said to have been the first bell in the city. It was the bell of the steamboat "Imperial" destroyed by ice at Bon Homme island during the winter of 1867. The bell was first presented to the Congregational church society and mounted on the capitol building where the church held its services. When it was taken from the old capitol it was given to Yankton Academy and still later passed into the hands of the school board and used as a school bell.

HERE, FROM THE SAME Paper, is a poem dedicated to the pioneers, written for the anniversary edition by Will Chamberlain of Yankton:

PIONEERS OF ____

I see, as in a dream, I see
The past of prairie pageantry.
I note the sod-shack's whiff up-
furl, The breaker's ribbons crimp and
curl,
In long, black, virgin layers turned. I glimpse the monochrome, where
burned Heartbreakingly the crisping
grass; The wild hens balance, whirr and
pass
Across the scorched horizon view, The mallards court upon the
slough, While henhawks circle, peering
down To spy a pup in marmot-town. you battled 'hoppers,
God, how drouth
To keep a crust to kiddies mouth; God, how you woke at twelve's
grim hour.
To speak for rain, a stingy shower
To save the pleading, struggling wheat
And sprinkle pastures with its sweet!
No manna fluttered from the skies The situation to disguise
With magic—wafted plentitude— Yet, how you men and women stood
Like Gibraltar's flinchless stone, Without whimper or a moan!

They've built a canopy above That Plymouth rock Historians love
To clap the spin of Paul Revere, But I – oh no, the pioneer
Who up the gray Missouri came Or crossed the Sioux to play the game
Of conquering a wilderness— No song of mine would ever miss,
For he and his unfaltering mate Wrought their own tribute—this estate
Of throbbing cities, glorious farms, Schools, groves and highways,
corncribs, barns, Cattle ranches and radio snares To catch the drift of world affairs— These, these,
the fruitage from
your years, Your monument, O Pioneers!

CELEBRATING THE Completion of the first 75 years of its existence, The Yankton Press and Dakotan has issued a 96-page souvenir number filled with reminiscence and history and marked by the spirit of optimism which characterized the founding of Dakota territory, and which has remained one of the outstanding features of the two states which once formed that great territory. The Yankton Press and Dakotan is the survivor and continuation of several newspapers which were established in the early days, the first of which was captioned the Weekly Dakotian, established in 1861 by F. M. Ziebach, William Freney and J. B. S. Todd. Dakota territory was created by an act of congress which was signed March 2 of that year by President James Buchanan. Territorial officers were appointed by his successor, Abraham Lincoln, and they arrived in the territory during the summer. On June 6 of the same year the first number of the Weekly Dakotian was published, and while there were numerous ups and downs in the newspaper business, there has been no time in the ensuing 75 years that the territory has been without its newspaper.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE Edition of the Press and Dakotan is an excellent example of newspaper making, reflecting credit on its publishers and staff and on the territory in which it is published. The historical material which it presents is voluminous and well prepared and it will serve as a mine of information for those interested in learning of the early settlement and development of the two Dakotas. A considerable share of the material relates to North Dakota history, and there is an excellent article on the settlement of Pembina by Win. V. Working, of Grand Forks.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING features of the paper, which I am borrowing for today's column is a chronological record of the sovereignties under which the territory now embraced in the two Dakotas existed since the days of Charles II. The list follows:

1664 CHARLES II OF England granted to his Brother James, Duke of York, the region from the Hudson river to the South Sea, (Pacific Ocean). The area included South Dakota. The grant so far as this region was concerned was a mere gesture. England never otherwise asserted the claim.

1717 France granted to John Law all of Louisiana with full rights of governing, protecting and operating the region. His scheme blew up in 1720 and the region reverted to the French; Law never found out that he owned the Black Hills.

1743 Verendrye made the first claim for the French crown of the Missouri Valley, by such muniments of title as the Law of Nations then required, for claims by discovery. Verendrye made the title good by planting at Fort Pierre the engraved plate, now famous.

1762 France being virtually driven from North America, ceded Louisiana to Spain, the latter taking possession and at once establishing trade to the upper Missouri.

1800 Spain retroceded Louisiana to France.

1803 France sold and delivered to the United States, Louisiana, embracing in the north the territory from the Mississippi to the crest of the Rocky Mountains.

1804 District of Louisiana created and its administration given to Indiana, William H. Harrison, governor.

1812 Missouri Territory organized including Dakota in its boundaries.

1834 Michigan Territory created, for region extending west to the Missouri river. (One citizen residing near the present Chamberlain, was arrested for a petty offense, upon a warrant issued in Detroit, and taken there for trial.)

1836 Wisconsin Territory created to embrace region from Lake Michigan to Missouri River.

1838 Iowa Territory created to embrace all of region north of present Missouri, lying between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

1849 Minnesota territory created to include all territory north of state of Iowa, lying between Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

1854 Nebraska Territory created to include all the territory north of Kansas, lying west of the Missouri and east of the crest of the Rocky Mountains.*

1858 Minnesota admitted with present boundaries, and Dakota region left out in the cold.

1861 Dakota Territory created to embrace everything between the west line of Minnesota and the crest of the Rockies.

1889 South Dakota admitted to the Union with present boundaries. * Until 1854 the Dakota region west of the Missouri continued under the jurisdiction of Missouri. On March 2, 1832, Frd LaBoue, killed Francois Quenel, at the mouth of Cherry creek on the Cheyenne. He was taken to St. Louis for trial.

MANY OF NORTH DAKOTA'S little lakes have dried up. Dry weather has assisted in the process, but back of the disappearance of these small bodies of water has been the craze for draining water away and sending it out of the country as quickly as possible. Just now there is a tendency to reverse the process, and many lakes once dry are being at least partially restored, and lakes are being created where none were before. Much of this, work has been done with government assistance, but local initiative and enterprise have been responsible for much of it.

IN THE FOLLOWING Article the Wells County Free Press tells of a fine piece of work that was done through the enterprise of one man, at negligible cost, which will be a source of perpetual enjoyment to the people of that community:

"IN GOING NORTH FROM Hurdsville on highway No. 5, there unfolds to view a beautiful, peaceful looking valley along the foot of the chateau hills running in a northwesterly direction across the southwest corner of Wells county. The valley is dotted with farm homes and the observer can easily see the whole outline of fields and pastures, covering an area about six miles wide and 10 miles long. The latest addition is a silvery spot, well defined, as one looks east, just as the road leads down the incline from the high point south of the Stadelman farm.

"IT IS A NEW LAKE, LOCATED in the NW ¼ of Sec. 16, Twp. 147, Rge. 72, covers about 95 acres and is named Zuber's lake by the engineer who made the survey, possibly because it is located on the school section which has been leased from the state land department for pasture purposes by Zuber-Engbrecht Co., for some time past.

"THIS LAKE WAS CREATED by diverting the flow of a creek which carries the spring thaw waters out of the hills near the Simon Dallman and Stephan Hieb farms. A ditch along the section line on the north side of section 17, township 147, range 72 carries the waters of this creek east until it finds its own course over and across the NE ¼ of said section 17 into the lake bed. The deepest part of the Zuber's lake is eight feet. When it reaches this depth, the water finds an outlet in a northwesterly direction and into the James river.

"THE LAKE IS ALREADY calling the youth of the community to play. Many cars loaded with young people can be seen traveling to Zuber's lake on Sunday afternoon to play, wade, swim and enjoy the clean fresh water. The bottom is sandy, no stones, and is nice to wade in.

"A NEW GATE HAS BEEN placed on the northwest corner of the fence for the convenience of the public to get into the fence and up to the lake. Another gate is on the south of the lake, on the west line of the fence where those coming in from the south can enter, then drive around the lake to the northwest corner, which seems to be the gathering place of the visitors.

"MUCH WILD LIFE IS Making the lake its home. Ducks, pelicans, snipes, mud hens and other waterfowl can be observed.

"IN TALKING WITH MR. Engbrecht the other day, he said that he hopes the community enjoys the lake and that no restrictions of any kind will be placed on the public to enter the fence by either gate and enjoy the waters. Adam, being present added 'Let the good people of Delger and surrounding townships have all the good times and fun they want, that the lake can afford them, but I hope the hunters will bear in mind that a duck has only two feet and a black Angus steer has four feet, and that these nimrods will count the feet of the animal they are aiming at before pulling that trigger.'

"WE HAVE DESCRIBED THE lake, the name and location but have said nothing of the origin and cause of it being there. It is true that nature has caused the inundation and the surface which provides for its bed and the creek which carries the waters to it and man has come to the aid of nature in providing the diversion channel.

"TO OUR OLD FRIEND AND early settler of Delger township, Sam Dallman, belongs most of the credit. He knew from experience where the natural over-flow was and, how to get the flow of water into the lake. The agitation to create the diversion was taken up by the government engineering department, a survey was made which proved that Mr. Dallman was correct and that the diversion was and could be easily created. Waivers were obtained from the land owners over the land where the ditch was to be excavated. A waiver was required from the land north of the road, releasing the government from any possible damage suit by changing the natural course of the water. This could not be secured and the project was abandoned.

"THEN THE THOUGHT WAS advanced that if the county would grade the section line from the creek eastward about one half mile the ditch along the side of the road would serve for the diversion channel. The board of county commissioners consented, the elevator grader was put into operation and the \$7,000 government project was completed to serve all necessary purposes for about \$100, and so ends the story of Zuber's lake for the time being. The lay of the land has the possibilities of creating a lake to cover about 1,000 acres. This would necessitate considerable damming, but the depth could be brought to about 12 feet, provided enough water would be available through the diversion. This, however, is questionable, also, the cost of the extra land needed and the dams which would have to be thrown up may not support the advantages, unless the water could be utilized for irrigation purposes.

"ONLY THE FUTURE WILL solve the problem and develop the possibility which is merely a dream at this time, and sometimes dreams come true."

"IT IS ASTOUNDING WHAT damage one can do to the brain with little result," writes Professor G. H. Estabrooks, Colgate university psychologist. "The most remarkable thing about the human body is how much it can stand — and how little it can stand; and this is true of the brain as well as the rest of the body. The slightest touch on the vagus nerve, which controls the heart, may cause instant death, yet large areas of the brain may be entirely destroyed without great harm."

WHEN YOU LEARN TO write, play the piano, or handle tools, you are using a part of the brain just under the bulge of your forehead—a center for learning delicate muscular movements, according to this authority. Injury to that area may result in almost total loss of skill—losing even the ability to sign your name in letters less than a foot high. Interference with another area just under your brow ridges may result in loss of controlled speech. Still another area back of the temple controls the understanding of speech, and if it is injured, your own native language may sound like gibberish though you can understand perfectly what you read, because the "reading" part of the brain is reached by way of the eyes. But when there is injury to an area at the back of the head you can understand perfectly what you hear but you can no longer read. Local injury may result from spinal meningitis or from syphilis or even from influenza or scarlet fever, though local tumors and actual injuries contribute a share of the cases of odd brain peculiarities.

IN BACK OF THE WIDELY acclaimed recent successes of the department of justice in cleaning up kidnapping cases is a sober story of intensive training and scientific accuracy applied to the detection of crime. For example, according to J. Edgar Hoover, director of the federal bureau of investigation, the training school at Washington, D. C., for special agents of the bureau makes use of a series of "stage settings" in order to impress upon the agents certain phases of criminology. "Oscar" is one of the dummies used in this work, and he frequently is "murdered" in a realistic setting. The government sleuths are then turned loose at the scene of the crime and are judged according to their ability to uncover clues and analyze the situation in a manner which makes possible detection of the synthetic criminal.

THE AGENTS OF THE Bureau work hand in hand with science in their daily routine. Pressed into service are the modern art of photography, systems of determining the presence of bloodstains, methods of preserving all types of evidence, and moulage, a method of reproducing with plastic material the minutest details of perishable evidence. One of the prize exhibits at the Bureau, incidentally, is a deathmask of Dillinger made by the moulage process.

EQUIPMENT FOR THIS work, in addition to the conventional handcuffs and weapons used by peace officers, is supplied to all field officers of the bureau so that at any time they may be able to take up the trail of crime and follow it through to a successful conclusion. The technical laboratory of the FBI, states Mr. Hoover, is constantly experimenting in an effort to provide field investigators with new scientific equipment and to augment the use of existing equipment. Information so gained is constantly supplied to the special agents in the field so that they may always keep at least one step ahead of criminals.

CONGRESS STOPPED LONG enough in its rush for adjournment on the last day to agree that next winter's session should not open on Sunday. But the rub came when the senate and house had at least momentary difficulty in deciding when the seventy-fifth session should convene. Under the Norris "lame duck" amendment, the opening is set mandatorily as January 3. In 1937, however, this date happens to be on Sunday. Spotting this, the senate passed a resolution advancing the opening to Monday, January 4. The house quickly agreed against Sunday, but added an amendment making it Tuesday, January 5. At dusk, weary senators, anxious to avoid a fuss, gave in to the house. The seventy-fifth congress will open on January 5.

"NEITHER OUR PUBLIC AND private morality, our intellectual and cultural interests, our standards of workmanship, nor our social co-operations seem to have advanced in proportion to our educational efforts.' So says David Snedden in an article entitled "American Education in 1960." On is impressed by the figures quoted to show the money and man power behind our educational effort. A comparison may give a new slant on the learning industry.

EACH YEAR FOUR BILLION dollars are spent in operating, replacing and adding to our educational equipment. (This sum is greater than Uncle Sam's income for the year 1935. Total receipts of the United States government last year were only three billion eight hundred million and a few hundred thousand dollars.) Our professional educators now number more than a million. (Only half a million civil service employees are enrolled by the executive department of the United States government in normal times.) We're spending the time and money without getting the best possible results. But Mr. Snedden feels that education by 1960 can be made worth the price. NO MATTER WHAT ONE thinks of the present educational set-up it is sometimes amusing to go back and take a look at the age of "the little red school house." Since then America seems to have come a long way. This was brought home in an article in the New York State Historical Association's Quarterly magazine; New York History. The article was called "New York Schools a Hundred Years Ago" and was written by Benjamin H. Matteson. After outlining the history of organization and establishment of common schools he gets down to brass tacks and records the difficulty the state then had in securing qualified teachers. To wit: "Inspectors were no more successful in securing teachers with adequate schooling than they were in weeding out those with improper habits." As examples of copy set by teachers for the consideration of their pupils appear the following taken from the reports of Superintendent Young; for the years 1843 and 1844:

HE THAT IN RITIN WOULD

improve, must first with ritin

fall in love How tegious and tasteless the
hours, when Jesus no longer

I see Buty is but Skin deep, and soon Fades

One mans meet is Another mans pison

Samwell Jonson his ritin book Albana is the capitol of New York Patients and diligents removes
mountains Where there is no tail-barer the
strife seceth

Kings and Qweens set on thrones Kings and Qweens eat pork and
beans

Frankfort on the mane.

ATOMPKINS COUNTY Teacher said in 1842:

"Sir, children can do but one thing at a time, and if they read well, they cannot be expected to understand what they read, nor can I require it of them. I wish to learn them to read well, and when they are old enough they can take dictionaries and learn the definitions of words and then they can understand what they read."

LAST YEAR THERE WAS published a survey edited by Tugwell and Keyserling called REDIRECTING EDUCATION. After presenting material similar to the above the editors observed: "This was the age of the 'little red schoolhouse though the cosy connotations of this phrase imply advantages it seldom possessed. Education was for the life that was to be lived; and beyond the three R's the schoolroom could not compete with supervised work in the kitchen or at the loom, in the stables, or out and about the fields and orchards.."

ONE WHO HAS GONE through a large bookbindery may have wondered how they ever keep things straight. Sheets and binding cases of a hundred different titles stand upon the floor or in the bins ready for the assembling of the finished book. Many processes are involved, from the folding and gathering of the sheets to the putting on of the jacket and the packing ready for shipment. But there is seldom a slip and the book reaches you in good order from cover to cover. Occasionally a few pages are missing or one will find signatures in the wrong order, but that is to be expected in any job involving the so-called human factor. Very rarely do we run into a mistake of this kind worth recording, but a swell one came to light just recently. The publisher of a Life of John Wesley received the following note from a minister who had just bought the book:

"Gentlemen: I have before me a volume which, according to the title on the binding, purports to be the life of a great religious leader, John Wesley, but I am sure he would not have approved the contents. Of this I am certain after reading it carefully. Will you kindly send me the book I ordered. I do not care to keep "BUTTER-FIELD 8." Sincerely yours . . ." A checkup disclosed that a binder, having mixed the sheets and binding case", carefully bound five hundred of this rarity.

THERE IS NO IMMEDIATE prospect of the extinction of the horse, notwithstanding increased sales of automobiles, trucks and tractors. On the contrary, there has been evidence for some time of revived interest in horse breeding. This is true of the United States as whole, and it is also true of North Dakota. During the years 1930 to 1935 there was a decrease in the number of horses and colts in North Dakota of more than 100,000, due chiefly to drouth conditions which resulted in lack of feed. But although there are still difficulties of this kind, several fine stallions have recently been placed in some of the western counties.

WHILE THE TRACTOR HAS advantages which the horse does not possess, one of them being that in an emergency it can be operated 24 hours a day without tiring, the horse has advantages of its own. Fuel for the tractor calls for cash, while the horse can produce its own fuel in the shape of grain and fodder which are raised with its assistance. Moreover, the horse returns to the soil much of the fertility that cropping takes from it. Decidedly the machine has its important place, but some way a farm wouldn't seem quite right without a fine team of horses.

THE SUMMER SEASON IS the picnic season, and the picnic season is the poison ivy season. The misery caused by ivy poisoning is incalculable, and many persons are so sensitive to this poison that it is unsafe for them even to go into the woods anywhere because of the possibility of the presence of this noxious plant in the vicinity. While actual contact with the resin which causes the irritation is necessary to induce poisoning, such contact is often made in ways that seem mysterious. There are cases of persons having developed all the symptoms of ivy poisoning in acute form after merely passing places where the plants grew. In such cases minute particles of the resin had probably been carried by the air in some unaccountable manner.

POISON IVY PLANTS ARE often gathered and burned. When this is done the person exposed to the smoke from such fires, if very sensitive, may be poisoned by the small particles of poisonous material carried in the smoke. Tools which have been used in destroying plants may carry enough of the poison to affect sensitive persons. There are innumerable other ways in which the poison may be spread, and it is important that summer cottagers see to it that all ivy plants are removed from their premises, or, if this is not feasible, that the places where they grow are so guarded that children and unsuspecting adults will not wander into them.

WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE picnic season, Dr. James F. Couch, of the bureau of animal industry, United States department of agriculture, stated in a recent radio talk that the specific poison in poison ivy is a compound related to phenol (carbolic acid) known as toxicodenrol and that the method of protection and of treatment must be based on this fact. He suggests that a person sensitive to the poison should bathe his exposed skin with a 5 per cent solution of ferric chloride in a mixture of equal parts of water and glycerol before going near the weed. This solution conveys substantial protection against the poison. Another protective solution to be used similarly is a 5 per cent solution of ferrous sulfate (copperas) in water. Scientific American in discussing this, says that the materials may be obtained at any drug store.

AFTER EXPOSURE, Washing with an alkaline soap, particularly yellow laundry soap, neutralizes and dissolves the poison and if done soon enough after exposure is effective in preventing a rash. Various oxidizing agents also destroy the poison by converting it into a harmless resin, according to Dr. Couch, and of these the most effective is a 5 per cent solution of potassium permanganate in water. The brown stains made by permanganate can be easily removed from the skin by washing with weak oxalic acid solution (1 per cent), or with solutions of photographers' hypo or sodium sulfite.

ACCORDING TO A Statement made by representatives of the Wholesale Liquor Dealers association, there are in bond in the United States more than 300,000,000 gallons of whisky, exclusive of alcohol and neutral spirits. The wholesalers are asking for a change in the tax laws which will provide for the payment of the tax by the consumer as bottled goods are delivered to him, stamps representing the tax being affixed at the time of sale.

THE WHOLESALERS SAY that more than \$2,000,000,000 would be required to pay the taxes and service charges on this quantity of liquor under existing regulations, and nobody has enough to do that. State and federal taxes are listed at \$1,000,000,000; glass, labels packaging, etc., \$250,000,000, and other charges would bring the cost up to the two billion. The cost of the liquor itself is placed at \$150,000,000.

AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT from headquarters that it costs only 50 cents a gallon to make whisky would have been accepted by an old friend of mine as at least partial confirmation of his opinion as to the right way to bring prosperity. Wynkoop Lemon came from Virginia to Angus, Minn., in the early eighties, and operated a grain elevator there for many years. When times were tough, as they were occasionally, he explained that the way to restore prosperity was to take all the tax off whisky.

A BUSHEL OF WHEAT, HE explained, would make four gallons of whisky. Making the manufacture and sale of whisky free would create a brisk market for wheat. Wheat would be worth a dollar a bushel, whisky could be bought for 25 cents a gallon, and everybody would be happy.

TWO NOTABLE MEN OF Letters died quite recently. Gilbert K. Chesterton and Maxim Gorky. Chesterton was popularly known as a master of paradox, which description of him, standing alone, amounts to caricature. He was indeed a master of paradox, but that represents merely one quality of the man who was perhaps the most brilliant and versatile man of letters of his age.

CHESTERTON WROTE Voluminously of history, literature, religion, philosophy. He was the author of many excellent novels, and his critical study of Charles Dickens, whom he admired greatly, is perhaps the best that has been written of that famous novelist. His essays were characterized sometimes by quiet humor and often by keen wit, but almost always it was wit without sting. It was in his essays that he reveled in the field of paradox. He had the ability to take the reader through a serious passage and then bring him up with a sharp turn against some bit of philosophy stated in terms of reverse English which left the reader breathless with surprise, and, for the moment, perhaps, quite mystified. He had the penetrating vision which enabled him to see through sham, in whatever form it appeared, but he was also able to see that there is such a thing as fundamental truth, and he had the optimism to believe that truth is mighty and will prevail.

MAXIM GORKY WROTE OUT of the bitterness of soul that re-suited in a youth spent in poverty and bitter, struggle. He drew realistic pictures of the life of the Russian peasant, and his abhorrence of the misery with which he was familiar colored all his writing. His descriptions are powerful and his argument appealing, but the emphasis which he placed on the darker aspects of life made him a propagandist, able and earnest, but not a safe guide.

NEARLY TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED lives will be saved during 1936 if present reduced trends in highway fatalities can be made to continue during the remainder of the year, the American Automobile association declared today.

The traffic death record, after getting off to a bad start in January, recently has shown improvement and for the first four months of this year was about 6 per cent below the 1935 level, the association reported. "This improvement," said Thos. P. Henry of Detroit, Mich., president of the A. A. A., "is clear evidence that the intensified safety campaign is proving effective. It shows that we are moving in the right direction. It shows that our traffic toll can be reduced—and reduced substantially—when motorists as a whole adopt safer driving practices.

"There is no royal road to safety but at the same time there are certain specific things every motorist can do for his own protection and for protection of others using the traffic lanes.

"ONE OF THE MOST Important rules, and perhaps the one most frequently broken by summer tourists, is: Don't drive too many hours at a stretch or try to cover too many miles a day. Motoring fatigue is a major factor in a large number of accidents during the touring season.

"Many tourists elect to cover a great deal of the trip by driving at night, but it should be remembered that visibility is reduced tremendously after dark and speed should be cut down accordingly.

"Other safety rules that should be specially observed by summer tourists are: Be careful when overtaking and passing other cars; keep a sharp watch for signs and signals when driving through cities and towns; make sure your car is in good condition before starting the trip; slow down when approaching cross roads; always give hand signals before stopping, turn or changing lanes; don't drive when you have been drinking; and always show courtesy to others using the highway.

"THESE SAFE DRIVING practices are important always but they are vitally necessary to every driver hoping to complete his vacation trip without accident. At no time of the year is expert driving so necessary as it is during the height of the touring season.

"That motorists by and large are driving better and more cautiously is shown clearly by the improved record so far this year. With 40 million motorists driving some four hundred billion passenger-miles yearly—often over narrow, inadequate roads—contending with congested traffic conditions, dodging pedestrians and beset with a multitude of conflicting regulations in the various states, the reduction in fatalities is evidence that the average driver is becoming increasingly safety-minded.

"AN INTENSE, CONTINUING safety campaign, adoption of safe driving practices by the millions of touring motorists and stern enforcement of the law against the reckless minority will, I am convinced, result in a greatly improved traffic safety record for the year as a whole."

YOU MAY BE COLOR BLIND. "The strange thing about color blindness," according to Professor Laurence H. Synder of the Ohio State University, writing in Scientific American, "is that the person with this trait never realizes it until he has been given some standard test. A reserve officer at his first summer encampment was undergoing the usual physical examination," he continues, "and the test for color blindness was given. The officer was found to be quite color blind. Turning to an acquaintance he said, "That is very strange. I am chief chemist at a large pottery works, and one of my most important jobs is to pass on the final blending of colors in the pottery!" A surprising number of interior decorators also suffer from color blindness—as do their clients in such instances!

NEARLY ALL CASES OF color blindness involve only a difficulty in distinguishing green and red. Persons who are not color blind sometimes imagine that the color blind do not see any color at all, but this is only rarely true, there being on record less than 100 such cases.

Taste is also deficient in some persons, a fact which has only recently become generally known to science. There is evidence that soups containing lean meats, as well as other substances, taste different to different persons. And it may very well be that, when you say to your child, "Now you eat up all that spinach or I'll spank you," the spinach tastes very different to the child than it does to you. Thus taste is found not to be so much a matter of standard but of – taste.

WHEN A FELLOW RETURNS from a vacation trip he is usually expected to give some account of his wanderings, and, as I have access to a newspaper column I am taking this means of complying with an ancient and time-honored custom. It is with some diffidence that I approach the subject, as many of my friends have visited some or all of the same localities which I visited during the past two weeks and are quite familiar with all that I have seen. However, there are some who have not done so, and some notes of scenes and impressions may be interesting to them.

OUR FAMILY PARTY OF four left Grand Forks on the morning of July 1, going by way of Minot to Watford City to reach the northern end of the Bad Lands. With an excellent view of the Bad Lands most of the way we traveled almost due south, crossing the Northern Pacific at Belfield, making a short side trip to Medora, thence south through Bowman, N. D. and Buffalo, S. D., to Spearfish at the northern end of the Black Hills, where we expected to spend the night. But the rodeo at Belle Fourche was to begin next day, and all the lodging space for many miles around was filled with persons "who intended to take in the big show. Neither hotel rooms nor cabin were to be had at Spearfish or anywhere near, but a telephone call secured hotel rooms at Dead-wood where we spent that night.

THE NEXT NIGHT WAS spent at the state game lodge, where President Coolidge spent the summer of 1927, and where he issued his famous "I do not choose" statement. Principal points of interest in the Black Hills were visited, and we ended that portion of the trip at Spearfish and started west on the long drive through Wyoming, across the Big Horn mountains, to Cody, up the Shoshone canyon, to Yellowstone park.

SEVERAL DAYS WERE spent in the Yellowstone inspecting geysers and enjoying picturesque scenery. The log shows that we traveled something over 350 miles in the park, which means that we visited every point in it usually visited by tourists. We left the park by way of Gardiner, drove to Great Falls, Havre and Glasgow, where half a day was spent at the big Fort Peck dam, a stupendous piece of work, whatever may be thought of its utility. That brought us to Federal Highway No. 2, on which we ambled home on Tuesday, July 14.

DURING OUR ABSENCE THE great heat wave swept across the country. By no means did we escape it. On the day that we drove through Rapid City the temperature was 110 in the shade, with a strong wind blowing. We were obliged to close the car windows and ride in that suffocating atmosphere in order to exclude the burning wind, which seemed actually to sear the flesh. Everywhere in the plains country, going and coming we experienced the same blistering heat that was suffered by those who had remained at home.

IT WAS IN THE MOUNTAINS that we got relief. In the high elevations of the Black Hills, the Big Horns and the Rockies, we found cool air. Even in many of the lesser elevations the passage through deep canyons in the middle of the day was cool and pleasant. The vast masses of rock had not become heated through, and they cooled the air, and the towering rocks gave welcome shade.

OUR FIRST SIGHT OF SNOW was on the crests of the Big Horns as we approached them from the east at a distance of some 50 miles. On July 7 we gathered snow from a big mass by the wayside. It was on entering the Big Horns that we had our stiffest climb. There is a continuous steep grade for several miles, with just enough loose gravel to make heavy pulling. Near the top were several cars cooling off, and we joined them on the turn-out. All our radiators were boiling, which, I was told, is the experience of all who make that climb in hot weather. The cool breeze of the high level soon stopped the boiling, and water from the stream over the edge replenished the engines.

YELLOWSTONE PARK IS Visited by many of our people. The Black Hills and the Big Horns are less well known. I can recommend them both most heartily to those who have not yet visited them. In each mountain group are features not duplicated in the others, and in all there are magnificent drives which will never be forgotten after being seen. In the Yellowstone we slept each night under heavy blankets and built fires morning and evening to take the chill from the air.

IN LATER INSTALLMENTS the trip will be treated in greater detail.

AS A FAIR SAMPLE OF Neglect, I have lived in the northwest more than 50 years without ever visiting the Black Hills, although with roads and cars as they are now those mountains can be reached in less than two days of easy driving. In that area of approximately 100 miles north and south by 50 miles east and west there are natural wonders, scenes of grandeur and beauty and historical associations amid which one might spend an entire summer with pleasure and profit. Yet I am merely one among thousands who live within easy driving distance of the mountains who have postponed visiting them all these years.

THE BLACK HILLS ARE surrounded by the grazing country of South Dakota and Wyoming, and the cowboy's 10 gallon hat is the favorite head-piece in all that territory. It was in those mountains that the discovery of gold 60-odd years ago brought in a rush of gold-seekers and desperadoes, prompted violation of treaties with the Indians, and set in motion the train of events which resulted in the annihilation of Ouster and his command.

DEAD WOOD, THE CENTER of many of the stirring events of the last century, is a rambling town, strung at great length through the gulch, and what is called the Chinatown section would pass very well in appearance for the mining town of the old days. The newer section is well built and there is an excellent hotel. Tourists are directed to the graves of Wild Bill and Calamity Jane, but as those worthies were no kin of mine, I didn't go to see where they are buried.

AS WE APPROACHED THE Black Hills silver dollars became abundant. With us at home paper has almost completely taken the place of silver, but in the cattle and mining country one becomes loaded down with cartwheels in making change. I asked a hotel cashier for an explanation, and she said that the use of silver dollars had persisted in that territory because of its greater convenience in gambling. You may take that explanation or leave it but when I heard it I recalled the stacks of silver that I had seen years ago at gambling tables and the deftness with which an experienced operator assembled and divided them. I thought there might be something to the explanation.

IN THE BUILDING OF THE Black Hills the earth became warped and shrunk and there are numerous fissures, some of which constitute caves of great area, some of which are lined with crystals of great beauty, with stalactites and stalagmites formed by the dripping of water through the ages. One of the best-known of these is Wind cave, near the southern extremity of the mountains, which we did not reach. We did visit Wonderland, one of the northern caves, which was interesting and satisfactory as an experience, but my interest in caves is such that one is about all I care for.

THERE IS INTENSE Rivalry between Wonderland and Crystal Caves, which are only a few miles apart, and the rivalry has prompted some caustic advertising. I know nothing about which is superior. The one which we saw was quite satisfactory, so I let it go at that.

ONE OF THE MOST Interesting drives of the trip was that, through the Needles, where for miles the road, hewn out of the solid rock of the mountainside, winds its tortuous way through a canyon whose sides are carved into pinnacles tapering to needlelike points at dizzy heights. The Needles drive is often described as a tough climb, but we negotiated it without difficulty.

ANOTHER EXCEEDINGLY beautiful and interesting drive is that through the Spearfish canyon, a gorge of about 20 miles where the road follows the winding Spearfish creek with towering pinnacles on either side. One should not undertake the Spearfish canyon drive unless he has plenty of time, for the road is narrow, mostly single track, and makes innumerable abrupt hairpin turns which demand slow speed and strict attention to driving. Much of the road, too, is rough with boulders the size of one's fist, and part of it would be slippery in wet weather. We had plenty of time, the weather was dry, careful watch was kept for traffic in the opposite direction so that one car or the other could turn out at wider spots, and no difficulty whatever was experienced. About six miles from the upper end of the canyon is a little settlement called Savoy and there excellent accommodations may be had for meals or over night.

ONE OF THE MOST WIDELY publicized features of the Black Hills is Mount Rushmore, on one of whose towering peaks are being carved the faces of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. Except for minor touches the Washington figure is completed. That of Jefferson is well under way, and a beginning has been made on that of Lincoln. The work is being done by Gutzon Borglum, a famous eastern artist. As an example of applied mechanics this work commands admiration. From that lofty peak, hundreds of feet above its neighbors, innumerable tons of granite have been blasted and chiseled in order to bring the human lineaments into relief. To such precision has the technic of blasting been developed that rock is removed by this means to within an inch or so of the line which is to be followed. Too much cannot be said for the skill with which the lines of one of the familiar portraits of Washington have been magnified to stupendous proportions and reproduced in rock. Most interesting, too, is the manner in which provision has been made for view of the carving from the mountain highway, especially the view that is obtained through several of the road tunnels, which provide framework for the carvings.

CONCEDING ALL THIS TO the magnitude of the undertaking and the skill with which it is being worked out, I confess that I don't like it. The plan, I understand, originated with an outstanding South Dakota historian. It has the approval and the financial backing of congress. The work is being done by an eminent artist. And the monument was dedicated by a president of the United States. Nevertheless I wish they had left the mountain alone, to pierce the clouds in solitude and dignity, un-carved save by the slow-moving fingers of nature.

NATURE ITSELF DOES SOME interesting things in the way of creating images, and it requires no very lively imagination to see in the amazing variety of rock forms representations of castles, animals and human lineaments. In the Bad Lands, just before reaching Medora, one may see in the eroded scoria a very fair rough representation of Washington's face. The weather will soon obliterate those lines from that soft material. Such freakish representations when the work of nature have their own interest, but it seems to me a deplorable mistake to attempt to "beautify" a bit of magnificent scenery by carving faces, or anything else on it. It seems to me that the duty of this generation to all its successors is to protect bits of natural beauty from vandalism of every sort, to attempt no embellishment and no distortion of what nature has done, and to confine man's handiwork in such places to that which is necessary to render those scenes of beauty accessible to all who wish to enjoy them.

GENERALLY SPEAKING THIS policy has been well observed by the government in its treatment of scenic features under its charge. In the Yellowstone park, for instance, there are no advertising signs of any kind to distract the visitor's attention. Objects of special interest are appropriately labeled, and road directions are adequately marked, but commercial advertising is banned. At Old Faithful, Canyon Mammoth and other stopping places there are large buildings of various kinds, and many hundreds of cabins. But these have been so placed, designed and colored that they fit into the landscape, and one is conscious of no offensive incongruity.

THERE IS KEEN RIVALRY between Cody and Sheridan for tourist traffic to the Yellowstone. Cody is on the line of the east entrance, about midway of the park. Sheridan is up near the Montana border, on the line of the new Cooke entrance at the northeast corner of the park. Some of the Sheridan advertising urges travelers to take the Sheridan route so as to avoid the high altitudes of the Big Horn mountains through which one passes on the direct east and west route. I am taking part in no local controversies. I haven't seen the Cooke entrance, but I am told that the road is excellent and the scenery magnificent. But I wouldn't have missed the picturesque crossing of the Big Horns for quite a lot. So far as altitude is concerned, there is nothing to that except possibly a little ringing of the ears, and all the park altitudes are high. The Big Horns are bold and rugged, and the defile which leads one over the Powder river pass gives one a succession of magnificent views.

WITHIN THE MEMORY OF men now living buffalo by the hundred thousand roamed the rolling plains of Wyoming, but long before those plains had taken on their present shape, and before the mountains had been upheaved, giant creatures, now extinct, lived in that area and browsed on the luxuriant vegetation of which only traces which now remain are those to be found imbedded in the rocks. There the dinosaur was at home, and in the valley of the Big Horn river, well toward the northern boundary of Wyoming there have been discovered the fossil remains of great numbers of those prehistoric creatures whose period is stated in millions of years.

WE DID NOT VISIT THE PITS from which numerous skeletons have been taken, as they are some miles off the main highway, and we had not the time to spare for such investigation. We did, however, spend a most interesting hour with a man whose hobby is the collection of geological and archaeological specimens, and who has devoted the leisure time of 30 years to that work. He is R. E. Frison, and he operates a general store at Ten Sleep, a little town just beyond the western base of the Big Horn mountains.

MR. PRISON'S STORE IS JUST across the street from an excellent eating place where we had lunch, and there we were told in a chance conversation of his interesting collection. We crossed the street and were received cordially by the proprietor, who welcomes anyone who is interested in his hobby. He has a wonderful collection of Indian arrowheads and ancient stone implements, fragments of huge dinosaur bones, and bits of rock representative of many geological formations. Some of these, agates, cornelians, etc., he has had cut and polished, and the results are both interesting and beautiful.

A PRIZE FEATURE IS A Collection of stones which were once contained in the claw of a dinosaur, and with which that toothless animal ground -its food as a chicken grinds its food with the bits of grit which it swallows for that purpose. But the grit which the dinosaur used, instead of particles of sand and fine gravel, are chunks of rock, some of them almost the size of a man's fist. That dinosaur was a big animal and did things on a big scale.

THOSE ROCKS, WHOSE technical name I have forgotten, are worn perfectly smooth with long and vigorous use. They themselves were ancient before the dinosaur was born, and in their structure they bear evidence of many geologic changes through which the earth had passed before they were used as aids to digestion. Among them are rounded and polished fragments of what once were trees, with the grain of the wood still distinguishable.

JUST THINK WHAT THAT means. Once the trees grew and flourished. Tidal waters, perhaps, submerged them. Silt was deposited around them and gradually a stony structure took the place of wood fiber. Volcanic action or some other convulsion broke them up and brought them to the surface. New vegetation grew, and a reptilian monster, coming along at that "late" period in the world's history and wore them smooth and round as he ground his food with them. The dinosaur itself as become a fossil, extinct for millions of years, but he carried in his crop evidences of luxuriant life which had existed millions of years before himself. It makes one's head swim.

MR. FRISON IS A MAN OF not more than middle age who came to Wyoming as a boy more than 30 years ago, driving his father's herd of cattle from Colorado. It was a long trek through a wild country. The boy was fascinated by the various rock formations which he found on the way. At every opportunity he made little side expeditions. "And," he says, I always came into camp with my pockets full of rocks. I have been keeping it up ever since, and I get a lot of pleasure out of it."

MR. FRISON IS NOT A MERE collector of interesting curiosities. He has read voluminously and intensively, and he has a large correspondence with scientific men. He has been of assistance to some of them in their own investigations. He is a fine example of a man who derives intense satisfaction from an activity which has no commercial features. To any of my friends who happen to travel that way and who are really interested in the early history of the planet on which we live, I recommend a call at Mr. Frison's store at Ten Sleep, Wyoming, and I am sure that they will enjoy an hour spent with the proprietor, whom I thank sincerely for his courtesy to our party.

DRIVING DOWN THE Western slope of the Big Horn mountains we struck a short detour around a little lake known as Meadow lake which occupies most of a level valley which is surrounded by high mountains. This, we learned afterwards, is an artificial lake, created by damming a small stream. This is a government job, and the work was done with CCC labor. Three things about this lake attracted our attention. The first was its smell, which no one can escape, the odor of something that has been spoiled for some time. No such smell is observable at any of the natural lakes. Another feature observed was the vast number of mosquitoes which had evidently been propagated in the marshy shallows of the lake. The third noticeable feature was that a lodge near by and a number of cabins adjoining appeared to be empty and had an abandoned appearance.

AT A SMALL TOWN ON THE plains we were told the story of Meadow lake, which I repeat as we heard it. According to the story the present site of the lake was occupied originally by a clean, grassy meadow, through which flowed a brisk little stream whose rapid current gave no encouragement to mosquitoes. The place was a favorite camping ground, and the cottages near by were in demand.

IT BECAME KNOWN THAT there was contemplated a CCC project for the damming of the stream and the creation of a lake. Distributed through the valleys near by are more than 100 lakes, all of them clean, picturesque and easy of access, and protests were made against the proposed "improvement" by cattle men in the surrounding territory, businessmen in the little towns near by, and numerous others. Nevertheless the dam was built, creating a stagnant, evil-smelling pool, turning a pleasant meadow into a mosquito-breeding marsh, and rendering a picturesque little valley virtually uninhabitable. The building of the road around the new lake is said to have cost \$104,000.

I AM NOT ABLE TO VOUCH for all of this, but the statements were made by local persons apparently reputable and responsible. I can vouch without reserve for the bad smell and the mosquitoes, both of which attracted our attention by their unpleasantness and their unusualness in that mountain territory.

ALL THROUGH WYOMING one is reminded constantly of Buffalo Bill, one of the picturesque characters of that region. The town of Cody, of course, is named for him, and at the western limits of the city is a heroic equestrian statue of the famous scout and showman. In Cody is a Buffalo Bill museum which is well worth a visit. It contains a large collection of interesting souvenirs, not only of Colonel Cody, but of others who were conspicuous in the early history of the territory. On the porch stands one of the old stage coaches—not a replica, which is still in a good state of preservation. As with other vehicles of its class and period, its body is suspended on long leather "thoroughbraces" in lieu of metal springs. Heavy and cumbersome though they were, it is said that those coaches, when loaded, were resilient and easy-riding.

JUST A FEW MILES OUTSIDE the western entrance to the Yellowstone park is Fahaska Tepee, the name being that given Buffalo Bill by the Indians, and meaning "long-haired." Here the feature is the great hunting lodge built by Colonel Cody when he was riding the crest of the wave of prosperity. His tour of the eastern states and of Europe with his wild west show had brought him in contact with many prominent people, and in that remote place, then so far removed from civilization, he built a palatial hunting lodge where he could entertain his friends.

THE BUILDING CONTAINS an immense living room, with fireplace of royal proportions. The room extends clear to the lofty roof with its support of log bridge-work. Around it runs a balcony from which numerous guest rooms open. The entire building is of native logs. All the other material used in its construction was brought in on pack mules over the hundreds of miles of mountain and plain. There Colonel Cody entertained at hunting parties American captains of industry and European dignitaries, and it is not difficult to imagine that one can still hear the lingering echoes of those festivities.

THE CODY ROAD INTO Yellowstone park leads up through the Shoshone canyon, a deep defile which the Shoshone river has worn through the rocks in uncounted ages. Like all the other canyons through which we drove, the Shoshone is bordered by towering rock masses sculptured into almost every imaginable form and showing infinite variety of stratification. Midway up the canyon is dam, which impounds the river water to create a lake many miles in length. Water from the lake is drawn off to irrigate the valley lands far below. This dam is one of the highest in the world, and the irrigation project which it serves is one of the largest. The dam is of concrete, and while it is a massive piece of work, its construction presented no such problems as are encountered in the building of the Fort Peck dam with its absence of rock anchorage.

ONE ENTERS THE PARK, NO matter by what road, through a gateway where all cars are halted. An officer registers the car by number and name of owner, records the number of passengers, and issues a label which is pasted on the windshield of the car and is good for admission of that car, with whatever load of passengers it may carry, at any time during the current season. The tourist from a distance is likely to make use of this privilege but once in a season, but residents from near by localities make repeated visits, going back and forth, often spending week-ends in the cool altitudes of the park.

THE FEE CHARGED FOR this season privilege is \$3.00. No firearms of any kind are permitted in the park. The car owner is asked if any such weapons are carried, and while ordinarily no search is made, the making of a false answer would get the tourist into a heap of trouble in case of detection. If firearms are carried in the car they are sealed at the point of entrance and must be presented at the gate of departure with seals intact. The officer then removes the seals. Payment of the entrance fee entitles the visitor to the use of all the roads and other public facilities of the park, the use of the numerous camping grounds, and to fishing privileges for the season. One may bring his own fishing equipment or rent it from concessionaries in the park. Five fish is the limit for one day, and no person may have in his possession more than the two-day limit at any one time. Fishing is a favorite sport, and the cut-throat trout, weighing a pound or so, are most frequently taken. Dr. H. G. Klemme showed me a fine string which he had taken in the river near the mud volcano.

CONTRARY TO WHAT I HAD supposed, and to what I suppose is the current belief, the water from few, if any, of the geysers, contains nothing inimical to fish life. All the streams in the park receive the overflow from numerous geysers and springs, but fish may be seen swimming quietly in the immediate vicinity of such overflow. The fact is, according to the explanations given, that the geyser water is not a highly mineralized liquid which has remained for ages in the bowels of the earth, but fresh water which has found its way down through rock crevices to the heated strata hundreds of feet deep, to become superheated there and presently to be forced upward with considerable violence by the generated steam. All of the geyser water is hot, and some of the pools maintain a temperature only a degree or two below the boiling point, which, at that altitude, is about 197 degrees instead of 212 as on our lower levels.

THE FIRST WHITE MAN who is known to have seen the Yellowstone park region with its spouting geysers and other natural wonders was John Coulter, who accompanied Lewis and Clarke on their journey to Oregon. On the return trip he obtained his release to engage in trapping, and about 1806 he reappeared in civilization with tales of a wierd country where hot water spouted continually from the earth. The stories which he told were too fantastic for belief, and Coulter was voted an unconscionable liar. It was thirty years before his stories were verified, and now a monument has been erected in his honor.

YELLOWSTONE PARK MAY be entered through any one of five gateways—the eastern on the Cody road, the southern, on the way from the Grand Tetons, the western, at West Yellowstone, the northern, at Gardiner, or the northeastern, at the extreme northeastern corner of the park. No matter which entrance is used, the road leads the visitor to the Grand Loop, which traverses the central part of the park and accurately to an hour-glass with the sides only slightly indented, and the side indentations connected by a cross road, that road leading from Canyon, near the head of the great Yellowstone gorge, to Norris on the west side of the loop. It will be seen that to make the entire circuit some part of the road must be traveled twice. That is no hardship. One may drive over the doubled portion once in leisurely fashion, stopping at all the points of interest, and then, if time is precious, driving straight through next time.

THE GRAND LOOP IS IN THE general form of a figure 8, but the comparison is not quite accurate, because one can follow the line of the conventional figure 8 without retracing, but this cannot be done with the park loop. The figure may be compared, perhaps, more accurately to an hour-glass with the sides only slightly indented, and the side indentations connected by a cross road, that road leading from Canyon, near the head of the great Yellowstone gorge, to Norris on the west side of the loop. It will be seen that to make the entire circuit some part of the road must be traveled twice. That is no hardship. One may drive over the doubled portion once in leisurely fashion, stopping at all the points of interest, and then, if time is precious, driving straight through next time.

VISITORS ARE ADVISED TO do their driving around the loop in counter-clockwise fashion. This is optional on all roads but one. On the road between Canyon and Norris traffic is permitted to move only from east to west. Nearly all the other roads are wide and hard-surfaced, with plenty of room for traffic in both directions, but the Canyon-Norris road has not been so completed. It is narrow and very winding, and traffic moving in both directions would result in congestion and delay.

EVERY SECTION OF THE park has its own features of special interest. In the southwestern part of the Loop are the great Geyser basins which every visitor wishes to see. The central feature of the system is Old Faithful, undoubtedly the most famous geyser in the world, noted for its size, its beauty, and especially for its regularity. Roughly speaking, Old Faithful plays every hour. It does not keep quite exact time, as its extreme variation is approximately from 40 to 70 minutes, with an average of 65. Hence the visitor never need wait much over an hour, night or day, to see Old Faithful send up its splendid jet of water and the beautiful plume of steam.

BECAUSE OF ITS BEAUTY, its dependability and its location in the upper geyser basin, Old Faithful has been made the center of a large settlement. A fine hotel accommodates hundreds of guests. Hundreds of cabins are operated from the big lodge building which commands a fine view of the geyser. Other hundreds of cabins occupy the camping area where visitors may rent cabins in which to provide their own bedding and do their own cooking, or they may pitch their tents and thus provide their own shelter.

AROUND THE PREMISES are a big general store, cafeteria, garage, laundry, etc. Practically all of these features are duplicated at the other principal stopping places in the park, each line, hotel, store, lodge, etc., being operated by its own separate corporation under the supervision of the park authorities. Prices are uniform and reasonable and compare favorably with those charged for equal accommodations and service outside the park.

REFERENCE MAY BE MADE here to a few things which have become traditions, but which no longer exist. Bears do not wander at will through the camps. In former years they did, but their presence became a nuisance and a source of some danger. They are now driven away from the camps and are regularly fed only at a feeding ground at Canyon. Elsewhere they are seen frequently along the roads, but are quite harmless if no foolish familiarities are attempted.

THERE IS NO LONGER A Handkerchief pool into which one may throw a soiled handkerchief and receive it back in a few minutes all freshly laundered. The pool at which that was done was walled around a few years ago to prevent incautious persons from being scalded, and we were told that two or three years ago some unidentified person wrecked the whole pool with a crowbar, for what reason is not known.

FISHERMEN DO NOT CATCH fish in cold water, and, without moving, swing them over into a boiling pool where they are cooked. That has been done, and physically it would still be possible for those who care for fish cooked that way. The fish are there in plain sight in Yellowstone lake, and the Fishing cone, with its content of boiling water, emerges from the water just a few rods from the shore. But the stunt has been prohibited because of the danger of accidents.

THE WHOLE GEYSER BASIN is a tricky place, perfectly safe if one keeps to the plainly marked paths, but full of unknown dangers if one undertakes the exploration of strange territory under which lies water in unlimited quantities boiling hot, and in some cases unfathomably deep.

IN THE ARTICLES WHICH have appeared in this column during the past week or so relating to mountain and park scenery, no attempt has been made to list or to describe the wonders of the Yellowstone park. No one can describe adequately a geyser, or a canyon, or a mountain peak. Of a storm in the Alps Byron wrote: Far along, From peak to peak, the rattling crags among Leaps the live thunder. That is not a description, but a suggestion, which the observer may apply for himself when he heard thunder crashing among the western mountain peaks.

SO IT IS WITH THE Geysers. They have been listed, and named and classified, and volumes have been written about them, their origin and their behavior. To most of those who see them, they and the entire basin in which they are contained convey a sense of weirdness and insecurity. They are evidences of mysterious and gigantic forces at work beneath one's feet, forces akin to those which have upheaved the mighty mountains whose peaks tower on every side and have rent rocks into fragments. For the time being they have subsided to the harmless activity of providing a playground for a nation. But who knows?

THE VISITOR TO THE PARK, who stays a day or a week, may be sure of seeing many interesting sights in the geyser basins. Old Faithful is always there, and there are little geysers which may be seen spouting at almost any time. There are, too, interesting pools, some of them bubbling and some quiescent, in whose depths can be seen colors of marvelous brilliance. One of the most beautiful of these is the Morning Glory pool, which in form and color resembles a gigantic morning glory.

SOME OF THE IMPORTANT geysers are so irregular in their behavior that nothing about them can safely be predicted. The largest and most irregular of the lot is the Giant, which in one recent season spouted only twice, but which may spout at intervals of two weeks or a month. Our party was especially fortunate in that during the noon hour on July 9 the Giant condescended to play for the special benefit of our party, and we enjoyed a magnificent spectacle which a ranger said he had not seen until he had been in the park for five years. It is the practice to sound an alarm at Old Faithful when the Giant begins to play in order that everybody may go out and see it. On this occasion no one at headquarters knew of the eruption until it was all over.

ON THE SAME AFTERNOON we saw the Castle and the Riverside play. Both are spectacular and irregular. The Riverside spouts from a crater at the edge of the river, shooting a column of water and spray at an angle of about 45 degrees which reaches clear across the river.

EVERYONE IS FAMILIAR with pictures of the lower Yellowstone fall. Beautiful as they are, the pictures convey but a faint idea of the beauty of the fall itself, and the rich coloring of the canyon is beyond reproduction. There are several observation points from which excellent views of the fall and the canyon in the immediate vicinity may be had, the best view of the fall itself being from Artist's point, which is reached by a well marked road.

THE LOWER FALL IS Something over 300 feet in height— about twice the height of Niagara. There is also an upper fall, a little over 100 feet high, which has received less attention than it merits. It is almost immediately back of Canyon lodge, and an excellent view of it may be had from the top of the cliff immediately back of the cabin canyons. I shall always carry in my mind a picture of that fall, as seen from the top of the cliff at dusk, with the whiteness of the broken water contrasting with the sombre hues of the pine foliage, with a dark storm cloud rising in the southwest, and lightning flashing across its advancing front.

THE DRIVE DOWN THE Yellowstone canyon is a riot of form and color, the finest spectacle of its kind in the park. All the drives, however, are filled with splendid pictures, and one may travel for miles enjoying the picture as a panorama, or, in more leisurely fashion, he may spend hours on the way examining in detail curious formations, bits of color, beautiful little waterfalls and rushing cascades.

I AM LOOKING FOR Somebody to run for office on a platform of restoring Mount Rushmore, in the Black Hills. The idea is to put back where it was all the rock that has been blasted from the mountain peak to bring out the features of Washington and other presidents and put the mountain back in the condition in which it was before the sculptors were turned loose on it. That job would provide work for a long time for all the idle men in the northwest, and when completed, it would be a really useful piece of work.

WORK HAS PROGRESSED far enough on the club room of the Town and Country club to permit one to get an idea of what it will be like when finished. The building is commodious and substantial, and with its soft gray slate finish it will fit appropriately into the background of turf and trees. The great living room commands a view of the sweep of the river curve and of a goodly portion of the links. On the west side the basement with its locker rooms and dining room and women's rooms are on the upper floor which opens on the ground level on the other side. Work is being rushed, and the building will soon be completed.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY club is the latest of a list of sports and social clubs which have helped to make life in Grand Forks pleasant through the years. One of the earliest of such clubs was the toboggan club, which had no building, but which operated toboggan slides at two or three different sites along the river bank.

THE PIONEER CLUB WAS the most famous of all the city's social clubs, and it was active for many years. It occupied the upper floor of what is now the Northwestern bank building and many and pleasant were the social affairs which took place there. The Pioneer club was absorbed by the Commercial club, which took over the quarters and also all the male members.

THE OLD TOWN AND Country club had its origin in the Wah-ki-a-kum golf club. I am not sure of the spelling of that name. The golf club had grounds on the north side of University avenue. After a few years there the members organized the Town and Country club, rented the Freeman farm south of the city, laid out a golf course and added to the old farm home the main club house.

NEARLY THIRTY YEARS ago the Park commission bought the farm and some adjoining land and established Lincoln park. The board bought the club's buildings and equipment and the club disbanded. The municipal golf course, maintained by the Park commission, has more than justified its existence. But there is also need for club facilities which cannot well be maintained under municipal management, and it is this need that the present Town and Country club, with its fine grounds and modern building is designed to meet.

HERE IS A POLITICAL statement made to me by a man out in Wyoming:

"Four years ago I voted for Roosevelt. This year I am going to vote for Landon. I voted for Roosevelt because I wanted a change. I got it. Now I want to change back. I'm that way about liquor. When we had prohibition I didn't like it and I worked for repeal. We got repeal. The minute we got it I quit drinking."

I have no doubt that statement is as full of political significance as are many others which are being studied attentively.

THE PRAIRIE TOWNS ARE by no means the only ones in which it has been necessary to conserve water during the heated period. In Deadwood, South Dakota, right in the heart of the mountains, with streams in every direction, notices were being published three weeks ago that lawns might be sprinkled only one hour each day.

MRS. SUSAN FRAWLEY Eisle of Blue Earth, Minnesota has been adjudged the best country newspaper correspondent of 1936 in a competition sponsored by the Country Home magazine. Mrs. Eisle writes a weekly column for the Fairmont, Minn., Sentinel. She lives on a farm nine miles from Blue Earth with her husband and three children, the youngest of whom arrived almost simultaneously with the news that she had been recognized as the best writer in her field. In recognition of her work Mrs. Eisle will receive the \$200 cash prize offered by the magazine, together with a trip to New York and Washington, as soon as she is able to travel.

MRS. EISLE'S WORK WAS chosen from 3,600 clippings from country papers submitted by the rural editors as the writing of their best correspondents. The judges were Wheeler McMillen, editor of the Country Home magazine, Miss Gertrude B. Lane, editor of the Women's Home Companion, William L. Chenery, editor of Collier's and Sumner Blossom, editor of the American magazine.

IN THIS ANNUAL Competition the second prize goes to Carl gazine has sought to give recognition to workers in a branch of journalism which is less conspicuous than some others, but in which some excellent work is being performed. The country newspaper itself occupies a field which no other publication can successfully enter, and the backbone of the country newspaper is its contact with the members of the rural community. That contact is maintained through the country correspondent. While the country correspondent and his or her work has long been the subject of derision by would-be humorists, and while some of the derision is merited, there are to be found in this department examples of as good reporting, as keen observation and as facile expression as any which come to the city desk of the metropolitan newspaper.

IN THEIR ANNUAL Competition the second prize goes to Carl D. Summers, farmer of Hart's Crossing, Ill., who writes for the Winchester, Ill., Times. Of the twenty other prizes fifteen went to women writers.

MRS. EISLE DOES ALL OF the home work in the house, and maintains a good garden and an abundant poultry yard. Everything about the place proclaims her a model housekeeper and home maker. A city newspaper in describing her work says also that, unassisted, she does the field work on the 80-acre farm, cares for the dairy herd and the pigs in the feeding lot. The city editor imposes too great a load on the lady. That outside work, according to the official announcement, is performed by Mr. not Mrs. Eisle, and doubtless the fact that Mr. Eisle is a good farmer has something to do with the fact that Mrs. Eisle is a good correspondent.

HERE ARE FEW SAMPLES of Mrs. Eisle's work:

"HOW QUIET IT SEEMS After the threshing machine vanishes behind the bend in the road. The place seems empty, like after a funeral. You wish they would come back, the threshing crew, with their swearing and laughter and quarrelling. How sober the children, even, and what long faces. Behind the barn looms up a gleaming yellow stack of straw — unfamiliar and alarming in appearance—but it is a monument to a husband's toil and sweat, and suddenly it grips you most profoundly. Life becomes intensely precious . . ."

"UNLIKE LONGFELLOW'S immortal pause, that of the country woman, during the season of cornhusking, comes between the dawn and the daylight, that debulous ten or fifteen minutes during which she has a little time of her own. The kitchen is warm, the breakfast is cooking, the children are not yet up, the husband has not yet come in from the barn, and suddenly there seems to be nothing to do. Can it be true? This Moment is one of the sweetest of the whole day: a moment in which she may sit at an east window and watch the day break from its pink satin shell. A moment unbelievably beautiful . . ."

"IT SEEMS ALMOST Sacrilegious to open up jars that took so long to fill. The more a women cans, the stinger she is with her cellar things . . ."

"'MARY,' SAID THE Housewife, 'I know you were thoughtless, but it doesn't look just right to me to have you hang your nightgown next to the mister's pajamas.' There is a washday item that might interest others of you. The world is full of all kinds of people . . ."

"LOTS OF THINGS LITTLE boys learn at school are not on their report cards . . ."

I AM IN HEARTY Sympathy with all the effort that is being made to promote safety on the highways. The list of deaths and of major and minor injuries in automobile accidents is shocking, and it is of universal interest because no one can tell when he or some near and dear to him may be victims in some highway disaster. I recognize fully, also, the danger of "mixing whisky and gasoline." The driver who is even slightly intoxicated is a public menace requiring suppression by the most vigorous measures.

WITH THIS STATEMENT OF attitude toward safety, I wish to record, as I have done on some other occasions, my personal experience with reference to highway safety on a fairly long trip. On our recent vacation trip we covered approximately 3,000 miles, traversing the highways of four states, with roads varying all the way from smooth paved highways on the plains to narrow, crooked mountain trails, and with traffic in all stages of sparseness and congestion. Under those conditions there was seen not a single accident nor anything likely to contribute to one.

THE NUMBER OF VISITORS to the park this year is the greatest on record, exceeding by 60 per cent that of any former year to date, and on the basis of the first half of the season the park authorities expect an attendance this year of over half a million. That makes the cars run pretty close together in the park, and the traffic density, of course, radiates in all directions from the park.

NOT ONLY WAS NO Evidence of accident seen, but I should give a high mark to the care and courtesy shown in driving. There was seen, as there may be anywhere, the occasional road hog, and the occasional driver who whirled too rapidly around sharp curves. But these were the infrequent exceptions. With those exceptions, drivers showed a commendable disposition to keep on their own side of the road, to avoid passing on hills, and to regard generally the rights and the safety of others on the road.

IF THERE WAS ANY Drunken driving it was remarkably well done, for there was no case in which the slightest evidence of intoxication was perceptible. Liquor of all kinds is sold in the park and may be bought by the glass or the bottle, yet there was no evidence of drunkenness there except that one night the occupants of one cabin seemed to be having a drinking party and became quite noisy. My conclusion is that if there was any heavy drinking in the park it was done very quietly.

MY OBSERVATION T H I S year as to highway accidents and as to evidences of drinking corresponds with that on two extended eastern trips made in recent years, where much of the driving was done on some of the most congested roads on the continent. On those other occasions no accidents were seen, nor was there observed any evidence of drunken driving. I have compared notes on the subject with others, and almost always I have found that their experience has been like mine.

ACCIDENTS DO OCCUR. THE statistics are undeniable, and the hospital and police records speak for themselves. But I am forced to the conclusion that while the total number of accidents is large, their proportion to the number of cars on the road is small.

THIS BRINGS ME TO A Letter just received from my friend Milo Walker, of Bowesmont, who was involved in an automobile accident not long ago. The car in which he was riding with two other adults and two children went into the ditch and overturned, pinning all the occupants fast with Mr. Walker at the bottom of the heap. All of the members of the party escaped without serious injury. Mr. Walker is considerably over 80, and his escape, he says, confirms his belief in predestination.

FORECASTING EVENTS BY the aid of numerology and similar "sciences" is an ancient practice, and one to which many persons are still addicted. The number, order and character of the letters in one's name are supposed to have peculiar significance, and, the numerologist is at liberty to make his own is always able to prove to his own satisfaction whatever he wishes to prove. Political campaigns are fruitful in their production of predictions based on mystical combinations of numbers and letters. The mail has just brought a prediction of the result of the approaching presidential election based on a system whose author claims the record of having predicted accurately the result of every presidential election since 1904. On the same basis he undertakes to say who will be elected this year. Which candidate he selected as the winner does not matter, but the following paragraph will indicate the general character of the method employed:

"THE NINTH PRESIDENT OF the United States was William H. Harrison," writes this forecaster, "and the twenty-third president was Benjamin Harrison, the two names beginning with H and ending with N. on a basis of repetition of these letters and numbers I predicted that Warren G. Harding would be elected twenty-ninth president of the United States in 1920, being the third H to repeat."

IF ANYONE CAN MAKE head or tail of that he can do better than I can, but that sort of thing is presented quite seriously. The article discusses the recurrence of consonants and vowels in the names of candidates, analyzes the election of Washington and Lincoln from the numerological standpoint, and takes a whirl at European history in the records of Napoleon and Wellington. He draws conclusions from the fact that Wellington's title begins with W and ends with N, overlooking the fact that the great duke's name was not Wellington, but Wellesley. But a little thing like that does not bother the numerologist.

THE PARTICULAR Interesting thing about this article is that its- author is not the sort of person who would ordinarily be described as a mere crank and dreamer, but a business man with offices in Wall street, a member of New York and New Orleans exchanges, maintaining an organization which conducts extensive business surveys. He is now engaged in conducting an airplane survey of crop conditions throughout the United States.

GAMBL ARE Notoriously superstitious, and superstition is not confined to those who gamble with cards and dice. It affects many of those who speculate on the grain and stock exchanges, and fortune tellers realize large incomes from men, some of whom rank high in business circles, who consult them with reference to business operations. There is in many of us an underlying faith in the mysterious and occult which it is difficult to eradicate.

MOST PERSONS HAVE READ numerous predictions similar to that which I have mentioned. One that I remember distinctly was made on a somewhat similar basis just prior to the Republican convention of 1888. The forecaster took his vowels and consonants, added and divided them, applied his cycle and other theories, and demonstrated conclusively that the nominee of the convention would be Robert T. Lincoln, son of the war president. Actually Benjamin Harrison was nominated, but I have no doubt that the forecaster had a satisfactory explanation for that.

I ASKED A MAN OUT WEST who would be elected president. He replied "Roosevelt, I suppose. But I don't know why I think so, for I don't run across anybody who says he intends to vote for him."